

Whale Feed

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Whales to be flensed are aligned.

Lighting a cigarette, the gas
clerk, equidistant
from valve to register, recalls the scene: Everydaypolis.

B flickers apart, the glitters
in his eye undiminished. (I).

Gasoline pumps as he prays:
Maserati: orange and expensive things.

On the dial, **B** holsters a tune—
reverberate with steel, a twang
from the submarine.

Blood oozes from smooth
skin, the pilot whale's
muscles now (I) exposed and divvied
by blackened fingernails, those
who know dime and oceanic acreages.

Air in the tube: 0.75 cents.

Paddle grainy pavement
around edges of the strip—calculate
the trajectory of dead kelp.

*

Monotones are harbored
in yellows, a mixology

for strokes of resin, stale
waves rebound—sallow

lights that submit—

daubs by a sponge offer horizontal

continuity and a daybreak to the bizarre.

Get Islands.

“The Dolphin is a creature that carrieth a loving affection not only to man, but also to *musicke*: delighted he is with harmonie in song, but especially with the sound of the water instrument, or such kind of pipes.”

B gazes at the burnt match
of a mutual sun—proceed,
blink, and groove deeper with stereo-
wavelets then right-

click to undo drifting
polyhedrons, *A tangerine* edited.

tank-top on my bae fits.
Looking good you sparkle like Y, like
sunset wetness on the waves.

This could be a movie.

Flukes emerge, a monument
jutting in the scene—scarred

by an invisible splash—
boundaries are grasped only while drowning.

*

A jilted lover tangles in the fish net—
another night of neglect
painted, seared:
apartment on the winch—

braced to violence—five blocks

from XYZ school. *You're just an S-hater*
you wish you had a nice ass 2 and B's done

with [Y] get over it. Blurbs
crawl on flatscreens
divided across five states: equidistant.

Get me a dollar scratch-off, hon.

Everydaypolis— (I) boardwalk. Day-
dreams in pastels of
pinwheels that swirl, held

over sand by a child scanning
for invisible whales.

People are strewn
about the beach, their colors
snagged from tropical fish.
Omg like his tattoos make him

*look badass, like he doesn't need her
she be hating and hold
him back. I luv you B.*

Sip liquids and sweat them out.

*

Glossy coverings have slipped
down S' thigh, bringing
lights and inhalations; our ribs rise
beneath flushed skin—minds pour—the curious moray waits.

S maps the estuary, for us the mental
rhythms of thrust—a dull blade. S sings
for us, dresses for us, understands us.

We buy a wedge of her flesh
on a disk: measured: we grind.

There is a price. Remember tea time?

A courtyard rimmed by chestnut
foliage, murmurs in rivulets of sun,
exposure, a sip of tea—bitter.

She, the dock of the
mind; we'll have more tourists in time.

(I).

*

A pinprick of blood roils the waves, measured
by the pixels and blurred: (*quota*)
one pilot whale, a calf
orphaned to the system

of song: Ph balance, microorganisms,
and the scaly blue:

systems shuffle in paperwork
caught beneath elevator *musicke*—profits
divided by a single loss—loan,

an echo from the gaff on the gun-
wale. **S** waves
to the crowd.
Anemones.

An orange vest bobs—
I was commenting
on my opinion. And you didn't
need to comment back. You can't
even spelbytch. Translucent—a jellyfish troll.

Alone, a self-thickness, dark as whale blood, **B**
wets his fingertips to cake the hull

of four walls and three meals.

*

Smell **Ga**, milky white emerges
over barnacles of doubt—neon
strobes striate
the ocean, the black
mega-screen: **Ga** nurses all—
glistening bodies crest to *musicke*.

Ga's' fingers extend, upwards they hook
towards the desert,
barbed towards the moon
over mountain peaks in another sea
reflecting a moon gone.

You have conceived by holding your breath,

schism of new mountains—but *harmonie*
unfolds, nonetheless.

