

Dust

The dust on my face
the dust that is me
is left
pondering
celestial dust
left forgotten
on God's windowsill.

The window may be open still,
we may yet find our peace –
that piece of peace
to be had, found wanting
in ourselves.

Wandering the rows
and pondering
dusty, mouldering tomes
in archives lost
cobwebs appear
in the bookshelves
of our mind.

What we find
may crumble at the touch.
The stories lost tell just as much.