

You had left the silence before you,
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.

Suddenly I saw your bright face
fill up when our hands aligned,
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.