

The Shadow

by Jonah Eisenstock
In memory of Zachary

I stare into the empty room
Filled with shadows that were

A small shape catches my attention
I peer though the swirling, veiling mists and see
A small child, not yet two, sitting, smiling
Slumped it seems he cannot move

Unnoticed, I look closer
At the memory I can't remember

It is odd, it seems to me, that such a small thing could bring
Such joy
Such grief

I never even knew him, but I feel I have forever

I wish I knew
I wish I knew

It is very cold
 very dark
 very empty

Out of the mists
Comes another figure
Taller
Stronger
Walking

I know it isn't the child, but
I cannot help but hope it is

The new figure
Is a young man, 15 years since
He embodies perfection

But only because
He wasn't given a chance
To err, to wrong

He left too soon

But then the wishes
And the weres leave

To return
Again...

 Again...

 Again...

 Again...

 Again...