“As soon as the baby is born the mother gently
pushes it towards the surface
where, as soon as the blowhole breaks the surface
and reaches the air, it takes its first
breath. The companion
females take great interest.”

Fossils in the hill’s inner sea quiver
awaiting touch—subdivisions.

*

Underwater, death distorts—
in reflection—statistics beep (I).

Coupon: *for 20% off with the purchase of a second
item bought after the first
is bought for the regular price.* Canned whale

meat is marked and silent and stacked
under fluorescence. Discount
flesh with a tagline. ***B** knows and **Y** knows cuz she*

*need him to buy expensive clothes and keep her stylish and famous;
if it was not for **B** she would be*

nowhere. Find your desk. In
alphabetical order, in a row
all lined up, take your colored
sticker facing forward.

“The muscles or red meat of a whale are very dark
in color because they contain a great
quantity of myoglobin, a substance with great
affinity for oxygen and resembling the hemoglobin.”

Those on sale can leave, or can they?

*

B, the lantern boy, stands over oily vestibules of carcass
slick on butcher’s wax—

the papier-mâché of deck and the below—

a small, but bulbous eye of a dead whale
lolls—a souvenir
that conjures pursuit of self. *#hashtag*

We offered ambergris, ivory, and spermaceti,

then played cutthroat in the cargo hold
Shallows were
illumed by a lamp; his
piece of flesh intimates with a lonely ghost.

*

Seaward, miles and miles are diced into millimeters: broadcasting
wavelengths where algae blooms,
testaments to **Ga's** existence:

rheum and blood
of the venue, a classroom
mixed with sand; (I) Know it.

S tastes it, and electro-plankton filters through baleen;
S mouths the future with a ruby O,
a place without coral. **S** diffuses
it: we perspire
O.

Green sea glass holds the beyond: a seawall.

People of Hometown come, some grimace.

*

Minnnows nibble the hairs of whalers on leave; they wade

under a cerulean wink—a forgotten
coconut— corners of
a tropical postcard transcribe awe.

B mulls the genus or branch of the rhizome to claim
or own, lets others to sift alone.

He carries a tune: song that is bathed in *musicke*, soaked
in *harmonie* and siphoned efforts from oil
ablaze in a cove of
blood. Ceremony of no
sense, tentacles from the black
screen weave into moral flosses but left of drift, us.

Make a password that is easily forgotten, a covenant
to hack, to cleave from flesh,
remember the first
time you saw a whale,
yourself, the mirrored grins splayed, (I)
unpicked bones.

*

Land sharks to the shiny brochures, a voyage
scrunched in credits by youth
impressed by an endless beat—Successpolis.

In a kelp forest the radio entangles—lost fishing lines
redde the old notes peek-a-booming
from behind the crags—dip your fingers in coolness
for a discount.

Man, but, how much?

It is just an aquarium, don't fret
about the hair-trigger anchor thingy
waiting to plummet to an endless depth at any (*fucking*) moment.
The mechanics of this contraption are very interesting, but don't bother
trying to understand it.

Hold the chain, man.

See, the chain fits snug around your ankle.
You won't notice the adjusted
bill, the anchor, a month-to-month lifestyle.

After salivating,
dab your lips with a napkin,
and remember there is a free deep-sea diver
figurine to be included in every deal.

Y, she took a selfie of her booty man

*if the money would be fresh
I'd have me something like that, for real
not just an aspic, but real real like B.*

Routinepolis—the neighborhood has submerged again.

*

There are no sidewalks in the ocean.

Depth, fragmentation, and debris—detritus:
scab of coconut and flesh, kelp
appendages once broken
to our surface needs, sediments of
microplastics—netting tossed in the murk.

A silent mass—no *musicke*, an empty catch.

Drift: migration to
latent islands (I). Husks—*tradition has it, man.*

The glitter of wavelets: there, self-
i.e. **Ga** fragments of reflect-
ion, as one dorsal in the pod
rises for a glimpse.

