

CAROLINA HOTCHANDANI

Eternal Pistachios

I begin to write, aiming to capture flecks of the past
your mind discards.

I take note of a note you wrote yourself
and slipped into your pocket.

1. *Buy bananas.*
2. *Stop buying pistachios.*

Bags of husked pistachios are piling up in the pantry,
and you've just bought more—your note,
forgotten, tossed out like empty shells.

Those packages of shelled green nuts stuffed into our shelves
call up a photograph I saw in a *National Geographic* once.

Turtles studded a black rock in the middle of the ocean.

They absorbed sunlight like faceted gems—
dark green jade
upon onyx.

Stretching their necks upward, they seemed to yearn
for the sun's gaze.

I place those turtles here—
in this poem—
reaching to be seen, remembered.

