ECLIPSE

Judy Schavrien
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I
through frozen branches
the bright moon slowly darkens—
must it be so?
dreaming across the ocean—
as the moon and our last embrace
fade piecemeal:
even in Amsterdam
hearing her voice
I longed for Amsterdam

II
the sparrow alights
and the bare branch gives way—
I am not resigned
losing both the friend
and the city I love—
how dare she!
woke up this morning
mote in my eye—
tearing and tearing

III
"aap van ’n meid” we called her
monkeyface—this
no longer makes her laugh
should have kept up my Dutch—
on the phone, first time ever,
too tired for English
she’s doing it her way
full of grace and laughter—
but now, less laughter

IV
and when you’re gone—
I’ll refrain from what you call
my “Jewish opera”
no wailing, no
railing and rending of garments—
but a true savoir faire
even the sweet moon herself—
fades after all
utterly to black
For your sake, dearest,
I’ll bow my head to it—
these things happen

—Judy Schavrien

December 20, 2010, Walnut Creek, CA
For Marianne in Amsterdam