

# Man and Dirt

*by* Marc R. Johnson

Pull in sandy breath

And let it fill the dry cracks in your lungs

Let it give you your grainy words

And find a proper place for your speeches to take root

Among the fertile remnants of the lost and the rot

Please don't forget the queries of your muddied mind

Wherever you decide to grow

Please remember to ask the dirt

'Am I still dust'

