

EZRA OZ

# ECLIPSE



## 1. (ECLIPSE)

turn tide  
your parted lips  
trees falling like the rain  
turn your insides insides out  
turn good weather bad

the star-burned gestures of  
    our carelessness  
when asked our diction is poor  
our hearts like nailed chameleons  
hang like jupiter over flowering moons

oh, the tyranny of the past,  
which is the irredeemable parole.  
is it that one can make too much  
of the past or that one cannot  
make enough of it? that is, does  
it crush us with definitude?  
at 26 to see the sunrise across  
the camarque and castille,  
to receive news john had  
made it to the other side, to hear  
while stranded amongst the  
black forest pines, from my  
radio, that rubinstein is dead.  
is this language that dies when  
i die with?

*1990 Princeton New Jersey*

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we wait for its return  
 its unreluctant certainty  
 its minor uncton as it closes its eye  
 and finally sleeps brief instant  
 and every morning we will awake to its  
 long eclipse called day  
 and each day shall register our imprints  
 in the passing fantasies of clouds

language and language, to build  
 a wall of language. on one side  
 lies the inexpressible, on the other,  
 the unjustifiable. the choice of  
 who we are is the choice what we shall  
 be able to express. it shall be this  
 wall. for the depths, of what use  
 language? there are not both depths  
 and language. we shall never grow  
 accustomed to the massive body of  
 the unsaid, never resolve the  
 unframed question.

## 2.

after the eclipse  
 while still all the people  
 were running for cover  
 while still after the red strollers  
 sweating mothers dragged  
 their pregnancies like carcasses  
 across the street  
 chained the family dog  
 to the bumpers of parked cars

the china blue halo around the  
 moon by a street singer at 21,  
 and I gave him every dollar in  
 my pocket in return. pleiades at  
 26 when first I saw them between  
 trees on a brick laid cambridge  
 street, and we called them the  
 Judy cluster. the twice daily  
 tides because the earth is falling,  
 really falling, at 31. what right  
 family and postman to bring me news  
 beyond this! and what interest I  
 could have? is this not all that  
 dies when i die with?

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to all the frightened harbor pilots  
 who watched the moon disappear  
 to all the brave little warriors  
 who took keen advantage of its darkness  
 to all the elderly but still upstanding citizens  
 of this fine nation  
 I have proposed moments of bestiality  
 followed by millions of remorse  
 I have advanced cloud-like formations  
 followed by days of dream-warmth

### 3.

so where  
 where are those rivers  
 that are giving all you people life  
 i guess i've lost my way

something's missing  
 stolen like the key to the cupboard  
 taken by wandering gypsies  
 put in their violins

where mountains washed by time  
 a settled fury above the stars  
 delusion ordained for points  
 and lines delusion for casting  
 a veil of eternal knowledge but  
 still, these washed mountains change.  
 interlocked interembraced yet free.  
 always the feel of wind when freedom  
 is echoed. is there no freedom on  
 a still windless day? before it  
 rains air is drawn out, thinned  
 and made warm, the shutters drawn.

## Epilogue

### Night

liquid running  
 waves o' lake  
 spread water back  
 push t'or moon's reflection  
 night dressed bride  
 in water spread black.

*1982 Paris*

and so turn tide  
if parted lips  
of flowers turn gold  
of partings light as  
the dying of butterflies  
ending here  
alive again  
sober and sane and  
within arm's reach of reason sharp razor  
and reason stands so so uselessly by  
to watch me cocoon in to  
navigating the reasonless ends  
of all reason

5.

I'm lost  
the city spins  
the people drink wine and  
pour the excess upon the ground  
the ground  
springs forth fountains  
and they like kids play  
in the city fountains

4.

to the left the city walls are well guarded  
and above the route the moon takes  
draws no resistance  
and we  
we keep ticking like falling bells  
their calling  
calling for resistance  
the irreversible pull of gravity  
bears no resistance  
and we,  
falling,  
resistance less

all falling into the earth  
falling into the sun  
falling into the stars  
falling into the holes left  
by our own limited imaginations,  
  
resistanceless and therefore unbounded  
our loves in the irreversible time of time  
and falls of gravity  
gravity falls and we follow oh so very  
obediently chatting all the time.