

W H Henke Jr, 1970's
reflecting on cloudy day
of solar eclipse

ENCORE

I knew we could predict the motion
Of our world, the sun, the moon
That in a far-off land one afternoon
I could see that moon in front of pass
To hide the rays of that yellow orb.
Then, and then only, could I see
An awesome spectacle elsetime concealed.
Of that occasion I knew the physics
Precisely why, how each thing appeared
Yet this understanding obscured no beauty
Of this universe that I was in.
I knew also of the weather
That dampened sea air could form clouds
and thus when rain began to fall
when high above the spheres aligned
my seeing nothing was no supprize.
Of probability I was acquainted
And of the arbitrariness of these things.
Yet upon leaving I laughed sadly,
"What type of world would think
To present a play with curtains drawn ?"