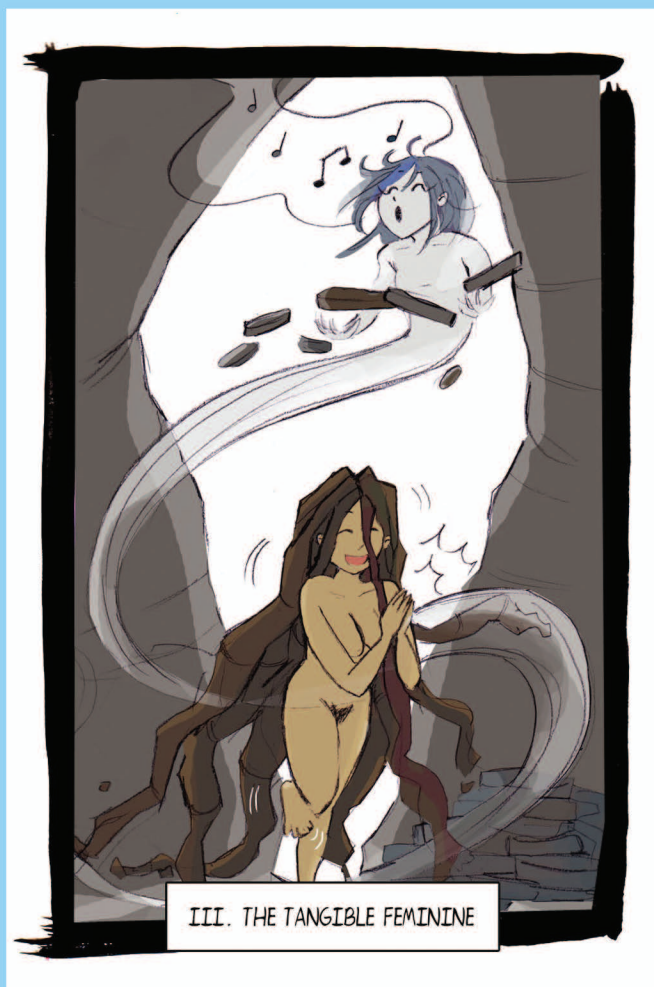
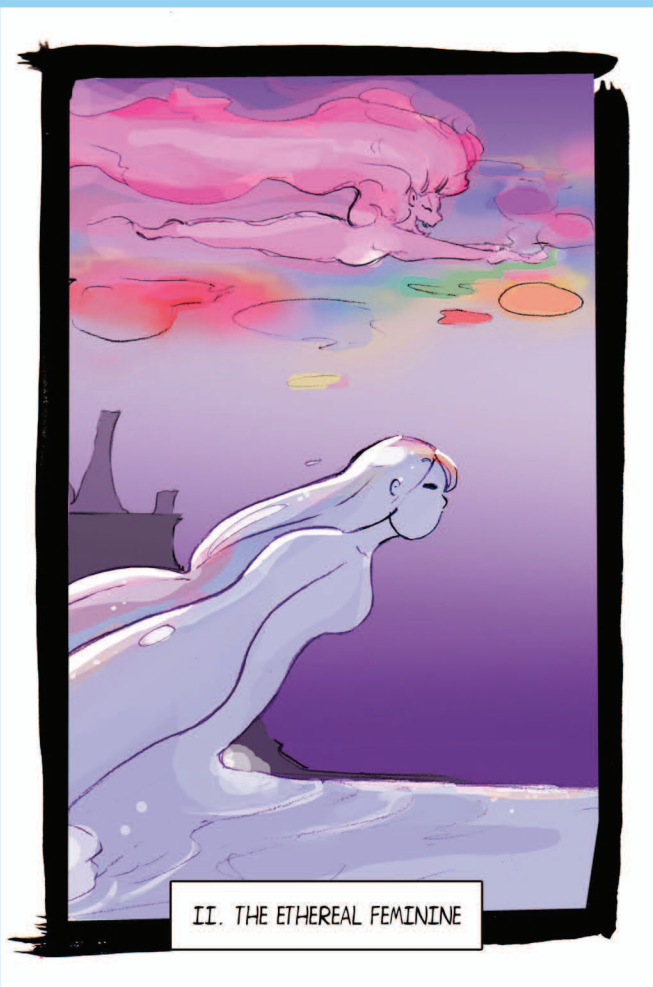
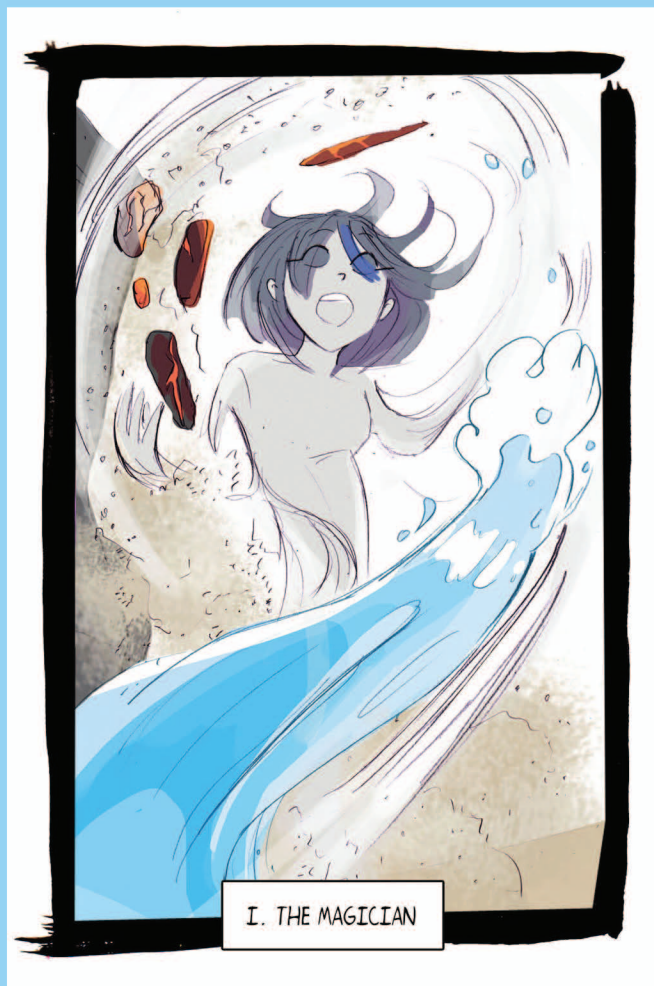
