Dust to Dust

Jared Buchholz

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Dust to Dust
Poetry • Jared Buchholz

I’m in a hurry. Brushing teeth. Putting on shoe. Checking pocket. Keys. Wallet. And as my hand grips the brass door knob. The heat turns on. I pause. I smell burning dust. I do not move. The feeling of warmth moves. From the ceiling. From the little metal grate. It moves through the air. Into me. I remember things like snow. How my father would wrap my sister and me in that patchwork quilt that my mother’s grandmother sewed together. He’d smile and say a rhyme. Use words like snug and bug and rug. And I remember other things. Like Erie. Wood burning in a cast iron stove. How green can be forgotten. The taste of icicle. And I think to myself how can one smell do so much. And I say to myself I’m going to be late even though I know I won’t be.