

**DESTINATIONS**

Their flesh a slowed swirl  
of the sea through fine genetic  
meshes, green turtles

drift, browsing at changeless  
random, like giant leaves  
caught since Tyrannosaurus

was Rex in a gently spiralling  
eddy. Trapped in a terminal  
talent for survival,

they have, whatever else —  
scarcely a bone dishevelled,  
even their eggs still laid

on land where the young must run  
the first leg of their daily  
relay with death, air

still scooped in lungs — survived,  
anachronisms and all,  
intact.

Trapped in a wraparound,

breath-conditioned, plastron and  
carapace by General  
Motors talent for headlong

change (yet wired to the same  
anachronistically glandular  
power supply by the same

instinctive circuitry), man  
is whirled through how perturbed  
an orbit, to what end?

— *James Harrison*