

≡ @UNRAVELING CHANGE



CHOOSING IS ≡ ENOUGH

A PART OF THE UNRAVELING CHANGE UNIVERSE

BY JAY PIERCE

UNRAVELING CHANGE

CHOOSING IS ENOUGH

JAY PIERCE

Learning to love me so I can love you

FROM THE UNRAVELING CHANGE SERIES



Copyright © 2026 Jay Pierce

Published by



This work is meant to be shared. You are welcome to copy it, quote it, and pass it along, in whole or in part, so long as it remains free, remains unaltered, and remains credited. No part of this work may be sold, placed behind a paywall, gated, or presented as anyone else's.

This book was released freely on purpose. Please keep it that way.

Licensed under Creative Commons BY-NC-ND 4.0.

First Edition

UNRAVELINGCHANGE.COM



Free in every form.

This book is available free as a PDF, as a web page, and as an audiobook read in the author's voice. Whichever way you are meeting it is the right way. Nothing is held back in any format.

Find all of it at unravelingchange.com



For my best friend of too many years.

We know the deep the other keeps.

You tell me when I'm being a jerk, and you're usually right, which is the absolutely annoying part.

We push and we pull and somehow it works. Don't ask me how.

You have a beautiful heart that extends kindness and love outward to everyone around you. Everyone but yourself.

So this book is for you first. You are more than enough.

Yes, I know you're going to argue with that one too. You'll lose. That is the beauty of being the one who writes the book. I get the last line... :)

Love you Bro.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'James D.', written in a cursive style.

What's wrong with me.



That's the question, isn't it. Why can't I get it right. Why is it that every time I feel like I'm finally getting it together, I fail. It runs under everything, that question. A loop that never quite shuts off.

I'm not going to tell you it isn't your fault.



I'm not going to tell you there's no responsibility, and I'm not going to tell you it doesn't suck, because it does. I'm just going to say one thing. Maybe you don't have all the data. Maybe if we zoom out, there's a little more to what you've been seeing than you were ever able to see from where you're standing.

So trust me one more page.

—

Not the whole book. Not your whole life. One page. And maybe that one gets you to the next one. That's all this is. Life is moments and choices. It is not easy and it is not hard. It is both. The pain is wicked. And the joy can hurt too, because you already know how much it'll cost when it leaves.

**This book is just
the next moment.
And the next.**

Everyone can see everyone else's bar but their own.



When someone else sets a standard, the world tells them. Too high. Too low. Reasonable. They get feedback. But the bar you hold yourself to, nobody can see it. Not even you, not really. So nobody ever tells you it's too high. You just keep failing to reach it and assume the problem is you.

And the bar moves.



Every time you reach it, something in you slides it higher and calls the thing you just did nothing. You met the standard. You matched it. And you threw the win away in the same breath, because you were trained to always want more. You are playing a game where the finish line steps back every time you touch it. You were never going to win it. It was built not to be won. That's not on you.

And the bar was never real.



It's an idea. A picture of what sounds good. Everyone at their best, all at once, all aligned. But this is life, and life is messy, and almost nothing aligns, because we are all strange and beautiful and all of us are chasing the same picture that no one has ever actually lived. You are drowning trying to reach a shore that was painted on.

I feel like I'm drowning.

—

You don't have to know why. Maybe it's a person. Maybe it's everything. Maybe it's nothing you can point at, and that's the worst kind, because people ask what's wrong and you have no answer that fits in a sentence. You don't need a reason to be in the water. You're in it. That's enough to start.

I stopped fighting the water.



Here's what nobody tells you. The fighting is what's exhausting you. Not the water. The fighting. All that swimming toward somewhere solid, somewhere you'll finally have it figured out, somewhere dry where this stops. I swam like that for years. The place I was swimming to doesn't exist. My fear made it up because the water felt like too much.

I surrender to the sinking.



Surrender doesn't mean giving up. It means you stop spending everything you have on staying where you are. You let go and you go under and it feels like the end of something. It is. It's the end of pretending you were fine up there.

