

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.