

binary star systems

We have eclipsed
into Binary-definity,
dark matter *y*esterdays,
nuclear fusion *n*obility,

111011010.

Rewind to breathtaking quark –

Cataract eye contact pressing into
timid elbow-angularity; a single extended hand
tearing into the Roche Lobe –
“he110.” We were acquainted – virgin satellite
and magnetic black hole, (I’d be obsessed with you
until You swallows me whole), orbit heaving, energy spinning,
disorientating centre of mass conversation – and

the rest of the universe is Abandoned, a stack of papers, a dusty table,
cobwebbed questions unanswered,
Until that final celestial exhalation wedging knife into umbilical,
and the world reverted back
to monochromatic truth; pulsating black-and-white,
a battered pulpos heart folding into itself
like an expired galaxy –

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But

Once y0u t0ld me y0u’d like t0 kn0w me
f0r a 10ng time

I realize Binary star systems are tattooed into orbit,
empty matter, nothing matters – spinning into the perpetuity of a wedding ring, until
You dust the wrinkles off sepia Roche Lobes with
a nostalgic invitation –

“M0nday”

- innocent acceptance and churn back into orbit, dimming star
retrieves its glow,

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