

Eclipse

By: Aimee Zhao

Darkness draws in,
Light fades,
The sun's weakness
lets the moon conceal it.
The eclipse.
Darkness comes,
Cold,
Shivers within us,
Knowing nothing,
We're trapped.
Peeks of light appears,
Bring us to life
Warmth melts us.
We are released.

(photo copy of Eclipse image, original as attachment) By: Aimee Zhao

