

# 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 untouchable that'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 me when 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 windstorm  
time 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 end how 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 me when 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 windstorm

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