

Sinéad Garrigan-Mattar

Leviathan

I, in the belly of the whale fast,
fasting, feasted on the sea:
its scales, its tales, and its bitter
fomenting glory in the great not-me.

Way-hey, blow the man down

Might and strain of the wave-thick
tentacular lashings at surge;
and I in my belly cave singing
to the rib-dark sky, larking my demiurge.

Give me some time

You were the sea, you the surge,
You were the lashings and the whale,
You were the lark and yours the song
I sang in jail.

Give me some time to blow the man down