

# Turtle Moon

**Brett Fuentes**

Pot of gold in a copper fish bowl  
Your soul for dirty dollars? blind boy.

Never told the turtle moon magic unfolds  
Catch the trees whistling a tune for you  
A chance for you to dance with a fair maiden

Magic unfolds  
Tragic are the weary whose tailored dogs will not hunt no matter how high the price  
We and our severed tongues are free to say what we damn well like  
Turtle Moon Magic Unfolds  
Whispering

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