

Sixty Stories

"The Mill Wheel"

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THE MILL WHEEL
Spinning on an axis
The mill wheel goes round
Universes lost in it's wake
Raceways take me down to a distant cove
Cold river drift me away
Grind stones
Make dust of memories
And my bones
Come the machinery
Drifting through the cosmos
The mill wheel goes round
Atoms in the fabric of space
Spilling water back into the rippling tides
On crests we see what light yonder breaks
Grind stones
Make dust of memories
And my bones
Come the machinery
See you walking on the shore
Your dress in the breeze
Summer sun it shines on your face
Spilling light across the water
Glitters as gold
A new tomorrow ushers his way
Grind stones
Make dust of memories
And my bones
Come the machinery

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