

WHALEBONES

Amid the wavy shadows these bones throw
Against the wall, there lurks an undertow

Of seaward greens, a backrush out beyond
This plated glass—a prolegomenon

Of flux and fragment which this arrowed spine
Articulates in spiked and skeletal lines.

O relic of the flooding element,
Impaled with wires and metal implements,

Old tides have surged and drowned inside your ear—
Your jaws engulf no krill in this bland air.