

CIRCLES 89

I turned in circles,
every morning, when the sun came
the place was still the same.
Looking in mirrors,
I was searching for my own face,
which never really changed.

Refrain:

I soon got nervous,
should it be that one way?
I needed someone just to pick me up.

Bridge:

I was not depressed,
I simply got out of my mind
and it was plain to see.

It seemed to me relations changed
in oh so many ways.

Certainly I'd loved in former times,
but now, I needed to possess.

It seemed to me, my life had changed
and it all went up in a mess.

*1989
(April)*