

7-15-2010

***Dust***

October Williams

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle>

---

**Recommended Citation**

Williams, October (2010) "*Dust*," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 2010 : Iss. 32 , Article 15.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol2010/iss32/15>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Mythopoeic Society at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Mythic Circle by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact [phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu](mailto:phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu).

To join the Mythopoeic Society go to:  
<http://www.mythsoc.org/join.htm>



---

**Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien**  
Albuquerque, New Mexico • Postponed to: July 30 – August 2, 2021



Europe from Art and Artifacts,” focuses on the ‘personality’ of Teutonic mythology. Todd has continued his study of language and culture at Haskoli Islands in Reykjavik, traveling the Ring Road and visiting saga sites and other legendary places, in addition to visiting Tolkien’s Oxford homes, haunts and final resting place in England. An illustrator and professional writer based in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Todd continues to draw inspiration from Tolkien and William Morris, while refining his understanding by reading Professor Tolkien’s critics and scholars, such as Humphrey Carpenter and Tom Shippey.

**Joan Marie Verba** has been a member of the Mythopoeic Society since 1975.

An experienced writer, she is the author of the nonfiction books *Voyager: Exploring the Outer Planets*, *Boldly Writing*, and *Weight Loss Success*, as well as the novels *Countdown to Action*, *Action Alert*, and *Deadly Danger*, plus numerous short stories and articles. She is a member of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America, and the Society of Children’s Book Writers and Illustrators.

## Dust

by

October Williams

If I could paint a picture of this room, I’d paint the fire  
In twisting shadow figures ’round the table  
A gust of wind would blow the dust  
About the broom into a woman leaning,  
Face turned toward the ground,  
Her fingers sable on the handle’s firelit gleaming:  
The homely details of the everyday  
Of people I have been among in dreaming –  
A civilization shaken in the dawn and gone away,  
Leaving a shadow people in a solid room  
Where firelight burns and flashes;  
Till dust returns to unswept dust  
About a broom, and ashes unto ashes.