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## Dust

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**A brief note about Dust:** When you leave your home country, usually, you do not miss the country itself but the sense of belonging that being *from* somewhere grants you. Every immigrant knows intimately this particular yearning — even if you would not necessarily return to your “origin galaxy” you cannot help imagining what things could have been had certain circumstances had just been different. Should we go back to the beginning, before any devastation took place in our home countries? Or do we allow ourselves to think of all the possibilities that the future could bring, like a new country to belong to or even a stable homeland? In this sense, imagining what the future could be is a way of remembering what we once had, and lost.

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If we go back, maybe we can start  
    moving forward. But what if  
trying to move on  
    only led us back  
to the beginning?

We move in circles:  
    All it takes is one mistake.

Take me to inception —  
I am longing for the absolute,  
    nostalgic for the future:  
glimmers of possibilities  
    yet to crystalize.

    There is a void in all of us:  
I have tried to fill mine with light,  
but humans were created in the quiet chaos  
of the night. Made of the dust  
of dead stars and ancient planets,  
we have traveled so far  
    from our origin galaxies:  
Through vivid white clouds or  
running through deserts  
    under the precarious coating  
    of the moon’s light.

What if this yearning just means  
that we want to go back home?

Tell me, when you look at the night sky,  
do you imagine the place where you come from?  
    Imagination is remembrance —  
When I die, again I will be dust  
    I hope to go back home.