

I'D LIKE TO BE A SNAIL

I'd like to be a snail
And slide along the floor,
Leaving a shimmering, silken track
That I could admire behind my back.

And those tentacle things –
I could wave at my friendly.
Like arms I suppose,
Only more bendy.

And carrying that house around,
I could crash out anywhere,
Wherever I wanted, man.
And not worry about my parents.

And roll with my friendly
All night, under a cabbage leaf,
Being neither boy nor girl but both,
We wouldn't fight, we'd be the same,

We'd both be winners at the game,
Squelching and squeezing our mutual parts –
Quadruple genitalia and single heart.

**When I was seven my father
Cut a snail in half
With a pair of garden shears.
I'm not sure why.**

(Gerard Foster 1994)