

Sometimes the pressure feels insurmountable,  
knowing that everything moves forward,  
even when you feel like you can't.

Even when you feel like you want to scream,  
and beg the universe on your knees  
to give you a second to pause.

There is no pause button,  
and there is no escape  
from the passage of time.

All we have is this moment,  
and only we can control  
how we shape that moment,  
or how that moment shapes us.