

EVER-INCREASING CIRCLES

by Helen Marsh

Joining hands, we become a circle,
Complete, connected and timeless,
We are whole, but not exclusive,
We are one and we will live as one,
But with endless others encircled around us,

Our marriage is neither beginning or end,
But a natural progression of our union,
Which finds us bound but not restricted,
All that was separate yields and flows,
Softly, towards the shared path of our future,

On the foundation of past knowledge,
We build modern family, a space of love,
An expanding community of new and old,
Emitting love, light and sublime acceptance,
We find all things reflected back at us,
Everything is provided for,

Together we hand-craft our next life phase,
It is all embracing, welcoming and generous,
The sensuous safety of our self made space,

Helps us to live bravely and without boundaries,
Here we nurture, thrive and multiply,

All history is ours now, set down by us, made by us,
Strong roots continually feed us, everything is possible,
We grow, we build, we share eternally now,
And holding hands, we look up, prepare,
For there is still far to go...