the Cetacean smile
is enigmatic
only to Man—
the Master of Symbols
the Great Communicator
necromancer of computers
sequestered with his lord TV
spinning satyriastic schemes
tossing through bulimic dreams.

so many
coming on
with glitter noise and tedium
wanting and wanton
how can he stand up to them?
so he deals less bruisingly
with pictures
with which he can range far
and be selective
daguerreotype to beta max
give me my MINI!
cables and wires and beams traverse the globe
for an endless supply of pictures
and Man calls this Communication
and Man suffers from loneliness
from lack of knowing
and of being known
for the sum of all these flicks
and flying pix is enigma
'What's it all about?'
he asks Alfie
Alfie says
'We reflect our pictures
our pictures reflect us
a fun house hall of mirrors
and a horror hall of fears,'
says Alfie
'Ask Freud
ask anybody.'

but the Cetacean smiles
a real smile
a whale's smile
your pictures—
what can Man know of them?
of water and light
of ancestors
great deeds
and great understandings
('That big brain—what does he do with it? If he
isn't manipulating the sea, what can he be doing?')
are your pictures of peace?
there is too much suffocating noise
endless death-dealing filth
too many too many harpoons
ripping the fabric of your lives for peace
and yet you are grace and beauty
beaming serenity in a man-made-bloody sea
your pictures must be also
hanging in the galleries of your song
gleaming in the joyous wake of your shining flukes
shimmering at their surface and shadowing down still and strong
in the depths of yourselves and the sea

'Do they communicate?'
Man-Symbol-Master is also
Master of the Absurd Question
he picture-makes and chatters
and flings it all about
hoping someone will look and listen
he creates false ideals and real life is no longer enough
even when that life is his own
he can never measure up to the image forever assaulting
his brain's retina
and he grieves

'What is the purpose of a great brain?'
to know oneself
to grow in grace
to smile, at last, like a whale