

MASTER THE CONTENT



Circles That Crown or Crush

Relationships and Influence

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Introduction

We are not islands. We are echoes.

The words you speak, the people you walk with, and the relationships you allow into your life are sculptors of the soul. This book is a poetic reflection on the immense power of influence — the kind that happens in whispers, over coffee, or in the silence between words. From friendships that fan your flame to those that quietly drain it, every connection leaves a mark.

These poems explore the beauty, boundaries, burdens, and blessings of relationships. They call us to choose wisely, lead humbly, follow with discernment, and love without losing ourselves.

This collection is for the leaders, the loyal, the lonely, and the learners — those who want to become better at giving and guarding their heart.

As you read, may you reflect on who's shaping you... and who you're shaping in return.

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CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

ECHOES OF TOMORROW

“Show me your friends and I’ll show you your future.” — Craig Groeschel

The path ahead is rarely clear,
But voices walk beside your ear.
Their habits hum, their choices teach—
They shape the dreams within your reach.

A circle small can build you strong,
Or steer your compass wholly wrong.
So choose the ones who stir your fire,
Who lift you higher, who make you aspire.

For iron sharpens iron's blade,
And legacies are daily made.
Your calling waits—don’t walk it blind.
Watch who walks beside your mind.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

“Bad company corrupts good character.” — 1 Corinthians 15:33

A spark of light, a soul sincere,
Can dim when darkness lingers near.
What seems like harmless jest and play
Can pull the steadfast heart astray.

A whisper twisted, truth undone—
Integrity comes loose, thread by one.
No fall begins with thunder's blast,
But with the friends who shape your past.

So guard the gate, be slow to blend,
Not every smile is truly friend.
For character, like gold, must shine—
Not rust beneath a toxic vine.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

THE MIRROR OF COMPANY

“You become like the people you spend the most time with — choose wisely.” — Anonymous

You mold with those who share your days,
Their words, their ways become your ways.

Like rivers carve the quiet stone,
Their habits slowly shape your own.

Their faith or fear, their peace or rage,
Will write their lines upon your page.

So ask yourself, with honest eyes—
Do they lift dreams or shrink the skies?

For every soul is soft as clay,
And company will press its sway.
Choose those who spark the good and true—
And you’ll become what God called you to.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

BURNT OFFERING

“Don’t light yourself on fire to keep others warm.” — Anonymous

You are not kindling for their cold,
Not fuel for burdens you don’t hold.
Compassion isn’t self-erased,
Or love that leaves your soul displaced.

To serve with grace is holy, wise—
But not by dimming your own skies.
Don’t bleed your joy to feed their lack,
Or lose your peace to get theirs back.

Some fires are meant to shine, not burn.
Let boundaries guard what you must learn:
You can lift others with your light—
But not by dying to make things right.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

FLAME KEEPERS

“Relationships either fuel your fire or drain your flame.” — Anonymous

Some pour on oil when dreams burn low,
They fan your spark and help you grow.
Their words are wind beneath your blaze,
They cheer your soul through shadowed days.

But others steal the light you bear,
They smother hope with heavy air.
They draw your warmth, but never give—
And leave you cold with none to live.

So guard your fire, discern the name
Of who ignites and who brings shame.
Surround yourself with those who rise—
Not those who dim your inner skies.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

REFLECTIONS OF BECOMING

“Choose people who reflect the person you want to become.” — Anonymous

We rise by mirrors, not alone,
By hearts that echo truth we've known.
Each friend a glimpse of what could be—
A silent sculptor shaping *me*.

Their courage calls your fears to die,
Their faith invites your wings to fly.
They don't just walk—they set the pace
Toward wisdom, honor, truth, and grace.

So walk with those who shine your goal,
Who stir the greatness in your soul.
For who surrounds you soon will show
The you you're quietly growing to know.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

THE FRIEND YOU WISH FOR

“Be the friend you wish you had.” — Anonymous

Don't wait for kindness—be the start,
A healing word, a loyal heart.
Be steady when the storms begin,
The hand that lifts, the strength within.

Speak truth with grace, give time with care,
Be present love in answered prayer.
Forgive with ease, and cheer with pride—
Be shelter others run inside.

