

# Eclipse

We carry the news with us. It sits in the eyes  
Like cold tears, like the lake at midnight  
And the dark thick and cold we say we see through  
As we study the company of stars in the North American sky.  
It comes to us like this:  
Miami, in the state of bloody flowers,  
a Blackman gunned down by a silver badge on an immigrant policeman  
From an island stolen from a blue Caribbean sea.

By the Great Lake whose name's meaning is long lost to us,  
On the landfill in the frozen-breath dead of winter,  
From the stone steps of the observatory,  
We witness the eclipse,  
The round, pearl-faced moon in the shifting sprawl of clouds.

(I wonder if once someone divinely human read clouds like tea-leaves  
in this same dark blue cup of sky.) Now  
we are artless here, unskilled laborers lost under leaves of cloud-  
gathered cold. We blow into our hands. Our fingers too stiff,  
too betrayed to pull a trigger. Our sight too poor, too blind.  
Is this how far we've come by faith?

The cup runs over in a perfect curve across the moon, over and over,  
Until all that is left is a silver worm of light,  
or a single-celled animal.  
The rest is obscured by a quick flow of cloud, moon behind shadow,  
Shadow behind clouds.  
We blow into our hands and say and pray that we evolve.

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