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Molly Burford

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Molly Burford

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Types Of People You Need To Hang On To, Part 1

Enthusiastic listeners. People who don't make you guess if they're mad. Direct communicators. The friend who helps you clean your room. People who are kind to those who can do nothing for them. Messy folks who repeatedly get it wrong but never stop trying to get it right anyway. Kindred spirits. Loud laughers. Pals who make the grocery store fun. Loved ones who get as excited about your success as you do. The person you feel comfortable crying in front of. Sing-in-the-car friends. People who text you to look at the moon. People who text you just to say hi. The one you've known since childhood who you can go a long time without talking to but nothing changes. Those who understand the value of holding space. The mentor who pushes you to do better because they want better for you. Patient teachers. Healers. Scrappy souls. Hard workers. Friends you can joke about hypothetical situations with for hours on end. The genuine. Anyone who leaves you feeling good afterward, not just when you're with them. People who see your fault lines and say they have them too. Anyone who came to mind as you read this. ***Hold them close. Love them hard.***

Types Of People To Hold On To, Part 2

People who tell you tough truths in a gentle way, who don't say things cruelly just because it's "honest." People who don't start sentences with, "No offense, but..." People who are kind to those who can do nothing for them. People who call you on your bullshit in a funny way to make it easier to hear. People who will take pictures for strangers, taking shots from multiple angles. People who don't make you feel bad for wanting to call it an early night. People who make you forget your phone. People who sincerely listen to little kids, who remember how hard it was to be small and young and not taken seriously. People who always try their best to do the right thing and attempt to make it up when they fall short. People who still believe in love, even after they got their hearts broken time and time again. People who are deeply kind and do not stray from being so, even when they have every reason not to be. ***Hold them close, love them hard.***

The intimacy of...

Eye contact. Smirks across a crowded room. Raised eyebrows. Knowing glances. Witty banter. "I heard this song and thought of you." The sides of legs accidentally touching in the backseat. Dancing in front of strangers. Playful teasing. "I saved you a seat." Comfortable silences. Quiet time. Falling asleep together on the couch. "I'm so sorry." Hope. The little things. Inside jokes. Appreciation. Mutual trust. "You're my best friend." Crying in the car alone at a red light. Heart-to-hearts in dive bar bathrooms. Giving the benefit of the doubt. Giving a second chance. Giving in to a deep laugh. "I was literally just about to call you, too." Sharing books with your scribbles and notes throughout the margins. Losing your footing. "I never told another person that before." First hugs. A kiss you know will be your last. "I understand." A sense of safety. A feeling of alignment. Just knowing someone is here to stay, even though you have no real evidence for thinking so. *Believing they will anyway.*

A List Of People Always Worth Loving

Your childhood best friend, even if you've long lost touch. The ones who make your humanity feel less heavy. The person who inspires you to do better. The person who inspires you to be kinder. The person who inspires you to dream bigger. The stranger you met in passing that you never forgot. Your college roommates who helped you become who you are today. Loyal friends. Patient listeners. Gentle speakers. Your eight-year-old self. The people you call family (blood or otherwise). Hope seekers. Those who stayed. Those who left. The ex who showed you how to love. The former best friend who taught you the importance of perspective. Your high school German teacher who believed in you when you didn't believe in yourself. The curious. The spritely. The sincere. *Anyone who touched your soul in some way, who invited it out and allowed it to exist as all that it is, was, and will be.*

Love is about seeing
someone's scars and
remembering you
have them too.

How To Find Your People

Let go of those who have already
let go of you. See who remains.

The Quietest Signs Of Passing Time

Wrinkles. Age spots. Tan lines. Callused souls. Crimson ravines along your stomach. Crinkled eyes. Twilight. Lost memories. October leaves. Lukewarm coffee. The sunrise in an ever-shapeshifting sky. Dusty bookshelves. Healed wounds. Disinterested glances. Dropping temperatures. Sunburned shoulders. The pool closing at the end of summer. Sleepy bones. Faded jeans. Broken promises. Threads of gray. Missing the bus. Melting ice. Expiration dates. How it's suddenly Christmas even though you could have sworn last month was August. Timestamps from unanswered texts. Funerals for the people you loved since you were young. Remembering it's someone's birthday you lost touch with years ago. Realizing you're unsure what year that was. The end of a song. The end of an era. The end of a relationship. Low tides. Stale feelings. Regret. Scars. Waking up one day and realizing you're not who you used to be. Seeing someone you used to love but now not feeling a thing. *When friends become strangers. When strangers become soulmates.*

