

## Dust, Dust, and Space

I'm encased  
In this red, dusty, windy planet  
My hands are gloved  
Cleaned a dozen times  
Clothed in a white suit  
Filtered, and sprayed.  
Everywhere is clean, and sanitized.  
Each table, each cabinet, cleansed to the max.  
Atmosphere's  
No particles  
Fresh, clear, not a speck in the air.  
My breath fogs the see-through glass  
I touch the window, big and wide.  
Outside is a whole different story  
Red dust, dust, and space  
Dark skies and brown grime meet in unison  
Mountains of dirt pile everywhere,  
Craters sizes of skyscrapers litter the floor.  
Dotted with other whites,  
Planting, building, sampling.  
Drones hover over them  
Whirring and spinning  
Taking note of the dull planet it beholds.  
Faraway tornadoes of dirt fly  
Reaching to space, but still needs to stretch  
It's year 2098

## Dust, Dust, and Space

And it's all about

Dust, dust, and space.