

## PRESENTIMENT

Today I stepped over a basket  
but no, I noticed in stepping  
that it was only its larger shadow.  
The basket was not in my way.  
I still feel the shock & my swaying; the leap of  
the ball of fear in my mouth.

How often in life  
we first see the threatening  
shadow, but the object that casts it,  
follows humbly and small  
it its wake.  
And oftener still  
the object that casts it,  
the spatial object  
(a round-bellied Falstaff)  
fails to appear.

How often in life  
we first see the threatening  
shadow, but the event,  
the dreaded event suspected  
to cast it,  
fails to appear.

& I (Kantian student) must ask:  
What then was first,  
the thing or its shadow?