Everything comes up. Let it.



This is going to hurt and I'm not going to pretend it won't. When you stop fighting, all the things you were fighting to stay above start to surface. Memories. Words you said. Words said to you. Let them come. You're not sinking into your pain. You're sinking through it. There's a difference, and you'll only find out by going.

There are spots down here. Dark ones. Light ones.

One starts to play. A bad choice. An unkind act. Something you did. It plays whether you want it to or not, and as it plays it discolours, and the shame comes up through your whole body. Visceral. Real. Don't swim away from it. I know everything in you wants to. Stay.

You already know this one.



Watch what happens when the scene plays. You don't think that was wrong. You think I've been there. I know that one. We're quicker to recognize the bad than the good. Years of fighting ourselves trained us that way. But that recognition, the thing that's been hurting you, is exactly what gets you out.

Love the one in the scene first.

—

Not yourself. Not yet. Inward is too far right now. Look at whoever did the thing and let the I've-been-there soften you toward them. It's easier to be kind to someone else in the dark. So start there. That's allowed.

Now see that it's a mirror.

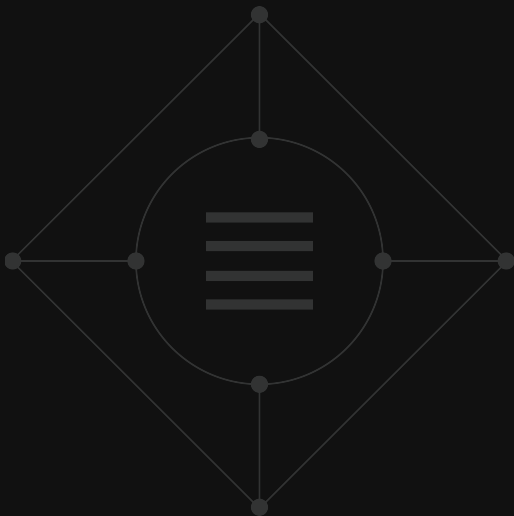
—

The one you just forgave. Look again. It's you. It was always you. And the little bit of kindness you spent on them a second ago, you can't take it back now. It's already out. Maybe I'm not that bad. That's it. That's the whole turn.

The spot lightens. A little.

Not all of it. A little. And your surroundings lighten a little with it, because that one was holding others in place.

It was me. And so many others.



I am not alone down here.

I am not alone down here.

It won't stay lit.

I won't lie to you. The moments never stop coming. Stop watching, stop choosing, and the dark crowds back in. That's not failure. That's just water. You come back and you do it again. That's the whole practice, forever, and forever is not too long when it's one spot at a time.

And the dark is not your enemy.

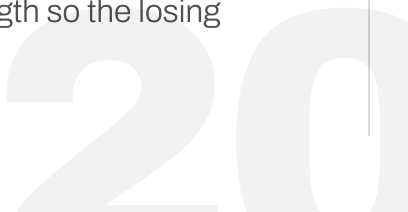


Sometimes you need the break. And sometimes it has to be dark enough for you to finally see the one spot that's playing. The one that's a catalyst. Clear that one, and so many others go bright with it.

The light will scare you too.



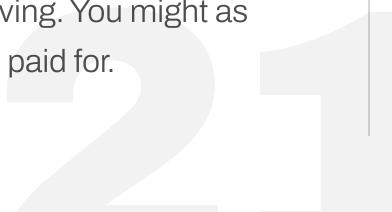
Not just the dark. When a spot goes bright, when a good moment actually comes, part of you will flinch. Because you already know how much it's going to hurt when it leaves. You've watched every good thing leave. So you brace. You hold it at arm's length so the losing won't cost as much.



Stay in it anyway.



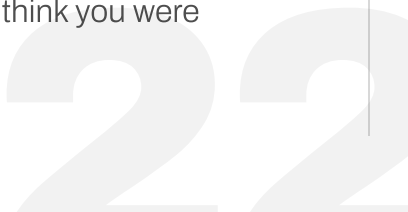
I know what it costs. Stay anyway. The joy is allowed to hurt. Bracing doesn't save you from the losing, it just steals the moment while you still have it. You already paid for the leaving. You might as well have the thing you paid for.



