

You had left the silence before you,  
born of a violent collision long ago.

They had been going in circles  
around you at the night party,  
admiring you like a clock tower,  
wasting your time.

Suddenly I saw your bright face  
fill up when our hands aligned,  
and high noon struck behind midnight.

Eccentric like a comet,  
I drew closer and closer  
until invisible arms  
now 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 tomorrow;

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

sometimes.