

THE ORACLE OF SNAILS

We knew nothing
but tried to find meaning
in rituals we created
out of boredom.

We plucked snails
from inside bin lids,
their feet puckering
from the glare of light.

Re-suckered on the roller
of a garden mangle
we turned the handle
and waited for the crunch.

Examined the pattern
of crushed shell on wood
for hidden signs
of what our futures held.

But all it foretold
was our trail of remorse.