

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.

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