

THE MOLLUSK

(text from enclosed miniature book)

—*amy richard* © 2018

With eager eyes, I dissected the creature
like a book.

Reading the gooey tissue,
I marveled at its shimmery mantel,
garish gills,
and silky byssus.

Cutting the muscle in two
I remembered seeing the mollusk for the first time,
standing
shoulder-deep in the seagrass meadow
patiently weaving a story
with every layer of its magnificent nacred shell.

Heartbroken,
I suddenly connected
with the sorrow
of not being understood
until we are gone.