

Full Lunar Eclipse, Late September

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We're told this gift of the heavens will not return for eons.
We prepare to receive it, clean out our calendars and hearts,
Stand at the sky-altar facing east and pray for a clear night.

The prairie spreads its gold and purple garments
Over the low hills and onto the undulating Plains.
Here, we breathe the pulse of deep roots, exhale earth.

Cattle settle onto grass, burrowing owls hop
Into ground holes, coyotes and pronghorns
Find cover in time to navigate by the stars.

It will be an eclipse visible to most of North America.
It will be a Super Moon, closest to Earth for decades.
It will be a Red Moon, a hanging reminder of doom.

We're not far from the Black Hills, the place that is
To the Lakota the heart of everything that is, the womb
Of Mother Earth, locus of births and sacred burials.

And meanwhile, further east, well into the night
Farmers work their fields, aided by this Harvest Moon,
Before and after it dims yellow, to orange, then blood.