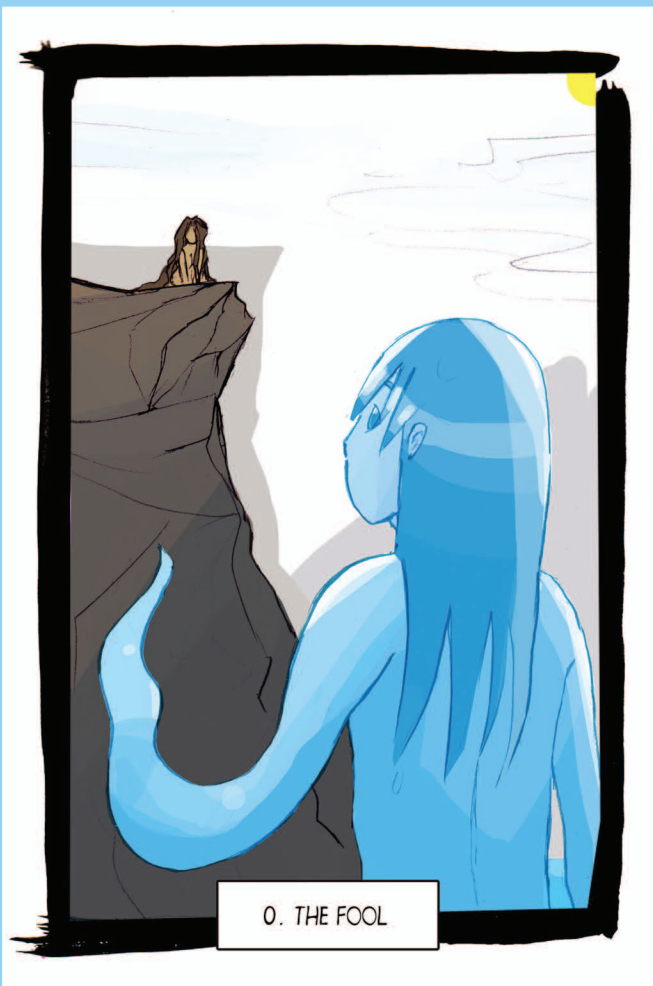
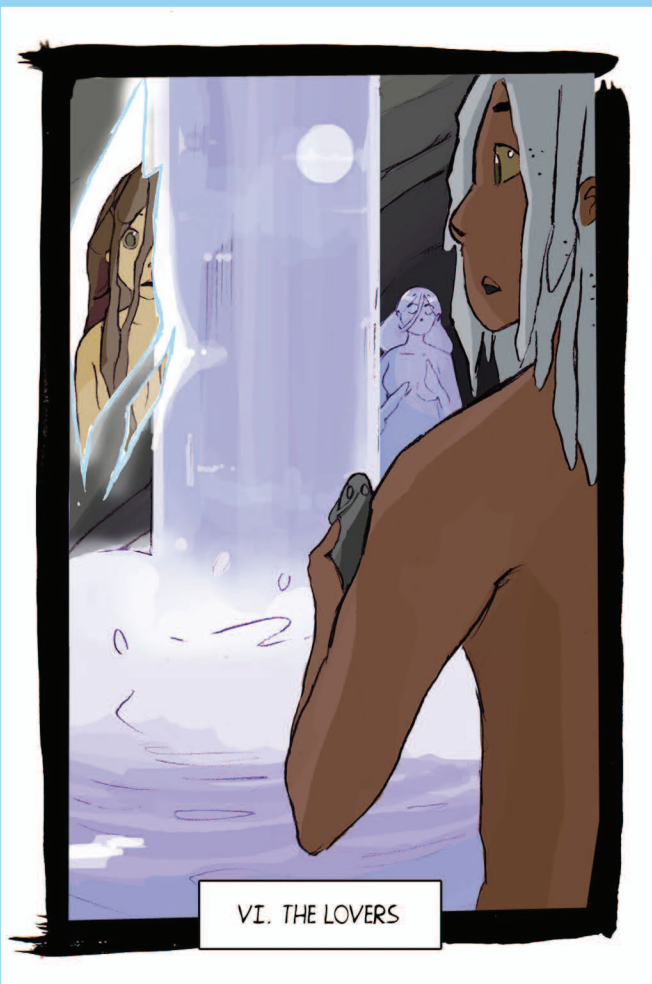
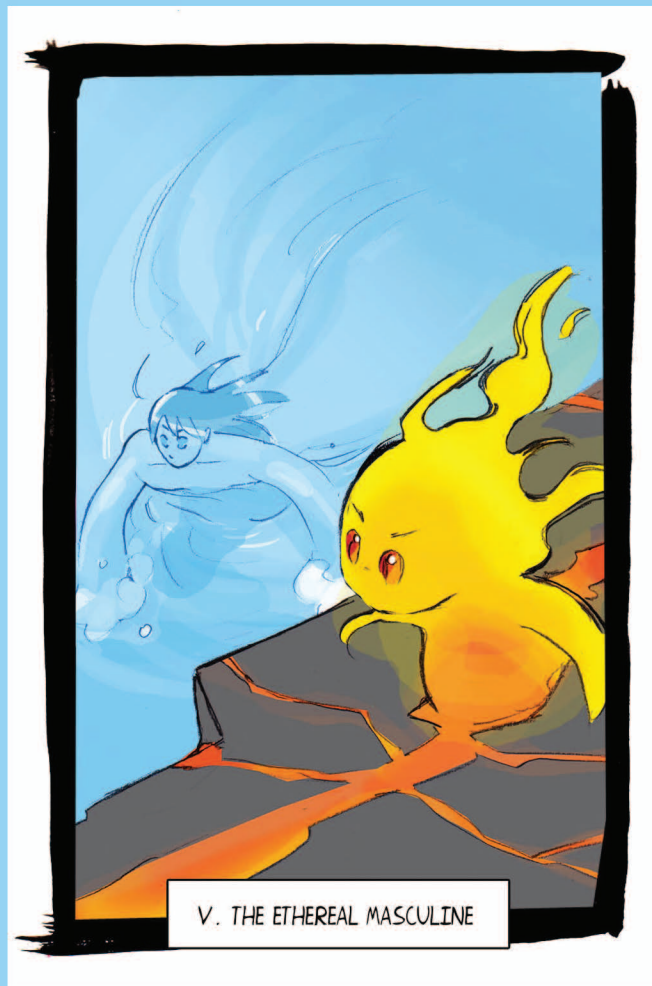
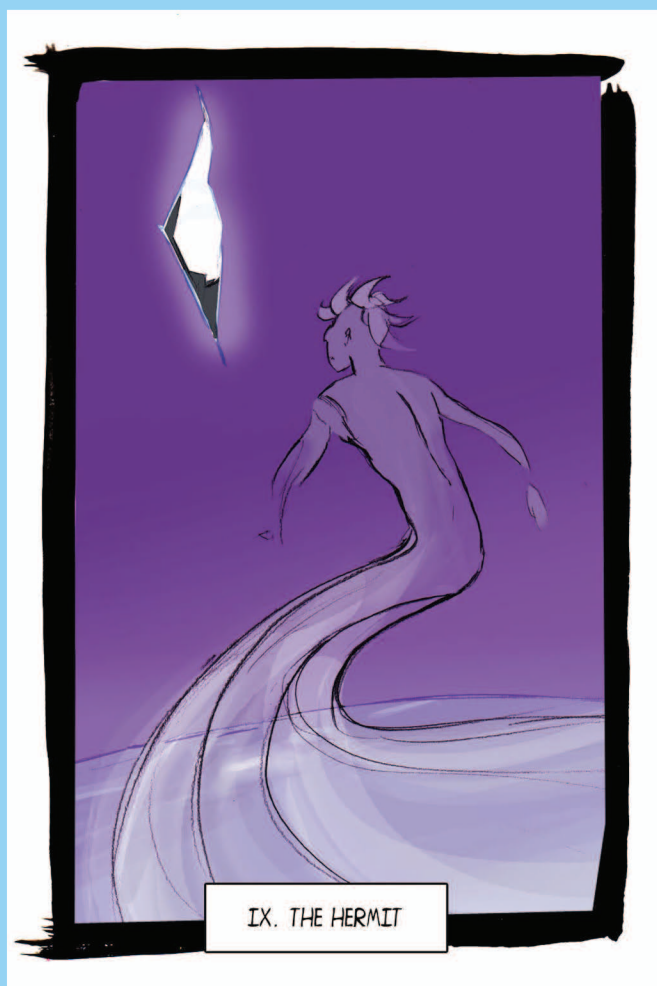
