

THE RELUCTANT ECLIPSE

I follow the man
Who gambles with gender
Not knowing from one night to the next
Which way the dice will fall

I walk carefully
Trying not to bleed
While the eggshells
Are crushed beneath my bare feet

Like tiny shards of glass
Longing to be part
Of something whole
They cling to me

And I to them
Reveling in the pain
Blood splatters across the floor
As Jackson Pollock does his dance

Reminding me that I am whole
So I exhale
Thankful for a new tomorrow
And the Expressionist angel
Watching over me.