

we struggle with emotions the way a dancer struggles with gravity; diligently, methodically, and ultimately hopelessly. for the final goal is not to conquer this adversary, but through the deliberate application of pressure, of time, and of Will, to absorb and reflect its strength. to attain through our own efforts the knowledge and grace to turn its strength into our own, to know when to bend and when to leap - when to bow out and when to hurl our passion like buckets of paint across a stage. to give every last drop of our selves, not for the critics, not for the spectators, but in gratitude of a worthy adversary, a constant friend. a force that, at the same time, refuses us our goals and forms the only tools to attain them.

so work hard. work smart. this fight will last the rest of your life. and you will be better for it.

-the station.

