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Formal Philosophy

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The Shadow Sometimes Skips

―Life’s but a walking shadow‖ — Macbeth V, 5.

A man
if he’s a man,
inherits pain with the God-fire from the God-hand
that strikes his father seed and mother egg to life
at their first conjunction—
That fire seers
and never leaves the burning off
whose light he sees not but the nether side
and his life’s a shadow all—
a shadow ... walking...
stalking him through his mite of measured moment
slow ... laborious ... painful.
Sometimes, though, his shadow lunges
with him
to a hero’s height
and is caught in the glimpse of the God-side
lit by the God-light of the God-fire
and its brilliance dazzles
and makes him lust for the lunging
albeit painful
till, looking down, the shadow
seems to skip ...
‘seems? I know not seems’—skips!
And life is as much of light as dark
or more—the more he skips
and knows ... or trusts ... or hopes
one day he’ll walk—leisurely—not skip
to take the God-light full!

―Clarence A. Amann

Beneath the cloud pregnant skies
a once heavy tree
with withered arms
stretches
reaches
searches
to gather back
a now lost life:
at her feet
a bundled
burning
heap of ashes
sacred offering,
the warm summer dream lies scattered.

―Dave Fisher

Formal PHILOSOPHY
Intuition?
Erudition!
Intellectual?
Conceptual!
Oh fudge!
(that’s concrete)

―John Robbins, CSB