

**A Time That No One Reads**  
**by Jeremy Luke Hill**

The shadow-cool is longer than it was,  
cast not just by a wan and sinking sun,  
but by the passing of time, by all that time,  
since a short shade was planted in memory  
of something all but unremembered now,  
so there is only shade, its sundial-sweep  
through days, its creeping fingers in the grass,  
to mark a time that no one ever reads,  
that no one could hope to read, not by sight,  
only by walking that slow sundial shade,  
shadow-cool, always longer than it was.