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**#47**

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there is one truth that often goes unsaid,  
it lies so dormant in society, that it can pass off for dead.  
and that is that you were painted golden since the day you arrived,  
and that you are much more than the battles that you have survived.  
when you find yourself breaking, know there is healing in the art of falling apart,  
the beauty of mosaics is that the fragmented pieces must come together to create art.

do not be ashamed of your scars, imperfections, and flaws  
to err is to be human; that is the foundation of all laws  
when you are at your loneliest hour and cannot see the light  
know that morning is coming; do not give up the fight  
yes, loneliness takes different forms, all forms felt by all,  
you are not alone in your battles, for even Eden came to fall.



And when your lungs are inhaling dirt from being driven into the ground,  
exhale flowers on the surface to prove to the world that you're still around.  
and when you're drowning in the depths of an ocean of grief and pain,  
know that the waters cannot silence your spirit and that your struggles are not in vain.  
if it takes you one thousand and ten nights to escape the Darklands and dispose of old sorrow,  
take pride in the thought that hope is never lost but that it is found in every tomorrow.

see that the legends of perseus, hercules, and odysseus pale in comparison of your glory,  
you are brave, you are strong, you are wise... realize that you are a hero for merely  
telling your story.

the architecture of your bones was constructed by warriors, conquerors, and kings  
you are not a failure or a mistake—you are the greatest, the most beautiful, creation to  
exist in the grand scheme of things.

