

Letters To Cleo, From Under The Dust

It gets loud down here. Fourteen scurrying feet getting as far away as feet can carry. From under the dust I hear every one of you, from under the dust I can feel it all. I know what you're thinking. I know what you're saying. It was another time. I guess you were a friend of mine. It was another time but not much to recall. From under the dust I hear every one of you, from under the dust I can feel it all. I know what you're thinking. It isn't hard to tell at all. I know what you're saying. Your not whispering.