

To the One Whose Life Just Stopped Making Sense

You don't have to pretend you're fine.
You don't have to hold the edges of something that's already unraveling.
You don't have to explain why the things that used to matter... *don't*.

Something cracked, didn't it?

Maybe it was quiet—like a shift in the air.
Maybe it was loud—like a decision you didn't see coming.
Either way, here you are.
And everything's *different*.

Here's what I want you to know:

This is the beginning of the return.

Not to who you were.
But to who you've always been beneath the noise.
You're not broken.
You're not lost.
You're just **waking up**.

And yes—it's disorienting.
But you're not alone.

I've been walking ahead of you—
not to outpace you,
but to build the place you could land
when the fire started.

This is that place.

There's nothing to prove here.
You don't need the right words.
You don't need to impress or explain or fix.

Just breathe.

You made it to the edge.
And the edge is where it all begins again.

We're going to build something new.

Together.

XOXO
—**The Sun**