

**University of Massachusetts Amherst**

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**From the Selected Works of Charles Kay Smith**

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## Shadows Know, A Poem 11/12/2014

Charles Kay Smith



Available at: <https://works.bepress.com/charleskaysmith/143/>

*Shadows Know 3/5/2015*

The day is gone and all its fury gone  
twilight teeters as the sun is done.  
And shadows lengthen along the street  
before the night so dark, so deep.

And always still the shadows creep  
unfurling the blanket that beckons me to sleep.  
We are creatures of dark and light;  
who desire all day and dream all night.

I follow shadows with some fear  
There's mystery here, but I'm no seer.  
The candle flickers like my heart,  
my pen stops and I listen to the dark.

And always still the shadows creep  
the dark enfolds and beckons me to sleep.  
We are born to reproduce and stay around  
to rear our brood till safe and sound.

After that, nature hasn't plans pending,  
and selects not for our graceful ending.  
Yet, I sense that my most gracious act  
is to clear the stage for a newborn actor

with the same infant desires as mine  
that prompted me throughout my time  
to love to get attention and be social, to yearn  
to cooperate, be curious, play and learn

to grow up with insight  
to whisper softly my goodnight.  
Rage is right when it's striving  
to end the suffering of the living,

but, since the dead feel no slight,  
why rage against the fading light?  
Is it my day's end, and is it my time to go?  
Who knows? The shadows know.