

Back to the start: Ben Hetherington

The secret I want to tell
Like a tear that almost fell
But I hold back
to find the tact to say it well

Then I find it said best by saying nothing at all
Remind me of the light in my chest when night falls
Remind me to express the divine when it calls
And to see the shine in all the bricks in the walls

Encourage me to fill my days with grace
And tread lighter with every step
Until tenderness and hostility switch place
Until the power and abundance of life is on my breath
Navigating its way through the street
Crossing paths in a gaze or a smile
So subtle in the corners of the eyes
It can energise like a flower not seen the sun in a while

Operating in the fringes
The community is always there
In mysterious ways, it's always been
Pulsing dreams and ways of being
From the person to the planet, ways of seeing
We can embody it if we dare

Cultivating a Garden of Eden is hard for a species riddled with despair
But then again, the world is bound to change
And the directions and reflection of my glare
Standing under my own journey, a free world starts with me
Slicing my shade like a Hanzo blade, revealing the light regularly

Don't tell me about the weather, but whether you're doing your part
Tell me about your fears and traumas, tell me from your heart
Show me how you find your light, show me how you confront the dark
And we can come together, and go back to the start
To a tear.

