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Beached Pilot Whale

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Neumire: Beached Pilot Whale
**BEACHED
PILOT WHALE**

**WILLIAM
NEUMIRE**

This is the story of clouds the color of waves.
The eyes of whales
are the size of the human heart.

That could be a lie, but this is still the story
of a parachute

of clouds over the dull blue water.

Whales have no names, not even when they are dying
before us. But you can touch them there
on the Australian beaches.

Hearts are the size of fists and certain birds
that run reconnaissance through the clouds.
There's an alchemy between us

whereby his eyes become my heart,
my fist, a bird witnessing
and reporting back to his eyes.

Sometimes the things we don't know about try to leap out
of the ocean and find us. Even dying like this,
they look up and say, *you have been drowning.*