My Mind is a Squirrel

My mind is a squirrel.

It’s wild - it never stops.

It leaps from bough to bough

Like a thousand different thoughts.

My mind is a squirrel.

It scampers and scurries

And races through ideas.

My mind is a squirrel.

It hoards memories and dreams.

More coming in day by day -

So when I’m hungry for new idea

There’s thousands in my mind.

Eliza