

Only Shadows

by Michael Tusa

There is a whisper in the shadows,
that stalks the field
and clings to the feet
of the wind.

I saw it once, and I watched it go, and today I saw it pass once
again.

And I and mine, hid beneath the skirt of the leaves,
clinging to the legs of the tree,
closely whispering amongst ourselves,
wondering
if shadows can see.

