

## Riddle

by Fran Duffield

This riddle must be untangled  
in time, before  
time triumphs

This riddle lies deep, under  
the ground, under our skin,  
ever receding, ever renewing

This riddle is like peat,  
breaking down what falls into it,  
and preserving it suspended,  
a creature still flying in amber

This riddle is what we are made of,  
and yet we can go on breathing,  
as it seeps away, quickening  
its pace with time

This riddle can be the only remedy  
against despair, and can destroy  
like a burning poison

This riddle has many hosts  
but no body,  
can live forever,  
and be wiped away in a breath

What I am is the strangest thing