

Hop 2 IT!

Liam Winslow



Hop2IT!

written and illustrated by

LIAM WINSLOW



based on the painting "HOP 2 IT!" by

LIAM WINSLOW

When the whole world was grey,
my dreams were in colour





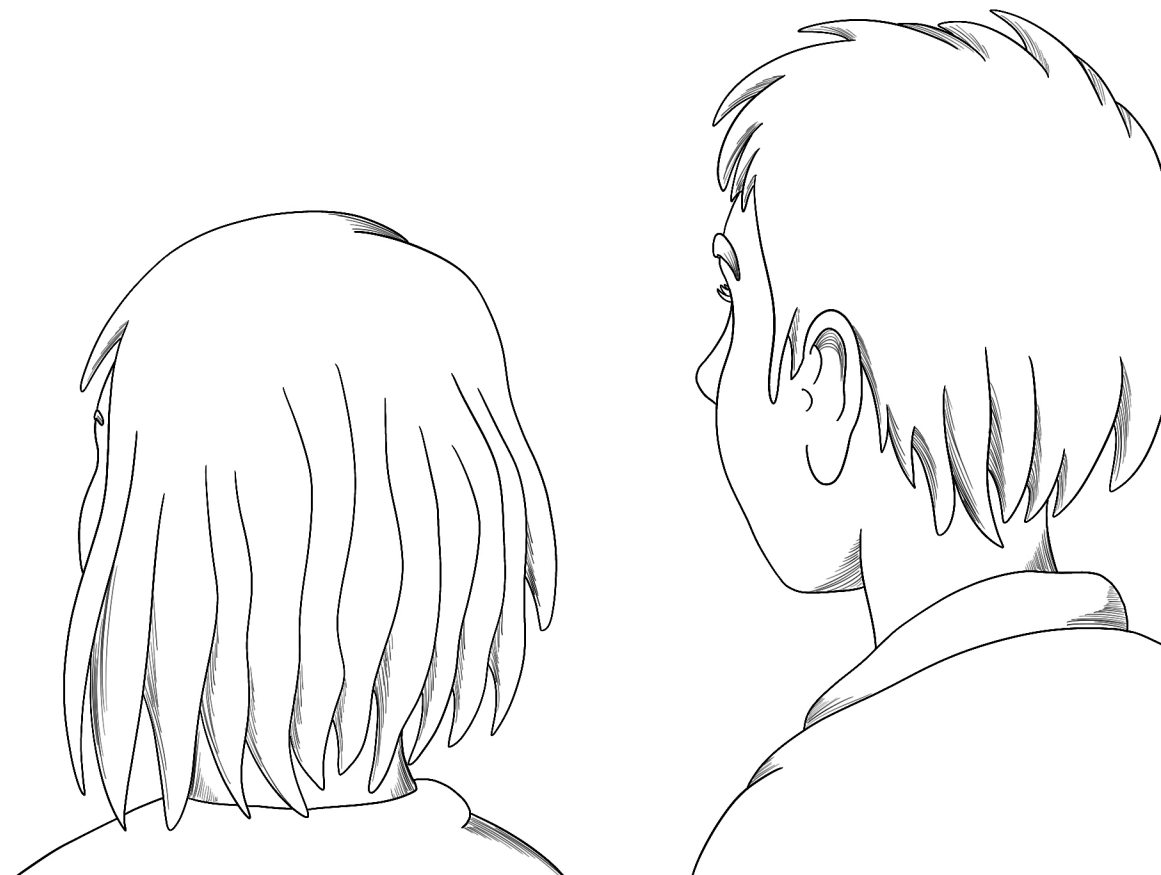
*I searched far and wide,
but could not find another*



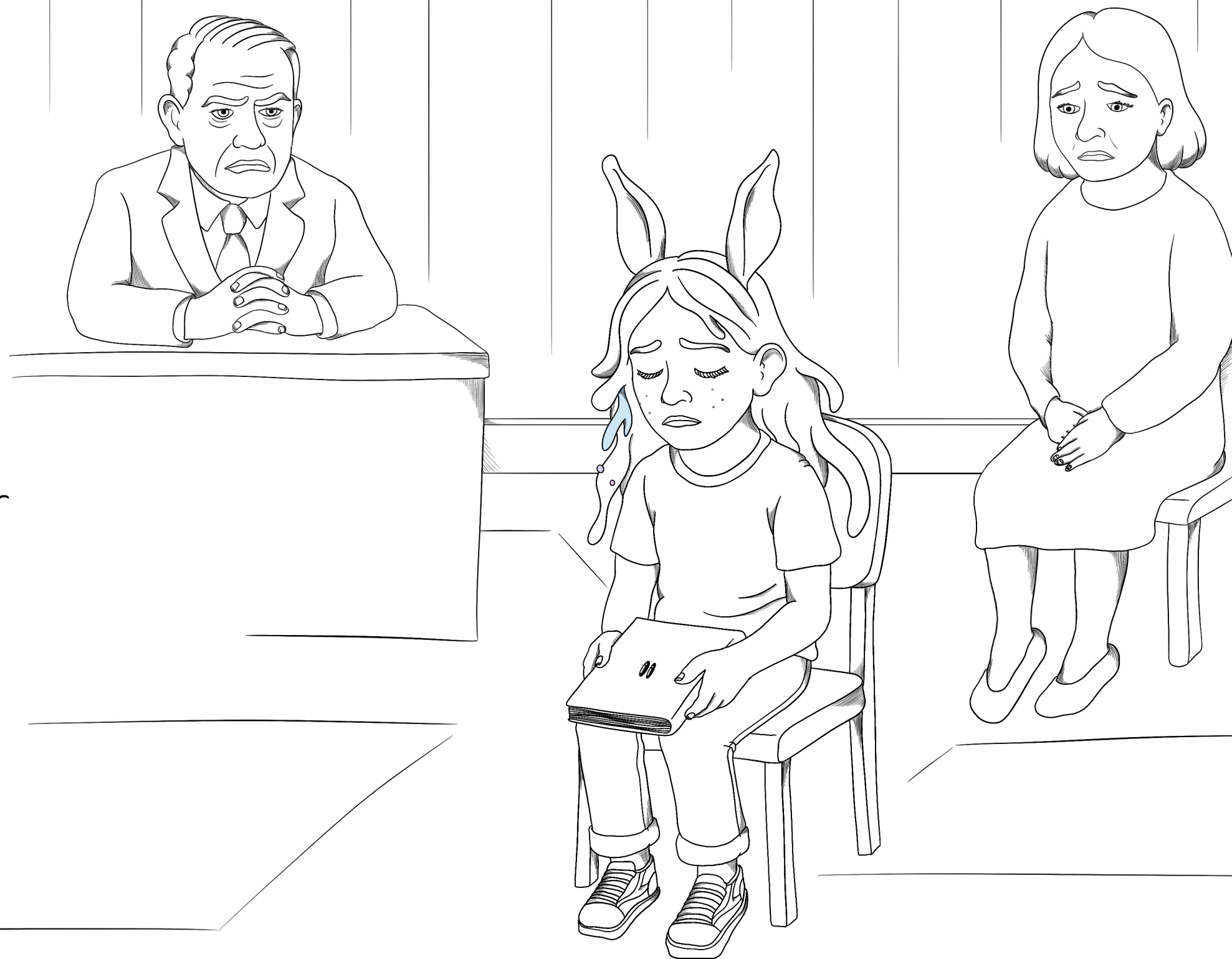
*Nobody like me,
who saw things this way*

