the dust that catches fire or the dust that moves away becoming darkness lost in darkness…
why try to call it something
or give it a name with a god.
why try to attach yourself to it
or empty its existence.
the opposite of truth is not always a lie
sometimes it is a misunderstanding of what truth is not.
i am sure of one thing and it is if everything is
going to be taken away from me the last thing
i will be holding in my hands is
the heart that danced without exhaustion.

the dust that catches fire.
wf.h.
2019