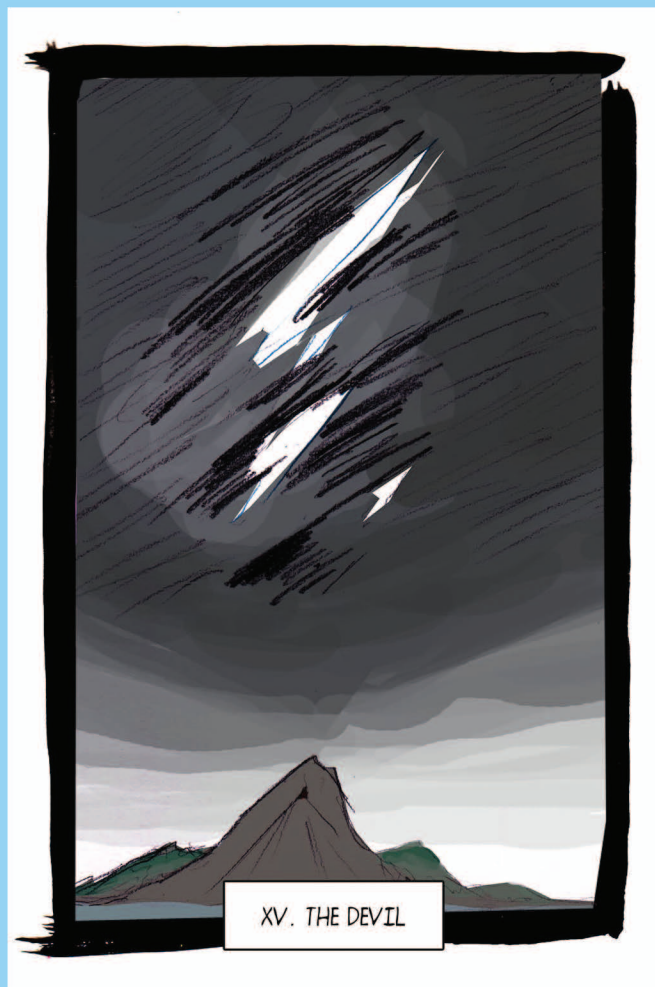
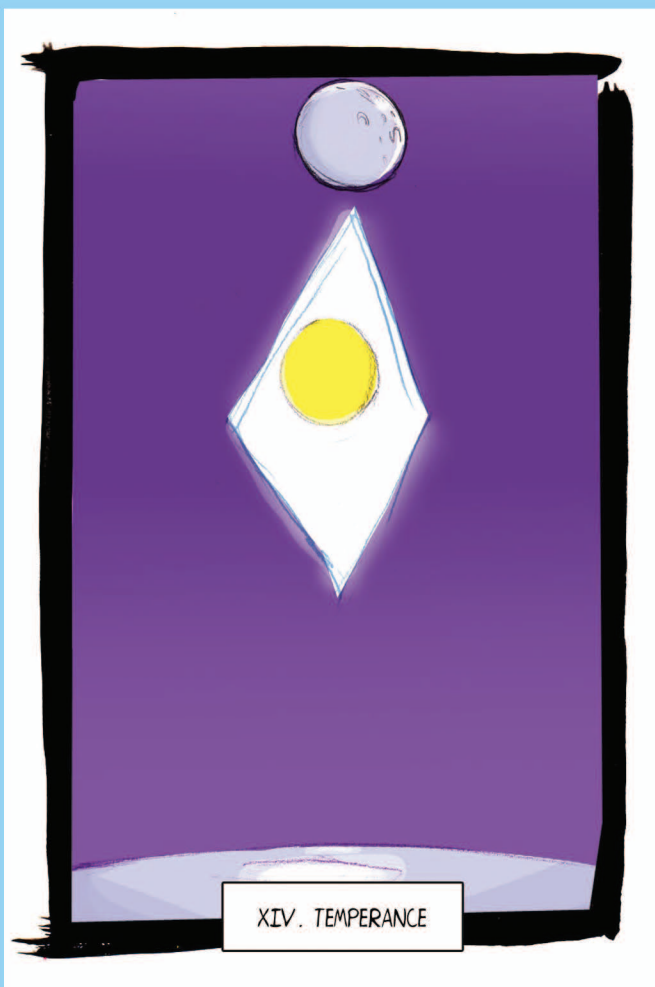
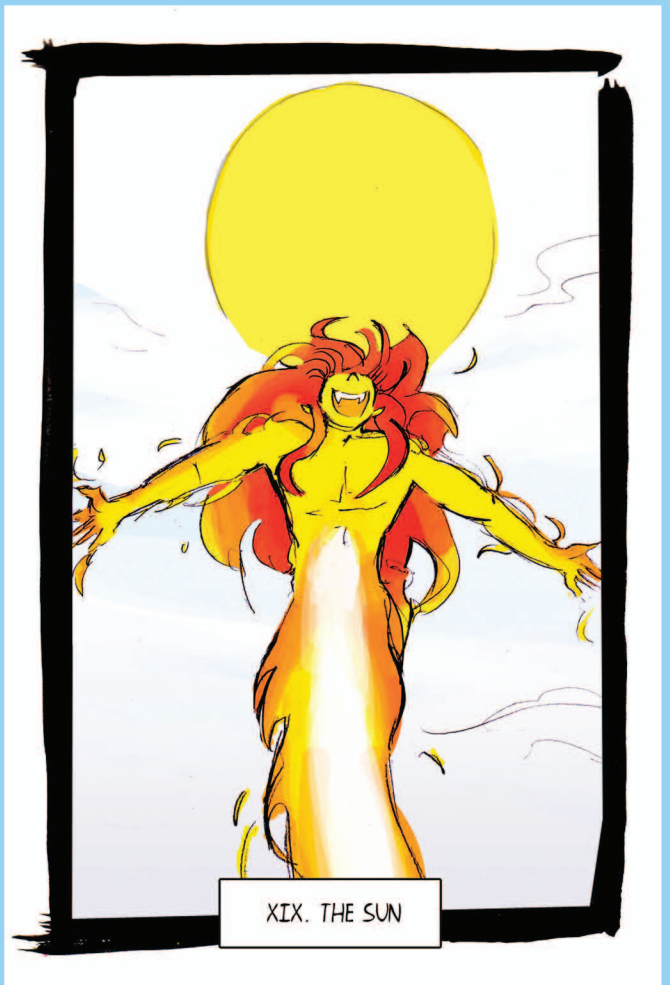
