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THE LEATHERBACKS AT MATURA
by George Handley

For Gary

Yearn for a time when no one knew
the tide rises on the coast at midnight.
When breakers moaned alone and wind
belied a world in the dark, denied
all things their will to disappear.

Wait long and still under the stars,
with eyes open, dreaming that your eyes
are just shells, beaming
through the dark sand to the sky,
because to lie still is a prayer for birthing.

Darkness emerges from the foam, lurching
in shapeless anonymity, riding a rhythm
with ancient and silent tears.

You will fight the urge to stand, to sing,
because if you accept that you are nothing,
she will furrow the sand and leave.

You won’t watch as she slips
into the breakers because you trust
that in time you will peck away
at those holes, break this world
and fight your way to light, water and blood.