

Dear survivors and future survivors: I think we make our own kind of hell. If we're gonna love someone, anyone, why not start with ourselves and see where that takes us. Losing makes you grow. Do you want to lose with me? Growing helps you win. Do want to lose with me? Oh the things your eyes have seen that I haven't seen, but I believe you. Do you believe me? And I mean you no harm, but may the best disasters come to you. We need each other a lot more than we don't. My friends my family I can not keep you, you are your own, but I'll fill my heart with you and weigh it down so I never go, or maybe take you with me so I'll never really be alone. Out here on these stages of life in these temporary homes. Good news first. Good news first to numb the pain.

Dear believers and future believers: We can't keep each other in prisons. If that's what we're serving, that's what we're deserving. Yes sometimes God never talks, but then sometimes we try not to listen. Losing makes you grow. Do you want to lose with me? Growing helps you win. Do want to lose with me? All the trees in the forest grow tall together, why can't we? We are moments passing by each other holding on, letting go, opening and closing again. Like you are the air I breathe, but weeks and worlds apart. Living in the future that we used to talk about. Good news first. Good news first to numb the pain.

Dear achievers and future achievers: We will get all we can take. So take it and use it and through the abuses we'll make our own kind of strength. Losing makes you grow. Do you want to lose with me? Growing helps you win. Do want to lose with me? And I'm open to being wrong, it's all a guess. I'm more than anything I've lost (and yes!). I'm the farthest away from home (I think) but I'm closer to where I'm supposed to be. Closer to peace than I may ever be again ever. Well I've survived again most of this year, but It's hard to hold on with your fingers crossed. Good news first. Good news first to numb the pain.

Dear survivors and future survivors: You are all amazing. You are important. Flawed and scarred on purpose. I love you all because you're perfect, and with all the rest of me. Losing makes you grow. Do you want to lose with me? Growing helps you win. Who wants to lose with me? Good news first. Good news first to numb the pain. (and on my best days so I can take it)