**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
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