

Windmill – the post mill at Bourn

Here I've stood for many a year
Turning to catch the wind at its best
From my vantage point I look around
To north and east, south and west

Once the fields were farmed in strips
Men laboured hour by hour
Wheat came piled high on carts
I turned it into flour.

Later the fields had hedges round
But still mouths had to be fed
I continued my daily grind
So the baker could make his bread.

Then I became redundant
My sails, broken, turned no more
My wooden door hung drunkenly
There was rot in every floor.

Now I've been restored again
I'm almost good as new
Though I no longer grind the wheat
I'm a monument to view.

Where once were only fields
Now a new town sprawls instead
People there don't need my flour
They go to Morrisons for bread.

Margaret Hardy, 2021

