

# O Shadow

By Michelaina Johnson

Shadow,  
How do you feel?  
Downtrodden and alone  
Sown to the feet  
Of someone unknown

To follow and be shunned  
To always see the light  
But never play a part

These are harsh days we live in  
Where the shadow is but a poor  
reflection  
Of our own grief and pain  
Bankrupt blackness we see  
An intangible,  
Matterless plane  
Always to our back

Shadow, you are controlled  
by the movement of your possessor.  
Where is your escape?  
You are a prisoner, a slave  
To your born captor

No brain,  
No strength,  
Not even a song  
Can you utter from your  
Vacant lips.

You are a puppet  
Subject to the whims of the  
Puppeteer

Your existence is temporary  
And fleeting to the eye  
Your appearance is subject to the  
Light of the day

In a photo, in a painting  
You are captured  
But never meant for display  
You instead are only for dimension  
Subject to the purpose of the artist.

For you, O shadow, I don't see much  
hope  
They say such doesn't exist in  
darkness  
Which, at the end of the day,  
Is you

Though you disappear at dusk  
To our eye  
You are the absence of light,  
And that darkness is what we fear.