

Me and My Shadow

by Dennis Payton Knight

He joins me in hot weather and cold,
In high spirits when the day is bright,
And plays at his best on the new fallen snow.

In the early morning he is many times my own height,
But he becomes compact and close when the sun gets high.
I tried sometimes to outrun him in my first childhood,
And I treasure his company now in my second.

He pushes me confidently up the hill,
And precedes me with caution down.
Our communications are wordless
But we are synchronized.
When I wave, he waves; if he nods, I nod.

He is behind, then in front,
To one side, then the other,
But somehow, he gets lost in the shade.
So that's why you'll usually find us
On the sunny side of the street.
Me and My Shadow.