Shake the Dust Off

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Shake the dust off
your feet when you leave.
Shake off the blank faces;
shake off the folded arms,
the wooden ears.

The hometown you thought
would bathe your blistered feet
with scented water,
soothe your sorrows,
rinse away the pain,
and accept, palms up,
your upside-down ideas,
has pushed you out
as a stranger.

Shake off the dust;
shake it off
and move on.