

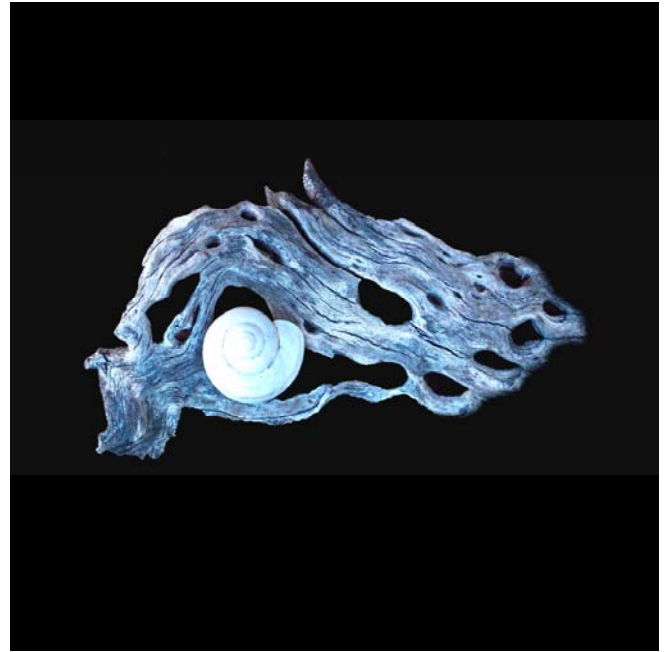
INTIMATE CONVERSATIONS: The Desert Snail and Cholla

I see this shell
cochleae swirl,
carapace husk,
nestled in a wave of driftwood;
mollusk circular
in the beached remains of a tree—

In this time of masking
I wonder
about the lost soft creature with in —
Where did she go?
When her last breath?

Her shiny spiral remains, resilient
and lovely, lodged in the land
of sun-dried branch,
claiming her place
after years of weathering
storms and sun bleaches—

Beautiful emblem
of what is left behind—



Linda Briskin

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