

The Snail

Irbisgreif

As I was walking swiftly by
With private thoughts within my head
It chanced that fate said you would die
Crushed beneath my careless tread.

I heard the sound you surely felt;
It echoed down the outdoor hall.
I paused a moment, down I knelt,
And sought your shape in my footfall.

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Your outsides and your insides too
Were mixed up in a melange now.
It was quite clear that you were through
And so I broke my little bow.

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It means nothing, but I'm sad you're dead.
Still, you'll live on within my head.