

Eclipse

Exploding in space, the sun is controlled
On our blue horizon.

Gravity-bound, the moon is captured,
Faithfully facing us
In her wandering circumnavigation.

The moon lifts the oceans,
Pushing and pulling on our
Rhythms and cycles
With the sun, planets,
And all universal motion.

Not from some singularity of chance
Do the sun and moon meet so perfectly!

In day-lit blue-sky
Turning dark and starry,
Can I believe anything other than,
Almighty God, what odds!
Swirling clouds of randomness
Could not throw three dice
So Earth, Sun, and Moon
Matched as this eclipse!

Inside the umbra,
Strange, cool breezes freeze my heart
And all the neighbourhood dogs,
Chained securely in their backyards, cry.

Science often considers it quite remarkable that the disk of the moon and sun are positioned such that when the moon passes between the earth and the sun, its disk perfectly covers the disk of the sun. The fit is perfect—not out by a fraction of a fraction. When this "eclipse" happens, we call the dark shadow on earth the "umbra." In the umbra, people experience the darkness of early evening or morning. The brighter stars become visible, and due to the cooling effect of the shadow, a wind begins to blow. Also during this strange darkness, animals such as dogs and cats behave in erratic ways, usually expressing strange, unusual noises.