

Brooklyn Taylor 2019

## Learning to Fly

Dear Little Dove,

I see you over there, across the way, little baby blue, staring in the windowpane. You look so discouraged and so afraid. You're counting the endless drops of rain and wondering if there'll be an end to all this heart-wrenching pain. I know that you're wondering if you have the guts to stand and chase your dreams again. I'm here to tell you that, despite your dirty dress and the heart that you feel is a broken, torn-down mess, you can do it. You can keep on climbing though the ground may shake, keep on reaching though the limb might break. You've come too far, please don't be scared now. You can learn to fly on the way down. I know you may not believe me, and you continue to look for a sign, like a lonely string of lights in the dark, deep night. But I know better than anyone how long this road has been, and how much you feel like and want to give in. Touch your chest, feel that beat? That means there's more to this than the breath you breathe. Even though it's hard, you have to try to keep on climbing though the ground may shake, keep on reaching though that limb may break. You've come so far, you can't give up now! You can learn to fly on the way down. That doesn't mean that you forget, or even try to discredit, the heavy steps that you took to bring you to this ledge, but none of that will matter if you can't bring yourself to keep on climbing when the ground shakes. To keep on reaching for that limb that always breaks. Appreciate how far you've come, and all the fear over which you've won and take the leap, because by now you know, that you can learn to fly on the way down.

Love,

Your inner self