

# 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.

