

## **Maureen Mcgovern**

# **"The Windmills Of Your Mind"**

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Like a circle in a spiral,  
like a wheel within a wheel,  
Never ending or beginning in an ever spinning reel,  
Like a snowball down a mountain,  
or a carnival balloon,  
Like a carousel that's spinning running rings around the  
moon,

like a clock whose hands are sweeping past the  
minutes of its face,  
The world is like an apple whirling silently in space,  
Like the circles that you find  
In the windmills of your mind!

Like a tunnel you discover has a tunnel of its own,  
From 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 whose hands are sweeping...

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 the hallway and the 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!

When you knew that it was over, in the autumn of  
goodbyes,  
for a moment you could not recall the color of his eyes!

Like a circle in a spiral, like a wheel within a wheel,  
Never ending or beginning on an ever spining reel,  
as the images unwind, like the circles that you find,  
in the windmills of your mind!

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