

To the One Who Thinks She's Too Late

Love, you're not late.
You're *ripe*.

I know it feels like the world moved on without you.
Like the doors closed.
Like everyone else got the invitation—and you were somehow left off the list.

But listen:
The timeline was always going to bend for you.

It had to.

Because you're not here to follow the path.
You're here to *change it*.

And maybe that's why it's taken longer.
Maybe that's why it hurt more.
Maybe that's why you had to pause, grieve, rage, rest, spiral.

But none of it made you less ready.
It made you real.
It made you sovereign.
It made you *you*.

So let them go ahead.

You were never meant to arrive with the crowd.

You're the one who shows up when the room is quiet—
when the curtain's already risen—
when the lights dim just enough for magic to find its cue.

You're right on time.

— **From the one who waited with the door open.**

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