The Best Types Of Inspiration

Empty spaces. Shadows of tree branches dancing in the summer wind. Mistakes. Hard lessons. Difficult goodbyes. A damn good thunderstorm. Romantic comedies. Vintage clothes. Old magazines. 3 AM. Oil paintings. Rough hands. Curated Spotify playlists. Forgotten furniture on the side of the road. Taking the scenic route home. Dogs looking out the window. Love. Loss. Longing. Remembering why you started. Remembering what you adored as a kid. Remembering that you're still allowed to enjoy those things now. Serendipity. Grace. Hard work. Looking up from your phone. People-watching. Heartbreak. First dates. Last kisses. Final words. Deep conversations. Boredom. Asking more questions. Answering your own musings. Listening intently to what the quiet has to say. Thrift stores. Charcoal. Sketchbooks. Memoirs. Documentaries. 1960s newspapers. *Feeling everything that you do and feeling it deeply.*

Healing is...

Appreciating autumn again. Keeping both your feet planted firmly on the ground. Admitting you're hurting. Asking for help. Offering a hand. Laughing uproariously. Accepting what you can't control and taking charge of what you can. Allowing room for grace and sleeping in on Sunday mornings and afternoon walks in the winter when the sun finally stops by to say hello. Holding yourself accountable. Spending time with the people who feel like hope. Facing yourself. Facing your haunting. Facing forward anyway. Remembering you can always try again. Trying again. And again, And again. Bleeding poetry. Stitching up the heart you intentionally ripped off your sleeve. Blasting "Chinatown" on repeat while cleaning your room for the first time in months. Seeing your therapist on the days you'd rather hide. Reminding yourself it's going to be okay. Believing what you just said. Crying your eyes out to "Scott Street." Telling shame you did the best you could with the tools you had at the time. Realizing you deserve to get better. Getting better as a result.

You are allowed to outgrow the life you thought you wanted. You are under no obligation to stay in places you no longer want to be, even if those places exist only in your mind and heart. You're allowed to move on. You're allowed to evolve. You're allowed to change. You're allowed to become who you actually are.

Read This When You Forget Your Worth

When you forget your worth, please know that you are not an afterthought. You are not an idea that needs mulling over. You are not an option. You are not second best. And anyone who makes you feel any of those ways doesn't deserve you anyway.

Rules For Living Well

Speak up when you're hurt. Slow down when you're happy. Trust good things when they come along. Wear the crop top. Give yourself more credit. Forgive what needs forgiveness, including yourself. Take the chance. Eat the pasta. Be kind, even when it's hard (especially then). Work like hell on what matters to you. Cut the excess. Dabble in overindulgence every now and then, too. Tell someone when you love them (even if they don't necessarily feel it back). Hope for the best but accept whatever happens anyway. Lean into the present moment as often as you can. Sweat it out. Cry it out. Let it go. Spend enough time alone. Become someone you can call a friend. Put yourself out there. Admit when you fucked up. Stop over-explaining your heart to those committed to misunderstanding it. Offer a hand to those who need it. Ask for help when that person is you. Pick your battles. Choose your family. Buy jeans in your actual size, not your "goal" size. Retire the idea of a "goal" size at all. Allow room for messiness. Read what you actually like, not what you think you *should* be reading. Define success on your own terms. Listen to the music that feels like home. Listen to the people who feel like magic. Listen to your heart because you deserve to hear what it has to say. Feel everything it is you do. Life is short. You might as well experience it fully while you're here.



MOLLY BURFORD is a writer from Detroit. Her work aims to capture the human condition in all of its forms including the beautiful, the painful, the ugly, the goofy, and all of those in-between parts we try and hide away. *Moments To Hold Close* is Burford's first poetry collection.

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by Molly Burford

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Signs You've Found Your Platonic Soulmate

You just *know* you would have been best friends if you met when you were little kids. You've said the phrase, "We should definitely start a podcast," out loud. You sincerely believe people would listen to said podcast if you two actually pursued it. You can enjoy comfortable silences together. They're someone you trust to hold your joy. They're someone you trust to watch your dog. They're someone you trust to help you navigate the aftermath of a broken heart. You feel fiercely protective of one another. You recognize their eyes from a past life. You can give them The Look at a party if someone is being sketchy, and they'll know exactly what you're saying. They see right through you when you say, "I'm fine!" You basically have the same TikTok algorithm. They're one of the first people you want to share your good news with. And your shitty news. And your boring news. Errands are more fun when they're riding shotgun. You can laugh after a fight. They're your outfit approver, text ghostwriter, and hype person. You can talk about the heavy things and the lighter things in a single conversation. *Time passes, things change, but your love for each other only grows stronger.*

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Before a moment
becomes a memory
hold it close.