

## Becky Taylor

### "Windmills of your mind"

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Round, like a circle in a spiral  
Like a wheel within a wheel.  
Never ending or beginning,  
On an ever spinning wheel  
Like a snowball down a mountain  
Or a carnival balloon  
Like a carousel that's turning  
Running rings around the moon

Like a clock whose hands are sweeping  
Past the minutes of its face  
And the world is like an apple  
Rolling silently in space  
Like the circles that you find  
In the windmills of your mind

Like a tunnel that you follow  
To a tunnel of its own  
Down a hollow to a cavern  
Where the sun has never shone  
Like a door that keeps revolving  
In a half forgotten dream  
Are the ripples from a pebble  
Someone tosses in a stream.

Like a clock whose hands are sweeping  
Past the minutes of its face  
And the world is like an apple  
Turning silently in space  
Like the circles that you find  
In the windmills of your mind

Keys that jingle in your pocket  
Words that jangle in your head  
Why did summer go so quickly  
Was it something that you said  
Lovers walk along a shore,  
And leave their footprints in the sand  
Was the sound of distant drumming  
Just the fingers of your hand

Pictures hanging in a hallway  
And a fragment of this song  
Half remembered names and faces  
But to whom do they belong  
When you knew that it was over  
You were suddenly aware  
That the autumn leaves were turning  
To the color of her hair

As the images unwind  
Like the circle that you find  
In the windmills of your mind

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