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Evolution of a Turtle

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Evolution of a Turtle

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Author Bio

Marisa Trettel is a sophomore here from Rockville, Maryland (right outside DC) and an English and Education major. She loves writing, mostly poetry and non-fiction and wants to become a High school English teacher to pass on her passion for reading and writing to others. She has aspirations of writing a book one day.

Evolution of a Turtle

I remember the very last time I was human
Standing outside that dull brick building
Only a single tiny cavity emitting enough light
to occupy

[The dead space]

between cold
And life
The searing yelp of injustice
[R]icocheting through my ears
Bubbling to the surface of my skin
Screaming, clawing, scratching
As a section of the sidewalk lit up in tiny embers
To cast shadows of oblong figures across the grass
(engulfed in flames)
Smothered by an unfamiliar hoof
The slap of flesh hitting pavement
[A]nd then a pause-

The moon undressing itself before my heedful eyes
It was the very first and last time I had ever heard

Silence.

And within moments I found my eyes
To be small black [P]earls,
My back a hard shell of confusion
And lines
the proximity of anguish tripling in length
[E]levating, distancing
as I quickly shrank down to the damp soil
Taking solace in a tiny pebble
Finding shelter, in a blade of grass.