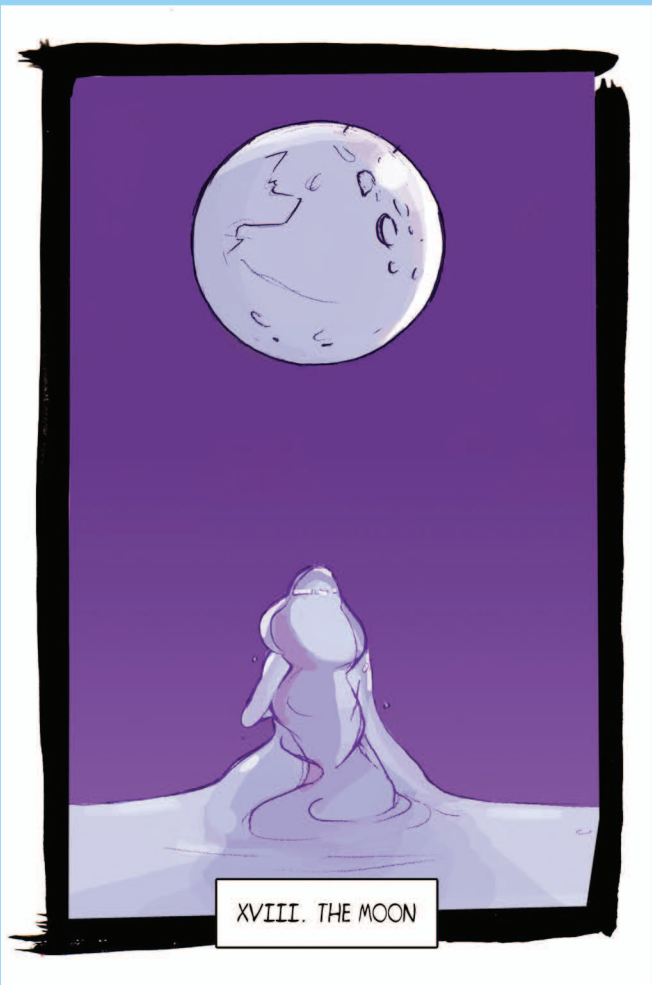
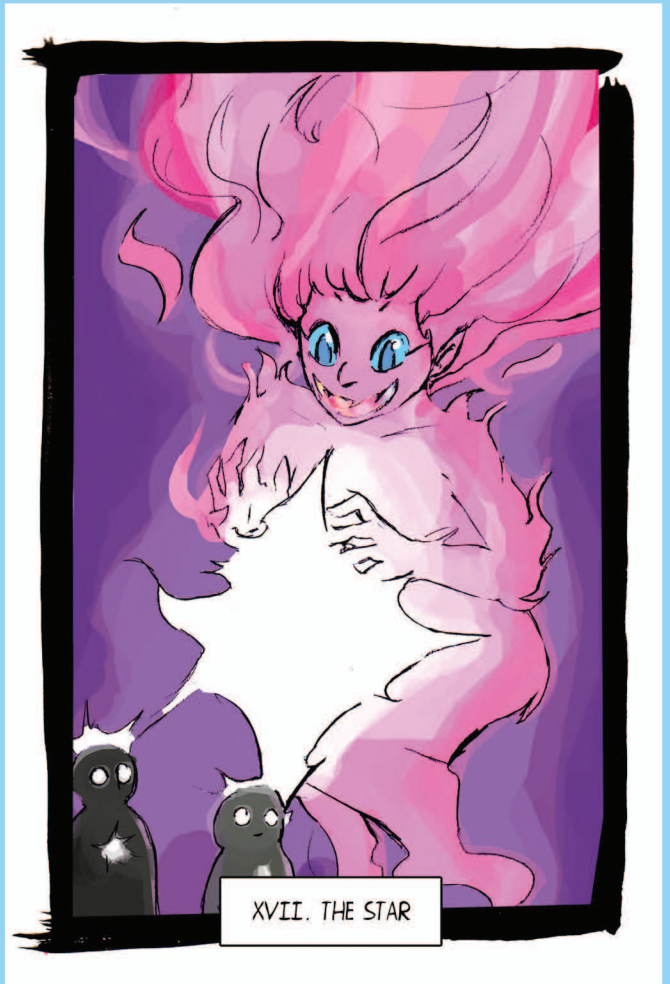
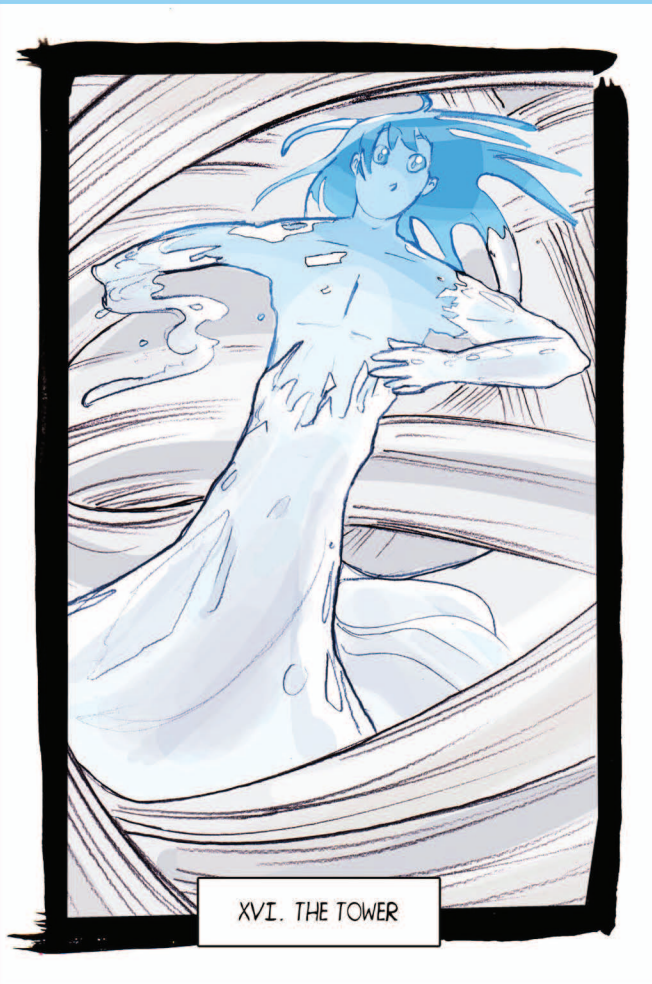


