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

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