

THE SNAIL

In another universe of a higher choosing
It is leviathan, relentless - brutalist creeper
Temperate sinewy throb under spiral armour
Primal, etched in war colours
A dolorous trophy of forgetting
Intent unknown, blithe stillness an illusion
Stone countenance, slithering toward Martian plains
Through centuries ticked as moments

A story drenched in silver that we devoured
In its leavetaking

No dust distressed - no sense
Of surrender or impatience - just an urge to follow
This pioneer of recent rainfall
Deafened by years of hubris we strain
Our ear past blaring minds to hear
Its invisible music ring blind

A resin drawn slow across the staves
Across the crushed, yellow song
Of Autumn's dampened strings