Casting Two Shadows

As if Odysseus, returning, pulled in at the weathered landing to find everything in place but nothing quite the same. The pathway visible but overgrown, the palace lifting blank windows, like the vacant eyes of strangers with no memory of who he is. Or was. For he is now a slow erasure, returned but irrelevant.

As if gone years reversed, as if torn pages flew back to their calendars, or clock-hands reversed. You bought into that delusion common to wanderers. But if you,

Like Odysseus, beached your boat on this once-familiar shore, you too would climb the half remembered path to the shell of a house and the skeptical smile of a woman who might be the wife waved from the shore, but is now no more certain than your that you’re you.

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