

Carole Wilkins

SHADOW

A woman in a hat is walking in front of me
The ankle ties on her sandals flap like mine

Her body looms, stretched longer from the waist down
A silent outback figure in a Drysdale painting

I turn into a street and she moves beside me
Waiting for some whispered confidence

Now she is ahead again
I stand on her feet, re-playing a childhood game

She is more me than me
Dark and purposeful while I wear silly, bright colours

Soon she disappears in a shade web of trees
I take my other self home