

SHADOWS ON WALLS.

By dadio

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The parents make
Shadows on the
Walls. Father says
Little girls should

Be seen and not
Heard and not seen
Too often at that.
The rows disturb

The dog, you now
Notice; he goes
In his box and
Hides. You just sit

In the hall and
Play with your toys,
Pretending not
To hear, letting

The loud voices
Pass over your
Head. Mother is
Crying, nothing

New there. The black
Shadows move on
The walls like those
Cartoon people.

You imagine
The words are a
Priestâ€™s long blessings;

The loud shouts are

**The calling for
Prayers as Mother
Runs screaming up
The stairs. Fatherâ€™s**

**Shadow boxes
On the walls, you
Look at it and
Follow the dark**

**Moving patterns,
Pretending not
To hear too well
When Father calls.**

**There is only
You now; no more
Shouts, or screams no
One else to row.
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