

Urban Legend

As I stride down
the catacombed streets
and alleyways, seeing
the ghosted pale red glow
of city lights,
I hear an echo of
other footfalls; loud, grating . . .
See shadows of figures
down dark sideways.
The road I walk is
cobblestoned and weaving.
Friends once walking
upon the path, now
join the phantoms in the
shadows.
I pain to see them go, but
as I hear the
crisp tap of their shoes
against the pavement,
I know they didn't belong
upon my faerie path.

Then I feel a gust of air
that lifts the crumpled newspapers
and sends leaves to
scattering about the stones
at my feet.
I turn behind, and see
a man without a shadow.
He left it behind him in order
to fully live -
to fully walk upon my path.
And we join hands,
take off our shoes,
and move forward, away
and toward.

