

# *To the People in My Life Who Have Yielded to time & Have Given Up:*

By  
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*It's not over!*

There is this devious impish voice that has echoed its words in too many souls. Shrieking subtle wolf-words strapped in sheep's skins. Phrases such as 'your time has passed; 'you missed it'; 'it's too late' "you may not make it" and that petrifying, putrid phrase, 'if only...'

*Stop! It's not over!*

His destructive tale has weaved itself into your story, lashing away at your hope and desecrating your dreams. He has tried to drain the living waters from your soul leaving you deserted and barren. I see what's being done to you. I'm a witness to the crime. The venom entered and shot straight to your heart, seeping, slithering, suffocating and sabotaging all that is and all that could be.

*Stop! It's not over!*

Now you're ready to walk away before the bell has rung. You've gone down when his menacing words punched the breath of life out of you. You looked over to me in defeat, believing his deception, pleading for me to wave the white banner of darkness; surrendering to he who sadistically sullies your self, sickens your spirit and soils your soul; mistakenly surmising your struggle would cease.

I refuse to brandish what your foe may use to bind and gag you. I wrestle to come in, proclaiming the unmasking truth this fiend hides behind,  
But I cannot fight what you have taken in.

*Stop! It's not over!*

Rise up my life-seasoned heroes of flesh and blood. Reach deep within yourselves and uproot the venomous fear and disparaging destruction, which has implanted itself in you. Shake off the shackles of sorrow; surface from the sea of sadness. Refuse to be suppressed and silenced

*Start! It's just begun!*

All that was meant to victimize and sterilize you can be defused. Begin to neutralize the entrenched nectar. This is the time when you can call upon yesterday's pain and today's trials to pave a new path for tomorrow's triumph.

Strive to submerge the slaughtering spirit whose shrill of surrender stabs you from within.

Your past isn't the best of what was-  
It was the incubation of the best yet to be!

*Start! It's just begun!*

The end of an age is the beginning of a timelessness of newness birthed from recycled experiences. Life isn't over just because it's difficult or because someone yells, "Time!" It has cocooned into something so beautiful you need to have come to the end in order to realize it's just the beginning!

*Start!*

*Begin to Believe -  
It's all just begun!*