POETRY

the dust never settles.

by Caroline Kuba



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

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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

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for the dust
to settle.

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