EARTHWORM

Sumana Roy

Springs
The Rachel Carson Center Review

2022 • 2
Earthworm

From here, life seems like background noise, speech a fossil from a disobedient time, cleanliness a bed for the frail and aging. And light a lazy animal that often stops to rest - it has no curiosity, it never travels underground. Without skeleton, like the night, without colour, like tanned water, its form seems like a first draft. Legs would be jail, ears too much to feed, a resinous responsibility.

Not sun, not moon, not time’s gossip, but the faded dark gives it rhythm, as if it were soil’s translucent twin. Like a straw it ferries soil, secreting it as roundlets, as if they were the earth’s fleece. The soil’s saint, it moves as if life were as so that when severed into it dies, almost apologetic for being alive, hinting that not all parts of us die at the same time.

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ISSN 2751-9317