

Anatomy of an Eclipse

by Sam Jowett

Tell me we fit effortlessly
as flawless as a lunar matriarch swallowing its solar sibling
light desperate, crescent devouring

Tell me we're not cosmic coincidence
not as two celestial spheres passing in Copernican flirtation—
but rather anchored in Ptolemaic perfection

Tell me we're not fleeting
three mere minutes, so brief in actuality
yet forever lingering in memory

Tell me

As world desaturates into midnight ephemera
as Mercury winks, as Venus smirks
and the moon gnaws away that last auric sliver

That

As our fingers entwine and their silhouettes fuse
as the corona unveils and its gossamer hairs shiver ivory

You

As solar diamonds glint through lunar craters
as twilight withers...our grip loosens and...

Won't

a rush of warmth
masking an absence of
touch

A blush of light
the spectrum blooms
every conceivable colour to

Go



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