*I tried to tell who I knew,
but what could I possibly say?*

*That the world wasn't grey,
underneath there was colour?*

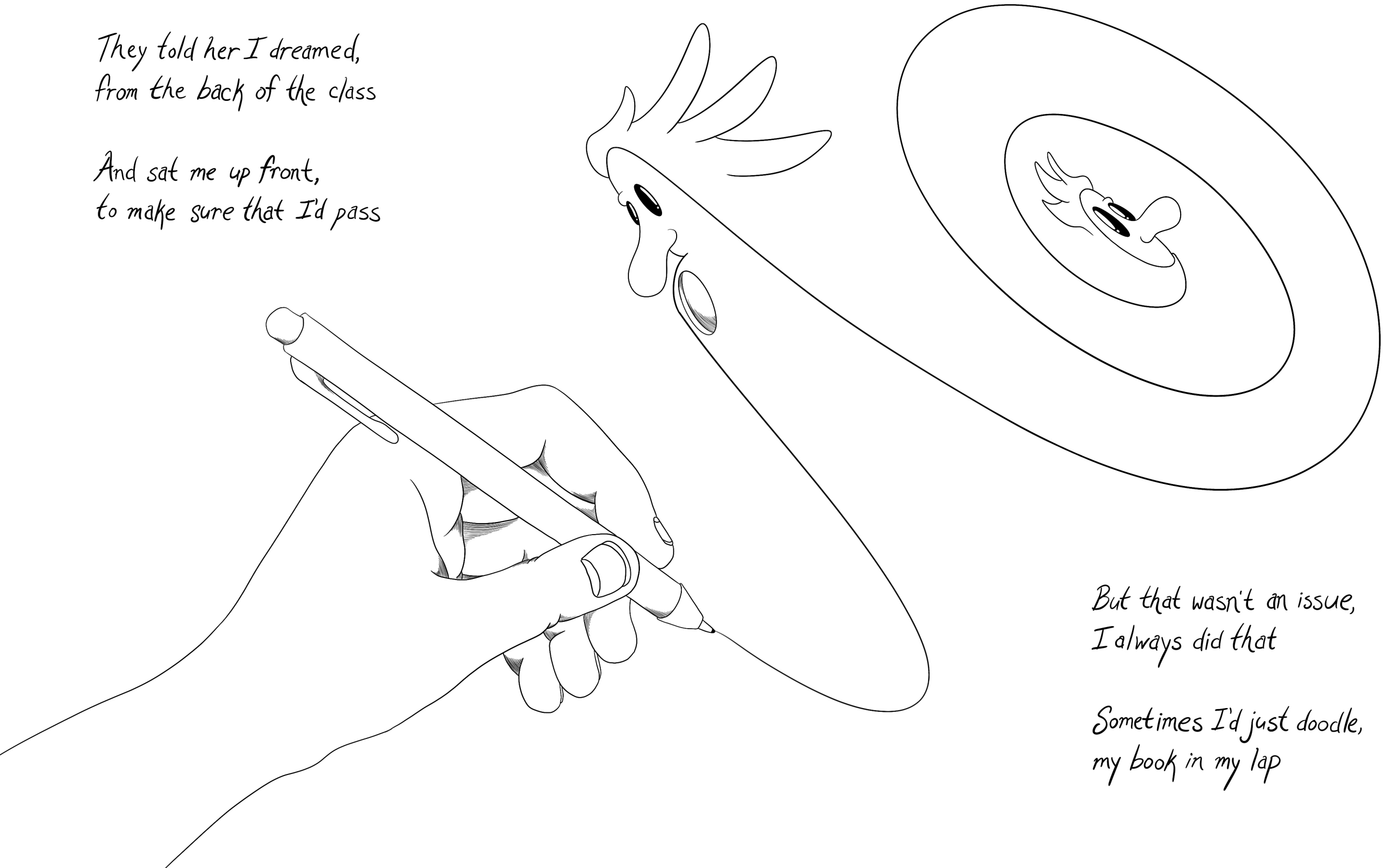


*I tried that before,
and they sent for my mother*



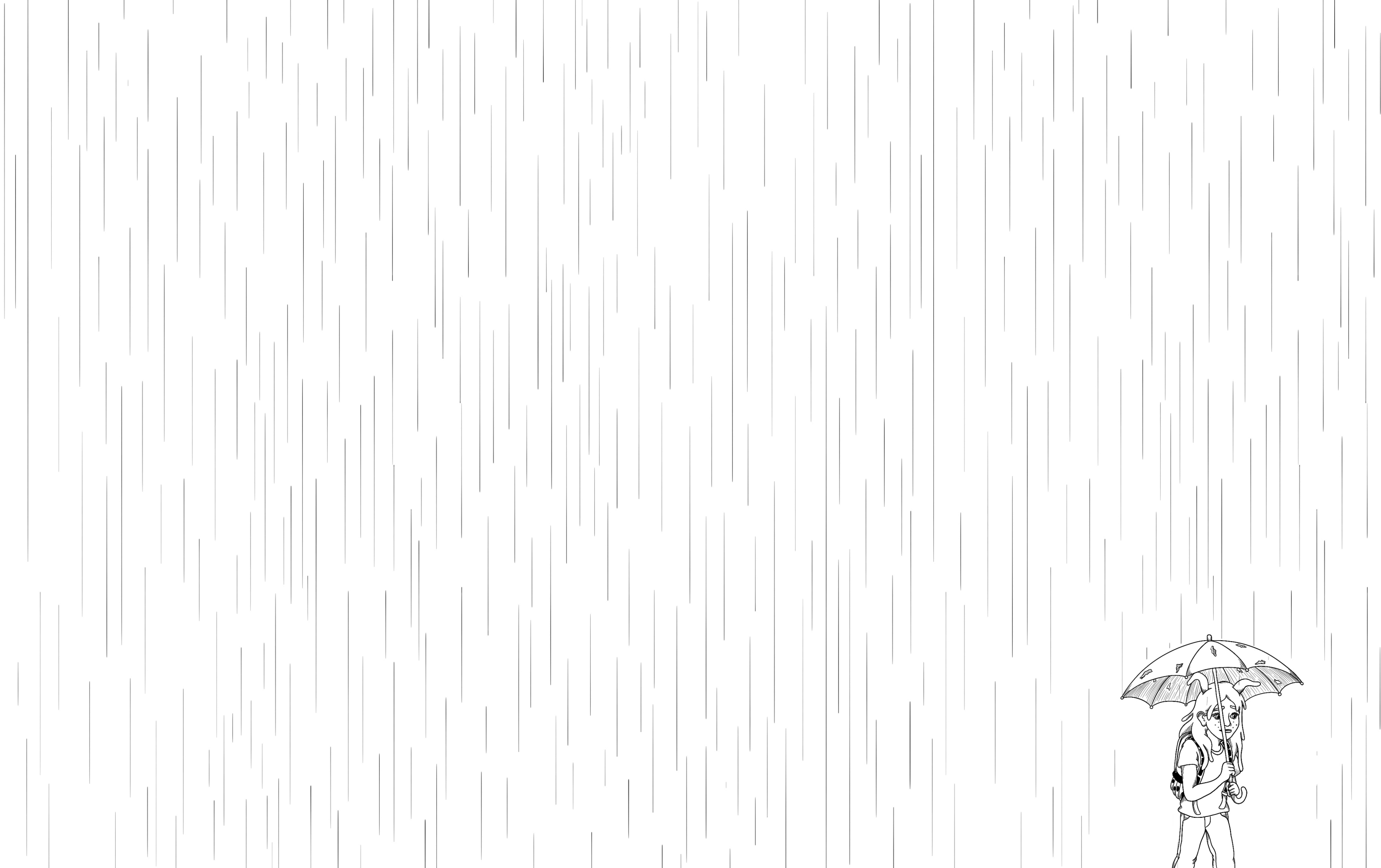
They told her I dreamed,
from the back of the class

