I saw a whale on the beach.

it was a lonely sight

the beast’s pained bellows rang true for miles

and pulled me towards its limp body

tentatively, I observed the damage:

it was littered

with oil stains,

and plastic wrap

but my interest had that feigned

once I beheld its eyes

before kind and

full of life,

now shallow and desperate

my heart sank to the pits of the sea

among the other life

I whispered a

gentle apology
and with all the strength I could muster
pushed
to return the whale
back home
to safety

but it would not budge

I saw a whale on the beach.

a man stood by

as the whale cried out to me,

and I felt its melancholy song

resonate

through the muddy earth

the man attempted to move the thing

and return it back into the ocean, but

his futile efforts

did nothing

“step aside”

I declared

and fashioned a harness of rope

around the gigantic beast

after a bout of silence

the man spoke up

“how can you be so sure

that will work?”

pride is a

fool’s folly
but no folly of mine

“trust me”

even the automobile

with the strength

of a thousand oxen

could not move the whale

the bitter weather

did not amount

to the bitterness in my mouth

as the other

scowled

“he will die out here—

all you have done

is hasten his end.”

and I knew

the whale would soon disappear

if nothing were done

I saw a whale on the beach.

there were two people around the massive creature

bickering.

tightly gripping my daughter’s hand,

I approached
as the whale
beckoned with a
roar
audibly weak
the others continued on
arguing
seemingly unaware of my presence
the salty air nipped at my face
walls of blue and grey
crashed, monotonous
upon the shore
the metronome of time
giving it my all
I attempted to
push the whale back to the sea
now lavished with Death’s sickly aroma
“don’t bother”
one man huffed irritated
“there’s no use”
the whale was draining away
by the second
monarch of the deep sea
upstaged from its
kingdom
at the fault
of a greedy society
such a siege
executed only by the likes
of man
“why do you bicker about
like schoolchildren?”
my daughter had piped up
with her insistent,
timid voice
seldom heard
“you cannot heal alone;
this is the work of many.”

the child went towards the tail
“come, help each other”
I went and took a
firm hold of the whale’s head
I gently cradled the whale’s fin
with a newfound energy
I made haste and secured
a grasp on the
we lifted the ocean king and carefully returned him to the sea.

And together we watched as the whale's underbelly disappeared into the depths.