

## Of Dust and Stardust, She Dreams

by Anisha Kaul

Light years away, she reclines against her easy bed  
Outside, the wind stirs leaves of past and memories  
A gentle lull accompanies the wandering clouds  
Into a distant void of repose, she slowly descends  
Initially one step at a time and then headlong at once  
Stranger dreams surface from the corpses stored in  
Her unconscious  
Now hovering above her tiny being they  
Launch a volley of horror and disgust  
She rolls to the other side, unharmed  
A whirlwind of ashes then arises  
She squints to focus and discerns a phoenix  
Newly born, still shaking its smoky feathers  
At this moment she aspires to be the mythical bird  
Burn bright and scatter as stardust  
Supernova became her little infinity  
Only a speck of dust she leaves behind  
Maybe to resurrect someday

