

Dust to Dust

In the moaning dust collecting around me,
I search for my structures.
Twirling around inside,
I seek my safe place.
Deeper and deeper
I need to go further in...
until I can barely see
what is outside,
barely feel
what the future holds.

Swirling movements
vaguely defining
where I could be.
Always hinting,
always flirting,
never
knowing.

The promised world...
the Garden of Eden,
Paradise awaiting
just around the corner.
Like a carrot leading the ass.