

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 far apart we are now,
we might collide tomorrow,
for violent attractions meet violent delights

sometimes.