

Snake Skin

by George Vukelich

I came upon the bull snake's skin
delicate as parchment and paper thin.
The one who long had dwelled within
had shucked it here and crawled away.

I took it gently from the ground
and wished myself just so unbound,
free of my past without a sound.
Born once more to the month of May.

Perhaps from this the Old Ones knew
man can create himself anew.
When the false is shed, what's left is true.
Never again to return to clay.

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