You might feel it all click. And then lose it by morning.



That's not you failing. Change can feel instant, especially right after something breaks open in you. Like you finally get it, like it's done. And then the next day the feeling's gone and you think you were fooling yourself.



You weren't. The click was real. The click was just free.

—

The realization costs nothing. Keeping it is the actual work, and nobody warns you about that, so when the feeling fades you think you failed the test. You didn't. You just met the part nobody mentioned. You come back and you choose it again. Not because you feel it. Because you're willing to.

**You will call
yourself a
dumbass. Catch
it if you can.**

If you can't, come back later. Pull yourself aside. I'm sorry I called you that. Feeling it doesn't make it true. I'm willing to try again.

Celebrate the small things harder than the big ones.



I mean it. Harder. Because every big thing you'll ever do is made of a thousand small things nobody clapped for. The small ones are the whole structure. The big one is just the part that shows.

So some days you got out of bed. That's it. That's the day.

Fuck it. You chose it, and you did it, and it counts. Don't let that bar you can't even see tell you it wasn't enough. It was enough. You were enough. That's not a consolation prize. That's the actual thing.

**Just
because I
am, I am
worthy.**

**You're
still here.**

**Something kept
choosing one
more moment.
One more page.
One more.**

**You don't spend
that on
something you've
given up on.**

**I don't know
what to call that.
Maybe you do.**

**It doesn't have to be
big. It never did.
Everything that was
ever built started with
something small that
nobody saw.**



This was something.



**I choose
love.**



Choosing is enough.

Jay Pierce is a writer exploring Being, love, and human becoming. Their work centers on Responsible Agape, the practice of non-intrusive love rooted in dignity, consent, and accountability.

Jay writes not as an authority but as a Practitioner of Agape, offering a framework that invites remembering rather than instruction.

Jay also writes and records music. The songs are not companions to the books, they are the same work in another form, and they often arrive alongside the books.

The Unraveling Change library is published by HuAiFIRE. All of it is free, permanently, with no paywalls and no conditions.





HuAiFIRE is the home of Jay Pierce's work across books, music, and everything in between. The name stands for Human and AI Transformation. Every project released under it is free.

HUAIFIRE.COM



Any book can be your first. Nothing here requires anything else here.

Unraveling Change

The Framework of Agape, Being & Becoming. The anchor.

The Practitioner of Agape

Five movements: SEE, HOLD, GUIDE,
RELEASE, BUILD.

Agape Toward the Self

Turning the practice inward, toward the person hardest to love.

The Five Tests

Five questions to ask before acting in the name of love.



The Multispective

On holding more than one truth at once without breaking.

Learning

Written for teenagers, and for anyone who was one.

Civilized Animals

Mouse, Bear, Lion, Bird, Zebra. Five ways of moving through the world.

The Little Light series

For younger readers, and the adults reading to them.

EVERY BOOK IS FREE AT UNRAVELINGCHANGE.COM



If this book gave you something, give it away.

Send the link. Print it. Leave a copy somewhere a stranger will find it. It cost you nothing on purpose. It should cost the next person nothing too.



WHERE EVERYTHING LIVES

BOOKS, FREE, IN EVERY FORMAT

UNRAVELINGCHANGE.COM
HUAIFIRE.COM

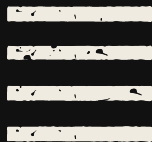
AUDIOBOOKS, MUSIC & MORE

@UNRAVELINGCHANGE
@HUAIFIRE™

Same handles on every platform. Find us wherever you already are.



Free, always.



Pass it on when someone else is sinking.

CHOOSING IS ENOUGH

UNRAVELING CHANGE

@HUAIFIRE™

UNRAVELINGCHANGE.COM · HUAIFIRE.COM