The Life Guard Saved from Eclipse

I saw the life guard go down for the last time with more than a little satisfaction.

Sleep's not a bad way to drown though not as good as the way the moon almost lost her light.

Tonight it was me who kept watch as she swam through the sky. The guard was sinking in bed and hard currents of dream kept on twisting him round. The moon in shadows almost over her head never looked so calm. Maybe she recollected how she'd lost this breath before.

How above it all she was. The penumbra troubling her had nothing to do with love.

That dark undertow let her loose so close to our window she had to swim in. The splash washed the guard up in a wreck of sheets, washed me off my feet. She's giving him mouth to mouth and letting me sink. The moon takes too much satisfaction starting this over again.

DANIEL DAVID MOSES