

Dust

Dust – a thousand light years away,
Dust mixed with water and brittle boned -
So frail yet so bold.

Dust that can lift bodies, hold sadness and thought,
Dust that explodes to fill the air in a cloud,
Dust that infiltrates all space.

Touch this dust and you may shrink,
Back into yourself like a snail into its shell,
Its beauty humbles everything.

Dust does not wait for anyone; it drifts with the wind,
Every second parts of it will leave, always to come back around,
Dust yourself off for there is plenty dust to spare.

Dust does not die, it merely changes, swaps itself for another,
We are just dust drifting through a borrowed space on borrowed time,
If only my dust would swap a piece of mine for a piece of yours.

The dust of my memory is no less real than the dust of here and now,
I can go there if I like, let myself drift on the wind like the dust within my soul,
Feel the ground and the sky of last summer's glow.

- Lucy Bernardez