

## CIRCLE, CHORUS

Lead us  
through your streets, speak  
of this grand steel path. Lead us

through glass & light  
to breath— your circle heart  
as stone drum. All

that spins  
our lives  
beats here:

the pour of Illinois to Washington,  
flood of feet in time  
through parted doors.

The chorus  
of our stride (step  
stomp) sometimes louder

than traffic, clamor  
in waning hours, urban  
symphony. Voices raised

in praise of family, love—  
sharp harmony—  
evening bell: the song

that calls us home  
@ close  
of day.

Mitchell L. H. Douglas