The March of Time

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My heart begins to race (in turtle time)
watching him lumber closer, a slow pace
more nerve-wracking than speed. This birthday I'm
relaxing here and trying not to trace
the march of time. I watch him lift a foot—
I think I could go make a cup of tea
in all the time it takes for him to put
it down again. And now he's watching me.

There must be something that seems slow to turtles—
the way I wait for each blink endlessly—
rock-time, evolutionary hurdles,
marvels I live too fast to even see.
But me with my, he with his turtled eye,
we watch the same infinities blink by.

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