

## **MY SEXUAL SELF AT AGE SIXTY: On the Astrophysics of Attraction**

Like a rogue planet passing occasionally into view  
most of the time I drift through interstellar space  
in a cold vacuum of inconspicuity, surrounded by  
frozen asteroids & traces of interstellar debris.

Sometimes, however,  
a random passing body produces  
a faint nudge – over time, such events shift orbits  
& eventually I start a descent  
towards the solar center.

Approaching the inner planets  
my body heats up & vapours arise.

At the height of passion  
I become incandescent –  
a celestial sperm whose tail elongates  
along a path with only two outcomes:  
repetition or impact.

Will this time be another fleeting encounter?  
Or a finale longed for since emerging  
4.6 billion years ago?

Statistical probabilities suggest this:  
Heading towards the outskirts of oblivion,  
I will cool down while moving past jovial gas giants.

Entering a world where the calmness is near perfect,  
amidst frigid ejecta & empty space,  
I will become coolly indifferent—  
almost forgetting how I  
am linked to ancient cycles  
& when it comes to gravity  
all of us  
can be swayed

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***Miok:*** Hmm. This dude seems so utterly isolated.

***Chris:*** Yeah. I would guess he's afraid of close encounters of any kind.

***Tim:*** Well, human closeness is seldom easy. All of us bear the scars of former collisions. It's amazing that most of us manage to function as well as we do.

***Cantara:*** Hey, which would you rather be — stuck way out in the frozen Kuiper belt or risking collision to obtain closeness and warmth?

***Miok:*** Isn't moderation possible? Is it really necessary to go to extremes?

- T Newfields

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