

A half-life we have had. . .

Mark Fullerton

A half-life we have had, but now we're halving;
Where two was one now there's but simple two.
For either half there'll be no disappearing –
Total mass remains, configured new.
Elemental is the substance of our sharing,
Divided treble to the tune of two.
Earth, water, wind, and fire to each not sparing,
Conserved in boxes meant for me and you.
Our split's more telling than our distant fusion.
It matters we once wed, but black's the end.
My life revolved around our sharing union.
Now your life's forces you'll no longer lend.

Your periodic protest proved unstable:
You never spoke with power to turn the tables.