She ain't what she used to be. She's worn — with too many dings and dents to count — but, still, she's functional.

They stayed together for a lot of years, too many to discard casually. She stayed by her man and hoped things would change. And her plan might have worked, but . . .
... time had expired. She was out of change and he was dropping his in another slot.

Same old story, you've heard it a million times: boy leaves girl for a newer model. And how could her been-there-done-that-five-kids-to-prove-it body compete with her twenty-something-just-out-of-the-box body? If she didn't know that he was responsible for more than just a few of the dents, she might have understood.
Finally, it had to stop. (You can only buy, “I had to work late,” just so many times.) So she set the terms: stay home or leave, pick one. And he did. He turned and walked away like it was nothin’, like he was leaving the john — didn’t bother to flush or put down the seat — just left. It’s pathetic, really, how long she waited. He wasn’t coming back.

So, she hit the road and started to find her own way.
She found the only way she could go forward was to go back — back so many years — back to where she'd started before . . . well . . . before!

She really didn't fit in anymore.
Still, she felt on top of the world. She knew it was late in the game, but the game wasn't over yet.

Time would pass no matter what. She had to try. This was her time because she made it her's.
She immersed herself. She studied hard, real hard, like her grades mattered, really mattered.

It was a personal work of art and she knew it would take time. Maybe not everyone would appreciate it . . . maybe no one would . . . but that's not why it had to take shape.
Somewhere down there, deep inside, there was room for life.

And as long as there was soil and sunlight, she would find a way to flourish.