

# Eclipse

by Kurt Venables

The sun is Light  
Uncorrupting, true gold  
The eye that gives vision  
Ichor of the soul

The moon is mood  
Full, crescent, joy, vanity  
In our world gone mad  
Moonlight strains sanity

A world denied Light  
Soft as wine's sweet sips  
The moon's ill-fated pace  
Yields a total eclipse

But today, a soft face  
A jewel, heaven sent  
Sunshine at the dawn  
Of enlightenment