

# Mollusc Song

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Soft power. You make no bones  
about your preference for guts and muscle.  
Your giants can stretch to spans  
as wide as orcas' length, but ease  
through gaps no bigger than their eyes.  
Limbs, or not? You're flexible.  
You might stick with just one long foot or  
grow eight, each with a mind of its own.  
Nobody thinks about the body better.  
A shell? Depends. If so, you make a pottery  
of perfect lines. If not you just sign out,  
leave behind your ink or pass  
colours like clouds over your skin.  
If I could write like that.

**Philip Armstrong**

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