

ECLIPSE

She nibbled on him  
bit by bit,  
coming in for the kill.

When she finally swallowed him,  
she teemed with his fire,  
glowed gloriously in the darkness  
that settled upon us a blanket of ashes.  
Reds and yellows framed  
her silvery face like filigree.

But she couldn't hold his fire for long,  
released him little by little.  
The morning birds sang for his return  
as his cries of freedom enveloped us.

She took her lone place in the sky,  
her natural muted glow  
now a tarnished silver.