

Now It Seems a Circle

By Jerram Carr

Now it seems a circle as far as I can see;
the people, the place, the time, the rules
of the land
are ornaments hanging from the same fell tree.
We've had three hundred thousand years,
a couple more if you value philosophy of beasts,
to solve the questions of our time,
but we just return to the answers of last week.
It's happened before it'll happen again.
Been thought before, will be thought again.
The wheel keeps on turning.

So many minds, so many hearts,
and loves and hates,
and moments through time to awake,
and yet the wheel keeps on turning.

I've wrote before and, hopeless, will again
desperate to carve the commandment
on the blank stone tablet,
and yet the wheel keeps on turning.

Who am I? Who are we?
to be so bold in the face of history.
Yet we must drive on towards the sun
despite the wheel that keeps on turning.

From the throne of all the land,
to the throne of all a man,
the wheel keeps on turning.