

Be grateful for the sense of purpose
You keep stumbling upon
When you least expect it
That keeps dragging you back
To the same place
The thing you're alive for
The thing you were sent here to learn
That you know but keep forgetting:
You belong here
You can act
You are not a prisoner
In this wondrous, fucked up world
You can cause trouble
You can create
Imperfectly, inconsistently
You are authorized
To the space you take up
And the air you are breathing.

