

Dust If You Must (Iceland)

Dust if you must, but wouldn't it be better
To paint a picture or write a letter,
Bake a cake or plant a seed,
Ponder the difference between want and need?

Dust if you must, but there's not much time,
With rivers to swim and mountains to climb,
Music to hear, and books to read,
Friends to cherish and life to lead.

Dust if you must, but the world's out there,
With the sun in your eyes, the wind in your hair,
A flutter of snow, a shower of rain.
This day will not come round again.

Join Rolf in his shorts, Joyce, Heidi, and Larry
With Mike, Audrey, Phil, and her Barry,
you will want to remember Connie, Laz, and their Kyla,
along with Beth, Karen, Steven, Al and his Lila.
There was Doyle, Donna, John, and Sheila too,
And with Gina and Adrienne it comes to twenty two.

Dust if you must, but if leisure is your meter,
Then don't go to Iceland with Steini and Peter.
But with 10 hour days chock full of pleasure,
You'll long remember Iceland as a vacation treasure.

Dust if you must, but bear in mind,
Old age will come and it's not kind.
And when you go - and go you must -
You yourself will make more dust!

~ Modified from the original poem by Rose Milligan originally published in [*The Lady*](#).