

SILENT SUMMER SHADOW

by Gertrude Olga Down

In late summer afternoon
where a small white stone cottage,
wrinkled with serpentine cracks,
hugs the edge of country field
harvested for the season -
no birds flit the trees' branches,
no breeze rustles the stubble,
no insects buzz drooped flowers,

Only one tree-shadow moves,
seeps slowly from weeping arms;
creeps to menace the still yard;
with resolve, crawls to cottage wall
and overpowers forsaken bike
to snake between the stilled spokes
and taunt unmoveable wheels.

Strengthening and bolder now
shadow climbs ever higher,
flattens itself on the white space -
stains its palsied face
with self-images.



...poem in response to... **Spark Box Shadow**

by artist **Ralph Heather**