

d u s t

she walked the broken streets
of the dying town
as it lay shrouded
in January snow

the miners were ages gone
worn buildings stood silent
company houses
faded back into earth

little now remained here
the once important
railway line to rust
devil's trumpet had won

she recalled long ago
skipping to the lake
to swim with her friends
the day hot and buzzing

big boys on the trellis
dove into water
and surfaced as one
with a miner's leg bone

they swung it in the air
as one would a sword
laughing and shouting
breaking it upon rock

in
the
end
all
turns
to
dust