

**The Mill**

Sails sliding past the window and between,  
Stubborn fields shrinking in the August rain.  
I'm in the mill, watching children again  
Rolled on by light, climbing ladders, and grain

Falling, falling. And I do not exist  
Anywhere but here though former selves twist  
Up and I seep prematurely through what  
Is to come. Here, in the mill, I'm pinned tight

By conjecture and memory while rain  
And gently creaking wood unreel my strength.  
I turn on a centre that has no length  
Or width or need of wind. But the children

Calling out to each other rattle time  
For me like a pebble in a tin. Tired,  
I put aside decisions till autumn,  
Knowing autumn is no time to decide.

— *Ian Caws*