



## **The oldest art**

by Natasha Wielogórska

I knew it was perverted, but I couldn't stop myself.  
The female, ambivalent. The male clumsy.  
I watched captivated.

Mesmerised by his open-mouthed groan. The intruding tongue.  
Unblinking eyes watching me, as he scraped to stay on.

When he fell with a double clunk, we were both momentarily stunned. An inverted,  
struggle began. Appendages flailing like an unwinding toy.

Finally, he rocked to standing. Having made an honest cheerleader of me.  
Then, doggedly, he repeated his act.  
On a stone.

'How have tortoises survived?' I thought.  
Knowing they have already existed a thousand times longer than us.