

PETER DAWNCY

ruins

we unfurl these
 ancient golden slugs
to reveal their
 quiet world

 they puff dust
as the crusty loam of their
 external layer
dotted with orange fungus and
 miniature clover
spills their blue brown-speckled eggs

further we find peculiar
 black alfalfa
where hibernating wasps awaken and
 grass spiders with
young-covered backs scatter

at last into the deepest
 and crispest
parts of the slugs the sun
 alights crimson
mixing with their fair lustre
 from palms
cut on the fibrous wire