

# DANCE WITH SHADOWS

*Caitlin Cherniak '18*

Shadows are ghosts of memories.  
They come out at night when  
you least expect the fantasies, and  
you start to feel them again.

As I sit alone under the moon,  
on the empty sidewalk with a suspicious  
spider, I look over the lagoon  
of grass next to traffic so treacherous.

I keep exchanging vertical glances  
to see if the shadow of you will appear —  
The shadow that resembles the chance  
to rid myself off an ongoing fear.

The question runs in circles like a dog  
chasing its tail. The question of remaining love  
hides in the shadowy black fog  
and clouds the bright stars above.

As I dance with my shadow, I wait  
for yours to join, and lately, the truth  
is heavily prevalent. I fear that fate  
is steering me away from youth.

The field I sit by is nothing but  
a desert of fake grass and thin trees.  
My tears and romantic heart avoid me to cut  
the ties from the wishing to the logical mess.

All that haunts me now are false hopes  
and wishful thinking as I drive home to reality.  
My head tells me to move on from hopes,  
yet my heart will weigh me with broken gravity.

*My name is Caitlin Cherniak. I graduated from Rollins College in 2018 as an English Major, Theater minor. I write novels by hobby trade, but I also like to write short fiction and poetry in my spare time. I have published work in Brushing and the Independent previously and for Down in the Dirt's online magazine.*