

Shadows On My Mind

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Nightly patrols along the-line amongst shadows of the past;
most every move, until that day... that very moment of violent
surprise when they parted.

Still, the shadow had brought momentary relief from broiling sun;
I stood attached between sun and shadow-dancing upon my face, and
toyed with the shadow, shifting stance teasingly... gliding, flickering
over whatever in jest. I must be losing my mind.

Bright light o'er my shoulder, yet I stand alone in spirit without shadow of my own.
Dead bodies in sunlight cast a shadows—spirits don't.

A carousel of grief flooded my thoughts; I wondered what had happened.
I turned to face the sunlight, but not the sun; far too bright and yet my eyes did not
squint... somehow comforted by its caress.