

FOREVER UNNOTICED

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When shadows are unhinged from bodies,
would their absence even be noticed?
Weightless essences of self flit along a
pebbled river bed, listening to the stones chime
as they are cast in careless abandon—
caught in the fingers of playful nymphs.

Would we remain oblivious as our shadows dance
amongst the dandelions?—clinging to the downy tufts
as they fly on the soft air of a child's wish,
bouncing off the ebony fur of a humble bee.
Coated in a splash of sunflower pollen,
he hums his joy as he busily bumbles his way home.

Oh, how we miss them, as darkness steals them away.
A capricious existence, doomed to vanish at the
whim of a velvety cloud, braiding a path of gossamer
lace across the face of the moon. Darkened—gone—
drifting on the powdery backs of fireflies
to play hide and seek behind our blinkered eyes.