

My Shadow

I kick, I stride, double pole and glide.
It seems in endless repetition
East and South, it's good to be out,
My shadow is my companion

In morning I find he lags behind;
He lets me set the pace.
Homeward bound, it turns around:
It's me that's giving him chase.

On either side, matches kick and glide:
We head in the same direction.
Silent and strong, we belong
He's not mine by election.

In the chalet he fades away.
The why I've never inquired.
On a cloudy day, he will stay.
I assume that he gets tired.

Bunny Dempsey