



Here we go again



On to the next





Everything is  
ephemeral. That's  
not a threat it's a  
promise





Last year I realized I had trouble making choices so I dubbed it the "year of fire" and gave myself permission to be a little reckless and hotly decisive. This year I called for a "year of water." This year has been about learning how to move on.





Aw but I like putting  
all my eggs in one  
basket<3 so cute<3





I carry myself with a dignity and Grace.





I carry myself with pride. But not pride like  
ego, pride like wow I'm so thankful for my  
spine and my shoulders and my legs.





This year I have gotten attached and moved on from many things...an ex a hookup a vision for a party an apartment a crush. I found myself saying out loud, it's fine if it ends badly I'll just have something to write about. And I don't think I mean I want conflict to happen to me so I have material. It just means like, it's ok because I have such healthy coping mechanisms and such a beautiful skill for processing and understanding my emotions. Through intense feelings I cultivate my own language. I like learning about who I am. (this is a prayer)





Us! (me myself and I)

