

## CONSIDERING THE SNAIL



The snail pushes through a green  
night, for the grass is heavy  
with water and meets over  
the bright path he makes, where rain  
has darkened the earth's dark. He  
moves in a wood of desire,

pale antlers barely stirring  
as he hunts. I cannot tell  
what power is at work, drenched there  
with purpose, knowing nothing.  
What is a snail's fury? All  
I think is that if later

I parted the blades above  
the tunnel and saw the thin  
trail of broken white across  
litter, I would never have  
imagined the slow passion  
to that deliberate progress.

**Thom Gunn**