



## 4. You Belong

You belong to me...

When you find your name, Child  
You must let me know  
So that I can free you  
From the old

I have seen your face, Child  
In the light of dawn  
And I know that soon  
You will be gone

I am rooted here, Child  
The wind has caught your seed  
And my heart is crying  
As you leave...

May you find your way, Child  
Westward may you run  
Beating out a race  
Beneath the sun

Take my love inside you  
Like a timeless flame  
So that one day  
A fire will burn again

When you find your place, Child  
There the flame shall grow  
And call to you  
The others you will know

For now, always, forever...

Courage for the heart, Child  
That opens in love's name  
Where love comes in  
A path is made for pain

But honour all your pain, Child  
The longing that it brings  
Will lead you to  
The love inside all things

Then carried on the night wind  
A voice begins to sound  
And the words are  
Echoed all around

And though the song seems new, Child  
And your soul is led  
The earth calls out  
What you, yourself have said...



In *The Little Prince*, by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, the prince, who is lonely, sees a fox. “Come and play with me”, he says. The fox replies: “I cannot play with you...I am not tamed.” “What does that mean - 'tame'?” asks the prince. “It means to establish ties” answers the fox, and goes on to say: “I do not eat bread. Wheat is of no use to me. The wheat fields have nothing to say to me. And that is sad. But you have hair that is the color of gold. Think how wonderful that will be when you have tamed me! The grain, which is also golden, will bring me back the thought of you. And I shall love to listen to the wind in the wheat . . .”

So the prince tames the fox and they become, for each other, “unique in all the world”. Then, when the prince’s departure draws near, the fox is sad. “It is your own fault,” says the prince. “you wanted me to tame you...but now you are going to cry...it has done you no good at all!” “It has done me good,” says the fox, “because of the color of the wheat fields.”

When we love, our hearts expand. Yet, when we lose the ones we love – which we must, because of the very nature of temporal existence – our hearts need not contract. Instead, we can find within our pain a deeper understanding of love: eventually, it is not just the wheat fields that speak to us, but the entire world. We come to realize that we are always held in the embrace of the earth (when we die, our bodies return there) ...to which we belong, forever.