Ga is proud as a black sky upon a black sea; wind
brushes the figurehead; she
creates internal *harmonie* to clear; spoken of,
our clouds tuck in past seams.

Con-temp, your whaleboat under the blanket
slides, scrolling within
a screen: updates—city docks

profiled in absence, an outline in the tumble of tide, yet
you are caught in stale

lamplight alone and harbored.

*

The groan of a breaching whale, harpooned.

B breathes for us,
sharpening the spades—brine

of biography: the sallow knaves, the restless.

Night classes in self-
preservation linger on—spermaceti. Cut a spiral groove, indebted to—
rights. A box of all purpose
unscented candles: $(1/200^{\text{th}} - \$4.04 = X)$

Chrysanthemums: in port
for those at sea—corks
make measure of the underneath.

Crew: on the deck to draw portraits (I):

Piffle: pink: *Our functional curriculum
puts you in real-world problem-solving situations.*
Piffle: lavender: *Many of our students
find that they are able.*
Piffle: canary yellow: *Networking opportunities
help prepare them for the next step.*

Colors of the macaw
cover pale bodies sacrificed on the beach.
An old boozier, leathered,
gazes seaward as she collects bottles

emptied of liquid,
tossed in the breeze without regrets—
leftover moments: fins of
broken links.

As of now, your bookmark is lost in a cloud of krill: letters,

an autobiography
swirled by anchors dipping,
dripping with spray paint

from brick canvases: buildings: institutions:
we feed
off the boilers: vat:

mouth of Everydaypolis.

“In 1715 Nantucket had six sloops engaged in this fishery
producing oil to the value of 1,200
pounds sterling.”

“M. de Denonville writes to M. de Seignelay, in 1690, that Canadians are adroit at whaling.”

Mix and match these scraps

for recipes of inclusion, yet the pods
have absconded
and this link has expired.

*

An abalone palette, S’ posture, an outlet:
webcam on a feed, slinking—
nude for her whalers, an image emits.

Wigs, a bra unhooked, and thongs: offerings to
the whalebone, brushes of space
nestled in her brow—splashed

intervals of cyber ads, the shallow sea
of the equidistant.

Payment options: online, adrift
you are
to object?

Subscription rates may vary and are subject to change.

*

B interprets wavelets and spins them into *musicke*:
saxophone in
background setting number seven: a covenant
remix of rebirth—

the whales’ songs can be heard for miles and miles and miles,
a symphony rising,
often inaudible, unsaid.

Quadraphonic: sound, leveled from the basement, an invisible sea—
catch (my) carcass adrift,
turn the amp—snare the eager’s conversion to
sentience, Dr. can this be?

All said, all aboard. Body mechanics.

Pentaphonic: Sir, profits have fallen,
pyrotechnics have become boring
and so much blood fills the bottom
of your lungs, the soul, the sails, the sweeping wave.

Hum: still, sinking in stale rhythm—as if always
was the number of your herd. *Refer others
for a reference bonus (the 500
dollars can go only towards your tuition).*

Education for the everyday individual.

musicke is divvied up in shares of pleasure—
price check, the special

humps are hidden in obscurity, by clever
couture, measured, you were, for a single
whale-suit.

*I heard she like to listen to **B**, and man
this is a bummer cuz I like to listen to **Ga**.*

*

Buy my brand, I am independent.

If submerged, (I)

know why you are under-

water and what put you there.

A fleece, bluish as the overcast ocean, its depths obsidian
and made of whale-skin—
you look suave in this material,
perhaps you could own it one day, to be

a buyer of coral, to line your swimming pool
with little mosaics
of fishies. The filter sucks and flip-flops
prance on the seaboard—pools
form in each backyard.

Whale-skin, some are born into it,

Some hawk fish scales: imitations piecemeal, and chum
of the previous amateur. Peer into the mirror;
conceive the tailored whale-suit.

In and out: breath: salt: sniff: air: water:

*sign here for your packaged deal,
an education discounted*
by cubic feet, the compression of possibility (a free T-shirt).

