

WATERMILL ELEGY

*Night cultivates silence
save the teenagers by the watermill
wrecked out of their lovely minds.*

*Across the flume,
inhales flicker like stars, then burn
slow and long and seemingly forever,
as though somehow the kids understand:
this is a world that wants to forget.*

*At fifteen, we snuck behind the foxtails
and fucked the first time in the grass,
the clinks of sluice and turbine like
mimics of breath.*

*How easily your hands,
rough as millstone, scraped against
my skin, reached inside, and found
the thing they could never give back.*

*How easily, we conceded to sleep,
lured by the metronome song of the bullfrogs,
never thinking, in the brilliance
of our youth, that it is harder to cast
a spell than break it.*

MORIAH COHEN