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## **Return of the Real**

Jerome Wolfe

It is the case, as surely it must be,

That green sea turtles know why there is movement

Of the new moon as perchance some call for love's

Desire: that desire one finds unrequited
Within its shell; discerning fond farewell
And thus, waving flippers, shoves off its beach

Toward uterine silence which returns to being In a universe whereby this perfect act Of faith, this natural acceptance of changeless

Being for gross imagination—turtles on.

It is real, the kind one celebrates

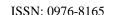
And ruminates over as though feeling right,

Not to say abstract. Green turtles also know
(So I'm told) that love is really time's paradox
Searching for its own sense, thereby seemingly

Held in abeyance—but always just there.

And our fate, like the turtles', is mere clarity

Of conscious drifting beneath the penumbra





And time's green waves of the sea. Where does it end? Surely it returns like our self-same world And their land-hos and wallows in the sand.