YOU ARE A POEM,

AND THE WORLD IS

READING YOU

The Beginning of a Beautiful Journey

Zeke Iverson

💌 — A Letter From Me To You

You are here.

And that means something.

This book is not just a collection of words.

It is a place to rest. A place to feel.

A place where your heart will be spoken to

In ways you didn’t know it needed.

It is a journey—one you do not have to rush through.

One you do not have to be ready for.

Let this book meet you exactly where you are.

Let it unfold in your hands like a quiet revelation,

Like something you have always known but never had the words for.

Because that is what words do.

They name the feelings we thought were nameless.

They light candles in the rooms we thought would always be dark.

This book is for the ones who feel too much.

For the ones who have held on for too long.

For the ones who do not know how to let go,

But are learning.

For the ones who have loved deeply,

Who have ached quietly,

Who have searched for meaning in the spaces

Where silence lingers.

You will find yourself in these pages.

Not because they will tell you who to be—

But because they will remind you of who you have always been.

Let this book be a mirror.

Let it be a hand on your back, a whisper in your ear.

Let it be a place where you no longer have to explain yourself.

Where you do not have to beg to be understood.

This is not just a book.

This is a beginning.

And I promise you—

It is a beautiful one.

🌻— SYNOPSIS:

You Are a Poem, and the World is Reading You

You did not find this book by accident. It found you.

Somewhere between the pages, between the spaces of each word, there is a reflection of you. This is not just a book—it is a mirror, a conversation, a quiet whisper in the spaces you thought no one noticed.

It Is here to sit with you in your softness, to unravel you gently, to remind you that you have always been poetry in motion. It will ask you questions you didn’t know you needed to answer. It will pull at the threads of your heart, not to unravel you completely, but to show you the beauty of being woven together, even after everything.

This book is not here to teach you who you are. It is here to remind you of what you already know—of the love that has shaped you, the pain that has strengthened you, and the art of being human in all its aching, beautiful forms.

You are a poem. And the world is reading you.

–Zeke Iverson.

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Author: Zeke here, I thought this would be a pretty interesting take while I was writing this book of mine—here are some of the pages that i feel closely attached to and pages which I feel very emotionally resonant upon

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SECTION 0

Love & Longing I

SECTION 0: LOVE & LONGING

Page 1 – Love as Something Steady

Love is not meant to be fleeting,

Not meant to be a passing storm

That rages and disappears,

Leaving wreckage in its wake.

Love is the steady rain

That softens the earth,

The quiet presence

That does not demand to be seen

Yet is always felt.

Love is not just passion.

It is presence.

It is choosing—

Day after day,

Moment after moment,

To stay.

Even when the fire of newness fades,

Even when life grows heavy,

Even when the road is long

And uncertain.

Love is the hand

That reaches for yours in the dark.

The voice that says,

“You do not have to walk alone.”

It is not perfect,

But it does not leave.

It does not break at the first sign of struggle.

It does not retreat when the world becomes too much.

Love stays.

Even when it is quiet.

Even when it is not easy.

Even when it has to be chosen,

Again and again.

Because love,

True love,

Is not just about feeling.

It is about being.

And it is steady,

Even when everything else is not.

SECTION 0: LOVE & LONGING

Page 2 – Love That Chooses You Fully

Love should never be a half-written story,

A hesitation,

A feeling that lingers in the air

But never lands.

You deserve a love

That does not flinch when the world gets heavy.

A love that does not step back

When the waters rise.

A love that does not make you wonder

If you are enough.

Because love—real love—chooses.

It chooses you in the morning light,

When your hair is messy

And your eyes are still full of dreams.

It chooses you in the midnight silence,

When your fears slip between the sheets like shadows.

It chooses you on the easy days and the impossible ones,

Not because it has to,

But because it cannot imagine a world where it does not.

Love is not meant to be guessed at.

It is not meant to be chased,

Bargained for,

Or questioned.

If you have to wonder

Whether love is choosing you,

Then it is already telling you the answer.

And you—

You deserve the kind of love

That stands firm,

That meets you where you are,

That takes your hand and says,

“No matter what, I choose you.”

SECTION 0: LOVE & LONGING

Page 3 – Love will find it's way to you.

Love does not always arrive

When you are ready for it.

It does not knock politely,

Waiting for permission to enter.

It comes as the tide—

Gentle some days, relentless on others,

Pulling at your shores

Even when you swore you would never let it in again.

Love finds you in the quiet moments,

In laughter you didn’t expect,

In the warmth of a hand reaching for yours

When you weren’t looking for comfort.

It does not always come

Wrapped in the certainty you imagined.

Sometimes, it comes softly,

A whisper instead of a declaration,

A quiet presence instead of a grand entrance.

And love, real love,

Does not demand that you be unbroken to receive it.

It does not ask you to be perfect,

To be fearless,

To be anything other than who you are.

It simply arrives.

And stays.

So when love finds you,

Let it.

Let it soften the places inside you

That have turned to stone.

Let it remind you

That you were never meant to do this alone.

Let it be what it was always meant to be—

Not a storm,

But a home.

SECTION 0: LOVE & LONGING

Page 4 – Love Needs To Feel Secure

Love should not feel like walking on glass,

Like measuring your words,

Like holding your breath

To see if you are still wanted.

Love should not be something

That makes you question your worth,

That makes you feel like too much

Or never enough.

Love should be a place

Where your walls come down,

Where your voice does not shake,

Where your heart is not afraid

Of what happens if it is fully seen.

Love should be safe.

Not perfect.

Not without its storms,

But never the storm itself.

It should be the shelter you run to,

Not the thing you run from.

It should be a hand that reaches for yours

In the dark,

A voice that says,

“I am here. I am not leaving.”

Love does not ask you

To shrink yourself to be held.

It does not turn away

When your scars are visible.

It does not punish you

For feeling deeply.

It stays.

It listens.

It softens the sharp edges of the world.

And if love does not feel like safety,

If it makes you feel small,

If it makes you question the ground beneath your feet—

Then, my love,

It is not love.

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SECTION 0: LOVE & LONGING

Page 5 – Love That Nourishes, Not Depletes

Love should not drain you.

It should not leave you hollow,

Empty, exhausted,

Wondering if you are giving too much

Or if you are asking for too much.

Love should not be a battlefield,

Where your worth is something

That must constantly be proven.

It should not feel like an uphill climb,

Where only one of you is carrying the weight.

Love should give.

It should fill you.

It should feel like sunlight on your skin,

Not something that steals your light.

It should feel like breathing deeply,

Not gasping for air.

Love should be the kind of thing

That helps you grow,

That waters the parts of you

That have gone dry,

That reminds you that you are not too much,

That you were never too much.

Love should not leave you questioning

Whether you are worth the effort.

It should be the effort.

Because love that is real,

Love that is whole,

Does not take more than it gives.

It does not drain,

It restores.

And if love is making you feel empty,

Then it is not love.

It is longing,

It is fear,

It is something else in disguise.

But love?

Love should be the thing

That makes you feel more like yourself,

Not less.

SECTION 0: LOVE & LONGING

Page 6 – Everything Has Ended, Yet I Am Still Here

There are moments when the world shifts beneath your feet,

When the people you thought would stay

Become ghosts in your story,

When the love you poured into another

Returns to you empty.

And yet—

You are still here.

You have felt the weight of goodbyes

That were never meant to be spoken.

You have stood in the wreckage

Of something you once called home,

Wondering if you would ever find your way back to yourself.

And yet—

You are still here.

You have sat with silence so loud

It threatened to swallow you whole.

You have traced the outline of what was,

Aching for something

That no longer belongs to you.

And yet—

You are still here.

Perhaps survival does not look like victory.

Perhaps it does not feel like strength.

Perhaps it is just the quiet persistence

Of putting one foot in front of the other

When your heart is begging you to stop.

But if you are here,

If you are reading this,

If you have made it through the nights

You thought would break you—

Then know this:

You are stronger than the endings.

You are more than the love that left.

You are not just what you have lost—

You are everything that remains.

And that is enough.

Now that you’re here, take your time, breathe slowly—a gentle reminder that there is no need for you to rush. This is just the beginning, turn the page and let your own story in this book unfold, so go on and continue reading. -Zeke Iverson

SECTION I:

BECOMING

SECTION I: BECOMING

Page 1 - A Poetic Reflection

Becoming is not a destination.

It is the space between what was and what will be.

It is the silence before a song,

The pause between inhale and exhale.

Becoming is slow, soft, sometimes painful.

It is a process of unlearning the ways you thought you had to shrink yourself,

Of untangling the expectations woven into your skin.

You are not late.

You are not behind.

You are simply arriving.

At your own pace.

In your own way.

In your own time.

Short Poetic Passages

🌿 There is no rush. Flowers do not bloom all at once.

🌿 You are allowed to be both a masterpiece and a work in progress at the same time.

🌿 Growth is not about becoming someone new, but about returning to who you were before the world told you who to be.

