**Carbon 13**

Leaving silvery trails in whorled shells
The snails heavy with possession
A slow march in labored procession
Fat snakes coiled and green
Glistening upon the path
Strike first and listen last
The sharp smell of smoke in watered eyes and rasping throat
The world lies curled under its own shell
Which way will the black plume curl and blow?
Our bones burn in the heat
We are brothers
We breathe fire over a golden horde
Heavy with possession, a slow march in labored procession
Which way will the black smoke curl and blow?
Which way will we blow?

Words by Lynnette Shelley
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