

American Eclipse Sonnet

That same freight train wakes me up. Outside, moon,
a lot – the tin roofs look like sails stretched taut.
I'm an experienced awakener. Turn head, turn
body, turn pillow with sweat rorschach.
Just yesterday in America people travelled to be
in the path of totality, like weekend monks. I must
resist the phone's black magic. Count to a hundred;
alphabet; pin bows on lambs; revelations, etc.
Fail. Instead, I listen out for his breath beside me,
but as usual can't make it out – this is how he sleeps,
perfectly quiet like entering a blackbird eye,
weightless as to not disturb whatever busy industries
the night might thrum away – this is how he has been
unto my life, here, on the platform, where the corrugated
steel containers all read IT'S OKAY, and I can rest.