

# Watching You Nap Beneath a Faded Quilt

*Angela Armstrong*

The body is past tense.  
It's here, but  
it's already happened:  
softened bones of the hip,  
veins, branches blue with cold.  
So I wasn't surprised to learn  
that dust is mostly skin cells,  
particles of you and me  
that float in winter sunlight.  
Over time, a worn boot falls  
to its side and the clock  
in the shape of a breast  
makes no more sound at night.  
Dust covers everything  
we've ever touched  
as if to say, somehow,  
it remembers us.

