

A Shadow on the Summer Sun

by Bill Yarrow

Shadows are so admirable in film noir
less so on x-rays and mammograms
What is a shadow but a white cloud
in front of a yellow sun? For most
people, that's all it is, but I have
come to see it as an ominous
dullness, a yellow smudge in
front of the whitest bright
disc. That is singing, not
ringing, in my ears
The sad song of
spilt milk. The
soft song of
the yellow
sea. The
muddy
song of
dawn

One waits for dawn: it never comes
You remember
You were with me on the hill

This contemplation of the past is contemptible
beneath cowardice
but the future is fearless; the present less so

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muddy

song of
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soft song of
the yellow sea
The sad song of
spilt milk. That is
singing, not ringing, in
my ears. For most people
that's all it is, but I have come to
see shadow as an ominous dullness
a yellow smudge in front of the whitest disc.
What is a shadow but a bright cloud in front of
a yellow sun? Shadows are so admirable in film noir
so much less so on x-rays, scans, and mammograms

