

**DUST - A SURVIVAL KIT, FALL 2001**

9/25

**Two weeks breathing the dead**

**each breath marking each  
stunning absence**

**ourselves as  
coffin, winding sheet, urn  
worm**

**but oh, of what is God made?**

10/9

**We lived among blossoming words  
until some of them exploded, like one  
human exploding another**

**say human again  
try to feel the word  
on your lips**

10/23

**The dead have dispersed  
It has rained on them twice  
they have drifted to sea  
ascended in mist**

**Breathe them once again //**

**and begin**

*Hettie Jones*