

Sea Ghost

by wisp *Saturday, Sep 29 2012, 2:33pm*

international / poetry / post



Migaloo

at night
i watch the brooding ocean
from my secret cliff-top vantage
it speaks of approaching catastrophe
a great purging
of land, sea
and sky
not one grain or soul will remain
unaffected

physical change will
correspond with magnetic
realignment
the earth will be reborn
the dross will be purged
completely
only the rarefied,
attuned will survive to replenish
the planet
that much has happened before
but the scale of this impending
upheaval is too horrendous
to contemplate for any length of time

sensitive souls with deep understanding
are awed by the scale of this looming
disaster and the savagery
of nature's unleashed forces

very little will be spared
but only little is required,
the earth will be
re-born anew

and enter a new cycle

not one coward or self-serving
avaricious pig will remain;
but for a handful, the human race
would have all but vanished,
a situation humanity has brought on itself

but tonight the moon is full,
its light dances across the waves
a warm spring breeze
carries the fragrance
of blossoming flowers

i have learned to watch indirectly
in order to see
what is not usually seen,
vapours and spirits
swirling slowly in the night

the hush of waves
is broken by a sudden splash
and a blur on the surface
the omen has returned from the deep
the white whale breaches
and rolls in the ocean off the coast
it senses those that sense it
as it sings its haunting lament

locals have come to expect
the seasonal migration of the white whale
Migaloo off our coast
away from Japanese harpoons
and commercial whaling cannon --
they view it as a novelty, a rare spectacle,
entertainment

few are aware of Aboriginal legend
and the significance of the white whale

another breach and call
and Migaloo disappears
beneath the waves