



### **Who Do I Call To Report this Anomaly?**

Lasting only as long as it takes to type these lines, two shadows coexisted aslant the ancient birch; the setting moon splaying scraggles across the snow toward the east; the rising sun powering crisscross patterns west toward the river, tripling the tree's reach.

Can shadows be cast simultaneously in both directions, new toward the dying light, old toward the infant day?

They blended in perfect equipoise—but by the time I went outside to try the trick on myself, day had blasted night away into total irrelevance.

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