

Leaving,  
Like, for real kind of  
Leaving, the dust in the mirror  
Leaving, with no return address  
Or future kind, the way it feels  
To walk past a trekker and say  
"Let's stay in touch",  
The moon's last message to the sun,  
Yesterday's question, that, kind of  
Leaving, it draws you in, makes  
Sleep an option above options,  
Drink the subconscious, because,  
What else can you do?  
Reflection is no option, and  
Then you're gone.

For now, ride, float, drink, be the ride,  
For it will take you where you  
Thought, and nowhere you imagined,  
Until leaving is as fluid as staying  
In place, and all else is transient.