

Ellen Goldstein

Partial Eclipse

Her father woke her up
and carried her into the kitchen.
She had never seen it so dark,
the coffeepot off, the stove unlit.
He took her to the window:
Look, he said and pointed

above the trees, she saw the moon
had turned red, like rust creeping
across a familiar face.

She screamed,

and he put her down,
smoothed her hair, and waited
until a spark of silver sprouted
up the metal faucet, and light
lay itself shining along the counter's edge,
and the moon's imperfect circle grew bright
against the dark field of the oven door.

Ellen Goldstein was born and raised in Virginia. Her poems have appeared in the *New Hampshire Review*, *Measure*, *Subtropics*, and *Valparaiso Review*. She lives on the North Shore of Massachusetts