

Megaptera Novaeangliae
Allana Stuart

Humpback
slumped back
in the sand,
when we got here you still
held the shape of a whale
washed belly up
on the beach.

Now your ridged skin splits
until you
seep back into the sea,
your long bones
exposed to the air
twist and turn
as if seeking the sun.

But your carcass forms a cavern,
shelters the sandpipers
picking maggots
from your flesh,
tiny beaks dipping
in and out of
the putrid pool you've become.

In winter I'm sure
the eagles will arrive
to tear up what's left of you
with talons sharp like knives.

By then I'll be long gone
but still haunted by
your scent
even with an ocean
between us.