

Lucky to Suffer

“Speak Shadow!
What do you have in mind?”

“I’m cold and lonely, in need of a friend,
and in desperate need of a change of clothes.”

“But black suits you so well.”

“You joke, but I’ve got cause to complain.”

“Don’t we all?”

“I get shorter with the sunrise and taller with the sunset.
At noon I nearly vanish all together.”

“Yes, but I’ve got it worse!
I warm with the sunrise, it’s true, but then I become cold each night when it sets.
And I’m in danger of vanishing all the time.”

“But you get to decide, where as I only can mimic.”

“A small price to pay to walk on walls.”

“You don’t know how lucky you are.
You get to feel, to laugh, to play.”

“It is you, Shadow, who is the lucky one.
You do not have to cry, feel pain or work.”

“Oh! What I’d give to cry!”

“You’re mad! I am a frail thing, subject to one-thousand illnesses,
the rage of man, the indifference of God, and what’s worse, myself.”

“I am subject to nothing...
I cannot do unless you do
and even then it’s hollow.
I reach out my hand to cradle nothing,
I stretch to feel no relief.
Your most despised obligation
is my most coveted desire.

All things that never were
and can never be
are things of envy...

Cherish your inconveniences, be happy,
for what is existing if not the luckiest of all undeserved rewards?"

...

"Where did you go, Shadow? I've lost you."

"Down here."

"What's the time?"

"Almost noon."

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Stay in the light."

"Must I?"

"You must."