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The Mills

By Charlotte Oswald

Rushing water
surging
Falling
seaward bound

an Idea
we sway the flow
to tame the rush
and make our belted wheels dance

Brick by Brick
we build the Mill-life
together as community
our culture thrives

Rushing years
changing
Falling
left behind

an Idea
we awaken the emptiness
to save the Mill-life
and make our brick walls new

Door by Door
we bring the dance
uniting as community
our new culture thrives