

“Shadows Falling”

a poem inspired by Steve Richardson’s Photo, *Robin*

by Michael Glaser — *From the Book of Appearances vs. Reality*

Shadows Falling

“Robin” Speaks

I

Even though dawn crests its magic
in the eastern sky, being on the water
is no longer the legacy my father thought
he was leaving to me.
Each day I feel the darkness setting in.

II

This early morning ritual has become a death knell
rung by the shadows of those who will not turn
from the comforts they cling to like limpets to a rock,
or rush to like lemmings, leaping to a fool’s death,
their appetites unabated, their hungers unpersuaded.

III

In daybreak’s silence, I listen to the river’s cry,
see my reflection in her struggle to survive
endure the grief of knowing that what is unseen
beneath the keel of my skiff is trapped in a rising toxic tide.

IV

I think of my ancestors – watermen all –
hold the wheel,
feel it shudder,
and weep.