

Turtle Love



Looking at our wedding photograph,
I recall our wandering path—
Hand in hand at times,
And at others, burning in our minds.
You draw me down
To the ground
Where I belong
With you and your fondness of turtles—
Their cautious creeping limbs
Drawing out of their shells
To make sure all is well
Before venturing out
Or turning round about.
I am a hare
Racing unaware
Of what lies ahead
Then slumbering as if dead.
You catch me then pass,
And I in turn finish last.
But, oh, the races we run
And how you teach me not to run so fast
But linger still with you
Hand in hand again anew.
The paths we will continue to walk are uncertain,
But of this I am certain:
There is none other than you,
And I will be a turtle, too.