And sat me up front,
to make sure that I'd pass



But that wasn't an issue,
I always did that

Sometimes I'd just doodle,
my book in my lap



Those doodleful days,
in the back of the class

They stayed for a while,
but like all else they passed

They gave way to grey,
they gave way to blue

Until those two colours,
were the only I knew



*I traded my pinks,
my purples and reds*

*For regular dreams,
on a regular bed*





*Life went on,
I learned to fit in*

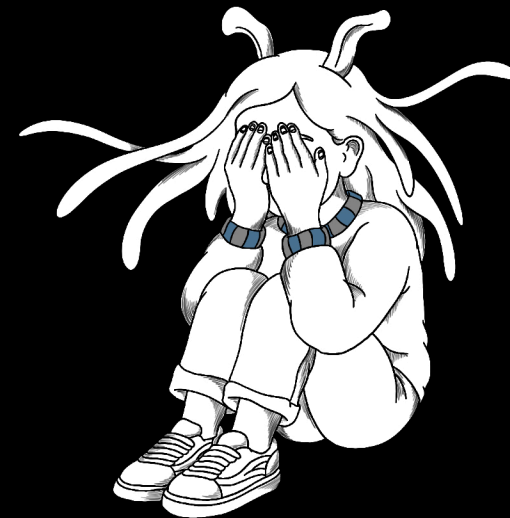
*This world wasn't made,
for my colourful kin*

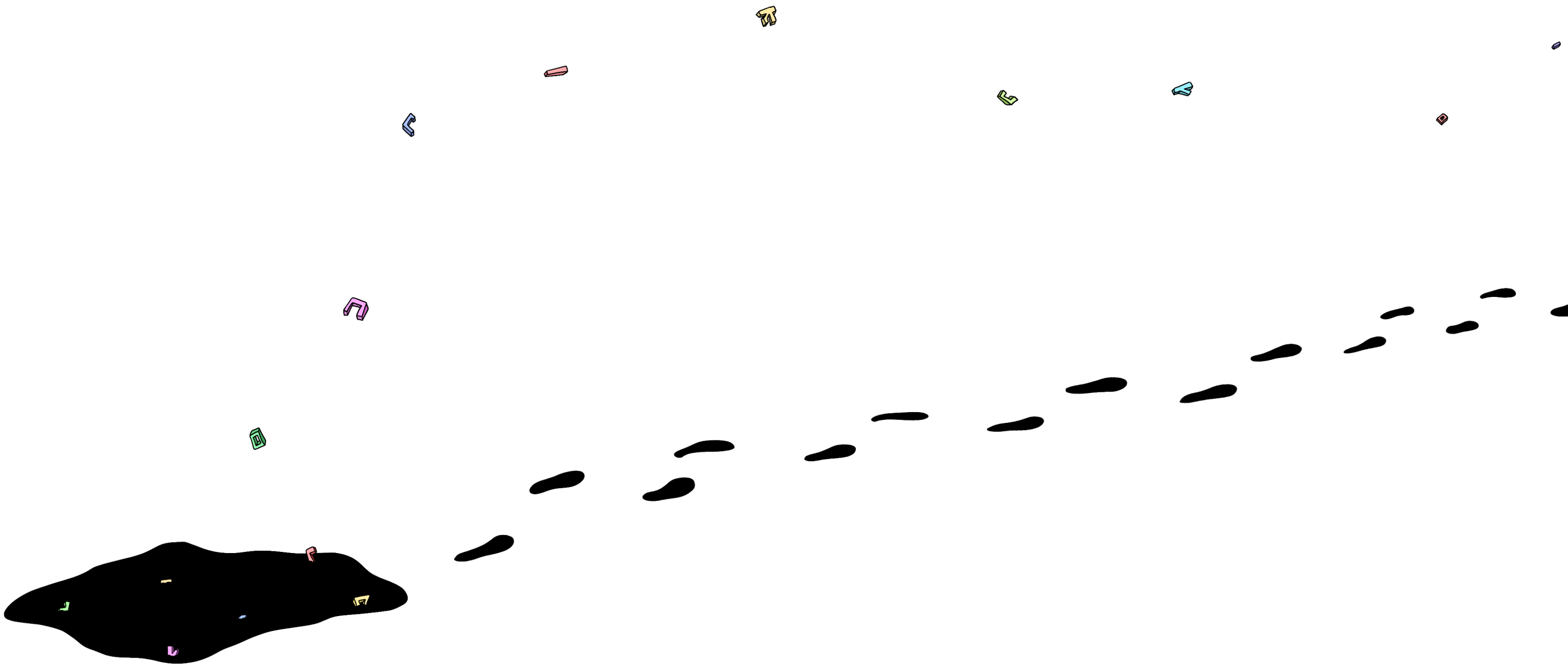
And fit in I could,
but never could soften

The wind in my head,
that came through so often

And each time it did,
I grew a bit smaller

Since wind was much worse,
for those who stood taller...





An odd hum perked my ears,

so I searched for its source



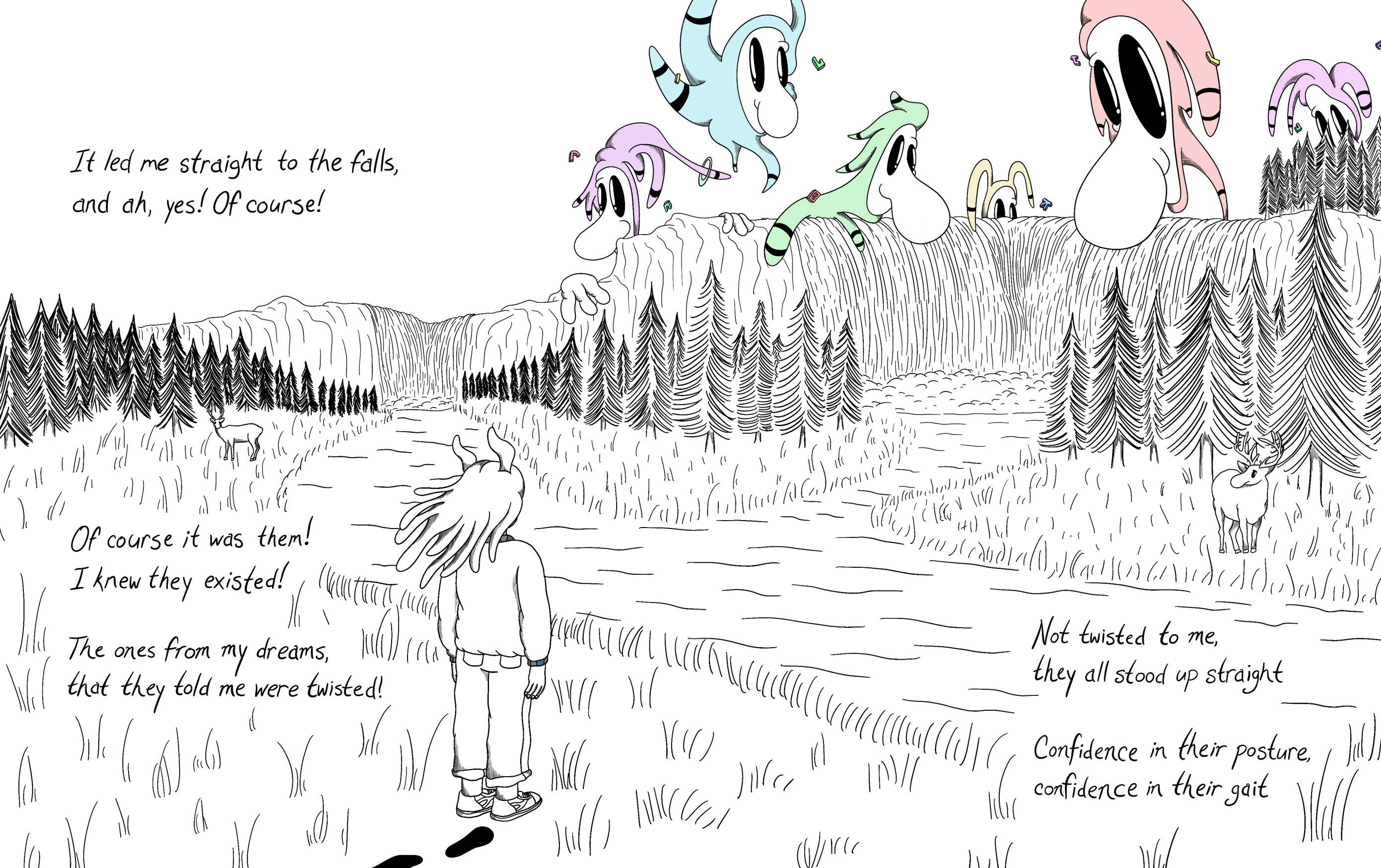
*It led me straight to the falls,
and ah, yes! Of course!*

