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by Brian Michael Barbeito

there was the place where the large turtles had their eggs, and it was always a concern because everyone wanted the new turtles to make it back to the sea but the electric lights of high wattage along with sounds from the roadways beyond were in one direction and the moon and melody from the waves in another, a situation which provided a dilemma, because sometimes the turtles would follow the lights and sometimes the moon, or so the theory went.

a grand wedding took place there, and afterwards the bride and the groom sat at a table down from the rest of the grouping and before dusk a woman bought wares from another woman by the water, but the first woman was red like a lobster, and though kind enough, had too much money and power and the purchasing and walking and all her interactions were a game to her and there was something wrong with that, something unjust about that that could not be described or brought up in a court of law or argued with any sense in a debate.

in more hours the rains began and the humans and turtles both sorted out there affairs for the time being while the leaves of trees and the man o'war and even the stucco walls of abandoned buildings seemed to succumb to the power of the water, a power that could carve pathways in the earth or cause even the bravest souls to pause and wonder or take stock and even to harm living things, to take the life away from living things with its penchant to break and cackle and moan and hold grudges at once let out after eons and eons.

in the neighbouring town the two were sleeping and dreaming of strange forests where flora and fauna both grew in geometrical designs and contained colors not of the world but of other worlds yet unknown and undiscovered and it was well because that was what dreams were for, to find access to other realms, or to make them up altogether, and to travel those pathways as far and as often as the dreamer could.

the rains stopped in the morning hours and as the sun tried to come up it struggled against the clouds and the two dreamers, a man and a woman, walked along the shore with their meagre lunch in plastic bags on their way to the pick up point beyond and this is what they did most morning of their lives and it was always the same and not good or bad but the way of things and these things they never questioned because that was not how they were built and they were busy and moving constantly besides.

the two walked for one half hour and the sea was not romantic or blessed or cursed to them as it was just the sea and they were both beautiful and had a stain under their fingers from dirt and also various scars and in their heads were wondrous eyes seeming blacker than places and crevices under secret corals reefs and then the two entered a pickup truck, the woman sitting in the middle of the men and no words were exchanged and then the truck began its way with the grouping in it like a trinity and the street bumped at the truck now and then but the truck managed and that is how the three went to enter the longer length of the morning.

