

## turtle moon

Baby sea turtles break through hard shells  
blink open their eyes still wet with birth  
and begin to seek moonlight.

Some follow dull streetlight, into tar rivers  
crushed under tires of tall cars  
or gobbled by dogs, or wander so far  
from food and water they lie down to rest  
and do not get up.

The ones that make it to the ocean must avoid the tangles  
of fishing nets, six pack rings, straws. So young  
they must discern between jellyfish and plastic bag.

Before they can die, the sky God takes pity  
on these gentle beings,  
scoops them out of the ocean,  
ladles clean ocean water into the craters of the moon  
with a strainer to leave the plastic behind.

Now they bathe next to the stars,  
snooze in the pockets of the moon ,  
filled with water so fresh swimming  
is as simple as breathing.

Now children need a telescope to see them,  
grab their parents by their fingers and yell  
*look ! look ! turtles on the moon!*  
To which their parents whisper  
Make a wish.

