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*If Veterans don't help Veterans, who will?*

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## SHADOW

by Guillaume Apollinaire (seriously wounded in the temple by shrapnel 1916 and died in the flu epidemic Nov 9, 1918 in Paris, two days before the war ended)

[*translated from the French by Ron Padgett* - printed in the New York Review of Books October 8, 2015]

Here you are close to me again  
Memories of my companions killed in the war  
The olive of time  
Memories that make just one  
As a hundred pelts make just one fur coat  
As these thousands of wounds make just one newspaper article  
Somber impalpable appearance that has taken on  
The changing shape of my shadow  
An Indian crouching in ambush for eternity  
Shadow you creep up close to me  
But you don't hear me anymore  
You will no longer know the heavenly poems I sing  
But I hear you I still see you  
Destinies  
Multiple shadow may the sun watch over you  
You love me enough to never leave me  
You who dance in the sun without raising any dust  
Shadow ink of the sun  
Handwriting of my light  
Caisson of regrets  
A god who humbles himself