

The Archer

by [Michael Shindler](#) (October 2024)



Pine Trees at Sunset (Tom Thomson, 1915)

There is an archer standing
In the blue reach of midday.
His feet are the trunks of fir trees
And his bow is the arc of the sun.

But beyond understanding,
Where eyes stray and winds freeze,
And stars have their fun,

There is a target demanding
A point of play.

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