

Dusting

by Adrian Thomson

In pink rooms
Where only lamps cast
Dark halos
On the stucco pink ceiling
Projecting no light
Into dark corners

The edges of the square
Furrows at the base of the wall
Line grayscale highways where
Spiders walk on bouncing feet
And the heavy pink carpet
Like air pocket-less cake
Appears hairy

But there is no way to see it
In the wintertime
When only the lamps splay light
In dark fingers along the pink walls
And not enough in the edges
To discern it from shadow.

So when crocuses below the window
Outside burst from chthonic sleep
And the far-yard pine tree
No longer houses
Shivering rabbits or bedding deer
Beneath its base
And the snows at last retreat
Except for a band in the shadow
Of the high wooden fence

Lace curtains pull open
The highways are seen
The vacuum emerges
The edges are cleaned
The rooms shine warm pink
Like the inside of eggshells

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