

# The Dust

Robyn Hitchcock

Tiny specks of dust are falling through the atmosphere  
Sunlight passes through them, they don't easily appear  
Some fall on the water, some fall on the land  
Some of them will fall on you if you hold out your hand  
"Father, oh, and mother, How is there such great alarm?  
If you cannot see them, then, how can they do you harm?"  
"They can make you suffer, they can make you change  
They are over Norway and quite soon we'll be in range."  
All our teeth are falling out like leaves upon the ground  
All our hair is falling out, no other can be found  
Some are dying slowly, some are dying fast  
Some of us hold on to life as long as we can last  
Poison and invisible, it falls all round the world  
Fifteen hundred roentgens for every boy and girl  
We just read the papers, we just watch TV  
Passive as the cattle we await our destiny