

## Seafood "He Collects Dust"

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Scott (storyteller):

Clouds of dust rolling towards him he remains static  
waiting for the impact and when it hits

David (dying man's last words):

Broken feet on sleeping ground

This lonely place has come

Still breathing with the lights switched off

The circles have been drawn

So goodbye ( when it hits it hits)

Scott:

He stands rigid in his mind great overtures bellow  
reality is all silent

The dust is reluctant to settle blown by erratic squalls  
that disturb the wind, he is reluctant to move the a spell  
could be broken the dust is playing with him

David:

Broken feet on sleeping ground

This lonely place has come

Still watchful as the lights switched off

The circles have been drawn

So goodbye ( the dust, the dust is reluctant to settle  
reality is irrelevant)

And he collects himself

Cuz everything is dead

I wanted it all

Scott:

As heavy particles fall to earth

A haze remains distorting the light

He feels like the last man on earth

He thinks he can hear every speck of dust

His mind scrambles for some words

In reality the words of comfort do not exist

He remains static

A man in the middle of dust

A man in the middle of nowhere

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