

But still, at least,
They, in their ragged squadrons
(Unlike those who watch below)
Somehow know
Where (and probably why)
They are going.

Saxby Pridmore

WHALING

We are whales
trailing rope
from bent harpoons
rusted thin over time.

The barbs hold
firm in flesh
as water washes
pus holes clean.

Side by side
in trust we fear
one more wound
will kill us.