***Humpbacks, Howe Sound***

Beyond these windows the whales are singing.

You touch me in the night

tell me to listen –

low frequency clicks and cries

sonar light.

I know the upward thrust

humped backs peeling

the surface still

the drive down

where mammal flesh

involves with salt.

Theirs the throb of deep

sea bells, carillon riven

by the harpoon’s clipped

load and fire.

Out on the Sound

whale clamour, whale lament

diminuendo, ullaloo

sorrow song in blue space.