Windstorm

Gloria Jones

windmills cut thru
the void dividing the imagined and true
the eyes neglect to see what the heart pursues
but my heart finds a dream in these unseen hues
in the untouchablethat's not to say
that i don't feel the limitations and the
drop from the expectation
it's not naive
but the heart of creation
it's the only
thing proven true to mewhen the fire's burnin from sky to ground
swing my weight around
begin the windstorm
when the fire's burnin from sky to ground
swing my weight around
begin the windstormtime past has thrown
shadows over my shoulder that as ghosts owned
movement of my desires lost like a stone
cast as a wish into a well with no sound
no answer at the endhow can i say
it's wrong to feel the limitations and the
drop from the expectation. it's not naive
but the heart of creation. it's the only
thing proven true to mewhen the fire's burnin from sky to ground
swing my weight around
begin the windstorm
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