

Snail On By

Paul

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As I brisk on by
In my long head race
You catch my eye
And halt my pace

I watch you stretch
To find that leaf
Your long foot-neck
On ground relief

You made your house
A home to stay
While you lumber
On a loamy way

As I mull your life
What comes to mind?
Never to stomp
Nor curse your slime

Snail on, snail
Snail on by
And find your path
Into the sky



Zebra Agate Snail (*Cochlitoma zebra*)
Wilderness, South Africa
February 2026

I declare this to be my own work, entirely. In particular, no AI was used in any research, analysis, synthesis, writing, nor typesetting of this work. In short, AI was not recruited at any time in this work. Errors and inaccuracies are therefore proudly my own.