



## Poetry

### **The Shadow on the Stone**

by Thomas Hardy

I went by the Druid stone  
That broods in the garden white and lone,  
And I stopped and looked at the shifting shadows  
That at some moments fall thereon  
From the tree hard by with a rhythmic swing,  
And they shaped in my imagining  
To the shade that a well-known head and shoulders  
Threw there when she was gardening.

I thought her behind my back,  
Yea, her I long had learned to lack,  
And I said: 'I am sure you are standing behind me,  
Though how do you get into this old track?'  
And there was no sound but the fall of a leaf  
As a sad response; and to keep down grief  
I would not turn my head to discover  
That there was nothing in my belief.

Yet I wanted to look and see  
That nobody stood at the back of me;  
But I thought once more: 'Nay, I'll not unvision  
A shape which, somehow, there may be.'  
So I went on softly from the glade,  
And left her behind me throwing her shade,  
As she were indeed an apparition—  
My head unturned lest my dream should fade.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

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