

# The Last Mile: Where Victory is Forged

It's always the last mile that tests  
us the most,  
When the finish line beckons, but feels  
like a ghost.  
The weight of exhaustion, the urge  
to concede,  
Pulls harder than ever, yet onward we lead.

In these moments, so raw, so fragile, so near,  
Help isn't weakness—it's courage, sincere.  
A bridge to the triumph we long to attain,  
A reminder that effort is never in vain.

There's no shame in a hand, in accepting its  
grace,  
For no journey is forged in a solitary space.  
The myth of "alone" is a barrier, untrue—  
Our stories are woven from many, not few.

If you've poured out your strength,  
your focus, your all,  
And still needed support so you  
wouldn't quite fall,  
The victory's yours—still fully, still true,  
For your sweat, your resolve carried you  
through.

Collaboration does not dim the flame,  
It brightens the glow, enriching the name.  
Whether you finish with others or stand  
on your own,  
The victory is shared, the effort your own.

So, when that last mile feels heavy and long,  
Remember that strength is more than just  
strong.  
It's reaching, it's trusting, it's steady hands,  
It's moving together as the moment demands.

For in the end, it's not how you arrive,  
It's that you gave it your all, that you  
dared, and survived.  
The path is the triumph, the journey's  
the feat—  
But being there is what makes it complete.



  
Thom Barrett