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Dust Us Down

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DUST US DOWN

Past the hour for the gate to be unlocked.

He stood behind the fields
because he wanted to follow an example
of how still things hold.

His fingernails churned with damage
as he felt his way through a residue of bark.

Violence recalled against the tall trees,
the fire absolved, the young
niece unable to rest as a moth trembled
against the wall of an unlit jar.

(No one called out to a house whole.)

(They could not say which town corner broke first.)

Table wine brushed into a movable circle on the inn floor,
hundreds of drops addressing an outside wrong.

He pulled a remaining thistle
unshaken from the ground. Backing
his hand away from the thorn
as if he could finally stall an act of destruction.

As if he could cover the turning watermill with a thin cloth
to disarm its spreading voice for the night.