

POETICALLY SPEAKING

Volume 2, Issue 1

January 2025

DECEPTIVE EXPECTATION

By Ferrick Gray

They wonder how it feels.
Hope has left and steals
the box Pandora held,
of colors she adored,
now with broken seals,
since curiosity spelled
 great woe.
 Flee! They go.
Those evils once stored.

What or who is Hope? A torment more!
Deceptive nature, no-one saw,
yet claim ye all
an expectation,
libations pour
and voices call
 to one who chooses to stay,
 no intent to make its way,
preferring devastation.

Of all the evils plaguing us,
we blame, we curse, we make a fuss.
Yet of the one we hold and praise?
Yes Hope! The cruelest one,
thus
prolongs the torment, settles haze
 to blind our sight
 to lose the fight,
because we hope. All is done!

©FG
1.12.25

The myth of **Pandora's Box** has changed many times depending on who has told it. *Box* was introduced later and is a mistranslation of *large storage jar*. There is also debate as to who opened the jar and released the woes upon the world. It seems that Pandora gets the blame. Perhaps the gods wanted to test the first woman on Earth. Who really knows.

Deceptive Expectation is *predominantly iambic*. Verses vary in the number of feet but with the majority being iambs. There are variations ranging from one to five feet. There is a smattering of headless iambs, amphibrachs and anapests as one may expect in such verses. The poem consists of three nine-line stanzas according to the rime scheme *a a b c a b d d c*. The rime scheme sets a mood in which verses come, fade and return.

Metrical Analysis

Amphibrachs and anapests mirror each other in corresponding verse (*c*-rime) so as not to break the rhythm but are noticeable enough to differ from the iambic lines. Verse 5 of stanza 3 is purposely short as it heads the final four verses to cement the meaning of *hope* which is *deceptive expectation*.

Thěy wōn | dēr hōw | īt fēels.
~ Hōpe | hās lēft | ānd stēals
thě bōx | Pāndō | ră hēld,
ōf cōlōrs | shě ādōred,
~ nōw | wīth brō | kēn sēals,
sīnce cū | rīōs | ītȳ spelled
grēat wōē.
~ Flēe! | Thěy gō.
Thōse ē | vīls ōnce stōred.

~ Whāt | ōr whō | īs Hōpe? | Ā tōr | mēnt mōre!
Dēcēp | tīve nā | tūre, nō | -ōne sāw,
yēt clāīm | yē āll
ān ēx | pēctātīōn,
lībā | tīōns pōūr
ānd vōic | ēs call
tō ōne | whō chōōs | ēs tō stāy,
~ nō | ıntēnt | tō māke | īts wāy,
prēfēr | rīng dēv | āstātīōn.

Ōf āll | thě ē | vīls plā | guīng ūs,
wē blāme, | wē cūrse, | wē māke | ā fūss.
Yēt ōf | thě ōne | wē hōld | ānd prāise?
Yēs Hōpe! | Thě crū | ēlēst ōne,
~ thūs
prōlōngs | thě tōr | mēnt, sēt | tlēs haze
tō blīnd | ōūr sīght
tō lōse | thě fīght,
bēcāuse | wē hōpe. | Āll īs dōne!