

Last Eclipse of the Moon

Last night

What drew me out to the street

In a coat and thin pajamas?

Not just that baleful, bloody moon

Hovering over the black rooftops,

But more the fact that I had read

It's the last one of the year,

Last total lunar eclipse –

At least from my spot on the globe.

Astronomers console me:

As sure as time and tide,

Another “umbral event” will occur next year.

But I am old enough to know

They cannot promise that *I'll* see it.

No telescope exists

To gaze through black infinity and say

If this one really was *my* last.

In fact, with scientific certainty

And a different mathematics,

As sure as time and tide,

One night *will* come a last eclipse,

One night a last full moon,

Last moon,

Last night.