

In Shadows

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We grow so large the world misses
a beat trying to contain us. The clock
we live by whether we admit it or not,
swallows whole streets, and the dog
dances with itself in the setting
sunlight; just before nightfall, it tries
to catch up with its shadow; with night.

And in the dark, we imagine the shadows
all objects cast . The crater a bomb makes
in the sand. The water each dying tongue
hopes for at the last. Shadows do not
make happy poems; do not attend luncheons.
They do not weather the fronts crossing
a troubled heart, but when shadows
close in on all we hold dear, or know
in our hearts to be true, we grow bigger
with each passing breath until we nearly
become the air, the water, the light
or dark. We become the other self
featureless in shadows and grace. And
in becoming our fullest we are tempted
to abandon this world and go off
into the other country or into the sky
casting a giant shadow backward to earth
with our own thoughts holding us down.
The unthinkable - one measure of our days.