

## Esther Phillips

### "Windmills Of Your Mind"

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Like a tunnel that you follow to a tunnel of it's own  
Down a hollow to a cavern where the sun has never  
shone  
Like a door that keeps revolving in a half forgotten  
dream  
Or the ripples from a pebble someone tosses in a stream  
Like a clock those hands are sweeping past the  
minutes of it's face  
And the world is like an apple whirling 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 the shore and leave their footprints  
in the sand  
Is the sound of distant drumming just the fingers of  
your hand  
Pictures hanging in a hallway and the fragment of a  
song  
Half remembered names and faces but to whom do  
they belong  
When you knew what it was over you were suddenly  
aware  
That the autumn leaves were turning to the color of his  
hair

Round like a circle in a spiral like a wheel within a wheel  
Never ending or beginning on an ever spinning reel  
As the images unwind like the circles that you find in  
the windmills of your mind

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