Tortoise Eye
Joseph Ostapiuk

From my tortoise eye,
I see
how everything moves
so desperately.

The passing motions of a tireless regime,
moving by me,
without a mere glance

This helpless feeling.
Like a soldier on a beach,
barely breathing.
Vesuvius over Pompeii,
frozen and sealing,
the motions and dreaming
of a couple intervening,

How it must be,
to have that helpless feeling.