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Snail
Richard Hague

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SNAIL

At the bottom of his own made sea he thinks. No one need listen. Maybe he hears the song of dirt. Maybe he remembers all the way back to ocean. Maybe he is thrilled but confused by birds. Maybe. No one need listen. □ Yet lifted, he is strangely hefty, dense as salt water. This comes as a surprise. This comes as some type of lesson. This means something to someone. □ But remember he has stolen his shell from old bones and neighborhood rocks. All his life, a weary guilt coats him with its mucus. Burdened, he is slow to go anywhere else. □ Yes, you say, he is mute, he is cold, but he has invented eyes that grow stalks! □ Still, his, like everything's, is the original sin. When he dies, what he took from old bones and neighborhood rocks goes slowly and coldly back in.