

## ECLIPSE

He is a shadowy god,  
a god of walking under ladders  
and twisting leaves into a night rain  
that glistens with vigils.  
He travels the length of a blackbird  
with a hole for an eye  
and pales the shadows of granite angels  
broken down at the library,  
their shamelessness clipped  
with stone wings and golden dye.  
He is a forgotten god,  
dribbling ghosts and moths  
out of his mouth,  
a web spit with points of stars  
settled in a dark corner of eternity.  
He is a god with a certain preference  
for gray mornings,  
that sudden dullness of a  
starving prophet  
curled up  
as he feeds on the sun.