**Editorial Introduction.** — This section is devoted to poetry involving turtles, representing either reprinted previously published or new unpublished material. We encourage our readers to submit poetry or songs for consideration, either their own material or work by other authors. Poems may be submitted to Wallace J. Nichols, Coastal Conservation Foundation, P.O. Box 3621, Tucson, AZ 85722 or Anders G.J. Rhodin, Chelonian Research Foundation, 168 Goodrich Street, Lunenburg, MA 01462.

Our desire is to share with our readers the beauty and wonder of turtles as expressed through the art of the poem or song. In the sense that the relationship between man and turtles is multifaceted, so too is turtle poetry. The poems we publish here will reflect that complexity, from poems of pure admiration for the creatures themselves to others reflecting the utilization of turtles and their products. Some poems will reflect man's use of the turtle for sustenance, others will stress man's need to preserve and protect turtles. Some will deal with our emotional interactions with turtles, others will treat turtles light-hearted or with seeming disrespect, but all will hopefully help us to better understand both the human and the chelonian condition, and remind us that the turtle holds a sacred place in all our hearts.

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**Awakening**

**KEVIN GRIMES**

Your fins they stretched so far  
As blood ran down your side  
From where they pierced you with their spear  
It made me want to cry  
Three days you hang there for all to see  
A sacrifice from a raging sea  
In my heart I sympathized  
A living legend being crucified  
In your shadow I stood beneath  
In a picture taken of you and me  
Without me knowing a seed was sown  
As you hung so helpless and all alone  
Many years later and many years lost  
At war in my soul at a heavy cost  
I needed hope and a will to live  
Bankrupt inside nothing left to give  
Broken in spirit with no hope in store  
Alone and afraid knocking at deaths door  
I was going under in a different war  
In the sea of addiction on a distant shore  
Suddenly your memory returned  
Alive in my heart it began to churn  
With depth and weight it pulled at my core  
As fate would have it I had to be sure  
A spark turned into a burning desire  
An inclination set my heart on fire  
From a day long ago in a forgotten scene  
Of that photograph of you and me  
In my mind the dream had begun  
The significance of what had to be done  
I felt as though I’d known you for a million years  
When I learned you were endangered  
My eyes filled with tears  
I saw that in preserving you  
That in the process I might save myself too  
I’d be your mentor I’d make your plea heard  
If it took me to the ends of the world  
So on goes the journey far into the night  
The dream carries on that we both might have life  
And I could never discount that fateful day  
The winds of circumstance had blown our way

**Editorial Comment.** — This poem about a dead leatherback turtle, Dermochelys coriacea, was written for and about Chris Luginbuhl, founder of the David E. Luginbuhl Research Institute, a major supporter of leatherback research in general and this issue of Chelonian Conservation and Biology in particular. The photograph shows 4-year old Chris and the leatherback caught by a fishing boat off Long Island, New York, USA, in July 1951. Chris found inspiration and new dedication in his life as a result of re-awakening the memory of this event. He now works ardentely to help save leatherbacks from extinction through his Institute's promotional campaign: Save The Leatherbacks, P.O. Box 263, Ellington, CT 06029 USA.

1 Composed February 1991
Submitted by Chris Luginbuhl