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Shadow

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Shadow

Pasco Rowe

I walked up to the edge of the riverbank and sat down next to my shadow

Beside the shady sycamore and let my rusty coffee can of juicy worms rest.

The cane pole grandpa taught me to fish with also served as a tool of corrective discipline,

But today I put aside my youthful exuberance and settled my straw hat over my eyes to reflect.

I ran over the list of disastrous accomplishments that make great stories, but leave painful stings

As nature nurtured my soul when suddenly my shadow tapped me on the shoulder whispering,

Remember that time we rolled that big black broke bowling ball down the bank into the water?

The following interrogation ensued through two-inch particleboard. "Isn't that where you wanted it?"

My shadow don't know much, but he has his ways of getting me in on mischievous plans one

after the other that end up getting me chased to the brink of exhaustion with wide whelps

to encourage my mischievous mayhem to detour towards reform with painful stings as

constant reminders to look up the word "shenanigans."

My runny nose finally corked up and the cool earth anaesthetized my backside enough to venture out

upstream, but the shady sycamore filtered out every urge and desire to wander from underneath the

peace and protection that separated me from mischief and my shadow. I usually wait till after dark

to go home on days like these, and everyone wonders why I never catch any fish.

