

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

Eccentric, I was still in time
to witness your first dawn
around the pure warmth of him,
at the centre.

You saw my bright face
fill up when our hands aligned,
but it was midnight
behind high noon.

In a celestial dance ever since,
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.