Eclipse
After Chloe Honum

In winter, I went to the hospital
to see you as your mind grew
into a giantess hunched in a house.
Movements chewed the furniture,
and your rib bones tilled the walls.
Your eyelashes became blinds
testing light at the windows.
I leaned against your bedframe.
When your gaze moved, the nurse
said, *she’s looking at you.* A song
caught in my throat, the notes
a family of floorboards. *I know
that song,* I imagined you saying,
sun livening your copper eyes.
*I know,* you spoke again in a voice
that strung me into a chandelier
too high, even for a giant. Your
eyes blurred when two hands
eclipsed their panes.
Then, once again, blinds.