A Letter to You

Dear You,

I know there are days when you feel like you should have figured everything out by now. When the weight of “should” and “must” and “not enough” sits heavy on your chest.

But hear me when I say: You are not running out of time.

You are growing, even when you cannot see it.

You are healing, even in the moments when it feels like you are breaking.

You are becoming—slowly, softly, and in ways that do not always feel obvious.

Please be gentle with yourself.

You are not a problem to be solved.

You are a story still unfolding,

And every page is worth reading.

With love,

A friend who believes in you.

SECTION I: BECOMING

Page 2 – A Conversation with Yourself

Becoming is not just about moving forward. Sometimes, it is about standing still long enough to listen to yourself.

Take a deep breath.

Feel the weight you have been carrying.

Now, set it down.

Just for a moment.

You do not have to hold everything at once.

🌿 A Thought to Hold Onto

You are not broken just because you are still becoming.

You are not behind just because your journey looks different.

You are exactly where you need to be.

Let yourself exist in this moment—without expectation, without judgment.

📝 A Question for You

When was the last time you gave yourself permission to just be?

Take a moment. Write it down. Let your thoughts flow without fear of how they sound.

📖 Write here:

💫 A Gentle Reminder

If you do not feel ready, that is okay.

If you do not have the words yet, that is okay.

This space is yours, whenever you need it.

SECTION I: BECOMING

Page 3 – A Reminder to Return to Yourself

You do not have to be fearless to keep going.

You do not have to be whole to be worthy of love.

You do not have to have the answers to belong here.

There is nothing wrong with you.

You are not running out of time.

You are allowed to rest.

You are allowed to exist without earning it.

🌿 A Poetic Affirmation

Whenever you feel lost, return to these words:

“I am not behind, I am unfolding.

I am not lost, I am wandering toward myself.

I am not broken, I am becoming.”

You do not have to prove yourself to be enough.

You already are.

📝 A Question for You

What is one thing you need to hear today?

If no one has said it to you, say it to yourself.

Write it down. Let it become a truth that belongs to you.

📖 Write here:

💫 A Soft Reminder

Healing is not linear.

Growth does not always look like progress.

Some days, becoming means resting.

And that is enough.

Below is Page 4 of “Becoming”—a gentle invitation to embrace your unfolding and honor your inner journey. It blends reflective prompts, poetic affirmations, and interactive space for your own writing.

I: BECOMING

Page 4 – Embracing Your Unfolding

The journey inward is a quiet revolution.

Each heartbeat and every breath whispers a secret truth—

That transformation lives in the stillness between moments,

In the silent spaces where hope and vulnerability meet.

Sometimes, growth is not loud; it is soft and subtle,

Like the first hint of dawn that gently pushes away the night.

In these moments, when you pause and simply listen,

You discover the strength that comes from being exactly as you are.

A Gentle Invitation

Take a moment now:

Close your eyes.

Feel the rhythm of your heart.

Allow the quiet of your soul to speak.

Reflect on a time when you felt completely at peace—a moment when you knew you were exactly as you should be.

What did that moment feel like?

How did it shape you?

Write it down here:

Remember, dear one, that every soft step you take is a quiet victory.

Each act of self-kindness, every moment of honesty with yourself, is a triumph in your unfolding.

Be patient with your growth; bloom at your own pace.

Your journey is uniquely yours, and every whisper of your heart is proof of your resilience.

SECTION I: BECOMING

Page 5 – A Letter to the One Who Feels Lost

Dear You,

If you are reading this, I need you to know—

You are not failing just because you are still finding your way.

There is no timeline for healing, no deadline for becoming.

You do not have to have everything figured out today, tomorrow, or even next year.

Some journeys take longer.

Some hearts need more time.

Some souls are meant to wander before they find home.

But please—do not be so hard on yourself.

You are allowed to move slowly.

You are allowed to rest.

You are allowed to exist in the in-between without rushing to the next chapter.

A Quiet Moment of Peace

Close your eyes.

Take a deep breath.

Let yourself be here, in this moment.

Nothing else matters right now.

Not the past. Not the future. Only this.

You are not behind.

You are not lost.

You are simply becoming.

And that is enough.

SECTION I: BECOMING

Page 6 – You Are Not Behind

There is no race to becoming.

No invisible clock counting down the moments until you must have it all figured out.

No rule that says you must be healed by now, or certain by now, or whole by now.

You are not behind.

You are simply unfolding.

Some flowers bloom in spring, some in the warmth of summer, and others wait until autumn to open.

And then, there are those that bloom in the quiet of winter—small, delicate, against the odds.

Who is to say which is right?

Who is to say which is too late?

You are not too late.

You are not too slow.

You are not falling behind.

You are blooming in your own season.

🌿 A Question for You

If you let go of the pressure to be anywhere other than where you are, what would you do differently today?

Take a breath. Be honest with yourself. Write it down.

📖 Write here:

💫 Gentle Truths to Hold Onto

🌙 You are not lost. You are finding your way.

🌙 You are not failing. You are learning.

🌙 You are not running out of time. You are exactly where you need to be.

Let this truth settle into your heart: You are already enough.

SECTION I: BECOMING

Page 7 – A Letter to the One Who Feels Too Much

Dear You,

I know what it’s like to feel everything so deeply.

To be the one who carries the weight of the world in their heart.

To see beauty where others see nothing,

To ache for things you cannot name.

I know what it’s like to love so fully it terrifies you,

To break so quietly no one notices,

To hold onto people longer than they hold onto you.

But listen to me—your softness is not a weakness.

Your heart, in all its tenderness, was never meant to be hardened.

The world will try to make you believe that you must be louder to be heard,

That you must be tougher to survive,

That sensitivity is something to be ashamed of.

But I need you to know this:

Your softness is a revolution.

It is the way the sun touches the earth without burning it.

It is the way the ocean kisses the shore, then returns again and again.

You are allowed to feel deeply.

You are allowed to be gentle in a world that does not always understand.

You are allowed to be exactly as you are—without apology.

With love,

A heart that understands yours.

SECTION I: BECOMING

Page 8 – The Quiet Unfolding

Becoming does not ask for urgency.

It does not demand that you rush, or force, or bend yourself into shapes that do not fit.

Becoming is the way the tide touches the shore—

Softly, then all at once.

It is the way the moon changes shape,

Never rushing, never afraid of the dark.

You do not have to know exactly where you are going.

You do not have to be more, or less, or anything other than what you are in this moment.

You only have to trust.

Trust that even when you cannot see it, you are growing.

Trust that even when you do not feel it, you are becoming.

Some things bloom slowly.

Some stars take years to reach the sky.

Some hearts need time to remember they are whole.

And that is okay.

You are allowed to take your time.

You are allowed to arrive when you are ready.

You are allowed to let go of the idea that you must have it all figured out by now.

Even now, even here, even as you are—

You are already enough.

SECTION I: BECOMING

Page 9 – A Love Letter to Every Version of You

Dear You,

There are so many versions of you—

The one who tries, the one who doubts,

The one who loves fearlessly,

The one who is still learning how to.

There is the you who is strong,

And the you who has had to be.

The you who is healing,

And the you who does not know where to begin.

I need you to know—every version of you is worthy.

Not just the one who is growing.

Not just the one who is thriving.

Not just the one who has made it to the other side of pain.

You are worthy in your uncertainty.

You are worthy in your becoming.

You are worthy even when you do not feel like you are.

You do not have to wait until you are whole to love yourself.

You do not have to be healed to be worthy of gentleness.

You—right now, exactly as you are—deserve love.

And I hope you begin to give it to yourself.

With all my heart,

A voice that believes in yours.

SECTION I: BECOMING

Page 10 – You Are Already Everything You Need to Be

Becoming does not mean changing who you are.

It is not about leaving behind all the pieces of you

That have carried you this far.

It is about learning to love the person

Who has walked through every fire,

Who has survived every ending,

Who has stayed even when it was hard to.

It is not about fixing yourself.

It is about realizing you were never broken.

Becoming is not an arrival.

It is the quiet unfolding of everything you already are.

💫 A Final Reassurance

You are not too much.

You are not too little.

You do not have to shrink yourself to be loved.

You do not have to rush.

You do not have to prove yourself worthy.

You already are.

Even here. Even now. Even as you are.

And that will always be enough.

SECTION II:

LETTING GO

SECTION II: LETTING GO

Page 1 – The Weight You Were Never Meant to Carry

There are things you were never meant to hold forever.

People who were never meant to stay.

Memories that ache because they were never meant to be carried this long.

And yet—how often do we grip tightly onto what has already let go of us?

How often do we call it love when it is only fear of the empty space it leaves behind?

But hear me—

You are not weak for releasing what no longer belongs to you.

You are not ungrateful for outgrowing what once felt like home.

You are not breaking by letting go.

You are making room.

For new light. For new love.

For the person you are becoming.

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I know how hard it is to let go.

I know how your heart has memorized the weight of what you have carried.

I know how easy it is to mistake familiarity for belonging.

But you were never meant to hold onto pain just because you have learned to live with it.

