

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## **Totality**

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It was the moon that let us view the sun  
and not be blinded. Darkness gave us light.  
And when we let the safety glasses fall  
like scales from our myopic infant eyes,  
we knew that we were naked. And the light,  
now harmless, dazzled all around the void  
(for so it seemed, not solid) as we gazed.

Twilight at noon. The day turned inside out,  
as chill descended, swallows overhead.  
But what was most inverted was ourselves:  
eyes upward, looking far beyond our selves.  
Only a darkened sun could light the way:  
the dark that let us dare to lift our eyes  
to the bright burning edge of our desires.