

WHITE CIRCLES

by Janet Knights

In my space
Spirits circles wove
But saw no meeting;
Too sweet was the taste of truth

I flourished in a whiteness
So many colours filled
That none stood clear
The echo tinted pinks
And faces neon painted
Revolved in useless patterns
I was acquainted well
With the hollow shades
Of this spectrum shining

Then he quiet came
A prism made
And colours sharpened into shapes

Life-hungry eyes forgave
For each in time
And gently he spoke
To a hidden heart
In the voice
Of an elder soul
He amongst the whiteness
Found a place of sight
And with me there, he walks

Time gives not
To leave all colours gone
For in his shades of grey

I cannot sow
But wrapped inside my soul
....he follows
And forever in his spirit
Will I circle weave