

Great White Whale

Stateless

When I was young, like seven or eight
My dad would take us down to the pond
Where we burned our necks and buried our legs
Snacking on Kraft cheese and decrusted white bread
When disciplined for wading too deep
I'd section off a piece of the pond
And corral the minnows sweeping my feet
Into the kingdom, I built for their safety

But they always escaped from my pond
I made a lousy king
I couldn't save them from the big sink

When the pond was too big for us kids
My father became the great white whale, and Megan and I would g
o fast to his fins
And bask in the splash from his tireless tail

A long way out much to our surprise we saw some women off in th
e distance
My father told us to cover our eyes
Until we passed the beach where the girls lie
But I always had to peek
I made a lousy son
My white whale filled with grief
And the pond was

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When our father drowned we looked and looked
We cried and cried
We shook and shook
But he never was and we found our fear kicking towards the nudi
st beach

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