**Killing a whale**

A whale is killed is follows
A shell is filled with dinamite and
A harpoon takes the shell.
You wait untill the great grey back
Breaches the sliding seas; you squint,
Take aim.
The cable snakes like a squirt of paint,
The shell channels deep through the fluke
And flank, through mural softness
To bang among the blubber,
Exploding terror through
The hollow fleshy chambers,
While the hooks fly open
Like an umbrella
Gripping the tender tissue.

It dies with some panache,
Whipping the capstan like
A schoolboy's wooden top,
Untill the teeth of the machine
Can hold its anger, grip.
Its dead tons thresh for hours
The ravished sea,
Then sink together, sag -
So air is pumped inside
To keep the corpse afloat,
And one of those flags that men
Kill mountains with is stuck
Into its massive death.

Dead whales are rendered down,
Give oil.

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**Source:**

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