

Whales

From my cell widow
I see the long curves of the Downs,
like great whales
stranded on the unseen shore,
the rising of their great chalk bulk
built from millions of skeletons,
white beneath the green skin of grass.

Then on TV I see breaking news –
on the coast, upon another shore,
a family of fabulous creatures
like pictures from an old story:
whales, stranded like refugees,
helpless victims of our tides
with a one-way ticket to oblivion.