Dissipate

You’re fading,
More and more,
Into imagination these days.
Like morning fog burned up
By the rising midday sun,
You’re changing states too fast to watch
Too fast to stop
And before I know it there’s nothing left to grasp
Or point to.

Your presence is exactly where you no longer are,
Reclaiming your place as an indistinguishable point on the horizon.

Perhaps it’s better if you return to the realm of
Scattered molecules and not-quite-becoming,
Instead of pretending you might someday condense into rain.
And as you boil off and scatter between the rays of light,
Sparking and hissing like a frayed wire,
The pieces of you I’ve collected will fall victim to friction;
Rubbing all their records and ink away
Until only had-beens and once-weres remain.