**Das Snail**

Am I driftwood shaped by currents  
And phases of the moon  
Worn hollow and smooth  
  
Do I twist and turn  
Disjointed in opposition  
To wind and rain  
  
Crawling upwards  
Clinging vine to reach  
The lighted sky  
  
Do I serpentine  
In self-absorption and abasement  
To spiral narrowly  
Into a point of convergence  
Between matter and air  
Only to find an empty lair  
Broken shells all around me  
  
I am a snake — I bite my own tail  
I am a spider — I draw patterns on the air  
I am a fish — You shall feed on my flesh  
I am a vine — To seek the sun I climb  
I am a snail — I carry the world upon my back  
  
What is my construction  
My internal logic and shape  
My own portion of the shadow  
  
Shall I shimmer like quicksilver  
Racing faster down the slope  
Rising upwards in the heat  
Or shall I come undone  
And glitter in multiple parts  
To divide and join together again  
  
Who are you to define me?  
Who are you to confine me?  
  
Words by Lynnette Shelley  
Album: Fossil Eyes (2008)