

Where Do You Come From?

By Sheila Johnson

You are delicate, and suddenly appear without hue.
Oh Shadow, Where do you come from and where do you live?
You reveal answers to mysteries so long overdue;
All the while holding precious, sacred life that you give.

Shadow, you create doubt almost everywhere you might go.
You hide lies of the rich; reveal their shame as you move.
You can hide in the darkness when light dances to and fro.
You give respite to those who have alibis to prove.

You mimic all life and follow death far beyond the grave.
Shadow, you move with the newborn, and walk with the sage.
You can dance, dance, dance, as a ballerina would behave.
Or choose to run with the wolves commanding your stage.

You are sacred, dear Shadow, tending mercy by your side.
Turtles bring life in your darkness birthed by the moon.
Laughing children try to catch you as you skillfully glide
Beneath their tiny footsteps you disappear too soon!

Shadow, why do you grow so tall and wide by any light?
Does courage keep you present? Do your eyes refuse fear?
You have wisdom more than most; moving free is your delight.
I know where you come from! I know you are always near!

I sit in the Almighty Shadow, Who keeps me from harm.
The Sun by day, the Moon by night, guide me through the storm.
Your presence gives me calm when the world is on alarm.
Shadow, you are there always; when things are not the norm.

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Shadow.