

## the hill

Oh you, how I see to your heart  
It's a hill that you live, to climb it an art  
And perhaps you will climb to look down from above  
And find that the trail that you took is all love  
But until that day come, worry no more,  
For you'll climb the hill, of that I'm sure  
And the light will shine forth, from the other side  
but you will see that often you wish you could hide  
For to see this pure light, on this side of the hill  
Is to leave there behind all of the ill  
all the thoughts, the concerns, the pain and the worry  
But of course you can't leave all of that in a hurry  
And in some ways it's scary, to shed all the weight  
For you're sometimes unsure what will take its place  
But rest, rest, rest your head  
You have done much to let go to be led  
And sometimes it's fine to sit back and smile  
At one with the weight, not to live in denial  
of all of your paths, of all of your stories  
of all of your love and of all of your worries  
Because of course that is all that it will ever be  
A mishmash of that which makes up you, and me  
and it won't go away, so don't try to pretend  
Rather now gather yourself,  
upwards to send