

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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