

Senior Division, Poetry
Sharon King-Campbell, St. John's

Untitled #48

February 10, 2022

Echo of a snail's shell in the inner ear, light,
hollow, spiralling. After the ants are done with it
it's hard to tell the difference: squirrel's femur
or a joint of finger bone. Our metacarpals are
like pebbles bound together as an old stone wall,
no mortar needed. Our patellae floating in our knees
like molluscs. Our vertebrae will grow a barnacle
burrowing, driving in and pushing out a jagged edge.
Our thoraxes can hold the universe. Can you conceive
what lives within the ribcage of a whale?
After we die all of our atoms break apart and rearrange
into their elements. Water that makes most of me
has been in every ocean, was once home
to the first things that ever were alive