

The Barnacle

By A.E. Stallings

The barnacle is rather odd —
It's not related to the clam
Or limpet. It's an arthropod,
Though one that doesn't give a damn.

Cousin to the crab and shrimp,
When larval, it can twitch and swim,
And make decisions — tiny imp
That flits according to its whim.

Once grown, with nothing more to prove
It hunkers down, and will remain
Stuck fast. And once it does not move,
Has no more purpose for a brain.

Its one boast is, it will not budge,
Cemented where it chanced to sink,
Sclerotic, stubborn as a grudge.
Settled, it does not need to think.

Source: *Poetry* (November 2015)