

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 tower clock,
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
in a month;

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

sometimes.