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Shadow Dance

Bob Graham

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Shadow Dance

Bob Graham

The blushing meadow beckons,
With warm, inviting rays,
Tugging our clothed spirits, like
A smiling child on sleeve.

Drawn beside wild, lilac blooms,
Purpled pulse of home and honey,
We burst woven reeds
And sparkle in the shine.

A most perplexing pair,
We sprightly pry and ponder,
Shy Emily and bardic Will
Consume of whom the other.

Our shadows writhe and wriggle
On nature's silky sod.
Man's consummate yet untried truth
Revealing oft as one.

Yet on this still, chill earth,
Cool breath upon the skin,
Thinly disguised selves detach.
"Twas warm at first like us."