Molluscan Sonnet

I shall not praise a single slug or snail,

this is a poem for molluscs of all sorts:

for those on land that glide on slimy trails

and those that live on sea beds, mud or rocks;

molluscs with shells that twirl to left or right,

that feed with toothsome tongues or kill their prey

with poison darts. I praise all molluscs bright

as butterflies or coloured ghastly grey,

sweet juicy mussels, cockles hard as stones,

cowries, colossal squid and octopus,

limpets, winkles, argonauts and tritons,

all charm me with their fearful otherness.

No net of words can capture them, I found;

and then, in undiscovered seas, I drowned.

Anne Bryan

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