Shadowed

A meditation lit in birdsong, in river, in bluff, in drag-line sky filled with an ancient landscape of rhythm and economy.

Who is not its daily servant, companion ghost, composed of air, twig, bone, shadow, the body in its meager profile?

What is the name of the man sitting alone on shore, does he see that he is just another man’s shadow, reflection in the artist eye, figment and story? He will never be real without a bright exposure, the fruitful, fertile journey at the speed and length of light, like these words floating out on white paper, landing like discarded seeds, petals, stalk, sand, the plastic threads of expression only dimmed in the lowering evening, brushed against the midnight corners. a hatched chronicle on fading waters, across mountains, dim and industrious as a fish swimming under the river’s horizontal line, gloriously veiled behind linen clouds, beneath the fading rocks, momentously spread out as a gift to us in this long, quiet, museum room, below this high, lifted ceiling.

© Mary Wehner