What If Anything Still Meant Something (Poem)

MFA Thesis by Andrea Munive

Quiet impulses find their way. Letting dust and water leave forgettable marks on me.
The earth hasn’t changed in my life, nor before mine.
I am tethered to my past and present.

Peripheral consciousness and slow time. Layered endlessly it seems.

bland and muddled these marks make on me, if they’re bland and muddled at all.
what if Anything still meant Something?
Honest optimism is still something innate and rarely seen.

The grains of dust and pigment flutter and settle on the page -on the skin- never fully adhering to it.
Fluttering around us, the brief and enduring traces of time.
Archways all around, acting as bridge and protector. Like the sky.
Surveillance is never trustworthy. Neither is a memory.
Neither is a document.
Neither is a person.
Neither am I.

Imaginary and precarious but at the same time a hopeful sort of structure,
if anything still meant something