For what you sow is what will grow,
And friendships echo what you show.
Don't chase what's missing—lead instead.
Be the friend you've always wished you had.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

THE UNSEEN RIPPLE

“You influence people every day — the question is, how?” — Anonymous

You don't need titles to make a wave,
A single glance can help or cave.
Your words, your tone, the way you stand—
All leave a mark, a guiding hand.

A silent choice, a whispered grace,
May shift a heart or lift a face.
The question's not *if* you will lead,
But *will* your shadow plant a seed?

So live with care, with purpose clear—
Your influence is always near.
The world is watching—soft and loud.
Will you leave smoke... or shape a cloud?

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

THE SPARK, NOT THE SCULPTOR

“You can’t change people, but you can inspire them.” — Anonymous

You are not the chisel, not the flame,
That carves a soul or sets a name.
You cannot force the heart to bend,
Or drag the lost to journey’s end.

But you can live a life so bright,
It stirs the dark to crave the light.
A whispered truth, a faithful stand,
Can plant a dream or stretch a hand.

Change is theirs, but spark is yours—
And sometimes love unlocks closed doors.
So don’t demand—just shine and be.
Your courage might just set them free.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

THE LASTING TOUCH

“People may forget what you said, but they will never forget how you made them feel.”

— Maya Angelou

Words may fade like morning dew,
Slipped through time and lost from view.
But kindness lingers, soft and deep,
A memory the soul will keep.

The tone you used, the glance you gave,
Can warm a heart or dig a grave.
Not every moment wears a crown,
But love lifts where harshness drowns.

So speak with grace, but live it more—
Let empathy walk through your door.
For in the end, it's not your phrase,
But how you lit or dimmed their days.

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CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

STEPS AND SHADOWS

“Who you follow shapes who you become.” — Anonymous

Each step behind another's stride
Draws lines upon your soul inside.
Their values trail like echoing drums—
And soon, their rhythm slowly becomes yours.

Follow the bold, your courage grows.
Follow the lost, and purpose slows.
Their paths will paint your inward view,
Their ceiling may become your *you*.

So ask not just, “Where are they going?”
But, “What in me will they start sowing?”
For every leader leaves their trace—
Be wise in who you let set pace.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

SACRED GROUND

“Be careful who you give access to your heart. Not everyone can handle it.” — Anonymous

Your heart's not meant for careless hands,
Not every soul will understand.
It's sacred ground, not public land—
So guard it well, but don't disband.

Some seek to hold, while others harm,
Not every smile brings truth or charm.
Some build you up, then drift away;
Some only come to steal your flame.

Discern the ones who love with care,
Who see your soul and choose to stay there.
For hearts aren't doors just swung apart—
They're treasures needing wiser art.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

THE HONEST ECHO

“A true friend tells you what you need to hear, not just what you want to hear.” — Anonymous

Not every voice that cheers is true,
Some flatter lies to comfort you.
But real friends stand where others flee—
They speak the truth to set you free.

They won't applaud a reckless turn,
Or let you crash just not to burn.
They hold up mirrors, clear and kind,
To help you grow, not stay confined.

Their love is not a sugar song,
But strength that helps you right what's wrong.
For truth in love is friendship's art—
A gentle wound that guards your heart.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

APPROVAL IS NOT THE GOAL

“You don't need to be liked by everyone to be effective.” — Anonymous

The crowd may cheer, or turn away,
But purpose doesn't shift or sway.
You're not a flame for every eye,
Nor meant to chase each passerby.

Impact isn't earned by praise,
It's carved in truth through unseen days.
Some will resist the steps you take—
Still, mountains move and strong hearts wake.

So plant your feet, let critics roam—
Not every echo feels like home.
Be faithful, bold, and stay your lane—
You weren't called to entertain.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

THE STORM WILL PASS

“Never make permanent decisions based on temporary feelings in a relationship.” —

Anonymous

A moment's fire can blind the eyes,
And turn soft truth to sharpened lies.
Emotions rise like storm-tossed seas—
But settle slow, like autumn leaves.

Don't slam a door you'll wish was wide,
Or walk away from love and pride.
Let patience hold the wheel awhile,
And wisdom speak with gentler style.

For hearts are fragile, yet they heal—
When led by truth, not how we feel.
So pause the urge to cut or run—
Let grace decide what should be done.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

NO MASKS REQUIRED

“If you want real friends, be real.” — Anonymous

Don't dress your soul in borrowed light,
Or hide your flaws to look just right.
The truest bonds are born in truth—
Not perfect lines or polished youth.

