circles

it all finishes and starts here, so

listen: this is why i say

we should talk about them

everything comes down to

this, the most basic of symbols

permeating every aspect of

our lives, so strange, on our world

this blue marble girded with white

clouds and ice and green water:

a holy orb

floating almost invisible in an

unfathomable ocean of

dark night, marked only by the tiny fires

tell us this, o shaper of time:

we are surrounded by

roundness of every description

from the lives of tired old stones to

the shapely freedom of an ovum, i offer, yes

to us, somewhat tired souls

i offer this paean:

worship the eternal, the line without

ending the line

without beginning,

the only line that matters is

the one we can smear through

all our three dimensions with their attendant

prophesies of time

repeated and repeating

the sacred return of the medicine

wheel without hub

something surrounding nothing:

nothing is the operative

word of your

departure and arrival, reaching me in the

the burning shelter of the

the fiery sphere that guides me, informs me

i beg you, make warm

my life, my life in you

is all i can ever know, and

if transubstantiation turns out to be the case,

i will find a way,

i will return to your side

as a leaf, or a frog, or

the arc of a rainbow

shining like a multicoloured gem

i purpose to give you

all the colours of the spectrum,

from red to blue, through purple

to red through orange, yellow, green, blue to

purple, rich and triumphant, the colour of

kings and queens, for all their power, like

all of us are unable to escape karma

the wheel of life turns once in an age

of all of humankind

i am one of the few who see that

the logic is inescapable, it is in fact

circular in itself, it is

falling forever in orbit around

my big round head

never escaping gravity, never succumbing

conserving angular momentum

i spin on my axis

a top atop a bigger top, forever

rotating, revolving