

Shadow

Sun sharp, my shadow-self my compass,
but this morning one is not enough...
there's another, with each stride more real,
and we talk, my second shadow and I,

and history becomes now, and the old
geographies become the present, and
the battles – when Charlemagne battled Moor,
and Santiago Matamoros took up the charge

and Navarre first found a voice – they're fought
alongside me, and I hear the battle cries,
poppies by track side are touches of blood,
sound of sword on shield in counterpoint

with cicada hum, rising and falling, and
a lone bird clicking an endless reproof –
and hermitages, stone fresh-hewn, are bright
with noise and chatter, piercing, polyglot –

there are arguments, the prayers and songs
of many a land, and the tramp of boots,
and that sense of moving onward, none
of us then or now are resting, we've all

a goal, over the horizon, many horizons,
to a final horizon, finis terrae,
or a place beyond all horizons ...

yes, we talk, my shadow, my companero.