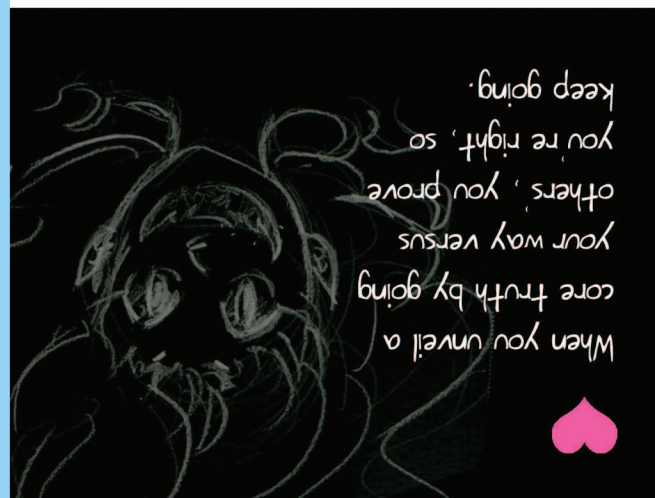






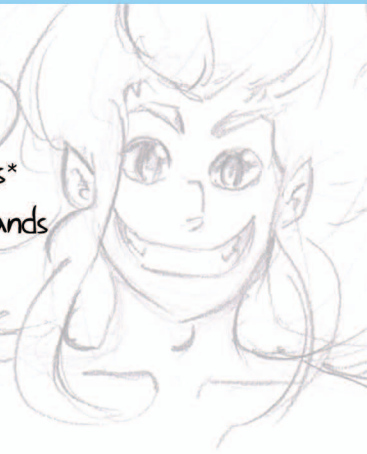








Take your *star's*
time. Lesser demands
can fit in smaller
time-blocks than
you think.



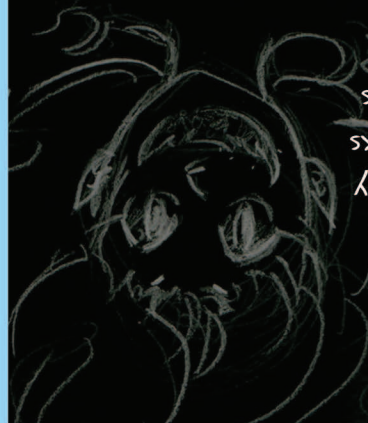
Every step I make
towards elevating
my *star's* truth
builds muscle in me
to own its worth.



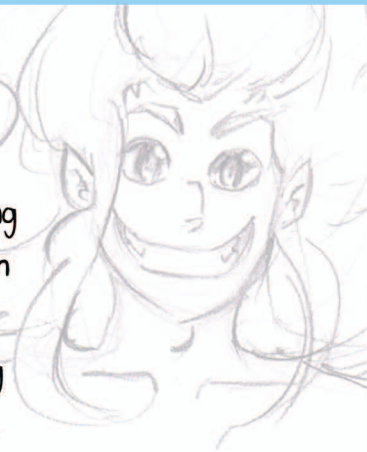
If it *feels* right
within, you've got
time for it, no
matter how illogical
it might seem.



