Circle Song

Starting carefully, we work our ways back to our beginnings:
I sit in a wooden chair in sunlight,
writing without thought. Everything 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.*