

You had left the silence  
born of a violent collision  
long ago

In seconds  
they were circling you  
at the night party  
admiring you like a clock tower  
  
wasting your time

But suddenly  
I saw your bright face fill up  
when your hands aligned with his  
and high noon struck at midnight

Eccentric like a comet  
I drew closer and closer  
and we started dancing  
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 tomorrow

No matter how far apart  
we'll be tomorrow  
we might collide now

for violent attractions  
meet violent delights

Sometimes.