

CIRCLE DANCE

Malcolm Guite

A sun-warmed sapling, opening each leaf,
My soul unfolded in your quickening ray.
"The inner brought the outer into life,"

I found the light within the light of day,
The Consolation of Philosophy,
Turning a page in Cambridge, found my way,

My mind delighting in discovery,
As love of learning turned to learning love
And explanation deepened mystery,

Drawing me out beyond what I could prove
Towards the next adventure. Every chance
Discovery a sweet come-hither wave,

Philosophy a kind of circle dance,
Weaving between the present and the past,
The whole truth present in a single glance

That looked on me and everything in Christ!
Threefold beholding, look me into being,
Make me in Love again from first to last,

And let me still partake your holy seeing
Beyond the shifting shadow of the earth;
Minute particulars, eternal in their being,

Forming themselves into a single path
From heaven to earth and back again to heaven,
All patterned and perfected, from each birth

To each fruition, and all freely given
To glory in and give the glory back!
Call me again to set out from this haven

And follow truth along her shining track.¹

¹ Malcolm Guite, *The Singing Bowl* (London: Canterbury Press, 2013), 122-123.