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## **Eclipsed**

Lorna Van Gilst Dordt College

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## **Eclipsed**

Lorna Van Gilst

Leaning out the door at dawn, robed in rose chenille, she points me to a cactus spine heavy with bloomone grand flower, creamy white, one full-orbed flower, awaited like a child, born in the night, announced admired caressed now softly bathed in morning golda gold that withers in an hour like Hamlet's cup. The gleam of dawn too urgent for the morn, the new-birthed flower folds and fadesa life fulfilled.