

Maureen Kozicka

MR. SNAKE

It's not so much
the parchment evidence
of your past
with its head wedged
Somewhere in the rafters
and tail trailing gaily in the breeze ...

Shed skin
shuddering my spine?
Exhibit A
cornering my eye? No.

It's just that till I find out
Where You ARE,
I'm looking.
High and low and near and far.