

## THE WINDMILL

Off an open stretch of road I met my destiny  
Though it would take more than time for it to summon me  
Years would pass, lives would change, penance would be served  
Still the truth of what transpired had yet to be heard

The wheels of justice spin, and its eyes are blind  
So when an innocent falls prey it comes as no surprise  
Despite the risk of consequence I offer this contrition  
For the sins I partook of my own volition

My conscience has been set aflame, burning through the night  
Like a windmill turning, with no end in sight

Rolling through the western planes he crossed the Golden Dunes  
To overwhelm me with his strength, mystery and swoon  
Wicked days creased his face, cool nights filled his heart  
Half his age, but in full bloom, with him I would depart

I called the Southwest home since the bequest of my life  
Weary of the customary, longed to be a stranger's wife  
On my birthday he appeared, we toasted seventeen  
Then headed for the open road and backseat chivalry

The darkness veiled our passion, though nothing was in sight  
Except a windmill standing in the still of night

Rumbling through the desert, a rookie road the Dunes  
Pitting his car against the power nature has assumed  
Wicked days seared his fan, cool nights broke its belt  
And though we thought he posed a threat he merely sought our help

The desert hides its treachery like a man who hides his shame  
Thus, my sojourn would reveal, they are one and the same  
Bright lights swirled the summer night in beams of blue and red  
But before the rookie radioed a bullet pierced his head

Waves of crimson blurred the moon, back roads bought us time  
And only the windmill knew we were guilty of the crime

Roaring through the Golden Dunes we left blood in the sand  
Killed a shield before he'd field a .38's command  
Wicked days we killed for need, cool nights killed for greed  
Through it all I remained for the love which I perceived

By the time pacific tides cleansed our killing hands  
A transient stood trial for The Slayings In The Sand  
He'd wandered through the Bible Belt then cruised off further west  
To barter us the smoking gun for an engraved crucifix

A love professed caused others death and bound me for life  
Like a windmill turning without purpose or pride

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Regretting the murders in the Dunes yielded little good  
And with the man who took my hand I coped as best I could  
Wicked days I feared his wrath, cool nights took from me  
What other men would pay him for but a wife gives willingly

He broke my heart but freed my mind from relentlessly  
Longing for a man of strength and mystery  
My dreams are filled with windmills swirling 'round my head  
Faces of the good natured I led into death

My conscience has been pierced, bleeding from the vein  
Like a windmill churning out a copper shade of rain

Returning to the desert planes where stretch the Golden Dunes  
I confess these sins, forgiveness unassumed  
Wicked days I lured them, cool nights flagged them down  
Though I didn't shed their blood my guilt is still profound

Off this open stretch of road I'll meet my destiny  
In the flash of a trigger blast it will summon me  
From my neck hangs the drifter's silver crucifix  
And a map of death upon Route 66

My conscience rests in the peaceful slumber of my suicide  
Like a windmill silent in the dark of night

Rolling through the western planes stretch the Golden Dunes  
Hitting man with all the power nature has assumed  
Wicked days feed birds of prey, cool nights wolves command  
But only the windmill knows the secrets strewn across the sand

- James Grayford