

I always have the words.

Today, I don't.

No words can describe the crushing fear.

No words can describe the anger.

No words can describe the disappointing sense of betrayal.

Yet, I still feel hope.

Today, I hope for change. I hope for empathy, even though I don't have the words to express the dark depths of my angst.

Without hope for progress, I can't think about tomorrow.

I am a teacher. I'm supposed to have the words. Yet I'm speechless.

Today, think about what I can't say and why. Be my voice. Realize my hope.

Thank you,

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