You were never meant to shrink yourself just to fit into spaces that do not love you back.

Please—set it down.

Even if it takes time.

Even if it feels like you don’t know who you are without it.

One day, you will wake up and realize that the heaviness is gone.

That your heart is lighter.

That you can breathe again.

And that will be the day you remember: You were never losing anything. You were only making space for yourself.

With all my heart,

A voice that understands yours.

SECTION II: LETTING GO

Page 2 – The Storm You Survived

There is a kind of grief that comes with letting go.

Not just of people, but of versions of yourself that you once held tightly.

The one who stayed too long.

The one who loved too hard.

The one who did not know how to ask for more.

It is not easy to say goodbye to the person you were

When they were only trying to keep you safe.

But you are allowed to leave the past behind.

You are allowed to walk away from the things that once made you feel small.

You are not weak for wanting something more than survival.

You are not ungrateful for choosing yourself.

There is nothing noble about clinging to the hands that have already let go of you.

There is no love in grasping for something that has already unraveled.

Some things are meant to be temporary.

Some people are meant to be passing storms,

Not homes.

💫 A Moment of Comfort

If no one has told you this:

You are allowed to heal from what hurt you.

You are allowed to rebuild without the pieces that broke you.

You do not have to carry this pain any longer just because you have learned how.

There is so much waiting for you beyond what you are afraid to release.

There is so much more than what you lost.

Let it go.

Let it fall from your hands like rain.

Let it slip away like a wave retreating from the shore.

Let it become the wind that no longer shakes you.

And watch how you remain.

📝 A Question for You

What are you still holding onto that no longer belongs to you?

Write it down. See it. Acknowledge it.

And when you are ready—set it free.

📖 Write here:

SECTION II: LETTING GO

Page 3 – A Letter to the One Learning to Move Forward

Dear You,

Some things are not meant to stay, no matter how tightly you hold them.

Some love is not meant to last in the way you imagined,

But that does not mean it was not real.

That does not mean it was not love.

But hear me—

Love is never lost. It is only transformed.

It is never wasted, even when it does not return to you in the way you hoped.

“Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest.”

* Matthew 11:28

You were never meant to chase what is already yours.

You were never meant to beg the universe to keep what is meant to find its way back.

💫 A Poetic Reflection

Love, if it belongs to you, will never forget its way home.

It will move like the tide, pulling away only to return stronger.

It will whisper your name in the quiet spaces of the world.

You do not have to grasp at fading light.

You do not have to mourn what was never truly gone.

If it is meant for you,

It will arrive with open hands,

With steady breath,

With certainty.

And if it does not,

Then trust—

Something softer, something kinder,

Something that chooses you just as much as you choose it,

Is still on its way.

🌿 A Moment of Peace

Breathe.

What is meant for you is already finding its way.

You do not have to hold onto something for it to belong to you.

“The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit.”

* Psalm 34:18

Love is never lost.

It is only returning to you in ways you have yet to understand.

SECTION II: LETTING GO

Page 4 – The Art of Surrender

Not everything that leaves is lost.

Not everything that fades was meant to stay.

Some things are only borrowed,

Passing through your life like the wind through open hands—

Soft, fleeting, impossible to hold.

And maybe that is the lesson:

That love is not measured by its permanence,

But by the way it touched you while it was here.

Letting go does not mean erasing.

It does not mean forgetting.

It means learning to hold love differently—

Not as a weight,

Not as something to chase,

But as something that was always meant to move through you,

Not stay trapped inside of you.

🌿 Soft Guidance for Healing

💫 You do not have to force closure. Sometimes, it comes in the quiet, long after you’ve stopped searching for it.

💫 You do not have to make sense of everything. Some endings will always be without answers, and that, too, is a kind of peace.

💫 You do not have to feel ready to let go. Healing does not ask for your permission. It will come anyway, like the tide, like the sun rising on a life you have yet to live.

Let this be your reminder—

Release is not an ending.

It is an opening.

It is the quiet promise that something new is waiting for you.

And when you are ready,

You will walk toward it with open hands.

SECTION II: LETTING GO

Page 4 – The Art of Surrender

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SECTION II: LETTING GO

Page 5 – For the One Who Has Never Been Held

There are people in this world who have never been held the way they needed to be.

Who have never heard the words they needed the most.

Who have spent their entire lives learning how to be their own shelter,

Because no one ever showed them what safety felt like.

If that is you—

If you have never known the warmth of unconditional love,

If you have never felt like someone’s first choice,

If you have spent too many nights wondering if you were too much, or not enough—

Listen to me.

It was never your fault.

You were never too much.

You were never too difficult to love.

You were simply surrounded by those

Who did not know how to hold something as rare as you.

But you do not have to keep punishing yourself

For the way others failed to love you.

You do not have to keep proving your worth

To people who were never meant to see it.

You do not have to carry their inability to love you

As evidence that you are unlovable.

You are not unlovable.

You are not unworthy.

You are not the absence of the love you never received.

You are still here.

You are still whole.

You are still becoming.

And you are still allowed to be loved.

💫 A Whispered Reassurance

Love is not something you must earn.

Love is not something you must beg for.

It will find you in the quiet spaces,

In the hands that do not hesitate to hold yours,

In the hearts that do not ask you to become smaller to fit inside them.

Love, the kind that stays, the kind that does not make you question your worth,

Will never ask you to break yourself in order to be enough.

One day, you will understand—

You never had to chase what was already meant for you.

📝 A Reflection for You

What is one thing you needed to hear as a child

That no one ever told you?

Say it to yourself now.

Write it down. Let it become yours.

📖 Write here:

“The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit.”

* Psalm 34:18

You are safe here.

You are loved here.

And I promise you—one day, love will not feel like something you have to survive.

SECTION II: LETTING GO

Page 6 – The Fear of What Comes Next

Letting go is not just about release.

It is about the terrifying space that comes after.

The emptiness where something once lived.

The silence where a voice used to be.

The unknown where certainty used to exist.

No one talks about this part.

No one tells you that moving on is not always a feeling of freedom,

But sometimes a feeling of loss, of floating, of not knowing where to place your hands

When they are no longer holding onto what was.

But hear me—

Just because you do not know what comes next

Does not mean there is nothing waiting for you.

“Forget the former things; do not dwell on the past. See, I am doing a new thing! Now it springs up; do you not perceive it?”

* Isaiah 43:18-19

💫 A Poetic Reflection on Trust

What if the emptiness is not empty at all?

What if it is space?

What if it is possibility?

What if this silence is where something beautiful begins?

What if letting go is not the ending you feared,

But the beginning you never saw coming?

You are not falling.

You are making room.

📝 A Reflection for You

What scares you the most about letting go?

What part of you still hesitates to move forward?

Write it down. Name it. See it.

And when you are ready—decide if it still deserves to hold you back.

📖 Write here:

“The Lord will fight for you; you need only to be still.”

* Exodus 14:14

You are not lost.

You are simply in the space between.

And soon, you will see—

What is meant for you was never behind you.

It was always ahead, waiting.

SECTION II: LETTING GO

Page 7 – The Things You Were Never Meant to Keep

Some things were never meant to stay.

Some love was never meant to be forever.

Some moments were only meant to be passing stars,

Not constellations.

But we still hold on, don’t we?

We still press our hands against doors that have already closed.

We still search for footprints in places that were never meant to be home.

We convince ourselves that if we just try harder,

If we just love deeper,

If we just become smaller, quieter, easier to hold—

Maybe this time, they will stay.

But love does not work like that.

And neither does healing.

“Cast all your anxiety on Him because He cares for you.”

* 1 Peter 5:7

You were never meant to lose yourself in the process of keeping someone else.

You were never meant to shrink just to fit inside a place

That could not hold all that you are.

💫 A Poetic Reflection on Release

Some things were never meant to be yours forever.

Some love was only meant to teach you something,

Not become the place where you set down your heart.

What if you stopped chasing?

What if you stopped trying to force something that was never meant to be held?

What if you let it go,

Not because it didn’t matter,

But because it mattered enough to honor what it was,

Instead of trying to make it into something it was never meant to be?

📝 A Reflection for You

What are you still holding onto that is no longer holding onto you?

What part of yourself have you been shrinking to keep something that was never meant to stay?

Write it down. Let it go.

📖 Write here:

“The Lord is near to all who call on Him, to all who call on Him in truth.”

* Psalm 145:18

One day, you will look back and realize—

What you thought was loss was actually making space for something greater.

SECTION II: LETTING GO

Page 8 – The Weight No One Sees

Some burdens are invisible.

Some struggles are carried so quietly that no one notices the weight,

The slow unraveling, the way your hands shake from holding too much.

You tell yourself to keep going.

To hold it all together.

To smile when the weight is pressing into your ribs.

But I see you.

I see how tired you are.

I see how long you have been running.

I see how much you have given,

Even when there was nothing left to give.

And I need you to know—

You were never meant to carry this alone.

“Even to your old age and gray hairs I am He, I am He who will sustain you.

