

**“Here is a poem I wrote about my daughter, Leslie, when she was around two. We were walking on the Santa Cruz pier. She seemed disturbed by her shadow and actually tried several times to scrape it off. It was amusing and got me to muse.” – Don Edwards**

### **Poem I**

Up until a certain age  
Her shadow followed a known pattern.  
It was a sticky darkness,  
Mimicking motion from ground-shuffling stumps,  
Angular at sunrise, stretching, leaping to escape  
Like frightened flypaper.  
In the noon it was a fat frog, docile,  
Loath to move.  
Behind many lights it was schizoid,  
Many overlapping shapes  
Trying to spring loose everywhere.

And one late afternoon,  
On a nice new wharf,  
She wanted to be rid of them.  
She scraped her little feet against the wood  
As she would if she had stepped in something.  
The angled Giacometti stick stretched.....  
Got free and fled the stumps;  
Ran on its own initiative,  
Instinctively seeking others of its kind,  
Similarly inclined.

3-30-1967

I wrote this sequel on Leslie's 30<sup>th</sup> birthday

**Poem II**

At another age,  
Seeking the lost, remembered child  
While flighty shades played,  
She mused through fractured lights,  
Had she grown? Is she nice?  
Would she play with me again?  
She split and split  
To Air, to Fire, to Water, Earth,  
To the wharf again to sing:  
She's gone!

At last, the place she likes to hide.  
With spires of steel and glass.  
In to boxes all alike.  
Delight in splendid colors.  
Near God. My friend.  
All the searching done.  
The lattice captures whole again to stumps.  
I'm back. Shall we dance?

3-30-1995