

## Forces

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# Shadow

Pasco Rowe

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## Shadow

*Pasco Rowe*

I walked up to the edge of the riverbank and sat down next to  
my shadow  
Beside the shady sycamore and let my rusty coffee can of juicy  
worms rest.  
The cane pole grandpa taught me to fish with also served as a  
tool of corrective discipline,  
But today I put aside my youthful exuberance and settled my  
straw hat over my eyes to reflect.

I ran over the list of disastrous accomplishments that make great  
stories, but leave painful stings  
As nature nurtured my soul when suddenly my shadow tapped  
me on the shoulder whispering,  
Remember that time we rolled that big black broke bowling ball  
down the bank into the water?  
The following interrogation ensued through two-inch particle-  
board. "Isn't that where you wanted it?"

My shadow don't know much, but he has his ways of getting me  
in on mischievous plans one  
after the other that end up getting me chased to the brink of  
exhaustion with wide whelps  
to encourage my mischievous mayhem to detour towards reform  
with painful stings as  
constant reminders to look up the word "shenanigans."

My runny nose finally corked up and the cool earth anaesthetized  
my backside enough to venture out  
upstream, but the shady sycamore filtered out every urge and  
desire to wander from underneath the  
peace and protection that separated me from mischief and my  
shadow. I usually wait till after dark  
to go home on days like these, and everyone wonders why I  
never catch any fish.