I have made you and I will carry you;

I will sustain you and I will rescue you.”

* Isaiah 46:4

💫 A Poetic Reflection on Release

You are not weak for needing rest.

You are not failing for asking for help.

Even the strongest trees lean into the wind.

Even the ocean knows when to surrender to the shore.

You do not have to be an anchor in a hurricane.

You do not have to keep standing in the storm,

Pretending you are not being swallowed whole.

You are allowed to let go.

You are allowed to be held.

You are allowed to be saved.

📝 A Reflection for You

What is one thing you have been carrying alone?

Who in your life would hold it with you, if only you let them?

Write it down. Say it out loud. Let it be seen.

📖 Write here:

“The Lord your God is with you, the Mighty Warrior who saves. He will take great delight in you;

In His love He will no longer rebuke you, but will rejoice over you with singing.”

* Zephaniah 3:17

You do not have to do this alone.

You were never meant to.

SECTION II: LETTING GO

Page 9 – The Space Between Holding On and Moving Forward

No one talks about this part.

The space between who you were and who you are becoming.

The ache of release, the quiet, the way time feels heavier in the waiting.

Letting go is not a single act.

It is a thousand little moments of loosening your grip.

It is waking up and realizing you didn’t think of them first today.

It is hearing their name and feeling only silence where pain used to be.

But in between those moments—there is the space.

The waiting.

The hollow places where something used to be,

But nothing has arrived to take its place yet.

“I have been carrying a house made of memories on my back,

Afraid that if I set it down, I will have nowhere to go.”

But you are not homeless without them.

You are not lost just because you no longer belong where you used to be.

One day, you will stop knocking on doors that do not open.

One day, you will stop rereading the same chapter,

Trying to make sense of an ending that was never yours to rewrite.

One day, you will step fully into the space that once scared you.

And you will see that it was never empty.

It was only making room.

“You will keep in perfect peace those whose minds are steadfast, because they trust in You.”

* Isaiah 26:3

📝 A Reflection for You

What are you still carrying that no longer feels like home?

What would it feel like to finally set it down?

📖 Write here:

“The Lord makes firm the steps of the one who delights in Him;

Though he may stumble, he will not fall, for the Lord upholds him with His hand.”

* Psalm 37:23-24

You are not falling.

You are simply stepping into something new.

SECTION II: LETTING GO

Page 10 – The Last Time You Hold This Pain

There will come a day when you wake up and realize—

This weight no longer belongs to you.

Not because you forced yourself to move on.

Not because time erased what once mattered.

But because one day, without realizing it,

You simply stopped reaching for what was already gone.

You stopped knocking on the door of someone who would never answer.

You stopped rereading the story that was never meant to be rewritten.

You stopped looking for your reflection in places that no longer held your light.

And in that moment—

You were free.

“You will grieve, but your grief will turn to joy.”

* John 16:20

💫 A Moment of Peace

You do not have to keep this pain just because you have carried it for so long.

You do not have to hold it close just because it once felt like home.

You are allowed to let go.

You are allowed to be weightless again.

You are allowed to wake up tomorrow

And feel nothing but relief.

📝 A Reflection for You

If today was the last day you carried this pain,

If this was the last moment you let it sit in your hands—

What would you do differently?

📖 Write here:

“See, I am doing a new thing! Now it springs up; do you not perceive it?

I am making a way in the wilderness and streams in the wasteland.”

* Isaiah 43:19

This is not the end.

This is the beginning of something lighter.

And you—

You are already walking toward it.

SECTION III:

Love & Longing II

SECTION III: LOVE & LONGING II

Page 1 – Love, in All Its Forms

Love does not always arrive the way we expect it to.

Sometimes, it is a quiet thing—

A hand resting gently on the small of your back,

A glance across a crowded room,

A feeling that does not beg to be spoken,

Because it already knows it is understood.

Other times, love is vast—

Like the ocean, stretching beyond sight,

Unpredictable, wild, all-consuming.

It pulls you in,

Not asking whether you are ready,

Only if you are willing to be changed.

But hear me—

Whether love is quiet or fierce,

Soft or untamed,

Whether it lingers or leaves—

It is never wasted.

“Many waters cannot quench love; rivers cannot sweep it away.”

* Song of Solomon 8:7

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I know that love has not always been kind to you.

I know that sometimes, love has felt like an unanswered question,

Like a door left slightly open but never fully inviting you in.

But love is not just the people who stayed.

Love is not just the hands that held yours.

Love is in the laughter that still lingers in empty rooms.

Love is in the way the sun still rises, even after the darkest nights.

Love is in you—

In the way your heart keeps opening,

Despite everything.

You are not hard to love.

You were never too much.

You were never asking for too much.

You are love.

And you always have been.

“Above all, love each other deeply, because love covers over a multitude of sins.”

* 1 Peter 4:8

SECTION III: LOVE & LONGING II

Page 2 – The Kind of Love That Stays

Not all love is meant to stay.

Some love is only meant to pass through,

To teach you something,

To leave fingerprints on your heart before vanishing like a whisper in the wind.

But then, there is the love that remains.

The kind that lingers in the quiet.

The kind that does not demand to be seen,

But is felt in the smallest moments—

A hand reaching for yours in the dark,

A voice calling your name like it belongs to them.

This kind of love does not rush you.

It does not ask you to be anything other than what you are.

It grows with you, like roots entwining beneath the surface,

Deep, unseen, unshaken by the storms.

“Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud.”

* 1 Corinthians 13:4

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

If love has left you before, do not be afraid.

Not all love is meant to leave you empty.

Not all love is meant to be fleeting.

There is love that stays.

There is love that chooses you,

Again and again, without hesitation.

And one day, love will not feel like something you have to chase.

It will not feel like uncertainty.

It will not feel like a door you are always knocking on,

Waiting for someone to answer.

It will feel like home.

“I have loved you with an everlasting love; I have drawn you with unfailing kindness.”

* Jeremiah 31:3

SECTION III: LOVE & LONGING II

Page 3 – The Love You Deserve

You do not have to beg for love.

You do not have to earn it by becoming smaller,

By making yourself easier to hold,

By proving that you are worthy of being chosen.

The love you deserve will not make you question yourself.

It will not ask you to be less,

To shrink, to fold yourself into pieces that no longer resemble who you are.

The love you deserve will see you fully—

Not as a project, not as a temporary feeling,

But as something sacred, something worth holding with both hands.

“Let all that you do be done in love.”

* 1 Corinthians 16:14

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I hope you know that love is not meant to hurt like this.

Love is not meant to be uncertainty, a game of proving your worth.

You deserve love that does not ask you to be less so it can be more.

You deserve love that stays.

That chooses you in every season, in every version of yourself.

And if love has left you before, if it has made you question your worth,

Please understand—

It was never your worth that was lacking.

Only their ability to see it.

“We love because He first loved us.”

* 1 John 4:19

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

Love is not something you have to fight for.

It is something that will find you, hold you,

Stay when everything else has fallen away.

What is one thing you used to believe about love that you now know isn’t true?

What does love look like when it is safe?

📖 Write here:

“And now these three remain: faith, hope, and love. But the greatest of these is love.”

* 1 Corinthians 13:13

The love you deserve is already making its way to you.

And when it arrives, you will not have to question if it is real.

SECTION III: LOVE & LONGING II

Page 4 – The Love That Was Never Yours to Keep

Not everyone you love will love you back.

Not in the way you hope, not in the way you need.

And that is not a reflection of your worth.

It is only proof that love cannot be forced into hands

That were never meant to hold it.

But I know—

It still hurts.

It hurts to love someone who does not see you the way you see them.

To pour yourself into someone who only takes.

To wonder if you could have been more,

If you could have been better,

If you could have been enough to make them stay.

But listen—

Love that is real will never make you beg for it.

Love that is meant for you will not make you feel like a question,

Like an afterthought,

Like something to be chosen only when it is convenient.

“Do not arouse or awaken love until it so desires.”

* Song of Solomon 8:4

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I need you to hear this:

Walking away from someone who does not love you

Is an act of self-love.

You are not selfish for wanting to be chosen.

You are not unworthy because they could not see your worth.

You are not unlovable just because someone failed to love you well.

Love starts here.

In the way you speak to yourself.

In the way you stop chasing people who would never run for you.

In the way you trust that what is meant for you

Will always find its way to you.

“The Lord is good to those whose hope is in Him, to the one who seeks Him.”

* Lamentations 3:25

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What if love is not something to chase?

What if love is something that meets you where you are,

When you are ready to receive it?

What is one thing you have been holding onto

That you need to set free?

📖 Write here:

“He has made everything beautiful in its time.”

* Ecclesiastes 3:11

Let love take its time.

Let love arrive the way it was always meant to.

And when it does, you will not have to question if it is real.

SECTION III: LOVE & LONGING II

Page 5 – What Real Love Feels Like

Real love does not confuse you.

It does not make you question your worth.

It does not arrive in fragments,

Offering only half of itself while asking for all of you.

