Untitled

By Morgan Harper Nichols

when you are weary
waiting for change,
and burnt out
saying the same things
day after day,
decade after decade,
tired of "agreeing to disagree,"
tired of feeling like you have
to beg for peace,
remember
the ground
beneath your feet.
and the way it holds up,
through everything.

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whether you cry or whether you sing, whether you fall down, or whether you run free, do not let them make you small.

for there is room right here, to feel it all. they will say what they want to say, but you know the ground beneath your feet is steady.

rest when you need to and go lightning when you're ready.

remember everything you have already traveled through remember there is more ahead of you.

you are allowed to be tired.
you are allowed to rest.
you are allowed to declare with bold audacity:
this story is not over yet.