

The Cone of Dust

By Joshua Bauer

Every afternoon, the Dust Storm rises

Prediction is little

As to where it will hit next

It slowly makes its way

Through the winding narrow hallway

Filling every room

That it passes on its way

The storm never settles

The storm never ends

The only sign of hope

Is a little pinecone tree

In a corner of the room

It is all that you can see

The pinecone tree is short

Yet is filled with many shades

The gust of wind and dust

Fills the color scheme with grey

The tree is made of cones

The cones are made of dust

Heat's the only factor that would cause it to combust