

# Because of the Dusty Paper

By Chantel Schott

At first it was the dusty paper,  
mounted up by the photocopier of old.  
The dust particles assuming their way  
onto the hairs in my naked nose,  
taking delight in this uncomfortable tickle.

Later I would approve huffing the machine fumes as it chugged back and forth.  
The slow choke pulled tight around my neck bones,  
like a lanyard yanked around my collar.

'A-Choo!'

Compressed eye lids squashed without permission,  
bearing a vision lost behind the shutters for a few seconds.  
Eye lids soon to allow themselves to unlock,  
revealing a lady leprechaun bouncing playfully a top the colour photocopier.  
Covered whole in sneeze droplets and paper dust,  
the lady leprechaun wore shiny silver shoe buckles  
and sounded a splendid tune that screamed from her lungs loudly.

Existing and here, the room stuffed politely with people,  
routinely standing in line for the poisonous machine.  
The pretty shrill squeaking from the lady's opened mouth  
fell quiet in the assembly of all,  
none to bother with greets or chin wags,  
eye contact or gestures.  
Intangibly too small to see, unnoticed like an invented dream.

'Bless You!'

The words quiver in my senses -  
The silence of unspoken words resonate between my ears  
as if a lined choir of colleagues rang out in falsetto behind me.  
I take a peripheral peep as if to challenge my own quiet knowing,  
my hands automating with movement  
on a task forgotten in the wake of lady leprechaun  
releasing objectivity from my hour.

How she tingled in the bask of indifference,  
racing across lines of numbers and  
swirling dust and ink in her feathery footsteps.  
The essence of freedom of thought,  
she was lightly captured for a moment  
in walls of mindful obedience.