



I stall, frozen.  
Insecurity stops me dead.  
What happens if the dreams I chase  
are safer in my head?

There is no crystal ball  
to say that I'll succeed.  
I could flounder like a fool,  
the world cackling while I bleed.

I decide not to give a damn.  
Let them laugh and tease.  
I'll be tougher in the end  
because of my skinned knees.

Now, every time I stumble  
I'll fall forward and move on.  
Mistakes will be my mentor  
until self-doubt and fears are gone.

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