In Light of the July 27, 2018 Lunar Eclipse

so this is birth: bloody and angry. resentment bubbling up at me like lava.

you are my moon--

you are steady, unchanging on a consistently turbulent cycle.

a new face every night, but you always come home.

does that make me the sun?

i am raw unstable energy,

a burning helium core.

i am strong enough to destroy worlds,
but given the right distance,

i can bring forth life.

remember the solar eclipse last august:

you stood between me and the earth.

people looked up in awe

as i was stranded in darkness.

and they this solar phenomenon

brings a new direction,

and i say

that in august

you fell into my life,

and i have never burned the same.

some days you are full.

the light of my love refracts and washes over you.

and some days you are new--

the cycle begins again.

your back to me, and you are so dark i cannot find you.

and *still* i haven't stopped burning.

haven't stopped consuming heavy

elements.

i haven't stopped crackling and flaring.

i have blinded and burned,

and i cannot stop shining.

tonight, my darling, it is your turn

to be eclipsed.

when this earth that has held us together

stands between you and i,

you will bleed brilliant red and the world over will stir.

they say this lunar phenomenon brings about the

of a chapter.

end

raw truths will emerge, and by night's end

we'll know what to leave behind.