

# Ashes to Ashes

Yvonne Bamba

I am dust.  
You are dust.

I'd like to believe we come from the same place,  
That maybe in some past lifetime,  
Your particles of dust were married to mine, That we  
must have been a part of something grander That  
was beautifully set on fire.

But when the embers were done glowing,  
And the ashes settled into the ground,  
And the smoke cleared the air,  
We finally saw ourselves for what we were.

Just two scared souls,  
Dwelling in two dust bodies,  
Treading on our fragile dust feet,  
Leaving dust footprints on this dust planet  
Floating in dust space,  
Fumbling for each other's little dust hands  
And loving each other with our dust hearts,  
Making dust wishes upon dust stars  
And just hoping that what we felt,  
What we believed in,  
What we were meant for  
Would last far longer  
Than this dust universe we called home.

I'd like to think not all things made of dust yield  
To every whim of the wind.  
I'd like to think that some things are certain  
Like how I am certain the flame that created us

Did not mean to destroy what we were  
And leave us to float in space forever.  
This fire, this light that created you and me... I'd like to  
think it still burns someplace we may never see, Living  
beyond the edges of this universe made of dust. This is  
where our story began and  
This is where we will reunite once more  
But only when time says we must.

But until then,  
With these little dust hands of ours,  
We will serve.  
And from this life,  
We will learn.

I am dust.  
You are dust.  
And to dust we shall return.