

THE TURTLE

Smoke twists about my ankles. It is struggling
to take me, to lift me, but I am the Turtle.
I will never fly.

I crawl very close to the ground. I like to
kiss it, and make certain I can. The ground
is my way. It is where things fall to.

I know the promise of the sun. He has tricked
the birds into flight. See their blood on the dishes
and fingers? I wear my shadow on my back.

Rain and night wait. They don't pretend,
but they come. I am not their fool either. I carry
reasons everywhere I go.

Pointed sticks and smiles find no place to enter.
My answers cover me as armor. They silence any
before they may ask.

I will never be taken. I have seen to that. I will not
betray the ground. I will not betray my fear.
I am the Turtle.

