



Driving along an island road from the lowlands to the highlands of Santa Cruz -

Fifty kilometers per hour
we roll past the verdant landscape of Santa Cruz,
as I had envisioned all the Galápagos.
Rain droplets trickle down the windshield,
blurring the edges of the leaves of the Cuban cedar and the elephant grass,
morphing together all lines
so that we are no longer driving along an island road
but entering full speed into an endless jungle of mystery and discovery.

- Delphine Slotten