

*After a while you learn the subtle
difference between holding a hand
and chaining a soul.
And you learn that love doesn't mean
leaning and company doesn't mean
security.
And you begin to learn.
And kisses aren't compromises.
And presents aren't promises.
And you begin to accept your defeats
with your head up & your eyes ahead
with the grace of a woman or a man
not the grief of a child.
And you learn to build all your loads
on today,
Because tomorrow's ground is too
uncertain for plans
And futures have a way of falling down
mid-flight.
After a while you learn that even
sunshine burns if you ask too much.
So you plant your own garden
And decorate your own soul
Instead of waiting for someone to buy
you flowers.
And you learn that you really can
endure,
That you really are strong.
And you really do have worth.
And you learn. And you learn.
With every experience you learn.*

- Anonymous