“Because of its greater
content of histidine, which is essential
to the growth of the human body, we should pay much more
attention to the whale
meat as a source of food.

Dear captain, why do we all have the same treasure
map and discount slacks? *Place
your photo in the right-hand corner.*

*

Y, in the, for profit’s
marginalia, an epoch dipped in salt, in jet-
black coffee, on the plan: Routine-
polis, of commuter. News-

paper clippings manage
wonders in preservation of an ethic— a *sal-mon* gutted,
filleted on an oar for a king.

From her canoe, a sliver of whale tongue has bled,
Y, in her stroke, gives a thrust of her arm
to the waves, garlands
now bobbing, ripping away—her face on the silver

screen of things deserved.
*If each bill is paid on time, then payments
will diminish
by five dollars every six months. This institution
produces a workforce.*

For-profit has made us measured: re:
coil of the school—factory: ed:

a lure of Traditionpolis only

impressed by the star charts: opt:

piscine, cetacean, your finger is pointing past
the bus stop. (I)

*

Buoyancy settles within a glass tank
for the young mothers
moored to place, cityscapes.

In pre-school (I) discovered
cerulean, tangerine, and razzmatazz—
an ocean was drawn and left in a drawer to grow
wild and squiggly.

But today, this artifact, a fluke, is
scanned and photo-shopped;
enhancing one's brightness

through technology is a premium opportunity.
Redrawn—wisteria, your dolphin hidden

in blue ringed violence—in the sky
you saw yourself,
wedges of blubber—opportunity
cut by a low whirl from the propeller—needs.

“The rest of the school is very apt to follow
the unfortunate ones and ‘commit suicide’ by apparently

deliberately swimming ashore. It is possible
that the stranded ones
make distress signals
to the others, who.” A hometown

requiem, but **B's musicke**
is here and **S'** too, they
reverberate with the flesh, the wood, the frame
as you adjust your bottom in the seat,
rowboat of Somedaypolis—

suburbia for the filtered,
profit from labor has been called good.

*

Stare out along the wavering line
where waves made of cubes
form and reform, and this is
pierced by pelicans

from broken shores, along the tide,
where coral tumbles out, white and washed:

your fingers transformed
once, let to settle and reemerge as a lapping memory—
to sign here, so—
again pieces spread out.

Between your toes, collect shells,
the cacophony of other-ed hesitations are
receding back to the whale.
And look at what she be wearing,

make that hustle honey,

but don't forget where you came from.

The synthesis of foreground and the membrane,
earth and sea, the **Lichen** begot
Ga—a phantom limb that holds us and whale;
this bough and that beach eroded—
the darkest whale is inside out. (I)

Interpretation, *after all the forms have been filled out,*
yet the rhizome remains

adrift: a vessel pumping
oil, with the harpooner
skimming for a whale to **B's musicke**—radio

wavelets seek an eclipse, sculpting boredom.

We wish to dilute the pilot,
the whale, in Routinepolis
hither thither and elsewhere.

It's been a pleasure, sir.

*

Whale fossils dally in the desert with the charred

remains of an explosive harpoon—
methods of the corral. Floating

factories are squeezed into the—, giving answer
and commerce—strip malls: dubbed over and over.

Try to learn a sailor's knots—
financing, broken routes, flip-toss the net to find patterns on patterns—

crumbled boulevards
glued to the ocean, the shore, the dial-
tone equidistant, misspoken swishes are heard, meant for others.
Still, there is a lot of blood.

Indent one line or another.

Indent on one line or another.

Make the waves into a straight line.

Whale watching, an eco-
friendly puree from a swivel
chair. Polis—
the curdled blood on your brioche is

swirled and making records. Throb, the temple sells
wanton-hope on every block.

Hone the blades
in accordance to profile.

B's tracks are off the map, a few blocks away;

Y lives there and **S** lives here.

Ga send a single, one of us, **(I.)** the pilot.