When the worlds collide,

in the moments of strife,

a figure walks through the ruins ablaze,

'Don't come any closer,or you'll burn'

in moments minute, he knew her yearn,

and he took her in the warmest embrace,

'Stop, it can't be!',distraught,said she,

a shimmer in his eye and the faintest sigh

the sublimity put to rest, the troubled sea

A whispering voice,

like a chanting rustle,

ended the seethe and set her free.

(Posted as comment on Cosmosenigmaticmirage)