

# Fulfillment

*by* Jill Chan

Love cannot pay for everything even if you try. Love can only help you live.

And she's dying like someone who's tried living and failed.

But she's been grateful—she's been so all her life.

Now she must stop paying for it. She must live up to her life. She must be a success to herself.

But it is her insecurity about her work, about money running out someday that keeps her working. That keeps her practicing her art. It's still just all in her head but she's practicing. For the moment in the future when she's going to come through. When she's going to want to turn away from this life. Into another that's full of eagerness and hope. Hope that it is not just the morning coffee that counts but the way you make it count. Of how you don't drink it but nonetheless will if you need it enough.

How some things continue while you continue. Above all, how some things stop while you continue.

