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Two shadows

by Elizabeth Spires

for Madison

When we are shadows watching over shadows,
when years have passed, enough to live
two lives, when we have passed
through love and come out speechless
on the other side, I will remember
how we spent a night, walking the streets
 in August, side by side,
following two shadows dressed in long grey coats,
unseasonable clothes they didn't seem to mind,
walking so easily, with easy stride,
merging for a moment, then isolate,
as they led us to your street, your door,
and up the steps until, inside,
love became articulate: eye, lip, and brow.
When we are shadows watching over shadows,
we will not speak of it but *know*, and turn
again toward each other tenderly,
 shadow to shadow.

Elizabeth Spires is the author of six poetry collections, including *The Wave-Maker* (Norton).

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