

Shadow

by Frederick Smock

Every morning my sister went out
into the cold dark air
before school, before breakfast,
to the barn to feed and brush her mare,
a golden palomino none of us knew
was with foal. And so, one morning,
a shadow stirred in a corner of the stall—
a colt, black as the night, on wobbly legs.
His eyes caught the light of her surprise.
My sister exclaimed her blessing
and came running back to the house
to announce to us the birth,
the miraculous birth,
of this child in a stable dark and cold.