

(A WW2 invention, to set off a shell at closest approach to the target, even if it isn't on-course to actually hit it)

-- *How sad the friends never known, for want of a point of contact.* --

Some insist on everything. A perfect hit, *just-so*  
Contact, direct and immediate - *immaculate*  
No wavering, no approximations  
No gap, that the spark must jump

"If it all didn't explode into bits with the very first burst of fire  
then it mustn't have been meant to be."  
Fudging past their fear of unknown trial and loss  
with false and flimsy fatalism

But I've been watching arcs and courses  
and attitudes, for a long while now  
And I don't mind a little bit of wiggle and sideslip  
A risky maneuver, at a doubtful entry speed.

If you've happened to swerve away unexpectedly  
After I've already sent my offering  
towards the point in the sky where I expected you to be  
I won't just shrug gracefully.

I trust that the qualities that made you seem  
such a tempting target in the first place  
were real and correct,  
even if the way our lines diverge implies a miss

I'll take noise and bang and shrapnel  
A close guess, a try - *imperfection doesn't bother me*  
I don't accept that poor timing or bad aim  
must always be a narrative subtext from god

What scares me is never getting another chance  
Watching you fly away forever  
Without even noticing  
how close we came to being firm fast friends.