

Shadow and light

by [Linda Mills Woolsey](#) in the [April 16, 2014](#) issue

Sometimes to the eye, the green shadow of the vine has more substance than the vine itself, its leaves fluttering, translucent awnings in the mind.

Tall morning shadows of children exaggerate the future everywhere. Saints and reprobates alike cast shadows in the harsh light of the real.

And memory is full of shadows, borrowing light from contemplation to discern the faces and forms of all who have slipped away from our embrace.

If in that last darkness there is light, jasper walls will test our final substance. Perhaps the dead will know us first by tracing the shadows that we cast.