

## **A Whimsical Memory**

The old mill stood majestically in the sun beaten world,  
Wood splintered dry, portraying an era that had flourished long before.  
Her millstones would never turn to the rhythm of crushed grain  
Or create the beads of sweat that roll silently  
Down an old man's back.

The door, which stood as a barrier to all,  
Lay crumpled in a cobwebbed corner,  
Mildewed on each hinge, rust  
On the once metallic heart that  
Withstood so much.

The windows that reflected the  
Sun's nobility were shattered.  
Replaced by warped boards,  
Which man had preferred.

A waterwheel that turned to the melodic sound of onrushing  
Water has fled, her spokes broken, she turns no more; the currents  
No longer flow, only dry and barren ground, parched by the  
Relentless rays of the sun  
Gird this once noble warrior.

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