

TRUST

*The sea produced an ancient form
with aquatic wings for soaring
that gouged the sand away from tide
above the ocean's pouring.*

*She abandoned hope to trust the past,
heaved forth the future and at last,
buried it and left.*

*Now, two moons hence, little turtles pip,
with soft struggling bodies hatching.
The sands ensconce as eggs are ripped
by contorted masses scratching.*

*The siblings toil at a common chore
to whittle ceiling into floor,
until at sand's surface just short of sky,
the unsettled lie, becalmed.*

*The tangled turtles wait
as heat of day abates
and cool of night prods
their reluctance away.*

*At dusk the fits and starts begin
and then through claw and strain,
above their heads sand rains again,
and yields to sky of night.*

*This army boiling in the night gains might,
and in waves, pours forth to see the sight.
Soft flippers patter and wipe sand from view
that eyes might seize upon the cue that betrays the sea.*

*And then, eyes do, they catch the glow
and every hatchling keen
rushes on to the goal they know
but they have never seen.*

*As if clockwork toys tightly wound
they keep pace and bearing tight,
for unless the sea is quickly found,
they will not survive the night.*

*They choose their erring paths
with neither doubt nor anticipation,
and their consistency deals them life or death
with quiet resignation.*

*Thus, night wanes and sights of light remaining
scatter throngs persistent
and about the dune abundant obstacles restraining,
divide the dying from the spent.*

*Weakened few reach the sight they sought,
a deceptive brightness reassuring
where trusting forms are caught
by the sight of lights alluring.*

*Dawn now dries their searching eyes
and death now rests the weary.
Might fate have been more kind
to travelers more leery?*

*Were these turtles to awaken,
could they sense their mother's plight
having left her young forsaken
owing confidence in light?*

*Past's light offered not such bitter seas
nor played such deadly roles
to guide hatchlings on to sights like these
electric lights on poles.*

*Might we masters of the light adapt,
forgo complete control,
and lessen obsolescence
lest our presence take its toll?*

*To tread on earth with darkness soft
leaves not the night asunder
and preserves the stars and moon aloft,
and obsoleted wonders.*

—BEW

