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## Yellow-blotched Map Turtle

the earth is made of surfaces.  
it is like that dream  
where you are running  
but the ground breaks its promise.

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the bells of my muscles ring  
in the cold. but in the water,  
i am a perfect circle.  
my name is decemberish.

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the world is an inheritance of stones.  
in the water i am breath, the way  
a leaf slips back as it falls.  
i wear a seed upon my back.

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