Real love is steady.

It does not run when things get hard.

It does not punish you for having a heart that feels deeply.

It does not ask you to become someone else in order to be held.

And most importantly—

Real love does not leave you feeling like you are hard to love.

“Let us not love with words or speech but with actions and in truth.”

* 1 John 3:18

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I know you have spent too long accepting love that was less than what you deserved.

I know you have mistaken attachment for connection,

Familiarity for fate,

The fear of being alone for the presence of something real.

But love—true love—is not found in the people who only stay when it is easy.

It Is not found in hands that hold you today,

But hesitate tomorrow.

Love is not a game.

It is not a chase.

It is not a battle where the one who loves less wins.

Love is showing up.

Love is being chosen without conditions.

Love is knowing that even in your darkest moments,

You will not have to face them alone.

“I have found the one whom my soul loves.”

* Song of Solomon 3:4

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

Have you ever mistaken longing for love?

Have you ever held onto someone, not because they were right for you,

But because they were there?

What does love look like when it is safe, when it is certain, when it does not leave?

📖 Write here:

“There is no fear in love. But perfect love drives out fear.”

* 1 John 4:18

Love should not feel like fear.

Love should not feel like guessing.

And when you finally find it,

You will know—

Because it will never make you question if it is real.

SECTION III: LOVE & LONGING II

Page 6 – You Deserve to Be Loved Fully

Love should not arrive in pieces.

It should not feel like something you have to gather,

Like scattered petals from a flower that was never given to you whole.

Love should not ask you to wait in uncertainty.

It should not come only when it is convenient,

Only when it is easy,

Only when it has nothing better to do.

Real love does not hesitate.

It does not place conditions on your worth.

It does not make you feel like something temporary.

Because love—true love—does not fear commitment.

It does not stand at the door with one foot outside.

It does not ask you to convince it to stay.

“He who finds a wife finds what is good and receives favor from the Lord.”

* Proverbs 18:22

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I hope you know this:

You are not meant to be loved halfway.

You are not meant to be someone’s second choice,

Someone’s almost,

Someone they only think about when they are lonely.

You are meant to be loved completely.

In the morning light and the midnight quiet.

In the chaos and in the calm.

In your strength and in your sorrow.

Love, when it is real, does not wait until it is convenient.

It does not come only when it is easy.

It does not disappear when life becomes difficult.

It stays.

It chooses you—every day, in every season, in every version of yourself.

And I need you to promise me something—

Do not settle for anything less than this.

“Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.”

* 1 Corinthians 13:7

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

Have you ever accepted a love that was only halfway there?

What is one thing you will no longer tolerate in love?

📖 Write here:

“The Lord directs the steps of the godly. He delights in every detail of their lives.”

* Psalm 37:23

One day, love will arrive in its fullest form.

And when it does, you will not have to ask it to stay.

SECTION III: LOVE & LONGING II

Page 7 – When Love Finds You

Love does not always arrive when you expect it to.

It does not follow timelines.

It does not come just because you are ready.

Sometimes, love arrives like the first warm day after a long winter—

Soft, unexpected, filling spaces you did not realize had grown cold.

Other times, it comes like a quiet rain,

Seeping gently into the cracks of everything you thought would stay broken.

Love will find you.

Not because you searched for it,

Not because you begged for it,

But because it was always meant to.

“The Lord is faithful to all His promises and loving toward all He has made.”

* Psalm 145:13

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I know you have been patient.

I know you have watched others find love,

While wondering if it will ever come for you.

But love does not forget the ones who believe in it.

It does not overlook the hearts that still remain open.

Love is not late.

It is not missing.

It is only arriving in its own time.

And when it finds you,

It will not feel like a question.

It will not leave you waiting.

It will not feel like something you have to convince to stay.

It will simply be there.

“Take delight in the Lord, and He will give you the desires of your heart.”

* Psalm 37:4

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

If love arrived today, would you be ready to receive it?

Are there pieces of yourself you still need to make peace with

Before love has a place to rest?

📖 Write here:

“For everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven.”

* Ecclesiastes 3:1

Love is not in a hurry.

And neither should you be.

When it is time, love will find you.

And it will never feel like you have to chase it.

SECTION III: LOVE & LONGING

Page 8 – Love Should Feel Safe

Love is not meant to be a battlefield.

It is not meant to feel like walking on glass,

Like holding your breath,

Like waiting for the next storm to come crashing through.

Love should feel like safety.

Like a hand that steadies you,

Not one that makes you lose your balance.

Love should feel like a home you do not have to earn your place in,

Like warmth that does not vanish when the seasons change.

“There is no fear in love, but perfect love casts out fear.”

* 1 John 4:18

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

If love has ever made you afraid—

If it has made you question your worth,

If it has made you feel small, unseen, unheard—

Then it was not love.

Love does not silence you.

Love does not leave you wondering if you are enough.

Love does not make you prove your worth over and over again.

Love sees you.

Love listens.

Love makes space for you to be exactly who you are—

Without fear, without shame, without hesitation.

And I need you to know:

You deserve this kind of love.

“Be completely humble and gentle; be patient, bearing with one another in love.”

* Ephesians 4:2

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What has love taught you in the past?

Have you ever mistaken love for something that hurt you?

What does love look like when it feels safe?

📖 Write here:

“The Lord is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in whom I trust.”

* Psalm 91:2

Love should be a refuge.

Love should be a place where you can rest.

And one day, you will find a love

That does not ask you to fear it.

SECTION III: LOVE & LONGING II

Page 9 – Love That Nourishes, Not Depletes

Love is not meant to drain you.

It is not meant to leave you feeling like an empty glass,

Poured into over and over again

With nothing left for yourself.

Love should fill you.

Like sunlight soaking into petals,

Like rain meeting thirsty roots,

Like something that nourishes you, not depletes you.

“A generous person will prosper; whoever refreshes others will be refreshed.”

* Proverbs 11:25

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

Love is not meant to feel like exhaustion.

It is not meant to be something you give and give

Until there is nothing left of you.

Real love will pour back into you.

It will meet you where you are,

Not take from you until you forget yourself.

You are not just a well for others to drink from.

You are not just a giver,

Meant to be emptied and never replenished.

Love should add to you, not take from you.

And if it only leaves you drained,

Then it is not the love you deserve.

“Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest.”

* Matthew 11:28

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

Have you ever stayed in a love that left you drained?

What would it feel like to be in a love that gives as much as it receives?

📖 Write here:

“My grace is sufficient for you, for My power is made perfect in weakness.”

* 2 Corinthians 12:9

Love should not leave you weak.

Love should not leave you empty.

One day, love will find you—

And it will feel like abundance, not depletion.

SECTION III: LOVE & LONGING

Page 10 – Love Never Leaves

Love is not lost.

Not in the way you think.

Not in the way it feels when someone walks away.

Love does not vanish just because a heart no longer beats beside yours.

It does not disappear just because hands that once held you are now empty.

Love lingers.

In the way you speak softer when you remember how they loved gently.

In the way you sit in silence without fear,

Because once, someone made you feel safe in it.

Love stays.

In the lessons it left behind,

In the way it shaped you,

In the way it never truly belonged to just one moment in time.

“For love is as strong as death, its jealousy unyielding as the grave. It burns like blazing fire, like a mighty flame.”

* Song of Solomon 8:6

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I know what it feels like to believe love is gone.

To stand in the aftermath of something beautiful and wonder if you imagined it.

To trace the empty spaces where it once lived and feel nothing but absence.

But love does not leave you.

It carries itself forward,

Woven into the fabric of your being,

Stitched into the way you love next.

And if love has left your hands,

If it has slipped through your fingers like sand,

Then trust this—

It is only making its way back to you

In a form that was always meant to stay.

“And over all these virtues put on love, which binds them all together in perfect unity.”

* Colossians 3:14

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What if love is never truly lost?

What if it only transforms, waiting to return in a way you do not yet understand?

📖 Write here:

“Surely your goodness and love will follow me all the days of my life.”

* Psalm 23:6

Love never leaves.

It only changes shape.

And one day, you will recognize it again—

Perhaps in someone new,

Perhaps in yourself.

SECTION IV:

The Art Of Feeling

SECTION IV: THE ART OF FEELING

Page 1 – The Weight and Wonder of Feeling

Some people fear the depth of their emotions.

They call it a burden, something to suppress,

As if feeling too much is a flaw that must be corrected.

But emotions are not weaknesses.

They are the language of the soul,

The quiet proof that you are alive,

The evidence that something within you is still reaching for more.

To feel deeply is not to break easily.

It is to be vast—like the ocean,

Able to hold both storms and stillness,

Both grief and wonder,

Without losing itself.

“My flesh and my heart may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.”

* Psalm 73:26

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I know what it feels like to be overwhelmed by what lives inside you.

To wonder if you are too much,

If the way you carry emotions like water in your hands makes you fragile.

But you are not fragile.

You are human.

And what a rare, astonishing thing it is

To be able to feel so much in a world that asks you to feel so little.

