

# ECLIPSE

*Michael Fantina*

The Moon was dark like an alien ark  
When I felt on my cheek a kiss,  
While Mars in his barque shone a dead red spark  
And the Moon was caught in eclipse.

I was held fast there in the cold night air  
While all the stars they seemed like ships,  
When out of her lair the ghost of despair  
Seemed to catch the Moon in eclipse.

She was pale as bone as she stood alone,  
I notice the curve of her hips.  
In a feminine tone I heard her groan  
As the Moon glared down in eclipse.

She seemed half divine like a sweet red wine  
To be drunken slowly in sips.  
The curve of her spine and her smile combine  
To freeze the pale Moon in eclipse.

Well I know but this, that no earthly kiss  
Can obtain from a ghost's pale lips,  
Though such was the bliss that I know that this  
Was the cause of the Moon's eclipse.

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