

## THE LARGER CIRCLE

We clasp the hands of those that  
go before us,

*And the hands of those who  
come after us.*

We enter the little circle of each  
other's arms

*And the larger circle of lovers,  
whose hands are joined in a  
dance,*

And the larger circle of all  
creatures,

*Passing in and out of life,  
who move also in a dance,*

To a music so subtle and vast that  
no ear hears it

*Except in fragments.*

WENDELL BERRY