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Dust

The residue of time
Settled into the crevices of home:
Letters and autograph books,
Charms on necklaces, greeting cards
From men whose names are lost to time
Generations of these
Spelling out for your heart
The facts of others' lives.
It won't be gotten rid of.
Both finite and infinite
It wills its story into your being
Reminding you
You are part of a long story
You will come to know
In rituals that include
Honoring these treasures
And moving on with morning,
Slicing apples, toasting bread
Sitting on the back porch
Watching the birds you just fed take off
Hearing them sing to you
And to each other
Affirming the fact of being alive
Satisfied with others
Or their kind and others again
As you gaze into the universe of treetops
Listen to them sing your story.