Your hair is falling like thin rain,  
like mizzle, like long, silent,  
lightening snow. An invisible waterfall,  
your hair cascades  
or lifts away from you  
like gossamer, like an inkbrush  
gifting new patterns to the floors,  
furring our mouths, our thickening thoughts,  
our almost-said words.

In each corner of each room,  
swirled across the tiles,  
I find them, these networks,  
these fine cobwebs of you;  
they’re flowering down your clothes:  
every jumper, every skirt,  
even your socks are  
laced with these filaments,  
hair like slender moths,  
like will o the wisp,

drifting away…

And our lives are fastened  
by more shadows  
than we cast.  
Your hair  
lisps like autumn blossom,  
aspects of the you  
you used to be  
on racks in the wardrobe,  
alert in the trembling air.  
Just outside the bedcovers,  
the you you were, seeming intact

but in fact  
we are as we are  
together, alone, as you can see,  
with elusive memories for company,  
with your wisps of hair  
disappearing as gently as breath.