

Circles

One leg is shorter than the other
so I circle round and round
the circle of the earth the moon
our galaxies and stars

Order must have a value
benefits of a corral
built hand by hand
wheels within wheels
driving us on and on

People keep talking circles
religion politics society
organs keep playing loudly
while painted ponies
keep dashing round
on the carousels of Man

Under our curved dome
under our bony crown
are circles upon circles
layered deep and tight
dawn of illumination
redundant patterns busy
birthing light

Herein are stacked
our worlds up high
the stars the galaxies
our universe of night

Inside this quintessential clay
reside our fears our hopes
our lifelong dreams
our fervent schemes

What do I really know
One leg is shorter than the other
so I circle round and round
or so it seems