

Snail

Snail on the earth, on its side, unmoving
Antennae reaching for signals from other worlds
Beautiful in its silence

Where would it go? Did it have plans for later?

The spiral of its shell a blind iris
at the end of a path of dried slime

Will the unseen spiral take root?
Will it become a tree of hurricanes or galaxies?

Its mystery untouched, womb and tomb
stone
wind
for those who honor the birth of its night