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Diane Webster

Shadow Moments

The old woman shades
her eyes from the morning sunshine
as she stares down the road
thinking she heard
a scuffle walk approaching
but only shadows stretch
in stop-motion moment.

The playground swing celebrates
its stillness as it hangs
in a smile of emptiness
so light not even its shadow

admits movement
until after the tick of noon.

The old woman's back
warms in the afternoon sun
shrouding her shoulders
like a shawl,
like a superhero's cape
as her shadow reaches
toward dusk and dreams
of jumping out of the swing
and, for the moment, flying.

Diane Webster's work has appeared in *El Portal*, *North Dakota Quarterly*,
New English Review, and elsewhere. She also had a micro-chapbook
published by Origami Poetry Press. She lives in Colorado.