A Shadow on the Summer Sun

by Bill Yarrow

Shadows are so admirable in film noir less so on x-rays and mammograms What is a shadow but a white cloud in front of a yellow sun? For most people, that's all it is, but I have come to see it as an ominous dullness, a yellow smudge in front of the whitest bright disc. That is singing, not ringing, in my ears The sad song of spilt milk. The soft song of the yellow sea. The muddy song of dawn

One waits for dawn: it never comes You remember You were with me on the hill

This contemplation of the past is contemptible beneath cowardice but the future is fearless; the present less so

The muddy

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