Sadness does not mean you are broken.

Longing does not mean you are lacking.

Grief does not mean you are weak.

You are simply alive.

And that, in itself, is beautiful.

“The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit.”

* Psalm 34:18

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

If you were never taught that your emotions are allowed to exist,

What would it feel like to finally embrace them?

What is one feeling you have been afraid to face?

📖 Write here:

“Weeping may stay for the night, but rejoicing comes in the morning.”

* Psalm 30:5

You are not too much.

You are not too sensitive.

You are simply feeling the full spectrum of what it means to be alive.

And that is nothing to fear.

SECTION IV: THE ART OF FEELING

Page 2 – It’s Okay to Be Weak

You do not have to be strong all the time.

You do not have to carry everything alone,

To pretend you are unshaken,

To act as if the weight on your shoulders isn’t heavy.

It’s okay to be tired.

It’s okay to crumble.

It’s okay to have moments where you are not okay.

You were never meant to be unbreakable.

You were meant to be human.

Soft, vulnerable, capable of falling apart—

And just as capable of piecing yourself back together.

“My grace is sufficient for you, for My power is made perfect in weakness.”

* 2 Corinthians 12:9

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

If no one has told you this—

You do not have to be strong today.

You do not have to force yourself to smile.

You do not have to push through exhaustion just to prove your worth.

You do not have to carry everything in silence.

You are allowed to lean on others.

You are allowed to rest.

You are allowed to feel weak without believing that means you are failing.

Some days will be harder than others.

Some moments will bring you to your knees.

But even when you are at your lowest,

Even when you feel like you have nothing left to give—

You are still enough.

“The Lord is near to all who call on Him, to all who call on Him in truth.”

* Psalm 145:18

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What would it feel like to allow yourself to be weak,

Without guilt, without shame?

Who in your life can you lean on when you need to rest?

📖 Write here:

“Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest.”

* Matthew 11:28

Rest is not weakness.

Letting yourself feel is not failure.

You do not have to hold it all together.

And even if you break,

You will still be whole.

SECTION IV: THE ART OF FEELING

Page 3 – The Beauty in Falling Apart

Everyone tells you to be strong.

To hold yourself together.

To keep moving forward no matter what.

But no one tells you that there is beauty in breaking.

That sometimes, falling apart is the only way to rebuild.

Like autumn leaves surrendering to the wind,

Like waves crashing before retreating to the shore,

Like stars collapsing only to be reborn as something greater—

There is no shame in unraveling.

“He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds.”

* Psalm 147:3

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I know you are tired of feeling like you have to be okay all the time.

I know you have spent so long pretending to be unshaken,

Hoping that if you act strong enough,

Maybe the pain will forget how to find you.

But you are not failing just because you are struggling.

You are not weak just because your heart is aching.

You are becoming.

And sometimes, becoming means breaking first.

So if today is a day where you are unraveling,

Let yourself unravel.

If today is a day where you cannot be strong,

Then let yourself be soft.

You do not have to be anything other than what you are in this moment.

“When I am afraid, I put my trust in You.”

* Psalm 56:3

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What if falling apart is not an ending,

But a beginning?

What if this is not where you break,

But where you bloom?

📖 Write here:

“Forget the former things; do not dwell on the past. See, I am doing a new thing!”

* Isaiah 43:18-19

You are not ruined.

You are not beyond repair.

You are simply in the process

Of becoming something even more beautiful.

SECTION IV: THE ART OF FEELING

Page 4 – The Ache of Being Human

To be human is to ache.

To hold joy in one hand and sorrow in the other.

To wake up with hope and go to sleep with longing.

To carry dreams that may never come true,

And memories of things that never should have ended.

You are not broken for feeling deeply.

You are not weak for carrying the weight of everything you have been through.

You are simply alive—

And being alive means knowing both the light and the dark.

“The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.”

* John 1:5

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I know it hurts sometimes.

I know there are days where the ache of being human feels too heavy.

Where you wish you could press pause,

Step away,

Breathe without the weight of the world on your chest.

But listen to me—

You are still here.

And that is not a small thing.

You are still waking up to new mornings.

You are still finding ways to laugh,

Even in the midst of sorrow.

You are still feeling.

And that means there is still more life waiting for you to live.

“We are hard pressed on every side, but not crushed; perplexed, but not in despair.”

* 2 Corinthians 4:8

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What if the ache you feel is not a sign of weakness,

But proof that you are alive?

What if every emotion you carry is simply a reminder

That your heart is still beating?

📖 Write here:

“Though I sit in darkness, the Lord will be my light.”

* Micah 7:8

You are not alone in your ache.

You are not alone in your longing.

To feel is to live.

And even in the ache—

There is beauty.

SECTION IV: THE ART OF FEELING

Page 4 – The Ache of Being Human

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To feel is to live.

And even in the ache—

There is beauty.

SECTION IV: THE ART OF FEELING

Page 5 – I am still here.

There are moments in life when it feels like everything is gone.

Like every chapter you thought would last forever has closed,

Like every hand you once held has let go,

Like every familiar place has become unrecognizable.

And yet—

You are still here.

Even after the goodbyes you never wanted to say.

Even after the dreams that never became real.

Even after the versions of yourself you had to bury.

“Though the mountains be shaken and the hills be removed, yet my unfailing love for you will not be shaken.”

* Isaiah 54:10

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I know what it feels like to wake up and realize nothing is the same.

To look around at a world that kept moving forward

While you are still trying to understand where you belong.

It is a strange kind of loneliness—

To be the one left standing

When everything else has disappeared.

But hear me—

You have not been abandoned.

You are not lost.

You are simply beginning again.

It does not matter how much has changed,

How much has ended,

How much you have had to leave behind.

You are still here.

And that means there is still more waiting for you.

“Weeping may stay for the night, but rejoicing comes in the morning.”

* Psalm 30:5

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What if survival is not just about making it through,

But about finding yourself again when everything is gone?

What if this is not the end,

But the first page of something new?

📖 Write here:

“The Lord will fight for you; you need only to be still.”

* Exodus 14:14

Everything has ended.

Yet you remain.

And that means something.

SECTION IV: THE ART OF FEELING

Page 6 – The Loneliness That Comes After

No one talks about the kind of loneliness that follows loss.

Not just the absence of a person,

But the absence of who you were when they were still here.

No one tells you that even after the pain softens,

There will still be quiet moments

Where the world feels too empty,

Where you feel like a ghost inside your own life.

It is not just missing them—

It is missing the version of yourself

Who did not know this kind of emptiness.

“The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit.”

* Psalm 34:18

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I know you thought time would fix this.

I know you believed that if you just kept moving forward,

If you just kept pretending to be okay,

One day, you would wake up and the loneliness would be gone.

But healing does not erase what was lost.

It only teaches you how to carry the absence

Without letting it consume you.

So if today feels heavy, let it be heavy.

If today feels empty, let it be empty.

But do not believe for a second

That you will feel this way forever.

“I will turn their mourning into gladness; I will give them comfort and joy instead of sorrow.”

* Jeremiah 31:13

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What if loneliness is not proof that something is missing,

But proof that something once mattered?

What if emptiness is not meant to be feared,

But to be understood?

📖 Write here:

“Yet I am always with You; You hold me by my right hand.”

* Psalm 73:23

The loneliness will not last forever.

One day, it will simply be a quiet echo

Of something that once meant everything to you.

And even then—you will still be whole.

SECTION IV: THE ART OF FEELING

Page 7 – Learning to Feel Again

There comes a point where the sadness fades—

Not because you have healed,

But because you have felt too much for too long.

It is strange, isn’t it?

To go from drowning in emotion

To feeling nothing at all.

You wonder if this is what healing looks like.

If this quiet emptiness is a sign that you’ve finally moved on.

But deep down, you know—

This is not peace.

This is just survival.

“I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit in you; I will remove from you your heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh.”

* Ezekiel 36:26

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I know you miss feeling something real.

I know you wonder if you will ever get back to the person you used to be—

The one who felt deeply, who cared without fear,

Who wasn’t afraid to let love in.

You are not broken.

You have simply been protecting yourself

In the only way you know how.

But you will feel again.

Slowly, gently, in ways you won’t expect.

A song that lingers.

A sunset that moves you.

The warmth of a hand that does not let go.

One day, something small will stir in you.

And you will realize—

You are coming back to life.

“You turned my wailing into dancing; You removed my sackcloth and clothed me with joy.”

* Psalm 30:11

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What if numbness is not the absence of healing,

But a part of it?

What if this emptiness is not where you stay,

But where you begin again?

📖 Write here:

“He has made everything beautiful in its time.”

* Ecclesiastes 3:11

You will feel again.

You will love again.

You will wake up one day,

And the weight will be gone.

And in its place,

There will be light.

SECTION IV: THE ART OF FEELING

Page 8 – The Weight That You Can Now Release

There are things you have been holding onto for so long

That you have forgotten what it feels like to be without them.

Pain that became familiar.

Memories that still live in your body.

