

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Cassandra Payet: Two Poems

Cassandra Payet · Monday, November 17th, 2025

Poem about Hope

The future is now blurred.

How can we hope for a happy life when everyone kills each other with a knife ?

How can we make things change when we don't even stand a chance of bringing the last rays of the sun into somebody's heart due to the multiple wars ?

The future is now dark but all we have to do now is spreading love and rising together like doves.

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I remember...

I remember living on my little rock, which is my Island.

I remember laying on its sand and see the people I love holding hands.

I remember the sound of the ocean waves, because they remind me of how much I can be brave.

I remember my cousins' laughs and smiles, even though they are miles and miles away from me now.

I remember the feeling of belonging.

I remember my grandfather sharing mangoes with me as a way of showing his love.

I remember my grandmother's eyes; they remind me of how fast time flies.

I remember my mother's words; they encouraged me to see the world.

I remember the palm trees and the flamboyant trees.

I remember that I had to leave, and here I am, writing in front of the autumn leaves.

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