

I arrived late at the party.  
I had left the silence before you,  
born of a violent collision long ago.

Eccentric,  
I witnessed your first dawn  
and your hands marking time  
around the pure warmth of him,  
at the centre.

You'd see my bright face  
fill up when we aligned,  
but it was midnight  
behind high noon.

In this dance, our arms stretch  
through space and time,  
holding us in the chaotic embrace  
of a three-body problem:

No matter how close we are now,  
there is no telling how far we'll be  
in a millennium;

no matter how apart we are now,  
we might collide tomorrow,  
for violent attractions meet violent delights

sometimes.