

# Reason for Hope

By Jane Goodall

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I don't remember when first I heard Them calling, with their silvery voices, The little Angels  
of the trees and flowers. They offered to unlock my mind And take my soul away, to clean.  
And oh! I welcomed them, and lay Stretched out upon the fragrant Grass, light as an empty  
5 husk. Then they, with rueful smiles, did oil The rusty hinges of my mind, and swept Away the  
cobwebs, and hung my soul Upon a topmost bough, to air, Close to the purifying sun. And I  
was lucky For as it fluttered there, a robin chat's sweet Song rose through the trees till every  
fiber Of my soul was bathed in harmony. When all was clean and new they fetched My soul  
and slipped it back and, smiling, Danced away. And I—well, for a day or two— I looked upon  
10 the world with all the Innocence and wonder of a newborn babe. And now, if I am sad, or  
filled With sudden rage, I find some quiet place With grass and leaves and earth, and sit there  
Silently, and hope that they will come And call me, with their silvery voices, And make me  
clean again, those Little Angels of the trees and flowers.