

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Eclipsed

by Lou Beckerman

Press Play...

They bicker; pick
at each-other,
nag, snipe, scrap, gripe
They shame, blame
berate, pixilate
He never can
come 'up-to-scratch'
was ever 'no match'
for her,
once his queen
now his 'crone' stripped
of her throne
Such is their glue –
it's how they grew
apart together

Fast forward...

Cosmos flips a switch
and without hitch
moon slips in
under sun
Eclipsed, these
two ships
pass
in the heart-stopping
moment of mis-timed
night,
out of fight in
the failed light

Pause...

Unstuck, on ice, on hold
behold how
they count the cost
and ache for all
that might be
lost. See them
yearn for light's
return. Hear how they
would about-
turn in a heartening
beat, come
hint of a glint in
this faked twilight
They'd make it right;
their future appearing
utterly clear
and equally
out-of-
sight

Play...

Breath comes in once, twice more...
rhythmic as before
There's a glimmer, a glow
a return of life-on-loan
Relief. Grief postponed
Black washes white
and light resumes with
vows to revive love; to
recapture romance
in this second chance

Fast forward...

They're sticking in barbs and pins
scoring, losing, winning
wars with word as sword
A spate of spats
over a vagueness of this or that
while her erstwhile guru
is '*without a clue*'
his ex-muse a '*shrew*'
They're forgetting, re-spreading
their homespun glue
It's all they ever
knew. And as a chill
spills over
each is smothered
and eclipsed
by the other

Stop