

# **BLUE MAT**

ARTHUR BULL

I am joined on my blue rubber yoga mat  
by a slug, moving as though all its senses  
were concentrated in two fleshy horns,  
their round nubs stressing and straining  
to extend perception to the whole universe:  
seems pretty confident of getting it right.  
I close my eyes awhile, then open them:  
the slug is gone, having left behind only  
a crooked white trail, shapely, still wet.