

# BLACK SHADOW

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When I was a kid visiting America I would chase my shadow across the sidewalk in front of my grandma's house in Southern Indiana. The pavement there was smooth, the monolithic remains of the cookie-cutter suburb movement.

You wouldn't think this concrete had held the feet of a thousand migrations—you wouldn't think that I would be so fascinated by my own shadow. Back then I only chased my shadow

in America, where the pavement was conducive to seeing how black a shadow can be.

Red dirt in Kenya is an arms-open lover, gathering sunlight in its folds, making no discrimination against the feet that step across it. But in Southern Indiana,

the pavement is flat, defined against the grass, and reflects every shadow of every shadow. Pounding feet, I chased my shadow across the sidewalks of Indiana. My black shadow. My permanent shadow.