

Turtle

*"and it fell asleep
among the other
stones"*

Pablo Neruda

It
takes time
to meditate
on each star

To embroider its thought
with threads of gold

Eons
to imagine
every possible
shape
of the clouds

A sun is barely enough
for ten billion years
It takes that much energy to project a cosmos
onto the vault of the sky

From the tender surface of its insides,
from its womb of water and fire,
a bird dreams of eternity
for thirteen moons

What lies on the other side of its shell of dawns?

Where will the turtle go, that sails through galaxies?

Has it fallen asleep, a jade jewel in a sea I cannot see,
a stone among others in its bed?