

Snail

By Jenny Foulds

i saw
a snail
moving
his house
today, along
a slippery path to some
new scenery, i imagined him
on a house boat. Some shonky
shell shaped ship (*she would be
called Michelle*), he would wave his
eye tentacles at the other snails
on other ships, floating by
feeling bad for the slugs
waving back from
the river bank
eyes on stalks
wearing
tiny slug sized
sunglasses
in the sunshine
avoiding
salt