

Moon and Mill

Ken Meter

Moon and Mill, Moon and Mill
These wheels that turn through time

Moonlight flows over the old millwheel
Cascades over fallen stones
But the stream is dry and nothing spins
The wheel stands silent like the Moon

The Mill once bowed to the tumbling waters
Spiraled like Moon in a dripping sky
Who heard all the songs of my elders
And held them for my return.

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All that remains of my elders' lives
Is barren soil, a broken Mill
Moon sings of the open arms of the grain,
The moist darkness of the loaf.

Now the Moon glides like a sailboat
Adrift in a sea of stars
I yearn for the moan of the millwheel
Hear only the whispers of fallen pines.

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We give ourselves to the wheel of life
As rye gives itself to the Mill.
We collect ourselves in spirals of dust
And circle like Moon, like Mill.

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