

Clay Chiclet

by David Shroyer

I was a shape form-fitted by a
 Firmly fitting form.
There was no wiggle room to
 Wheedle from whence
I was hatched and suckled.

I
 Leapt
 From bundled sticks
 And leaves,
My first encounter with the world outside
The molded form and...

 Gravity.

I plummeted, fast; death was a sure thing,
 But fatedly the quills emerged, then
Flight, and new life choices:
 Excessive in moderation.
And I glided,

 Hovering

The forest floor plastered with
Soggy, decomposing leaves,
And hapless decisions.