*Of course it was them!
I knew they existed!*

*The ones from my dreams,
that they told me were twisted!*

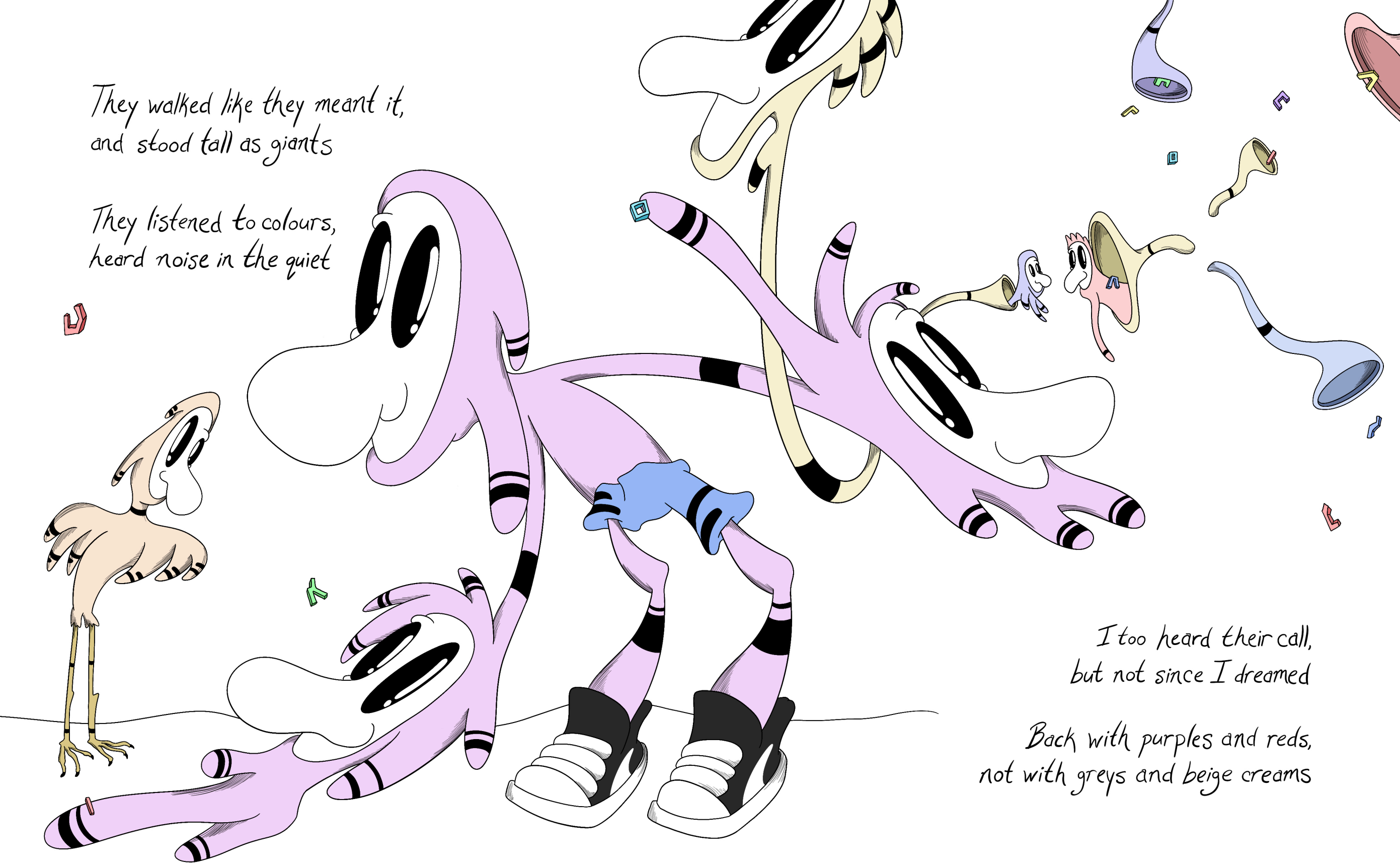
*Not twisted to me,
they all stood up straight*

*Confidence in their posture,
confidence in their gait*



*They walked like they meant it,
and stood tall as giants*

*They listened to colours,
heard noise in the quiet*

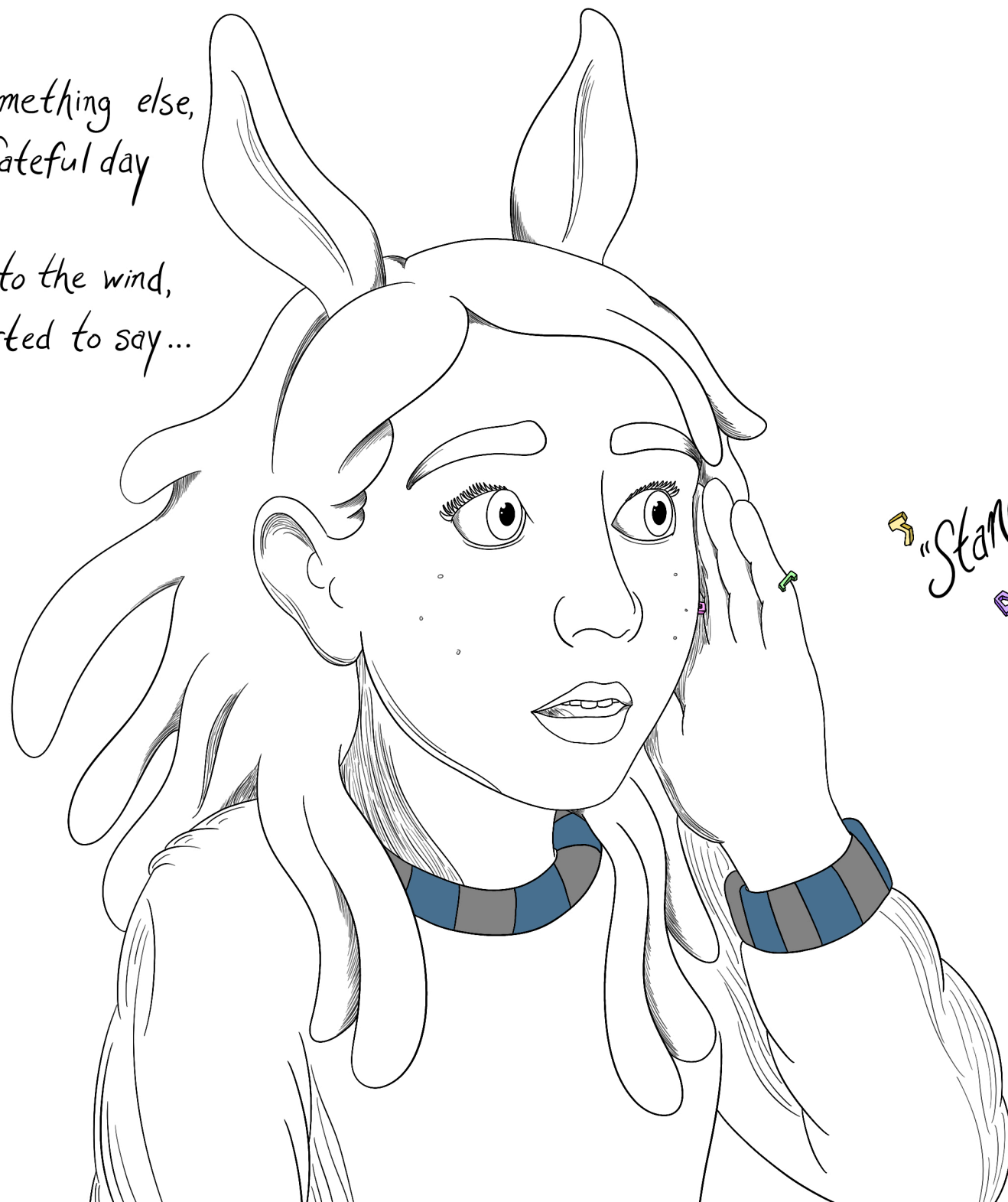


*I too heard their call,
but not since I dreamed*

*Back with purples and reds,
not with greys and beige creams*

I heard something else,
that one fateful day

I listened to the wind,
and it started to say...



