

## Toddler

She bats at the overgrown grass  
all around her, the wind plays  
eucalyptus maracas. Leaves break,  
flutter, and drift like kites let go

She grabs a weed taller than she is  
with both hands, leans away  
with all her weight until it breaks,  
rocking her back, forward

A family of snails  
fascinate her, their familiar crawl,  
glittering slime trails, squishy bodies,  
shells as delicately stiff as the paint  
she chips off the kitchen wall  
strapped in a high chair  
waiting to be fed

She puts two in her mouth,  
coos to herself, feeling  
them move across her tongue  
as if she had three tongues  
or food could eat her

When she laughs  
one falls out, lands  
shell-down in the mud

She turns him over. They each  
inch on, unfazed