

Tongue Stones (Megaptera Megachasmacarcharias)

Giant Squid

What was the catalyst, the final offense, that forced her presence

To intervene, to make known, this planet of stone, is truly her bone

And her flesh, ripples with troughs and crests

And our lakes, are her breasts

And her veins, quench our thirsts

But we pour our filth in first

Our judgment came not in flame, but in flood

A crawling lake of brine, thick with oil, thick with blood

Beg for, forgiveness from higher ground

Scents of cetacean serpents carried for miles

One baleen grin hides another serrated smile

When, pectoral fins block out the sun, all is lost

For those out of her reach, she'll swell rivers into the creeks,

Pushing creeks into the streams, until the highest lakes boil and teem

Torrential flows carving pinnacles clean

We are debris from which god's hands filter feed

When new shores lap at our highest peaks

The world as we know it will flow past their teeth