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## Psalm for the Whales

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# Psalm — for — the Whales

Naomi Ruth Lowinsky

*The heaven is Yours, the earth too.*

— Psalm 89



Painting by Nikki Janzen

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.