

THE WHALES

Offshore,

where waves don't make decisions,

far in,

where clouds look at themselves in a mute mirror,

in such a place where silence

is a frequency,

a vibration in the arteries,

where one can clearly notice how the world

is just a hush,

right there,

after a kind of premonition

or announcement

recorded by the heart,

muscularly,

the whales make themselves heard.

Muffled commotion,

a bang of energy that propagates
in circles,
resounding waves of power that can reach
each corner of the planet,
each folding of the waters,
as if a god from our mythology,
submerged for centuries,
would suddenly appear.

The whales announce themselves as splendid,
titanic baritones
who,
just a few seconds before breaching through
our surface,
sound,
shaking the whole world with a note
of glory,
a long and upheld flat meaning yes,
we're here!