

## TURTLE ON A STRING

While driving down the avenue  
I glanced off to my right.  
And, on the sidewalk, chanced to view  
A most peculiar sight.

An ancient fellow, rough and tanned,  
Trode through the bustling throng.  
And on a string stretched from his hand,  
A turtle trudged along.

As if he'd wisdom to impart,  
The old man caught my eye.  
But I had other paths to chart,  
And brusquely hastened by.

Henceforth, each time I drove that road  
I saw this comic pair.  
But soon my fascination slowed.  
I ceased to look or care.

I'd no time for such foolishness,  
I lived a business life.  
I loyally endured the stress,

Of endless corporate strife.

One day my doctor checked me out.

He frowned and shook his head.

He said, "Your heart is scarred throughout.

Slow down, or you'll be dead."

I pondered his analysis,

This news was unforeseen.

But I had work I couldn't miss,

I kept my fierce routine.

One day I stopped and clutched my chest

While walking down the street.

I staggered toward a bench to rest,

When something brushed my feet.

I looked and saw the turtle clear,

The string still in its place.

But nowhere was his master near,

I looked, but saw no trace.

I gently stooped, despite the pain,

And grabbed the string in hand.

That's when I felt my anguish wane

And I could understand.

Ten years have passed, my job long spurned,

My health is full restored.

The turtle taught, and I have learned

To circumvent the horde.

I've learned to shun life's hectic fray,

I've learned to laugh and sing.

It's all because I seized, that day,

A turtle on a string.