

The world has a strange way of making you  
feel small in the most overwhelming of ways.  
Most days, the ocean feels home only to your tears,  
your broken dreams, a vast body full of shattered pieces of you.  
You. Alone.  
You look up, and it's as though

Everything

in the universe is merely a figment of  
what it is meant to be.  
Colors fade, the water crashes onto the shore.  
All the while, you are still.  
The wind whirs, and inside your whole world spins.  
The sky looks down on

You

with acknowledgment and admiration.  
You are known.  
The universe hears your presence.  
You are here.  
Though the world may tell you differently,  
You are what you truly

Need

to continue on.  
To live.  
To breathe.  
To be.  
Life

Is

nothing more than a manifestation  
of broken people, acting as machines trying  
their best to mend what is forever broken.  
Trying to build from what has most destroyed them.  
But, you must remember:  
to be broken is to be vulnerable,  
and that is its own kind of beautiful.  
You have

Already

endured the utter pain, darkness, and wrath  
of this world. You have felt the weight of the  
world on your shoulders, and still,  
you have carried on.  
The world cannot destroy you.  
You are unbreakable.  
You are a warrior, and you hold all the strength  
of the entire world

Inside.