

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 that kisses aren't contracts
and presents aren't promises,
And you begin to accept your defeats with your
head up and your eyes open, with the grace of
an adult, not the grief of a child
And you learn to build all your roads on today
because tomorrow's ground is too uncertain for plans.
After a while you learn that even sunshine burns
if you get too much.
So plant your own garden and decorate your own soul,
instead of waiting for someone else to bring you flowers.
You learn that you really can endure...
that you really are strong,
And you really do have worth.