

Entropic Being: An Existential Love Poem

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Thinking of our love and
Its ever growing permutations,
That becoming of you and I that is
Separate,
Yet together
In the isolation of knowing only the inner I.
Slowly, we become an emergent, negotiated *We*
Born from the transferred energy of minds, bodies, and
Our ever emerging selves.

Love —
That symbiotic being towards each other,
Where my happiness is contingent on your well-being
And yours on mine.
Of the ever contested grounds of our reacting selves charting the
Alchemical depths of each other's identity,
I do not need to speak of fate or pre-destination.
Our love was not written in the stars,
Nor was our first meeting
The elaborate performance of some omniscient ephemeral puppeteer.
No mystical charlatan predicted us,
Nor should they.

We live in chaos.
You and I have always been alone;
Launched at birth into time and space,
We stumble through our lives
Navigating the endless potentialities of our existence.
Meteors hurtling through a perpetual
Now, now, now,
We cannot go back,
Only forward
Into the unknown next.

In that now
That has joined the ever growing
Trail of debris we call the past,
I saw you and aimed towards your orbit.

Crashing into each other's realities,
The heat of our gravities enacting an entropic doing, undoing, and
A becoming.
Each kiss, each touch,
A transference of atoms and
Lost parts of our being arising in the other as
Energy exchanged.

The origins of our collision is
the meeting of you and I,
Our history exploding outwards from one minute possibility of thousands;
A single grain in time and space that we each unwittingly arrived at.

I do not need a story of prophetic love.
To have happened into that one moment of times possible,
The birthing of a new universe
Where the galaxies of yours and my existence collided and
Exploded into the new possibilities of our shared reality,
And to have charted a path where you and I might orbit each other:
That is more beautiful than any cosmic destiny.

The cooling of our universe is inevitable;
Our mortality is our destiny.
But for the time that my core of being burns,
And for as long as we hurtle through the uncharted now,
Each particle of myself rises towards you,
Fusion driving me onwards
To share our trek through time and space together.

Tidally locked, magnetically drawn,
I am charged by the unknown possibilities
Of the now that we are burning,
Shaping, and forging
Into a shared history.
A growing assemblage we'll call
Our story.

