Amor Fati

Dana Trusso¹

For Jennifer Jo Johnson (1951-1981)

I was born as an antidote to death
I was born to be light,
a flat Sun over an evil Earth.

Melancholia, we know things.

The kernel within
blossomed before blood,
death worship and other devilish dealings—
black hole babes
bathe in moonshine,
our pharmakon.

I understand you
because you know what it means
to hold it within,
the tension between opposites,
a celestial harmony
divine and repugnant.

(You killed your baby,
that’s okay I killed mine too, and yet)
You see through my eyes and I see through yours.
Two planets orbiting each other like
Tristan and Isolde,
our story star-crossed and sexxee.

I want us to be together when it happens.

We would dance in the stone hail
floating in cemetery beds

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we would learn to breathe underwater
separating oxygen from hydrogen
sprouting tails like wings.

I wish I could have met you
held you,
your big misunderstood heart, lovelorn.
I wish you could have known me
held me,
vulnerable and new, bursting with love.

I exist because you do not.
I fight your fight
resist Ophelia’s siren song
for you and for me
and all the beauty in between—
for this fate we call love.