

## **Sounds Like a Lot of Work for a Saturday**

Saturday morning cracks open like an old book—  
spine strained, pages crowded with scribbled to-dos.  
Coffee doesn't chase away the sleep as it should,  
and the sunlight feels too bright, too insistent.

The garage promises chaos—  
boxes piled high with forgotten whys,  
tools scattered like last year's seeds  
on a workbench that's seen better days.

Laundry looms, a mountain unscaled,  
dishes plot a coup in the sink,  
emails breed in the quiet corners of a dim phone screen.  
Each task multiplies in the silence of an empty house.

But the couch whispers of old movies,  
blankets thrown carelessly wait with open arms,  
a book lies face down, its spine catching the light,  
breathing slowly, patiently in the dust motes.

Outside, a leaf spirals to the ground, no hurry—  
it doesn't care about the clutter,  
the grass grows at its own sweet pace.

Sounds like a lot of work for a Saturday,  
yet here, a quiet rebellion brews,  
not today—says the unopened book,  
not today—echoes the soft, forgiving couch.

The world can wait a little longer.

## **Some People Will Want You to Fail, And That's Fine by Me**

Some people will look at you and wish the ground  
to swallow your steps, your voice to fall  
into the cracks of the sidewalk, unnoticed,  
unmissed. They stand, silhouettes against  
the harsh light of their own insecurities,  
clutching their fears like precious stones.

In the coffee shop, whispers stir the air  
like spoons in mugs—each clink, a tiny  
echo of doubt meant for your ears only.  
Eyes follow you, painting every stumble  
in broad, unforgiving strokes. They do not see  
the strength in your stride, the purpose  
in your pause.

But listen—  
the road under your feet cares not for whispers,  
the sky above does not bother with shadows.  
Your journey is not a line drawn by their expectations,  
nor a song sung to their dissonant chords.

Let them hold their breath as you rise,  
let them clench their fists as you dare.  
Their doubts do not pay your rent,  
nor do their shadows weigh your wings.

Some people will want you to fail,  
and that's fine by me—  
for in their wanting, they confess:  
you are the climb they never dared,  
the flight they never took.

And so, go ahead—  
fail spectacularly on your own terms,  
rise gloriously in your own story,  
for every time they wish you down,  
you find another reason to soar.

## **One Person to Believe**

In the dim light of early dreams,  
where hope is a fragile seedling  
pushing through the tough soil of doubt,  
one person stands—  
a believer,  
not in miracles, but in me.

This landscape is rough,  
etched with the scars of past attempts,  
paths trodden by heavy hearts,  
but their eyes see the green shoots  
in every barren patch.

Where others chuckle about the fall,  
they speak of the height—  
how the view will look from up there,  
not if, but when,  
with a certainty that stitches  
a safety net from threads of trust.

In crowded rooms, their faith is a beacon;  
in quiet moments, a gentle anchor.  
They do not wear capes or wield swords,  
but their words sculpt the air  
into wings, into sails.

One person to believe—  
is sometimes all it takes  
to turn echoes into voices,  
shadows into contours,  
hesitation into the first step  
of a journey that might just  
change everything.

Because when the world blurs into lines  
of you can't, you shouldn't, you won't,  
their voice is the clarion call that says,  
you can, you must, you will—  
and suddenly,  
you do.