

The Satisfaction of Circles

by [Johanna Caton, OSB](#) in the [June 2023](#) issue

I don't mean knitting circles, or musical circles
with their hums and dainty tunes. I certainly

don't mean Dante's Circles of Hell. I mean drum
and bell of heaven-earth-God-human circles,

like those pebble-fall water circles, or mushroom
caps (even nibbled), open eyes, Frisbee's hurtles,

egg-yolks (whole), Cheerios, hula hoops, full moons—
all delegates of divinity's delicate perfection, teasing

our wistful hearts like wayward halos. I mean
even bicycle wheels—not only spokes' and hubs'

Godly geometry (centre everywhere), I mean
their capacity for travel, their revel and reach

like mother-rapture, baby held by her love-gaze,
captured by her mouth's O-shape (love's awe).

I mean I am cycling toward the Summoning Wheel—
I mean my Source—Who (mad potter at his wheel)

throws ceaselessly and shapes the circling clay,
drawing us up and up, higher and higher till we say

Amen.