

### Section 3: Spontaneity/Creativity (Prose and Poetry)

## The all-embracing circle

by Ann E. Hale

Her name, when spoken  
calls to my auditory memory  
the calliope,  
trundled into the streets of small and large towns  
when it rains in Holland.

Her crooked tooth  
always visible when smiling,  
or pontificating,  
or sharing the finely tuned stories,  
familiar to us all.  
Gathered once again.  
we listen,  
as if our elbows rested on small knees  
and our cheeks warmed to pink  
with remembrance.

She's pale now.  
The energetic flow of her essence visible—  
Diminished not by spirit,  
just the wear of time well spent.

She does not retreat. But rather,  
entreats  
each of us,  
to marshal our own forces  
to the brilliant and lighted paths  
to being wholly now  
and here.

Zerka, our circle  
embracing us  
with arms wide open.

Thank you for making your home  
here.  
When it rains I hear you  
and the sun comes out.

*Written with love for the teacher and the global person  
who is Zerka Toeman Moreno.  
by Ann E. Hale, her student from 1970 until the present.*