“Stand tall” but walk quiet,
sit calmly and still



Trade your shouting for whispers,
listen closely until


Til that voice deep inside you,
finds its voice once again





Trade the greys and beige creams,
for your purples and reds

You know they're still in there,
just below the blue


We have faith that you'll make it,
we believe in you

 Once you believe too,
you'll find your way here
Past the mountains between us,
and the fields full of deer 



We've been waiting to see you, 
it's been far too long

 Since we've seen all your colours, 
 since your heart sang its song 

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So sing with your pencil,
and sing with your pen



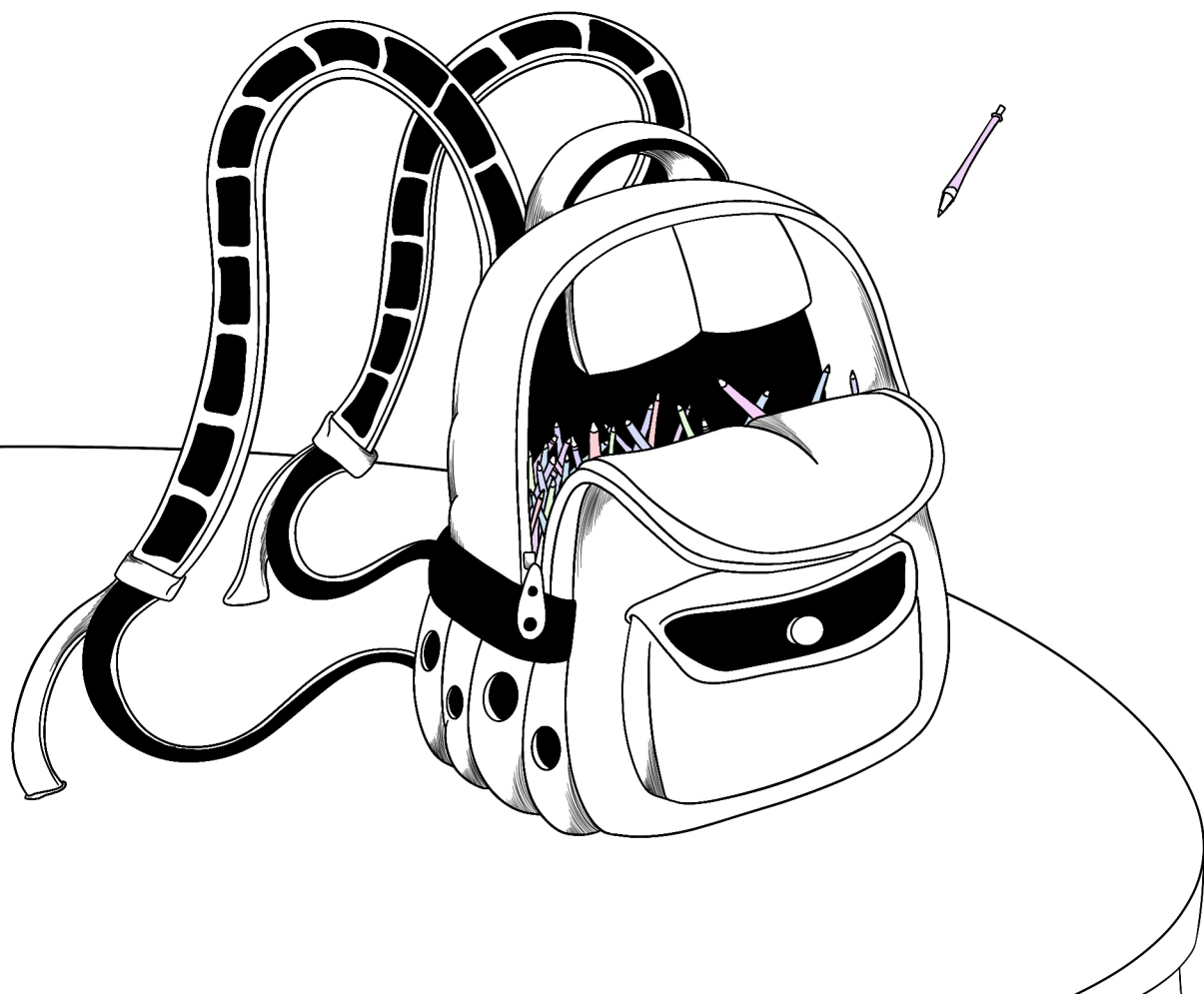
We all just can't wait,
to see you again"





*It took me a while,
but I began to believe*

*Noise returned to the quiet,
colour returned to my dreams*



So I packed up my bag,
with my pencils and pens

I would not keep them waiting,
I would see them again

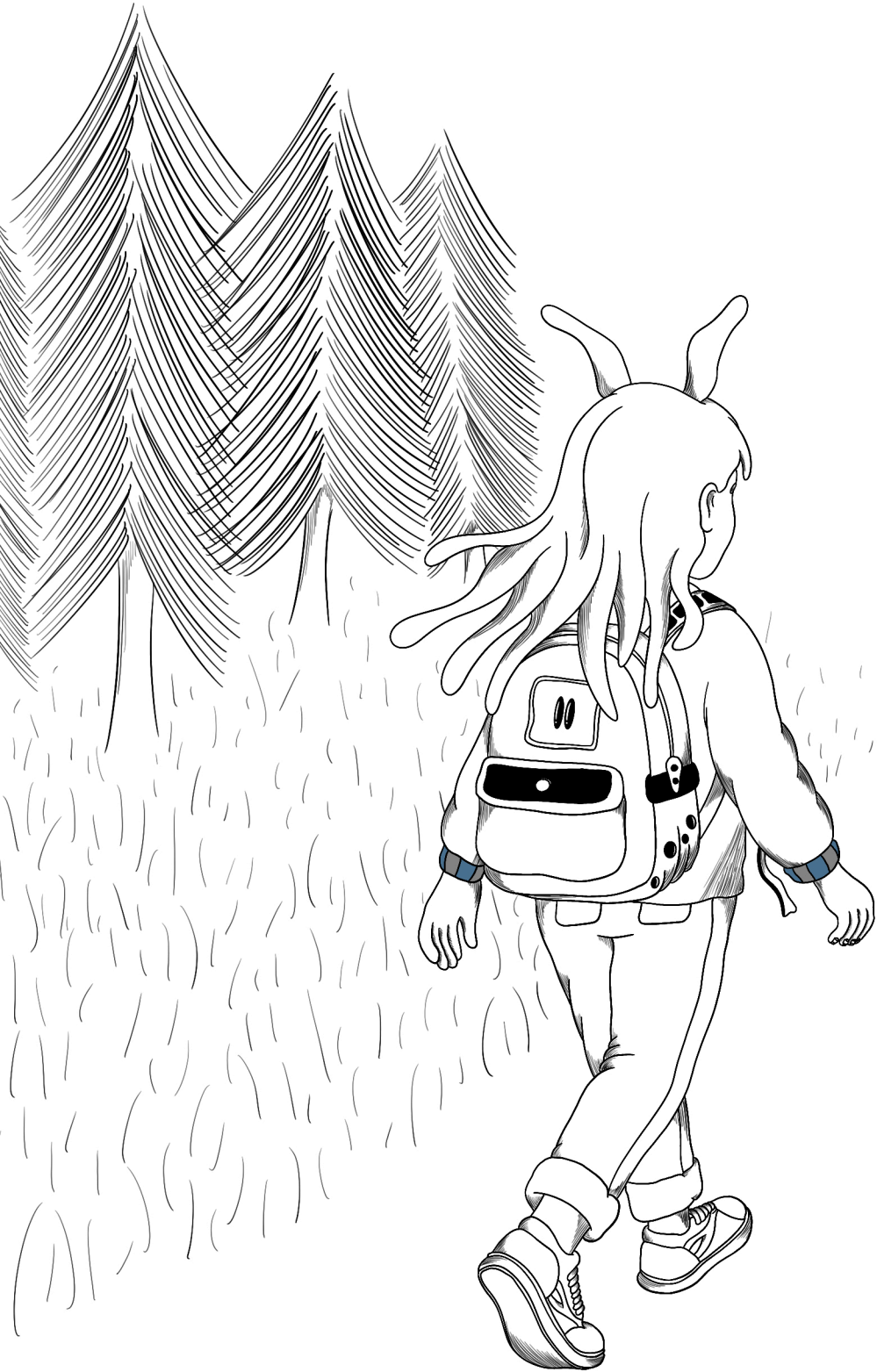
*I have waited too long,
and now it's time to leave*

