

The Circle

*The old they sit in circles and sing of things now gone.
They look into the distance and pray along in song.*

*The young sometimes hear the call, and try to understand.
The rings that their fathers did, and tell it with their hands.*

*They'll tell it to their children in hope that they can
share the things their family's left them, to keep from year to year.*

*The past is something we need to see. That which is
gone was meant to be. To tell of things with movement
true. The tales of old for me and you.*

*We all must live in what is now. The old will shed tears
and wonder how. To teach the young and to be fertil. To
take their turn within the circle.*

*By Michael L. Bilby
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