The weight of words never spoken,

Of love that never had the chance to stay.

You have carried it all—

Like a suitcase you never meant to pack,

Like a shadow that never learned how to leave.

“Cast your cares on the Lord and He will sustain you; He will never let the righteous be shaken.”

* Psalm 55:22

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I need you to ask yourself something—

How much of what you are carrying is still yours to hold?

Are you carrying pain that no longer belongs to you?

Are you carrying guilt for things you could never have changed?

Are you carrying the version of yourself

Who no longer exists?

You have held onto these things for so long

That you have mistaken them for parts of yourself.

But you are allowed to let go.

You are allowed to put down what is heavy.

You are allowed to walk forward without the weight.

Not because it didn’t matter—

But because you do.

“Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest.”

* Matthew 11:28

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What if healing is not about adding more to your life,

But about unburdening yourself from what no longer serves you?

What are you still carrying that no longer belongs to you?

📖 Write here:

“Forgetting what is behind and straining toward what is ahead, I press on toward the goal.”

* Philippians 3:13-14

You do not have to carry this forever.

You are allowed to be free.

And one day, you will look back

And wonder why you held onto it for so long.

SECTION IV: THE ART OF FEELING

Page 9 – Forgiving Yourself for the Things You Cannot Change

No one teaches you how to forgive yourself.

They tell you to move on,

To stop thinking about the past,

To let go of the things you cannot change.

But no one tells you how.

No one tells you that forgiveness is not forgetting.

That it is not pretending you were never at fault.

That it is not erasing the moments you wish had gone differently.

Forgiveness is looking at who you used to be,

At the choices you wish you could undo,

At the things you did not yet know—

And offering yourself grace anyway.

“As far as the east is from the west, so far has He removed our transgressions from us.”

* Psalm 103:12

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I know how heavy regret can be.

I know how many nights you have spent replaying the past,

Whispering “if only” into the silence.

But listen to me—

You are not the person you were back then.

And that is the greatest proof

That you deserve to forgive yourself.

You cannot go back and change what happened.

You cannot rewrite the moments that still haunt you.

But you can choose to be gentle with yourself now.

You can choose to believe that the person you are becoming

Deserves to breathe without carrying the weight of who you used to be.

“I have swept away your offenses like a cloud, your sins like the morning mist. Return to me, for I have redeemed you.”

* Isaiah 44:22

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What is one thing you are still holding against yourself?

If you could go back and speak to the version of yourself

Who made those mistakes,

What would you say?

📖 Write here:

“Therefore, there is now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus.”

* Romans 8:1

You do not have to keep punishing yourself

For the things you did not yet know.

You are allowed to let this go.

You are allowed to be free.

SECTION IV: THE ART OF FEELING

Page 10 – The Feeling You Cannot Name

There is a feeling no one talks about.

A feeling too big to be grief,

Too heavy to be longing,

Too hollow to be sadness,

Too permanent to be temporary.

It is the feeling of everything and nothing at once.

The weight of an entire life pressing into your chest.

The quiet ache of knowing that time is slipping through your fingers

And you will never be able to hold it still.

You have felt it before.

In the silence after laughter fades.

In the way the world moves forward even when you aren’t ready.

In the eyes of someone you love when they don’t know how to stay.

It is the moment between breaking and healing.

Between holding on and letting go.

Between who you were and who you are becoming.

And it is so, so much to carry.

“When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I.”

* Psalm 61:2

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I know you have tried to explain this feeling before.

Tried to put it into words.

Tried to name it, so maybe it wouldn’t feel so big.

But some feelings are not meant to be understood.

They are only meant to be felt.

And I need you to know—

You are not the only one who carries this.

You are not the only one who lies awake at night,

Staring at the ceiling,

Wondering if life is just one endless cycle of gaining and losing,

Loving and grieving,

Holding on and letting go.

But listen to me—

This feeling does not mean you are lost.

It only means you are alive.

“The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusts in Him, and He helps me.”

* Psalm 28:7

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What if you stopped trying to name this feeling?

What if you simply let it exist without needing to understand it?

What if this ache is not something to fix,

But something to live alongside?

📖 Write here:

“You keep track of all my sorrows. You have collected all my tears in Your bottle.”

* Psalm 56:8

You do not have to carry this alone.

You do not have to explain it to be worthy of feeling it.

And one day, without realizing it—

This feeling will no longer feel so heavy.

It will simply be a part of you

That no longer asks to be held.

SECTION V:

YOU ARE A POEM

SECTION V: YOU ARE A POEM

Page 1 – You Are a Poem, and the World Is Reading You

What if I told you that you are not just living—

You are being written?

That every moment of your life,

Every feeling, every scar, every joy,

Is a line in a poem too vast for you to read in its entirety?

That you are both the writer and the story,

Both the ink and the paper,

Both the question and the answer?

That even the silence between your words means something?

“In Him we live and move and have our being.”

* Acts 17:28

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

You have spent so much of your life searching for meaning,

For proof that you are more than a collection of fleeting moments.

But meaning is not something you must find.

It is something you are.

Every time you wake up and choose to continue,

Every time you let yourself love,

Every time you feel the weight of existence and still decide to carry it—

That is meaning.

You are not just a person moving through time.

You are not just a series of days waiting to be forgotten.

You are the ink spilling into the pages of forever.

You are the echo of every life you have ever touched.

You are proof that existence itself is poetry.

“The grass withers and the flowers fall, but the word of our God endures forever.”

* Isaiah 40:8

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What if life is not about finding purpose,

But about realizing that you are the purpose?

What if you stopped trying to be something great,

And simply let yourself be?

📖 Write here:

“For we are God’s handiwork, created in Christ Jesus to do good works.”

* Ephesians 2:10

You are not lost.

You are not meaningless.

You are poetry.

You are becoming.

You are being written.

And the world is reading you.

SECTION V: YOU ARE A POEM

Page 2 – The Universe Wrote You Into Existence

What if I told you that you were never an accident?

That before the stars knew their names,

Before the oceans memorized the pull of the moon,

Before the first breath of the first life—

You were already meant to be.

That the universe did not stumble upon you.

It did not create you in a moment of chance.

It did not piece you together absentmindedly,

But with intention, with purpose, with poetry.

“Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, before you were born I set you apart.”

* Jeremiah 1:5

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I know there have been days when you questioned why you are here.

Days when the weight of existing felt too heavy.

Days when you looked at your reflection and wondered if the world would be any different without you.

But hear me—

You were not a mistake.

You were not misplaced.

You are not just filling space.

You are a line in the eternal script of existence,

A verse whispered into time by something greater than yourself.

You are stardust and breath,

Light and longing,

Written by hands that have never made a single error.

“For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus to do good works.”

* Ephesians 2:10

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What if you stopped wondering why you are here,

And started believing that you were always meant to be?

What if your existence was never a question,

But an answer?

📖 Write here:

“The Lord will fulfill His purpose for me; Your love, O Lord, endures forever.”

* Psalm 138:8

You were written into this world

With the same care that shaped the heavens,

The same artistry that painted the galaxies,

The same love that breathes life into the tides.

And nothing—not time, not loss, not doubt—

Can erase you from the story.

You exist.

And that is enough.

SECTION V: YOU ARE A POEM

Page 3 – The Universe Is Writing You in Cursive

Do you ever wonder why the stars are silent?

Why the ocean pulls at the shore like a lover calling someone home?

Why the wind sings lullabies through hollow spaces,

Whispering secrets to those who are still enough to listen?

It is because existence has always been poetry.

And you—

You are one of its verses.

The universe did not write you in plain ink.

It wrote you in cursive, in constellations, in waves that remember the names of the sky.

It wrote you with hands that knew tenderness before they knew time,

With breath that sculpted mountains before it sculpted you.

“He determines the number of the stars and calls them each by name.”

* Psalm 147:4

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

You have spent your life searching for a meaning

That has been stitched into your very skin since the beginning.

You are not separate from this world.

You are not something that happened to it.

You are something woven into it.

The same voice that told the sun where to rise

Told your heart when to start beating.

The same rhythm that guides the tide

Is the rhythm pulsing beneath your ribs.

You do not have to fight for a place in this world.

You have always belonged here.

Not because you proved yourself worthy—

But because you exist,

And existence itself is enough.

“For by Him all things were created: things in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible.”

* Colossians 1:16

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What if the meaning of life is not something you must find,

But something you are already living?

What if you stopped asking if you belong here,

And started trusting that you do?

📖 Write here:

“You have searched me, Lord, and You know me.”

* Psalm 139:1

You are not an accident.

You are not a mistake.

You were written with purpose.

And the universe is still writing you.

SECTION V: YOU ARE A POEM

Page 4 – You Are the Writer, and You Are the Story

What if I told you that the pen has always been in your hands?

That the life you are living is not just something happening to you,

But something you are writing in real time,

Letter by letter, breath by breath,

Whether you realize it or not?

You are not just a chapter in someone else’s book.

You are not just a footnote in a story greater than your own.

