

POETICALLY SPEAKING

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DECEPTIVE EXPECTATION

BY

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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!

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The myth of **Padora'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 actually 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 as to cement the meaning of *hope* which is *deceptive expectation*.

Thěy wōn | dēr hōw | ĭt fēels.
 ~ Hōpe | hās lēft | ānd stēals
 thě bōx | Pāndō | rā hēld,
 ōf cōlōrs | shě ādōred,
 ~ nōw | wĭth brō | kēn sēals,
 sĭnce cū | rĭōs | ĭtŷ spēlled
 grēat wōe.
 ~ Flēe! | Thěy gō.
 Thōse ē | vĭls ōnce stōred.

~ Whāt | ōr whō | ĭs Hōpe? | Ā tōr | mēnt mōre!
 Dēcēp | tĭve nā | tūre, nō | -ōne sāw,
 yēt clāim | yě āll
 ān ēx | pēctātĭōn,
 lĭbā | tĭōns pōur
 ānd vōic | ěs cāll
 tō ōne | whō chōos | ěs tō stāy,
 ~ nō | ĭntēnt | tō māke | ĭts wāy,
 prēfēr | rĭng dēv | āstātĭōn.

Ōf āll | thě ē | vĭls plā | guĭng ūs,
 wě blāme, | wě cūrse, | wě māke | ā fūss.
 Yēt ōf | thě ōne | wě hōld | ānd prāise?
 Yēs Hōpe! | Thě crū | ělēst ōne,
 ~ thūs
 prōlōngs | thě tōr | mēnt, sēt | tlēs hāze
 tō blĭnd | ōur sĭght
 tō lōse | thě fĭght,
 bēcāuse | wě hōpe. | Āll ĭs dōne!