

# Eclipse

*Sally Ashton*

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I would like to have seen Montana.

You are a lunar eclipse to me, he says.

You suck all the air out of a room, she replies.

I find I do not escape my own mythology.

She is a high wire aerial artist, a creature of my imagination who ran off again.

The rise, the exhalation of breath, why it is the violins soar, reach the sobbing stars.

These are realities you haven't considered, a thought as chilling as the depths of space, she says.

I watch the amusement park empty at sundown, he replies.

There remain corresponding pregnant usages, then, a smell of smoke all morning.

We are always remembering each other for each other, the way the moon floats in the waters of the canal.

Somewhere, very near, a mosquito circles in.

See, the moon drifts beneath Earth's shadow, he says.

O thin, precarious light, she replies.