*"I believe I can make it,
I believe, I believe"*

*I repeated this to myself
under my breath*

*As I made my way out
and I took my first steps*





*T'ward the land I believed in,
to the place from my dreams*

*Past the fields full of deer,
and the fish in the streams*

*I grew worried of wind,
with each step I grew taller*

*Since that's what they told me,
back when I was smaller*

*That those who stand tall,
are sure to get hurt*

*Once the winds come too strong,
and you're left on the dirt*

*"Better to stay small,
so the fall isn't scary*

*Better to stay grounded,
better to stay wary"*

*But my feet were still on it,
right there on the ground*

*I'd no worry of wind,
no fear I'd fall down*

*The breeze tickled my neck,
as it blew through my hair*

*I closed my eyes and I knew,
I was almost there*

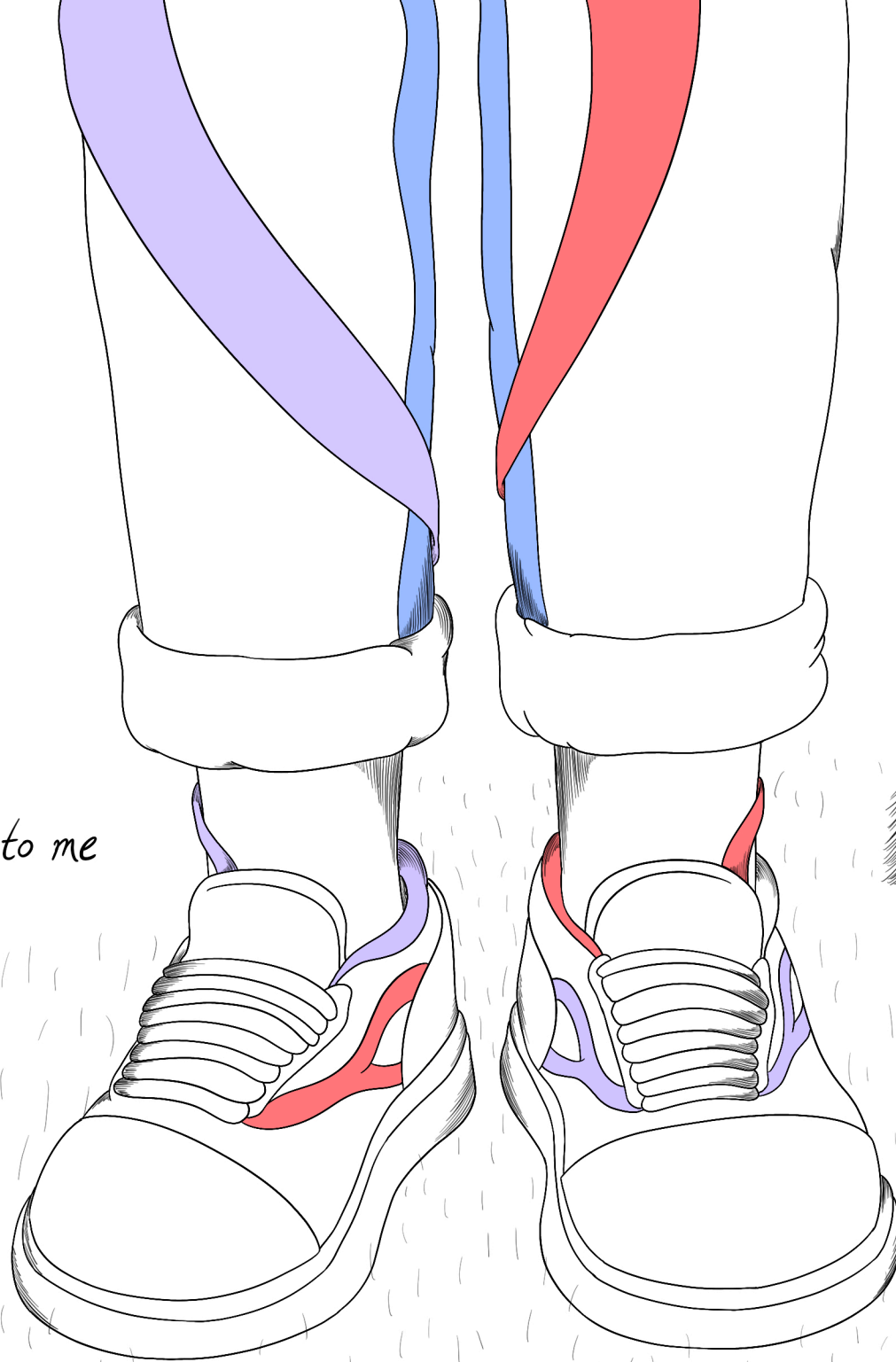


So close I could taste it,
so close I could see

The giants came within sight,
but they were no longer giants to me

Since I stood tall too,
just like they had said

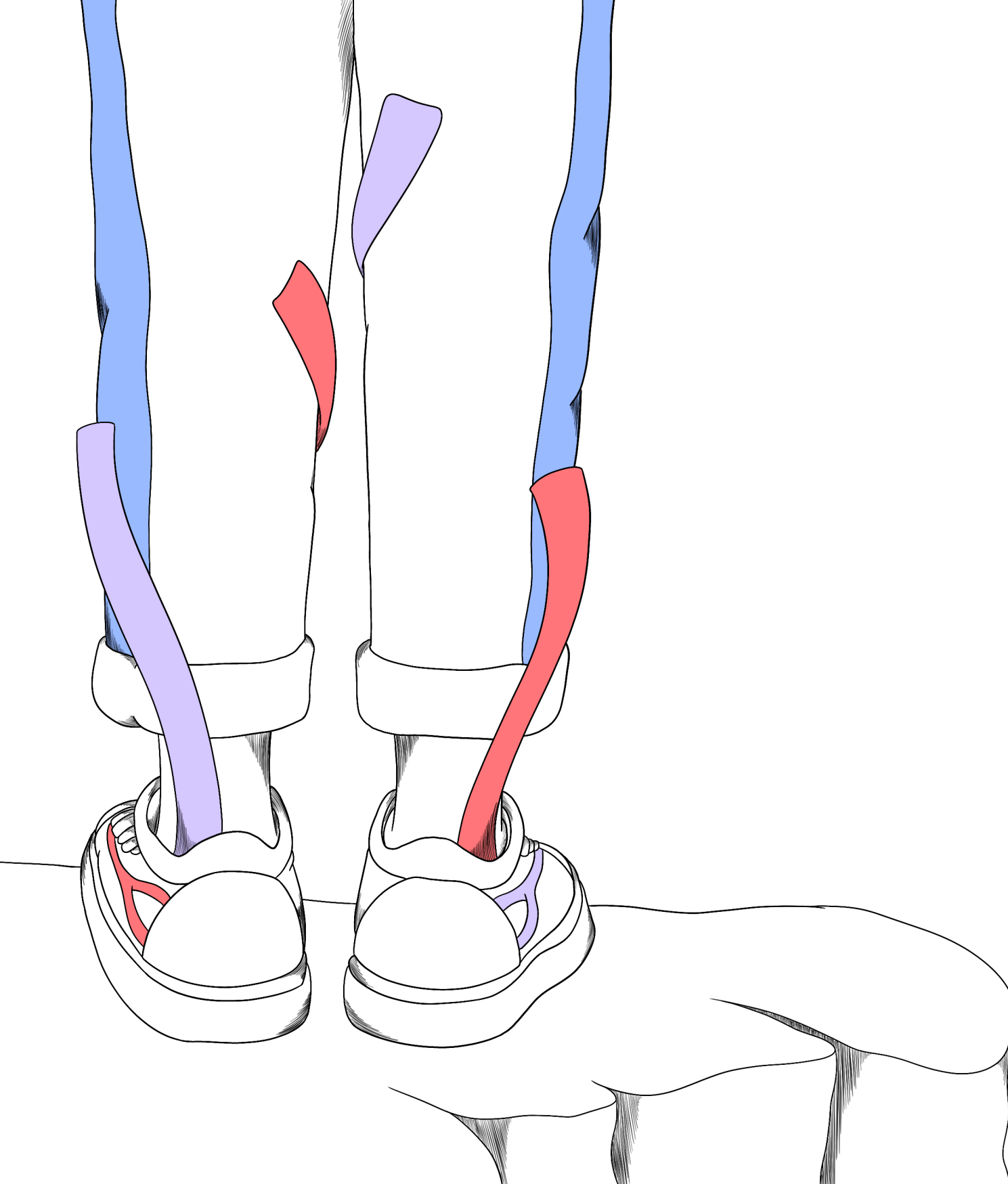
Once I traded my greys,
for my purples and reds





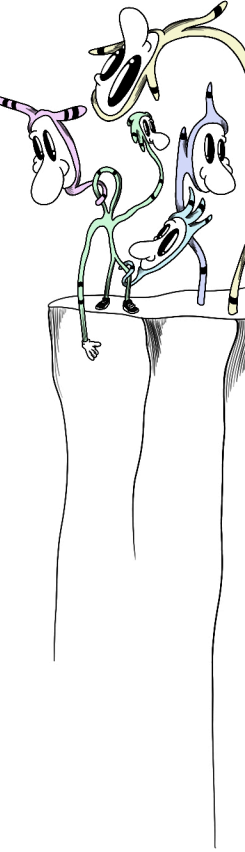
*The blues left my head,
and returned to the sky*

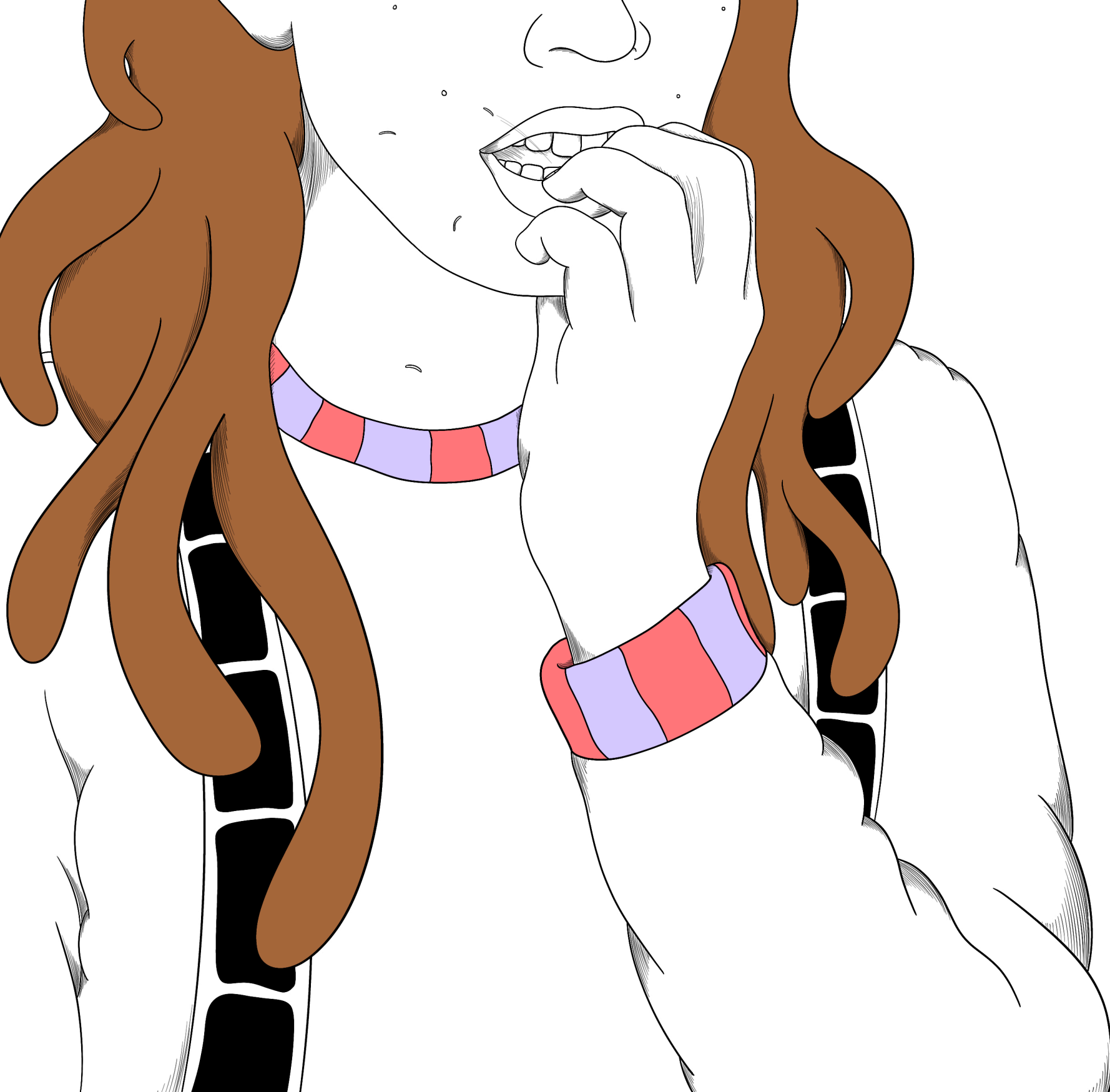
*Tears streamed down my face,
happiness in my cry*



