

POETRY

the dust never settles.

by Caroline Kuba



"A sketch over photo joiner of spring petals" by Nelson Lowhim

You can almost watch them
colonize your kitchen.

Filling up the

space.

Indecisive of where to go.

better wait

for the dust to settle — until you take the next breath.

But it never does.

The dust does not stay seated as long as your lungs still conjure storms into the living-room.

It moves with you,

mirroring

and swaying in the setting sun.

Vanishing with the light

no longer

reflecting

those tiny

par

ti

cles.

And oh, how fast they turn,

From tiny dancers to woven nets catching each other by their hands and laying rest
on cushions and couch covers as soon as you close the door.

Awaiting your arrival,

Cowering like kittens

waiting

longing

For the echo of your feet

to lift the veil.

Oh how they fly

motionless wings

Carried by stomps or dropping from the skies, the trees, shagged up furs, turned gray by the
passage of your patience.

Never truly ready

for the dust
to settle.