

## Circle Song

Starting carefully, we work  
our ways back to our beginnings:  
I sit in a wooden chair in sunlight,  
writing without thought. Every-  
thing I say or write, I've said  
before, yet in a slightly different  
way. And, if I should say the  
opposite, it will be the same, I  
only add a negative beside my verb,  
which is why the poet is left  
outside the cave or Einstein speaks  
of beauty more than truth. This circle  
is the same on every edge and no side  
lies forever outside darkness; do  
not be entertained, words are never  
riddles; every word contains your  
truth, it is only the importance  
that we give to truth that locks us out.  
When we have given up, we learn.