

*Comes the Dawn*

*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 understand that kisses aren't contracts  
And presents aren't promises.  
And you begin to accept your defeats  
With your head held high and your eyes open,  
With the grace of a woman, not the grief of a child.  
You learn to build your roads  
In today, because tomorrow's ground  
Is too uncertain for plans, and futures have  
A way of falling down in mid-flight.  
After a while you learn that even sunshine  
Burns if you get too much.  
So you plant your own garden and decorate  
Your own soul, instead of waiting  
For someone to bring you flowers.  
And you learn that you really can endure,  
That you really are strong  
And that you really do have worth.  
And you learn and learn...and you learn,  
With every goodbye you learn.*

*Veronica A. Shaffstall*

