

First comes experience

First comes
experience

Before the words can speak
Before the hands know what they hold
Before the strong turns weak

Not for profit
Not for fame
Not to wear a borrowed name
But through honesty
Through the fracture
We learn what still remains

In the broken
In mistakes
In every path the body takes
In every loss
In every ache

We find the shape we could not fake

It's in what we learn

It's in the compassion

The grace we show

The empathy we know

In how we lift each other up

When one feels so low

So when the dark feels endless

When fear becomes the frame

May something in this living world

Still call out our name

And may we come to terms with existence

Not by hiding from the flame

But by holding one another

Returning changed [echo]

May we come to terms with existence

Without fear

Without shame

Still becoming

Still becoming