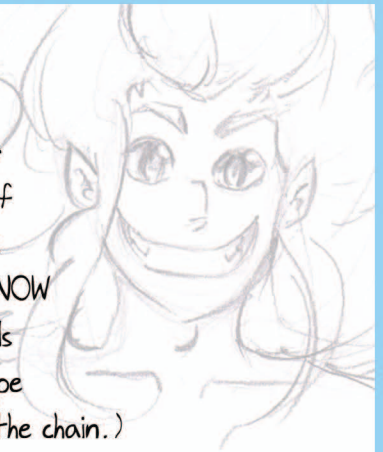
Every step I make
towards elevating my
star's truth breaks
further down the lies
told against it.



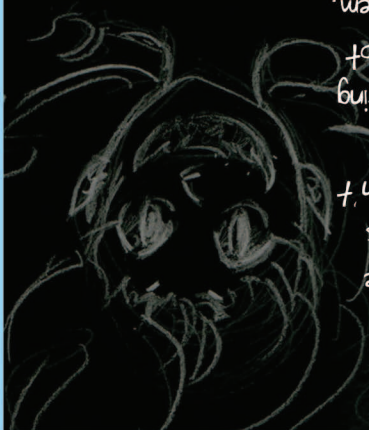
When I know
links are showing
me an oar, I can
make peace with
them not showing
me a speedboat.



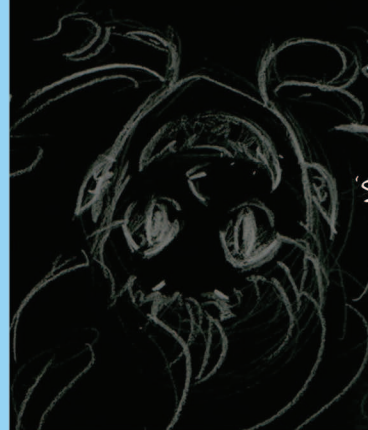
I realize my power
by expressing myself
in whatever spaces
I have, where I KNOW
depravity surrounds
me. (As I keep hope
in what will break the chain.)



When *links* show me
I know what others
don't know and won't
hear, it's an oar
for me to keep rowing
with my things, if not
a speedboat for them.



Although others
obscurities can get in
the way, my power IS
by virtue that I'm
choosing to link at all.
(As I see that's what
can break the chain.)

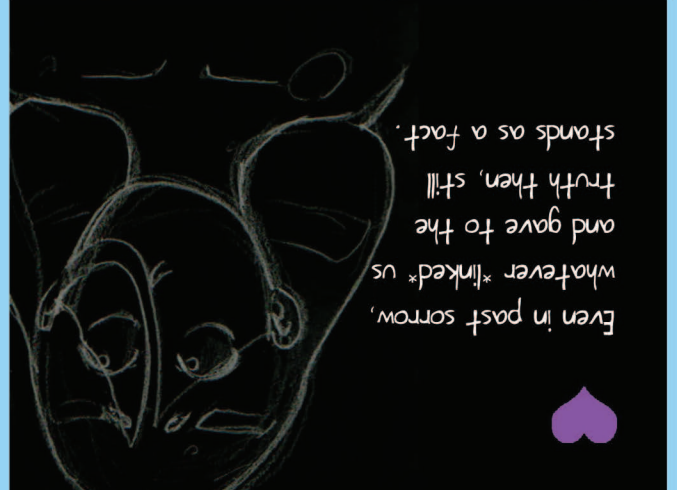
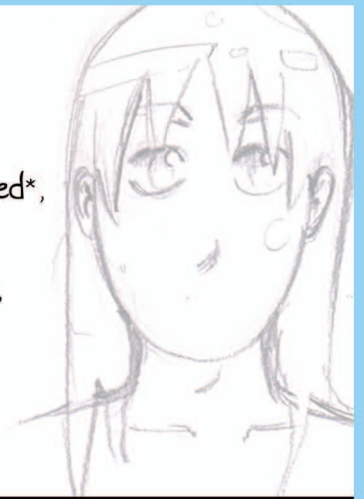




I am not alone.



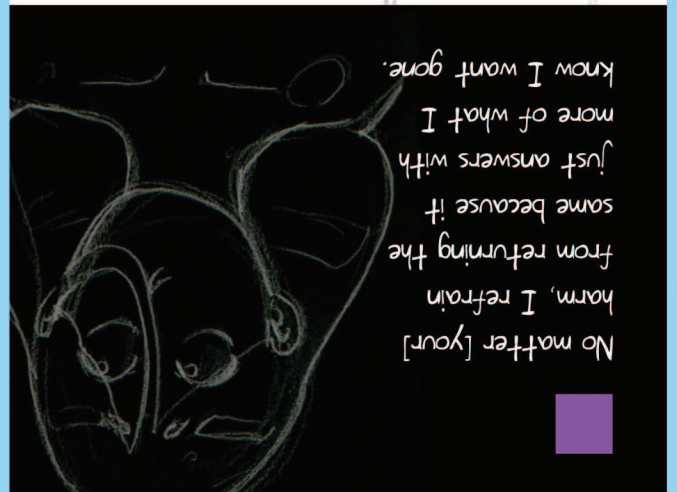
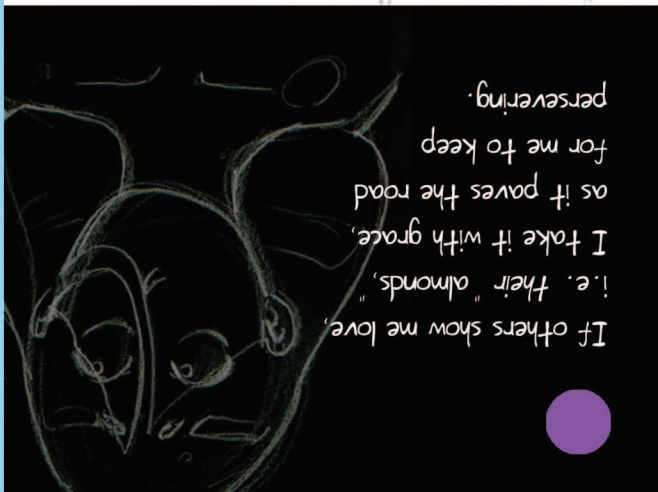
When we're all *linked*,
we can still give
towards the truth,
even in sorrow.



