**WHALE**

I Would Really Like To Be A Whale.

Breech. Flip My Flukes.

Slap My Enormous Tail.

Blow.

Air High.

To The Sky.

From My Blow Hole.

Sound. Leap.

Make A Whale Sounding Show.

Sing. Communicate.

With Other Whales.

In Mystic Whale Hummed Tunes.

Sieve With My Baleen.

Tons Of Plankton. Eat.

Except It Makes Me Shudder.

How I Might. Perish. Die.

So Soon. So Soon.

Too Soon. Too Soon.

For Those Most Mean

Persistent Whalers.

Just For My Rare Oil.

My Precious Blubber.

To Light Their Lamps.

Make Their Ladies

Coveted Perfume.

Would See Me.

Cry Whale Hoy.

There She Blows.

Chase Me Down.

In Their Eight Oared Boats.

Till For Me.

It Was All She Wrote.

Stick Me With Their Harpoons.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 1/1/16.*

*Goose Creek.*

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