

In the Garden

Slug

SIMPLE, open, honest slug,
You may think that I'm a mug,
Now you've left a trail to show
Where you felt the need to go.

But now you've gone, I find I fail
To know if you were slug or snail –
And that's because, my slimy friend,
I can't see you at either end.

How can this be? I wonder why.
I've never heard that slugs might fly. . .
