

Ellen B. Ryan

My Reckless Shadow

takes stairs head first
no way feet can catch up

steals through locked gate
teasing me over bars

scales lone pine on ridge
clutching curvy cones

leaps giant hay bales
hundred metre hurdles tackled

dances along split rail fence
mourning doves undisturbed

walks on water
rippling in boat's wake

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Sun slips behind cloud  
my daring double slides away