I give a ~~dama~~ "an
almond" to others,
and that's its own
progressive grace.
Then, I keep trekking
with what I know will
really fill the pot in time.

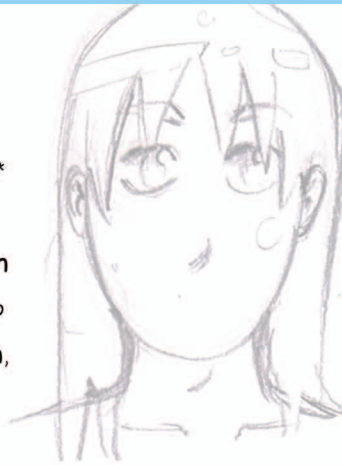


No matter the pain
and how much I hate
it, I hold on, because
I remember I love
[you].

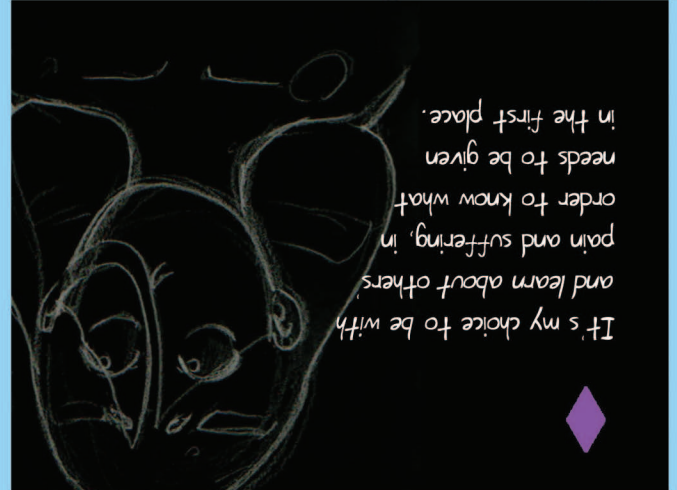
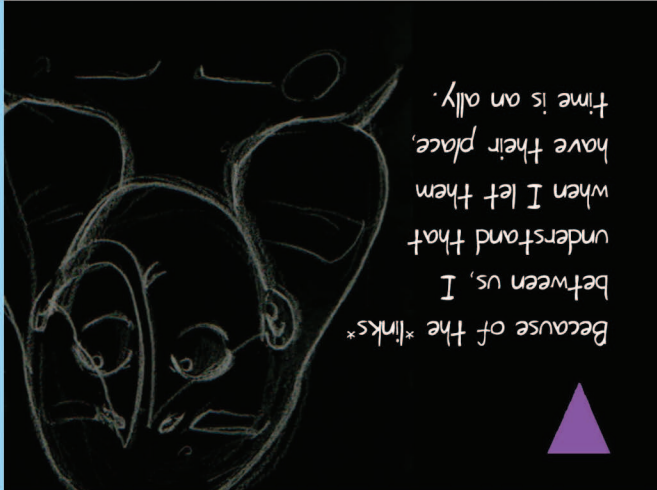




Because of the *links*
between us, I
understand that even
my smallest choices to
give, despite the pain,
make a difference.



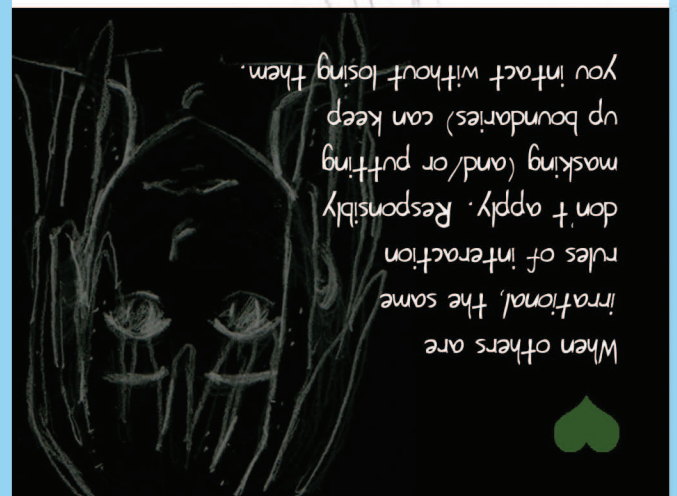
I'm here to give. It's
my choice, in pain and
suffering.



I am strong.



Sometimes responding
to the reality of how
off things are means
responsibly checking out,
until you can get
back in for others.





Sometimes it's okay to say what I see is hard, and how I feel about it. Used responsibly, it can give me the compassion I need *first*, in order to unlock ways to better it next.

Sometimes it's necessary to let go and bear the hard things, in order to better recognize the deeper pain others are in—just the same as me.



No amount of anger kept in check has to BLOCK when others' responses [to tragic death] have been INSANE. Keep your walls up, and remember why it makes sense to.

Keeping your calm and noting what's true within your walls FIRST, is for then bridging what's NOT insane to others.



Remember: there's a good reason you're [missing sleep at nights.] Be kind to yourself about it—acknowledge it if others don't; take it easy, laugh at jokes, whatever you can fit.

Remember: you deserve compassion when you falter—it's currently the only space that acknowledges your fullest trauma. Just get back up too: for love, truth, and peace.



Fending off my worries and wounds—my projections of the future, my rehashes of the past, and anything else that's a "distractor," not a factor—keeps me strong.

