Big

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Abstract
The setting sun casts a Giacometti shadow before me.
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by James E. Fowler

The setting sun
casts a Giacometti
shadow before me.

It stilts along
on giraffe legs
by the meter,

arms at side,
a small bulb
head on top.

Its list of
things to do
at some remove

must be simple,
perhaps an affair
of fruit trees

ripe for picking,
a neighborly hand
at mending thatch.

A folk figure,
this, opposite to
the petty dwarf
counting and grudging.
An innate largeness
of mild gesture
makes its arrival
at any scene
a pleasing turn.

Songbirds perch on
its narrow shoulders—
goodwives see hope
of clearing chimneys—
even cats find
cause to stretch.

Turning the corner,
though, I lose
this placid giant
and trudge onward,
taking daily concerns
in small stride.