

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.