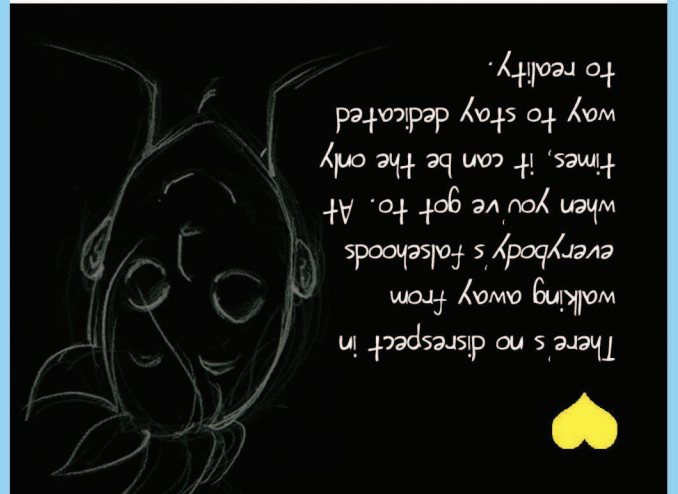
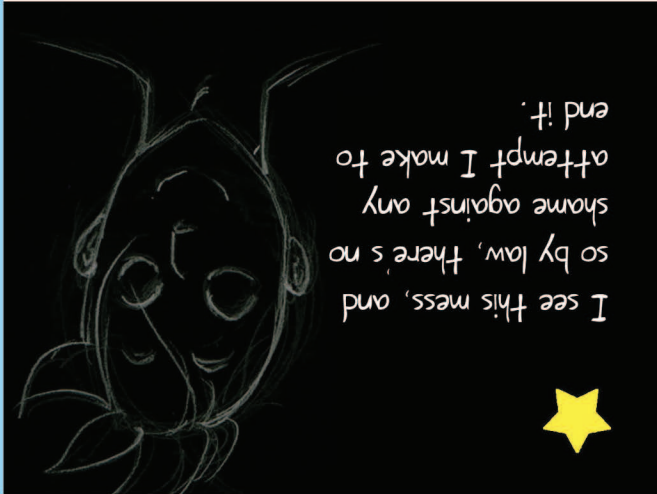
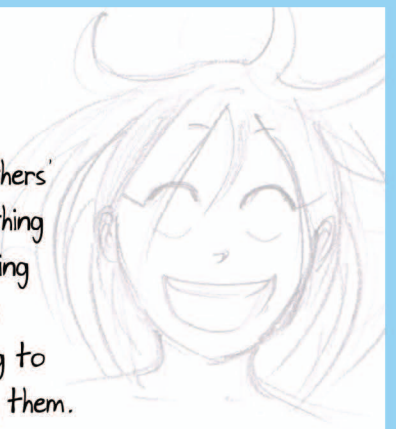
Grounding is choosing the moment I want to be in, no matter what moments I could be in.



I don't shame you,
and so by law, I
don't shame myself.



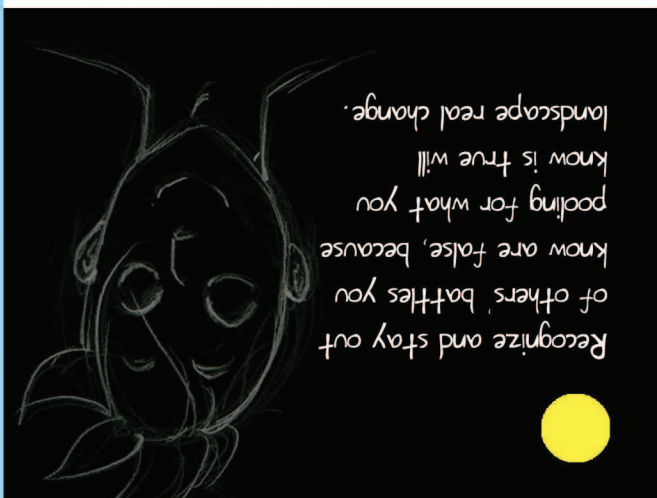
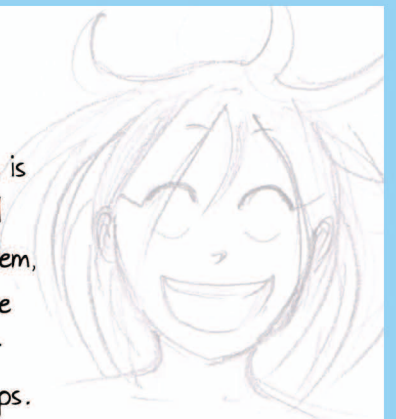
Detaching from others'
falsehoods has nothing
to do with accepting
their truths, which
equally has nothing to
do with respecting them.



Make peace with
and stay out of the
spaces you know aren't
biddable by you. Focus
on and pool for the
spaces that are.

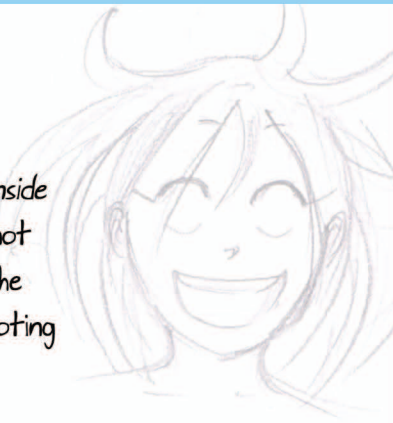


Because I see this is
huge, complex, and
ancient as a problem,
I learn and let the
strategy to fix it
come to me in steps.

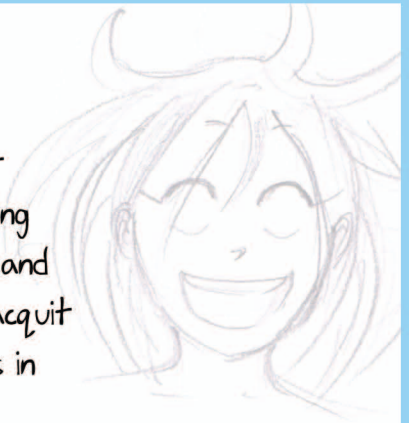




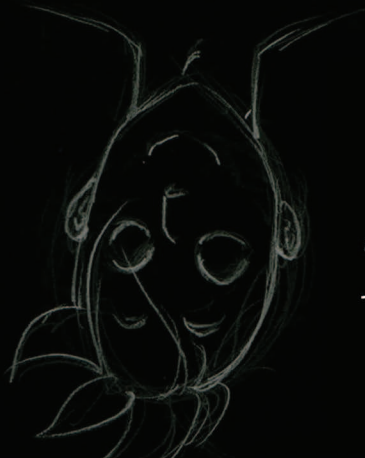
The smaller cogs inside
the machine are not
the truth when the
machine itself shooting
lasers at you is.



To push, I must
drive; if I'm going
to drive safely and
focus, I must acquit
all smaller bumps in
the road.



Past lasers are not
the truth when you
remember where we
are right now:
running away from
today's lasers.



If I'm driving near
the edge of a cliff,
safely navigating
removes me from
everything else until I'm
on safer grounds.

