Digging for Moongold
(or)
Making a profit off the sun's misfortune
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This day
the day of the eclipse
my sluggish step became a gallop
when I saw the work of the maple tree
outside the college library.

It's spiny tipped leaves
were fragmenting light, minting out
crescents like a solar forge—
crescents
which drizzled down to the pavement
clinking, flipping,
spinning to a stop,
arranging themselves
in glittering constellation at my feet.

Like a seasoned farmer,
I gnashed my teeth
and set down to harvest,
fearing, that at any moment,
the sun would emerge
out of hiding
and levy his taxes against me.
I loaded my pockets with crescents,
filling my socks to the ankles.
I crammed them into my underwear
until I was bulging and rich.
I looked into my hands,
hands bathed in the sun's misfortune
and saw sticking to each sweaty
crease
crescents
like a colony of cheshire cats: bodies already gone, now left, only smiles.