

**T**he Lion in the Sun

At first I thought my ox was gored,  
And then I realized I borrowed the ox;  
But, furthermore, it wasn't an ox  
But the thumping heart like the hooves of an ox  
    beating on the threshing room floor.

The round stone moves over rough grain,  
The stick is beating the rump of the ox,  
And the master miller, beneath in the heat,  
Directs the flour as it sifts into sacks  
    like silk cloth flying in a dance.

The work gets done this way, but  
As the sun looks into the western room,  
The miller appears in a halo of dust;  
As the man looks out he sees in the dust  
    the lion's mane circles the sun

and then he hears  
the beating heart,  
the thumping hooves,  
the circle moving  
in the circular room.

**Fran Quinn**