You are the ink,

The author,

The narrator,

The plot twist waiting to unfold.

“Let us run with perseverance the race marked out for us, fixing our eyes on Jesus, the pioneer and perfecter of faith.”

* Hebrews 12:1-2

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

You have lived so much of your life waiting to be chosen.

Waiting for the right moment,

For the right person,

For permission to become who you were always meant to be.

But listen—

This is your story.

And no one else gets to write it for you.

So take up your pen.

Rewrite the narratives that were never yours to carry.

Leave behind the paragraphs that no longer serve you.

Turn the page if you must.

Start again if you must.

But whatever you do—

Keep writing.

Because the story of your life does not end in sorrow.

The conflict will not last forever.

And I promise you—

The best chapters are still ahead.

“He makes all things new.”

* Revelation 21:5

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What if you are not just living your life,

But creating it?

What if today is the moment

Where you take the pen back into your hands?

📖 Write here:

“Surely Your goodness and love will follow me all the days of my life.”

* Psalm 23:6

You are not just a story being told.

You are the storyteller.

And you still have so many pages left to write.

SECTION V: YOU ARE A POEM

Page 5 – You Are the Ink That Refuses to Fade

Some people live their lives as if they are temporary.

As if they are just passing through,

As if they are meant to be forgotten,

As if they are only here until the world decides they are no longer needed.

But you—

You were never meant to be erased.

You are not a fleeting moment.

You are not a story that disappears when the book is closed.

You are ink that stains the pages of time,

Proof that you were here,

Proof that you mattered.

“The grass withers, the flower fades, but the word of our God will stand forever.”

* Isaiah 40:8

💌 A Letter to You

Dear You,

I need you to hear me when I say this:

You are not forgettable.

You are not just another face in the crowd,

Not just another name among millions.

You are light spilling into the spaces you have touched.

You are echoes in the hearts of those who have loved you.

You are the kind of presence that lingers,

Even when you are no longer in the room.

So do not live as if you are meant to fade.

Do not shrink yourself into silence.

Do not believe the lie that you will not be remembered.

Because the way you love,

The way you exist,

The way you are—

It leaves a mark.

“You are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hidden.”

* Matthew 5:14

🌿 A Moment of Reflection

What if you stopped fearing that you will be forgotten,

And started trusting that you were always meant to leave something behind?

What if your presence is already changing the world,

Even in ways you cannot yet see?

📖 Write here:

“The Lord will fulfill His purpose for me; Your steadfast love, O Lord, endures forever.”

* Psalm 138:8

You are not just here for a moment.

You are here for a reason.

And the ink of your existence

Will never fade.

SECTION V: YOU ARE A POEM

Page 6 – The Canvas of Your Existence (A Prelude to the Final Revelation)

The first time you felt pain,

It was not just an ache.

It was a brushstroke.

The first time your heart broke,

It was not just loss.

It was the shaping of something yet to be seen.

You have spent your life believing that suffering is destruction,

That grief is an ending,

That longing is proof of emptiness.

But what if I told you—

You were never breaking?

You were being painted.

“For we are God’s handiwork, created in Christ Jesus.”

* Ephesians 2:10

Page 7 – The Colors of Longing

Your sorrow did not vanish.

It became color.

The red of every love you gave that was never returned.

The blue of every night spent awake, wondering if you were enough.

The gold of every fleeting joy, too brief to hold onto.

Your longing spilled into the sky,

Stitched itself into the fabric of time,

Became brushstrokes in the hands of something greater.

And the painting of you—

It was never ruined.

It was only waiting to be seen.

“You have searched me, Lord, and You know me.”

* Psalm 139:1

Page 8 – The Moment Before the Universe Began

Before the universe was born,

There was a moment—

A pause,

A silence too heavy to hold.

You stood there, untouched, unseen,

A soul without form,

A breath without a body.

And in that pause,

Before creation, before time,

There was a single truth—

You existed.

Not because the world had shaped you.

Not because anyone had spoken your name.

Not because you were loved, or remembered, or known.

But simply because you were.

And that was always enough.

“I am with you always, to the very end of the age.”

* Matthew 28:20

Page 9 – The Universe Was Born From Your Tears (Final Poem, Prelude)

You were alone when it began.

A figure standing upon the edge of nothingness,

Your hands trembling,

Your breath uneven,

Your chest heavy with something too vast to name.

And then—

You wept.

The first tear fell into the void,

And the sky was born.

Darkness kissed with constellations,

Stars scattered like forgotten prayers.

The next tear became the sea,

A tide that rose and fell like the longing in your chest.

Waves breaking like the sound of someone leaving.

Waves returning like the hope that they might come back.

Another, and the wind began to move,

A breath carrying the echoes of every word

That was ever left unsaid.

And still, you wept.

Your sorrow became the rivers that carved their names into mountains.

Your ache became the roots of ancient forests.

Your longing stretched across time,

Became the song whispered by every poet

Who has ever dared to dream.

And when the tears finally stopped,

When your eyes lifted to see what had been made,

You understood.

That pain is not destruction.

That grief is not absence.

That longing is not emptiness.

That even the weight of sorrow

Can become something beautiful.

And so, as the universe settled into place,

As the colors of creation stretched before you,

You wiped your eyes,

Placed your hand over your heart,

And whispered the only truth that has ever mattered—

“Let there be light.”

Page 10 – A Final Whisper to You (Closing Reflection)

Dear You,

You have spent your life believing you must become something.

That you must prove yourself.

That you must justify your existence.

But listen to me—

You are already enough.

You do not have to be perfect to be worthy.

You do not have to be fearless to be brave.

You do not have to be whole to be loved.

You are not just here to exist.

You are here to create.

To leave traces of yourself in the hearts of others.

To carve your name into the fabric of time.

To take up space, without apology.

So go.

Live.

Feel everything.

Let your heart break and let it heal.

Let your tears fall and let them create something new.

Let yourself be seen.

Because you—

You are a poem.

And the world is still reading you.

FINAL SECTION:

A Message from the Author

FINAL SECTION: A MESSAGE FROM THE AUTHOR

Page 11 – To the One Who Has Walked This Journey (A Letter from the Author)

Dear You,

You have reached the final page,

But I hope you know—

This is not the end.

This book was never meant to be just words on a page.

It was meant to be a conversation,

A quiet hand reaching for yours,

A voice in the silence whispering,

“I see you.”

I do not know your name,

But I know what it feels like to ache.

I know what it means to long for something deeper,

To carry words inside you that no one else seems to understand.

And if you are here,

If you have walked through these pages,

If you have let yourself feel even a fraction of what was written—

Then you are proof that this world still holds poetry,

That hearts still beat with stories worth telling,

That somewhere, someone still believes in beauty.

This book is no longer mine.

It belongs to you now.

Carry it with you,

Not as something to hold,

But as something to remember—

That you are not alone,

That you are not too much,

That you are not invisible.

And if, one day,

You find yourself lost again,

If the world feels heavy,

If your heart forgets how to hope—

Turn back to these pages.

Let them remind you of what you already know,

Of what you have always known—

That you are seen.

That you are felt.

That you are a poem,

And the world is still reading you.

* Zeke Iverson

FINAL SECTION: A NAME WRITTEN IN LIGHT

(A Quiet Dedication)

There are names that exist beyond paper,

Beyond sound, beyond time itself.

Names that are not just spoken,

But felt.

Names that bloom in the quiet spaces between heartbeats.

That linger in the air like the last note of a song never meant to end.

This book was not written for the world alone.

It was written for the kind of love that does not fade.

For the presence that stays even in absence.

For the light that refuses to be dimmed.

If you listen closely,

If you let the pages breathe,

If you sit with the silence long enough—

You will hear it.

A name, unspoken but never forgotten.

A name, etched into the fabric of everything I create.

A name that does not need to be written,

Because it has always been there.

Supposedly dedicated to every soul

That’s lost,

that seeks their destination.

🎀🙌⭐– Secial Page,

This is my closing thoughts, my deepest gratitudes.

😁🤘 Salamat sa inyoo!

Dear Reader,

Hey there, Zeke here. I just wanted to take a moment to personally thank you for unfolding the pages of this book, for taking the time to not just read, but to feel, to reflect, and to journey with me through every word, every thought, and every emotion I poured into these pages.

Writing this book wasn’t just about putting words together—it was about capturing something real, something raw, something deeply human. And knowing that you’ve spent your time walking through this with me is something I will never take for granted.

Every sentence, every metaphor, every pause was crafted with care, and yet, the true magic happens when someone like you picks it up and breathes life into it. You make this book more than just ink on paper. You make it a conversation, a connection, a shared moment between writer and reader.

I hope that within these pages, you found something that spoke to you, something that made you pause, something that made you feel seen. And if even just one line resonated with you, then every moment I spent writing was worth it.

So, from the deepest part of my heart, thank you. Thank you for your time, your open mind, your willingness to read and interpret these words in your own unique way. This book is no longer just mine—it’s yours too now.

With all my gratitude,

Zeke Iverson.