

Camille West "Save The Snail"

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It was a quiet cafe in Orleans, France
where we held our midnight rendezvous,
conspiring pour la resistance
It seemed like something Woody Allen would do,
talking politics, ethics, animal rights
one fateful night long ago.
The mood like the food we kept it light
till someone ordered escargot.
How sad for the snails, I cried woefully
shedding tears on my brioche.
To have given up their lives needlessly
for the bourgeoisie, how gauche
To my friends, I cried You and your dialectic.
Save the dolphins.
Save the ozone.
Save the whale...
There is a factory I know where they are farming
escargot.
We must save our friend the snail.
We planned the mission with the utmost precision,
spied the factory from across the boulevard.
The alarm was taken care of by Pierre the electrician,
while I seduced- I mean, subdued- the guard.
Need I tell you, our timing was crucial
not to be caught at the scene of the crime.

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