

Moving Forms of Dust

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If as the Old Sage says
all moving is dust and desire—
all heedless of inward form, needful of Breath
blowing as wind through hollow reeds,
then what of wind between letters, sisters, lands—
or faces scarfed, thin, or of hearts beating, needs
soaring, as women seek spots not set apart, places
—a house, seat, room—
high and distant, traits, flesh alive as breath—traces
from clouds of dust small as a human heart.