

Michael E. Stone

**Storm Dust**

Like sandy fog  
The yellow storm dust wraps everything.  
Fine sand slips between,  
Windows and frames,  
Doors and posts,  
Eyes and sight.

The jaundiced air,  
Leaves a layer of itself,  
On the green plastic garden chairs,  
On the roses.

And the red trumpet amaryllis,  
—prolix, profligate, portentous—  
With dirt on their thick, sappy stems.

The dust is soil,  
A few drops of rain,  
Turn it into the mud,  
From which God moulded man.

These are spring storms.

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