

1987

Candle

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Recommended Citation

Davis, Laura L. (1987) "Candle," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 1987 , Article 16.

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CANDLE

The candle that was molded
from the fat of the dead whale
that I saw in National Geographic
is burning on the stool
Its molecules are bleeding in the air
and bleeding in my nostrils
And as I watch
I shudder at the thought
of baby whales
becoming part of my body.
Baby whales
swimming around in my warm blood
not being able to see through my dark veins.
now I wish
I could stop breathing
and throw the candle
back
into the Ocean.

Laura L. Davis