

A Poem by Jane Stuart

Page Of Shadows

(Cold Iron)

We are stars shining in a burnished sky,
we are wind clouds washed by time's soft rain,
we are a moment caught in turning glass,
a softer day, a fragrant night, the mist
that rises slowly over summer's hills
and sunlight falling now on summer's tents.
Once we were love and laughter; once we kissed
the stars and saw moonlight fall on the snow.
We gathered leaves, we danced in empty fields,
we listened when we heard autumn winds blow
but now the world is iron like a page
of shadows in time's frozen picture-book.

Jane Stuart has published work in *Tower Poetry*,
Plainsongs, *Northern Stars*, *Clark Street Review*,
and *CQ* (*California Quarterly*).