

A young child with dark hair, wearing a dark blue jacket and dark pants, is standing barefoot in a shallow puddle on a paved surface. The child is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. A dark shadow of the child is cast on the pavement to their right. The background is a textured, brownish-grey pavement.

# My Shadow

A Poem

by Robert Louis Stevenson

# My Shadow

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,  
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.  
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;  
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow--  
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;  
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,  
And he sometimes goes so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,  
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.  
He stays so close behind me, he's a coward you can see;  
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,  
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;  
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,  
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

Robert Louis Stevenson

