

The work I do
in silence
still matters.
Not every
transformative
act needs a
spotlight.

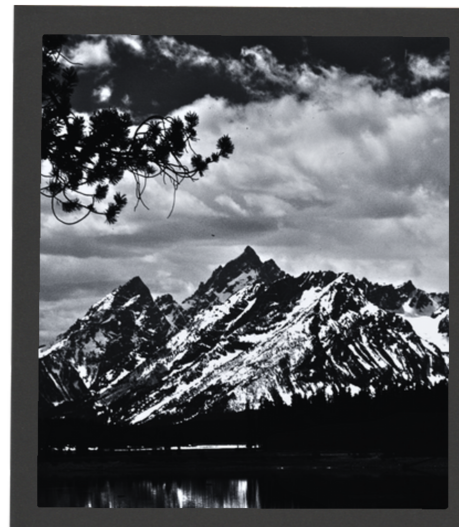
My dark night
is not the end,
it's the
turning point.
Even the
longest night
eventually
yields to the
light.

I trust the
necessary chaos
that comes with
creation. Like
clay through
fire, I am
becoming
stronger in the
transformation.

My need for
solitude is not
a failure. It's
how I find
what's true.

I hold up my
lantern not to
show off what
I've learned,
but to help
others find
their own way
up the
mountain.

I am exactly
where I need to
be on this
path. The ledge
between what I
was and what
I'm becoming is
sacred ground.



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THE HERMIT'S LEDGE

AFFIRMATIONS