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Psalm for the Whales

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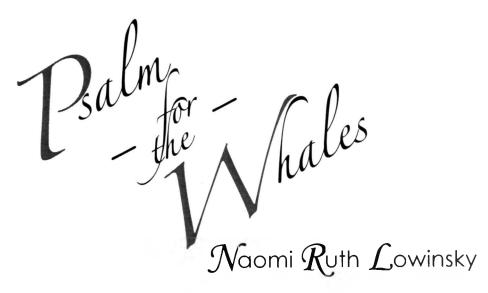
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The heaven is Yours, the earth too.

-Psalm 89



Yours is the sun, awakening seeds in the dark. They leap to the sky, as palm trees bearing coconuts, as mangoes thrusting flowers into our hands.

Yours are the roots. Yours the fervent purple and pink bougainvillea, Yours the moon whose fingers play with the tides,

Yours the pelicans, dipping their wings to touch You, Yours the mountains who praise You in rustling ferns and in stone. Yours our eyes which behold You, feed us bananas, papayas, grapes; we learn to make wine.

We who have walked on the moon and sent pieces of metal to Mars have forgotten—

> For everything taken, something must be given back—

The whales keep track of our debt. They sing of blasts under seas, of glaciers gone to muck, of salmon that can't make it home.

They sing and they sing, those whales,

Your prophets.

Painting by Nikki Janzen