SHADOW

by Tim G. Young

I am a shadow. Cooler than a liquid. I don't need a container to take shape. I can shrink and grow and I mean I can really increase in size. True sometimes I'm little but then you probably won't even see me. My favorite is when I'm a jet plane drifting over the mountain tops, desert floors, swamps filled with nasty reptiles: ha! There ain't much of nothing that can put a chill up my more than flexible spine. *I don't actually have a spine, hell it's difficult enough making the effort to type but...hey shadows don't have to explain everything.*

All right, there is one thing and it doesn't actually frighten me, I mean, it somehow comes with the territory and there is damn little I can do about it. I suppose I have to rely upon the kindness of strangers or at least the person or machine, for that matter, who is responsible for turning on the lights. I'm talking about the darkness for god's sake. Light and darkness. But something is pushing me along too fast and I'm not able to organize my thoughts in the cohesive way I wanted to present them to you. Shit. New paragraph.

I don't want to be a liar my first time out of the box, so to speak, which reminds me of that lovely story by JM Barrie, you know which one I mean. I mean I fell in love with that girl Wendy the first time she touched me. Well, it wasn't me exactly but a damn close relative. Doesn't matter, I still felt every stitch and finger tip of that gorgeous hand. Please stop me. Anyway I was attempting to get at the natural ingredient of nature, which is known as darkness. But

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the moment I realized I wanted to mention it (as an enemy) was the same moment I realized just how much of a friend, compatriot, collaborator, yes, collaborator the darkness can be. Well that is if indeed the darkness is able to join forces with the electric lights I was getting at earlier or, and this is what I sometimes totally prefer because of its nature; the moon. The full moon particularly and, of course, the setting sun which affords me the chance to stretch like a monster, break all the rules and swing into night time like the mad party fool I am.

Don't think that I have forgotten all about show business and theater and all those entertainments where the use of lighting designs enhances all the performers and helps create DRAMATIC shadows. That is technology. That is shadows brought forth on demand. OK. Call me old school. I believe in the sun and moon and my nod to electricity is as follows: headlights, streetlights, flash lights (I do love those especially when I'm the bunny) and that's it. You know, I never said it so succinctly before. "I believe in the sun and the moon." Isn't that cool?

I'm still working on what might have been pushing me before. I'm not usually a fighter. I have been in some tight situations where I've been called upon to squeeze through a door or crack and I have hid between such unlikely places as between the big toe and the next one but letting someone or thing push me around is not my usual MO. And here it is. See, part of the beauty of this writing thing is it allows one (even a shadow) to get down to the bottom line. Not the cash thing I hear so much about but the dirty bottom line of what is truthfully going on. Now I can report it was completely a psychological 'push.' I'm going to call it the first time jitters. FTJ. I was simply afraid I wouldn't be able to completely explain myself with these, at times, hideous representations known as words. My bag is the line drawn between light and dark and at least in this one

instance the word 'shadow' seems to be exactly the one I've been looking for.

One last thing. I mean I could probably write a book about this 'one last thing' but I know the light during the writing process would change much too drastically for me to continue typing and I damn well might begin thinking about Wendy again. The point is that I have known all of you at one time or another. Don't argue because it's absolutely true. Have you never walked down the sunny side of the street? Have you never sat on the beach in the moonlight? Have you never sat on the patio late at night (with those most desirable patio torches) after all the guests have left, lit a cigarette, and watched the shadow of the smoke drift into oblivion? Have you never turned on the lights in your darkened abode? Or a billion other possibilities? Well? See. I know you. And just so you don't begin to get a little paranoid about this; please remember I do not retain any files on anyone. And if I did I'm not the kind of shadow to share information with anyone! Just look at me as your own private shadow. Go ahead, I won't laugh. I guess I'm only really interested in getting to know each of you better.

Oh and as a type of Post Script, you know that song, 'Me and My Shadow,' well I didn't write it but it sure as hell wouldn't have happened if I hadn't been around. Think about it.