

The Whale

See the whale. He slides in arcs and makes sure of nothing but that his arc is true. In all that quivering blue, in all the churning white and whipping wind that throws the fish around making fools of that laughable colorful crowd and the solemn kelp forests bent in submission the whale slides still in his arc. Unmoved or moved along his arc. Storms do not sway him, yet he cannot pass through narrow terrain where the little fish make their lives. He cannot compete for beams of light for he cannot offer them any color except grey. Long sheets of it. He is amused at the flimsiness of the situations in which the other fish find themselves. To be moved by such small forces. A slave to choices, stripped of the canonical.