Be honest with your quirks and scars,
Let others see just who you are.
Pretending builds a shallow well—
Where echoes live, but hearts don't dwell.

Drop the mask, let courage lead,
Be the kind of friend you need.
For real will always find its kind—
And truth is where the roots unwind.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

THE MAGNET WITHIN

“You don’t attract what you want — you attract who you are.” — Anonymous

Desire may dream, but mirrors call—
You draw what answers your own soul’s hall.

Not just the wish, but how you live
Will shape the kind of love you give.

The bitter heart pulls bitter sound,
The whole and healed draw solid ground.

You don’t become by chasing more—
You rise by being truth at core.

So work the roots before the bloom,
Let character expand your room.
For in the end, it's not your plea,
But who you *are* that turns the key.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

HONEY ON THE TONGUE

“Let your words heal, not wound.” — Proverbs 16:24

Words can cut like sharpened knives,
Or bind the breaks in fragile lives.
A gentle phrase, a patient tone,
Can turn a heart from stone to home.

Harsh truth with pride will never mend,
But grace in speech can still defend.
The lips that love, the voice that stays—
Bring light into the darkest days.

So speak with thought, let kindness lead,
Plant only what your soul would need.
For words can bruise or softly seal—
So let your language learn to heal.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

THE RAREST KIND

“Loyalty is rare. If you find it, treasure it.” — Anonymous

Not all who smile will truly stay,
Some walk with you, then drift away.
But loyalty—unchanging, true—
Is forged in fire and followed through.

It stands when storms begin to rise,
It speaks with truth, not thin disguise.
It doesn't flinch, it doesn't flee—
It holds your name in honesty.

So when you find that steadfast soul,
Who keeps your heart and makes you whole,
Don't treat it light, don't let it stray—
Rare gold should never fade away.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

THE QUIET KIND

“Influence isn't always loud. Sometimes it's just showing up.” — Anonymous

Not every change begins with sound,
Some moves are made on quiet ground.
No spotlight, stage, or grand applause—
Just presence steady in the cause.

A simple nod, a daily stay,
Can shift the course in subtle way.
No need to shout, no need to shine—
Just showing up can be divine.

For faithfulness outlasts the fame,
And presence earns a sacred name.
So if you think your role is small—
Remember, roots don't speak at all.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

BLESSINGS AND LESSONS

“Some people are blessings. Others are lessons. Know the difference.” — Anonymous

Some lift your soul like morning light,
They walk in peace, their heart feels right.
They fill your cup, they calm your storm—
Their presence feels like coming home.

But others teach through tear or test,
They press your patience, stretch your best.
They bruise, confuse, then drift away—
Yet leave you wiser in the fray.

Not every hurt should be a grudge,
Not every smile should make you budge.
Discern with grace, then move with care—
Both blessing and lesson got you *there*.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

THE POSTURE OF WISDOM

“Lead with humility, follow with discernment.” — Anonymous

A leader bold, yet bowed in grace,
Knows power isn't prideful face.
True strength walks low, not on display,
It listens more than it must say.

And when you follow, don't go blind—
Let wisdom question, seek, and find.
Not every voice deserves your feet,
Not every path is worth repeat.

To lead is not to shout command,
But lift with love and serve with hand.
To follow well, you must be wise—
And guard your heart with open eyes.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

ORIGINAL LIGHT

“You were made to influence, not imitate.” — Anonymous

Don't dim your fire to match the flame,
Or trade your truth to play their game.
You weren't designed to just repeat—
But blaze a path with purposeed feet.

Imitation wears out fast,
But legacy is built to last.
You shape the world when you stand tall,
Not when you mimic, shrink, or stall.

So let them copy—let them chase.
You're not in line; you run your race.
The world needs *you*, not echoes bland.
Leave fingerprints, not secondhand.

CIRCLES THAT CROWN OR CRUSH

FAITH OVER FEAR

“Seek relationships that feed your faith, not your fears.”

— Anonymous

Some speak in storms, and stir the doubt,
They dim your flame, they wear you out.
Their words plant worry, not the seed
Of hope your weary soul might need.

But others shine with heaven’s glow,
They lift your gaze and help you grow.
Their prayers, their peace, their quiet cheer—
Remind you God is always near.

So choose with care who walks your way,
Whose voice you let shape night and day.
Let faith be fed by friends who stay—
And fears will slowly fade away.