Dust

by P. A. Ropes

The grey dust runs on the ground like a mouse,
Over the doorstep and into the house,
Under the bedsteads and tables and chairs,
Up to the rooms at the top of the stairs,
Down to the cellar, across the brick floor-
There! It is off again by the back door!
Never a mousetrap can catch the grey mouse
Who keeps the brooms busy all over the house!