

Eclipse

by Natalie McNabb

Your child's smile stills, fades
from pictures pinned to old cork, held
to the fridge with new tape.
Your brightness softens, goes out,
like your light clicked off as I leave
your damp locks, falling, melting
into your soft neck and pillow, you
wrestling with dreams in shadow
like me. I have traded
your Kodak-trapped smile
for mine.

~ Virtual Writer, A Longford Literary Project