

This great web of ours is grand yet small

We are the weavers; we are the weaved

As we head down each interconnected strand

We are the weavers; we are the weaved

Seemingly moving further and further from one another

We are the weavers; we are the weaved

A physical distance which is valid to grieve

We are the weavers; we are the weaved

Take comfort knowing that we have the power to create new strands

We are the weavers; we are the weaved

This web, like us, is still becoming, transforming, developing.

We are the weavers; we are the weaved

Like us, always emerging.

We are the weavers; we are the weaved

And, we will always be connected by the strands already created

We are the weavers; we are the weaved

Strands that cannot be broken.

We are the weavers; we are the weaved

In our short moment together of deep personal transformation

We are the weavers; we are the weaved

We have been weaved together and we will always be weaved together.

We are the weavers; we are the weaved

For in this great web of ours:

We are the weavers and we are the weaved.