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## Amor Fati

Dana Trusso<sup>1</sup>

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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2 *Amor Fati*

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.