*But there was one little problem,
I stood at a loss*

*On the edge of a canyon,
no choice but to cross*





*I never said it out loud,
but I'm sure they could hear*

*My doubts in myself,
the failure I feared*

"You've come so very far,
but there's one final test

Before you can make your way over,
and finally rest

So bend your knees when you're ready,

we know you can do it

And you know it too,

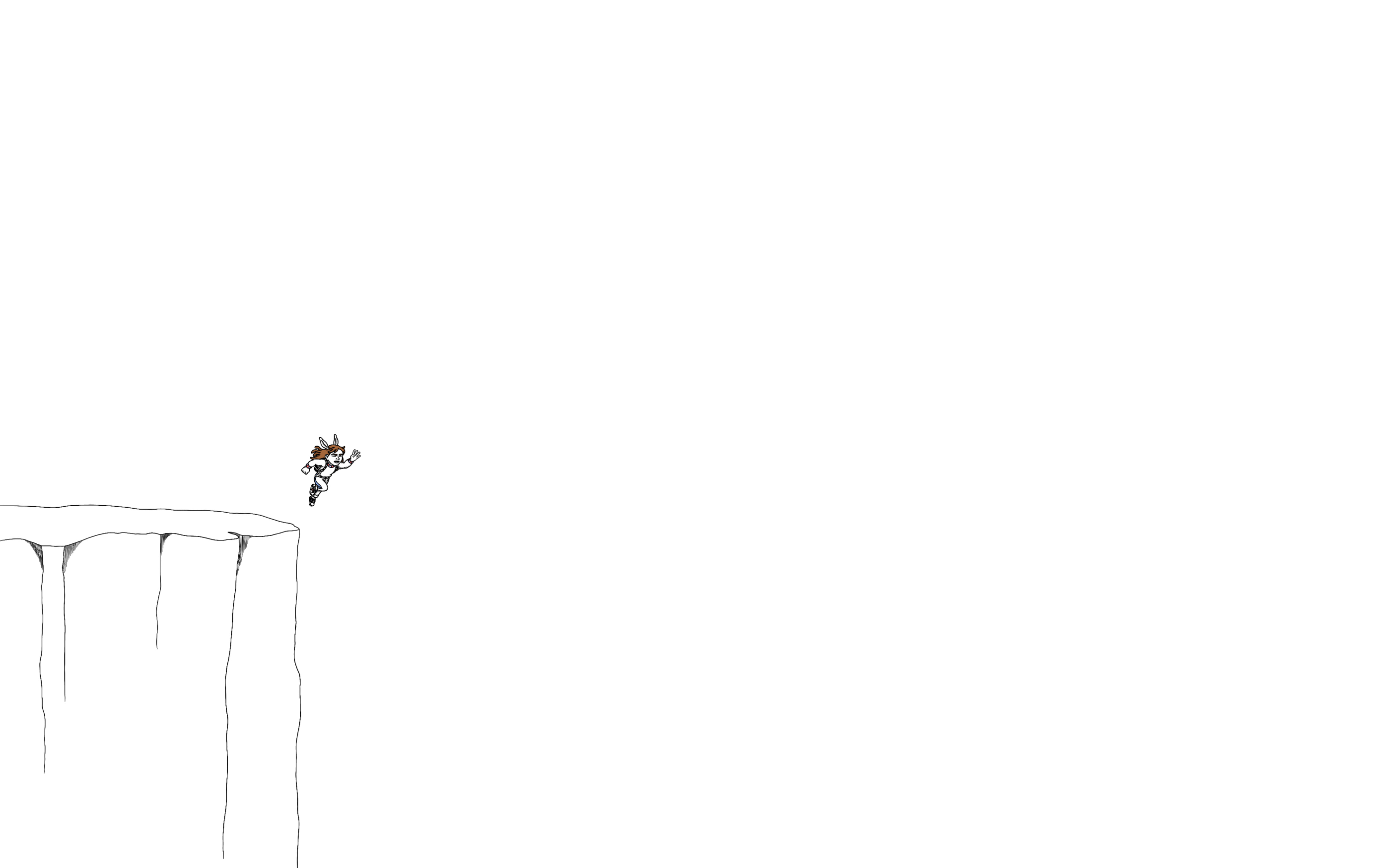
So come on,

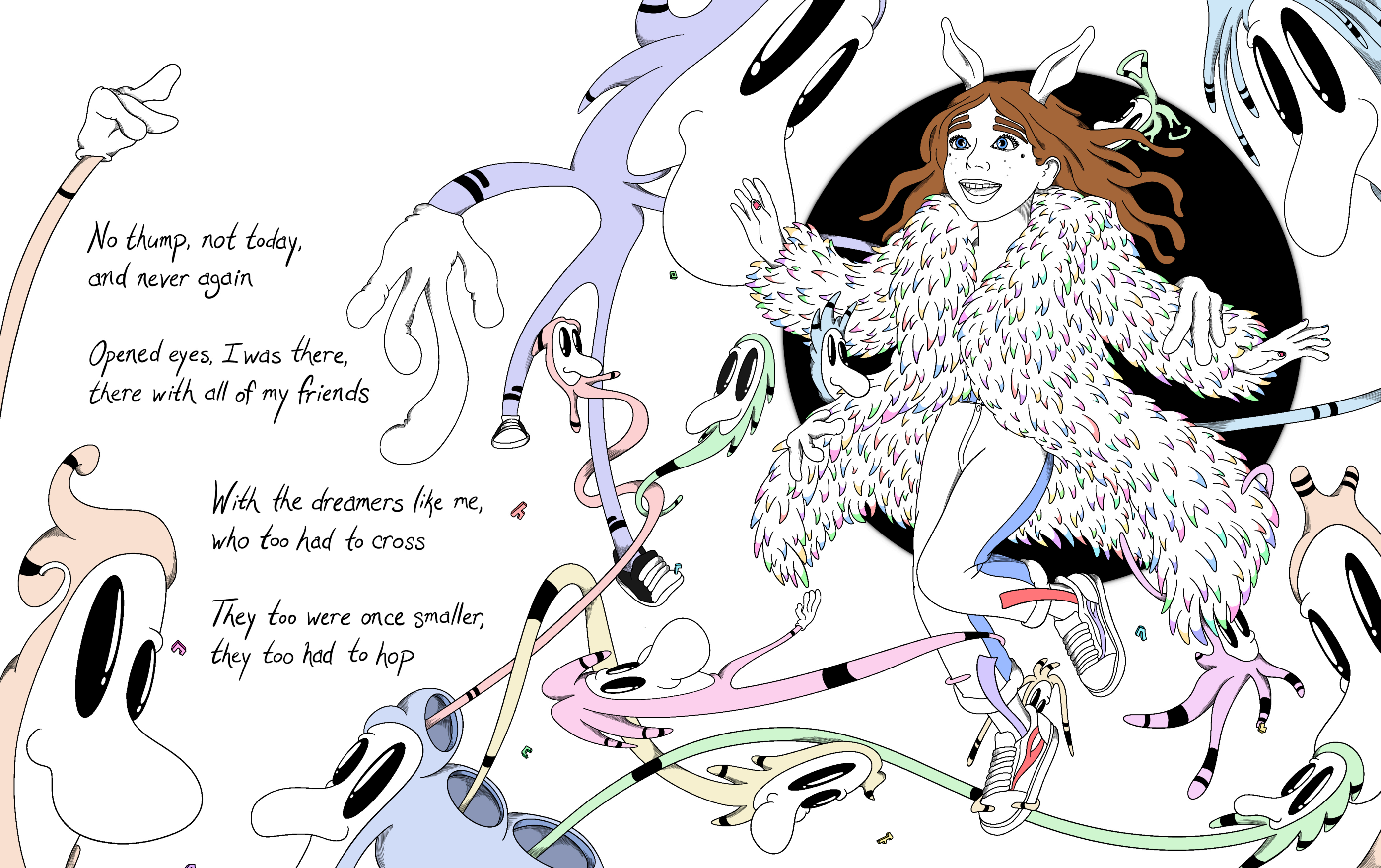
HOP 2 IT!"



*I swallowed my fear,
closed my eyes and I jumped*

*I expected the bottom,
I expected a thump*





No thump, not today,
and never again

Opened eyes, I was there,
there with all of my friends

With the dreamers like me,
who too had to cross

They too were once smaller,
they too had to hop

They taught me their language,
one older than time

With alphabetical magic,
we build cathedrals of rhyme

I learned how to whisper,
my voice did as well

All the shouting is gone so,
I've no need for my yell





There's others like us,
back there in the grey

Those waiting to hop,
those waiting to play

➤ We whisper to them,
when they're asleep in their beds

➤ We whisper in colour,
greens pinks oranges, reds

➤ We wait 'til they're ready,
then we blow them a kiss

Some hear it, some won't,
it goes something like this...

Mighty we stand,
but almighty we fall

When that hop comes a' knockin',
who can I call?

I've been very high,
and I've been very low

The places I've been,
you may never know

But don't let this scare you,
I mean you no harm

Find me in the loops,
find us in the charms

There's others like me,
and there's others like you

When all's said and done,
what more can we do?

All's left is love,
all's left is us

The prize at the end,
is worth all the fuss



The End

for all who hop...

