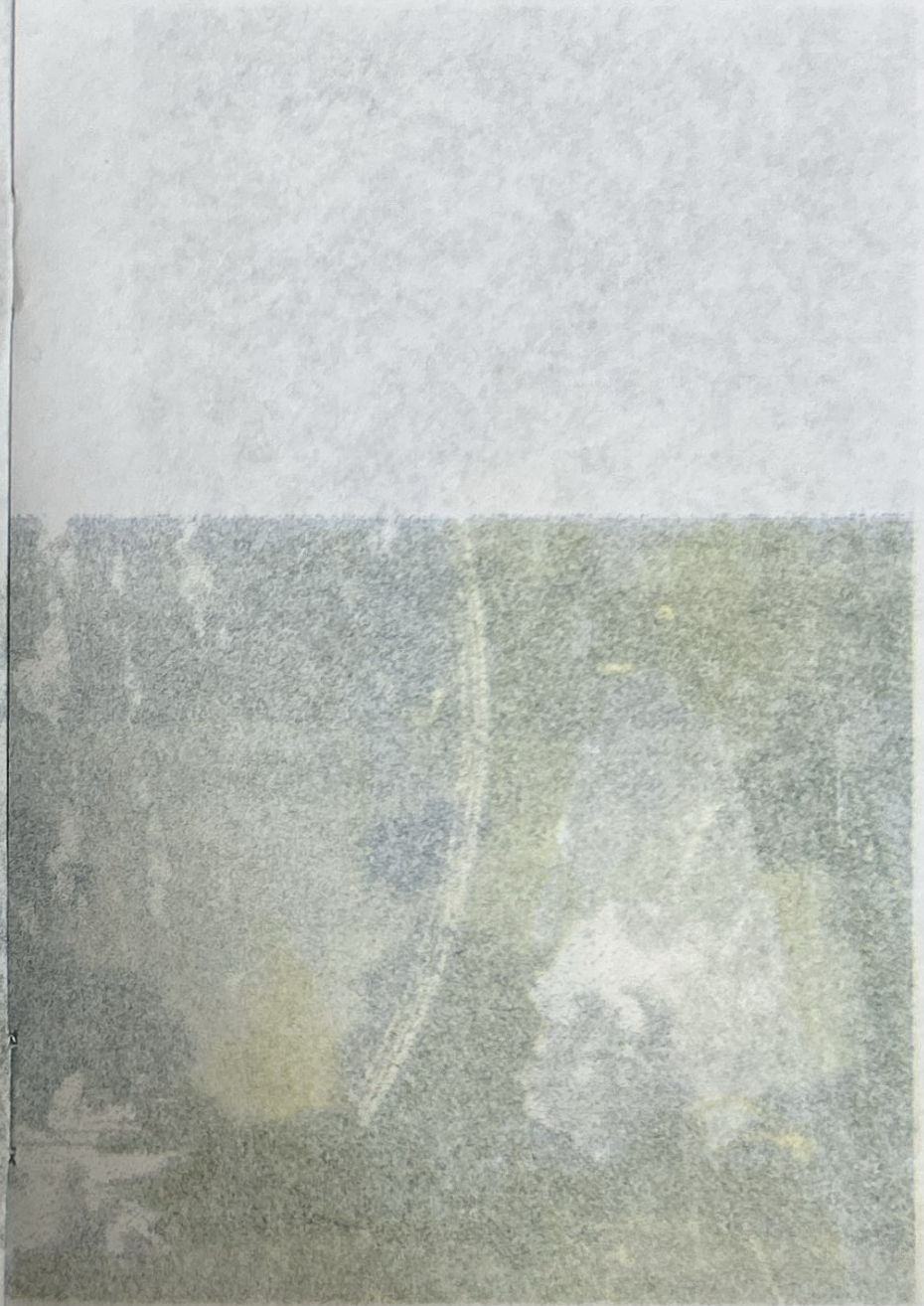
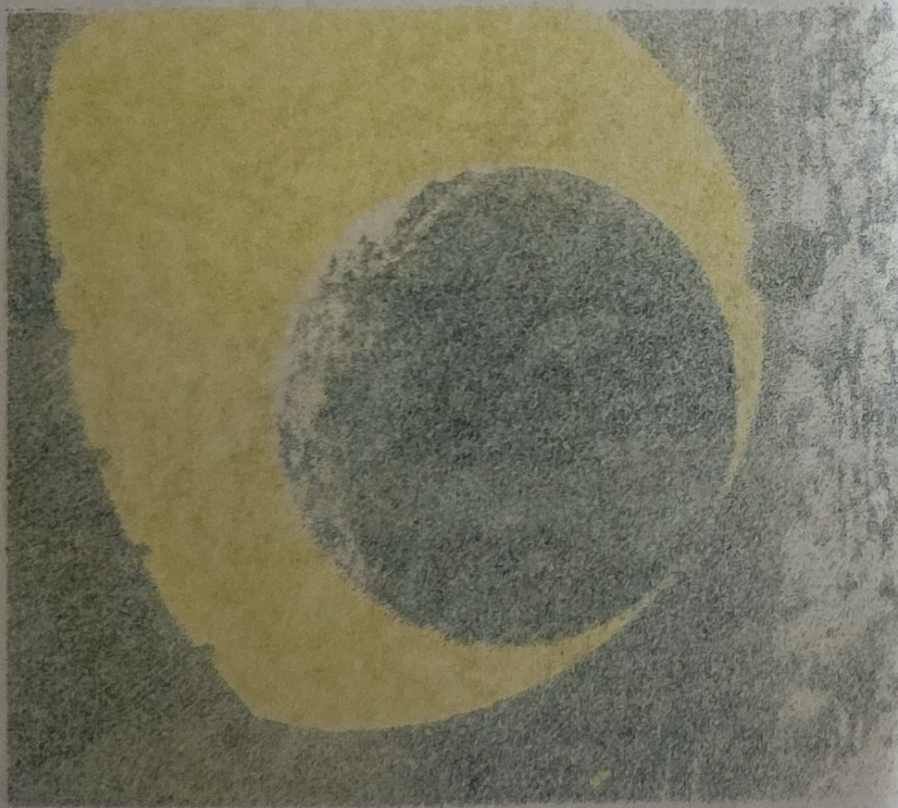




an ode to a work in progress

If inactivity became our curse;
If we are faced with the inhabitable;
Then we must set our sights on you.

Too long we have exited in the binary
Of fixing it all or laying it to rest.
Where is the gradient?





What if we built up towers and trees
That we will never get to see?
It's true, the start is the hardest part.

We are plagued by the idea of perfection,
Doomed to watch destruction, frozen.
What if we embraced imperfect progress?





Do not show me your best or your worst.
Show me how you work towards what can be.
Show me your work in progress.

Beautiful,
Wonderful,
Messy,
Lovely.

Work in Progress.



by katherine davis
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