

## **IGNITE.**

Your idol is a human.  
Let that sink in.  
Oprah takes shits.  
The pope snores in his sleep.  
Obama has lost his cool.

Your emblem of perfection isn't perfect at all.  
Only the idea of them is.  
Their brand is perfect.  
It has been crafted.  
And if you only consume their brand —  
well, they will remain perfection for you.

And if that's what you want, more power to you.  
Idols are important  
for certain moments  
in our lives.

But beyond the brand  
lies a human  
who breathes  
and sleeps  
and hates  
and makes mistakes  
and probably cried this morning  
while you were crying too.  
While you looked at their picture  
to make you feel better  
about you.

So when you meet your idol.  
Whoa.  
Breathe.  
Prepare for the worst.  
Prepare for the best!  
Fuck.  
Prepare for them to be your mom.  
Prepare for them to be your dad.  
Prepare for them to be nothing you thought they would be.

And above all else

prepare to realize  
that what you thought  
they had  
was in you  
all along.

You might just be  
the flame you thought they had.

They might have been the ignition.  
But you.  
Baby.  
You're the flame.  
You're the fire!  
Fuck.  
You're good at that.  
You're the love in the sun.  
You're the joy in the wood.  
You're whatever you thought they had.

They were only the catalyst to bring it out in you.  
But all along,  
you,  
you had it.  
Sitting within.  
Waiting for ignition.

Well,  
ignite.