

Hopeless

In hopelessness we hope or expect nothing from the future. It seems to have nothing to offer us, just when we need it. Can we override this condition, and find ways to hope, within hopelessness, or are we reduced, like Job, to endurance?

Example

1 My hope is to present a respectable self-account on my deathbed. I don't care who is there, if anyone, but I would like to be smiling to myself, as I would after winning a tricky chess match. You made it old boy. No terminal damage done. Who will be interior enough to my inner formulations to do more than mourn for the loss in their own lives?