

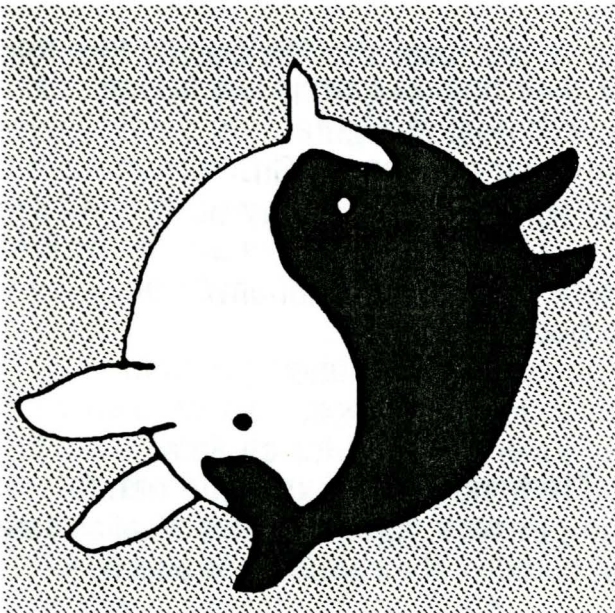
# The Waterfallian

## In the Beginning

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**"Here's a story  
of the whale's big bones."**

The great whale Hump intones,  
"I am the Leviathan, I am big I am.  
Before the earth had a moon  
I was an asteroid that swam  
through the cosmos to make the moon  
to form the orb in orbit  
around the blue and green.  
In the warmth of El Sol, a planet for me  
with deep azure sea, land verde and ice.  
I swam through the void  
quite alone, for an eternity.  
Selene she called to me  
with her turquoise land  
To create the moon."



## In the Middle

Part 1

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**The whales Hump and Selene,  
called Sal by her friends,  
swim in the pelagic deep.**

Hump heads left (west)  
and Sal, goes right (east),  
around the world, to meet  
at the Cape of Good Hope.

One day after a raid of meteorites  
Hump and Sal swim in deep zazen,  
chanting of love for their rights  
with the enormous Blue Bill,  
bigger than them by fifty feet.  
"We been trolling the sea all over  
from Halifax by way of Dover.  
Hubba," they go, "hubba hubba  
we want the freedom to be blubber."

Blue Bill introduces Hump and Sal  
by Innernet cosmic connection  
to the Bald Eagle called Hal,  
(from *Haliaeetus Leucocephalus*,  
latin for Mr. Whitehead, the Old Salt).  
Bald Hal is having a whale of a time.  
He soars, seeing the world from afar.

An eagle who can tell the difference  
between people who bathe in hilarity  
and closed minds, afearred of clarity;  
He is Hump and Sal's alter ego.  
their free minds' eye soaring,  
while Hump and Sal swim in the now.

Bald Hal sees a place below  
accepting change, where bright ideas  
and open minds arrange,  
where being pleased to share is easily  
rewarded and the job of the liberator  
is to enlighten.

But Bald Hal, the bold, also  
sees a small-city Caesar,  
a closed-minded god bigot,  
scared of any moral clarity he's got.  
His reactionary mind's set  
against useful change and yet  
in his lust for power he knows  
he's never satisfied.  
So, like the Emperor goes,  
"All were as me, or died."

Then up spouts Blue Bill  
with a rotund pomposity,  
"Dry-landers have mud in their eyes.  
They are steel hearted Ironmen  
with minds so slammed shut  
they think their waste is sacred."

Hal cawks into the void,  
"The job of the light liberator  
is to enlighten,  
to counter the bad effect  
of the know-nothings  
who bring a dimming of the light of life –  
the destruction of coral,  
death of frogs and the seas,  
the growth of deserts  
and the cutting of trees."

Bald Hal begins yet another story,  
"The now-a-days of withered glory  
when to exist is a crime..."

But for Whales Hump and Sal  
it is time to go.

Part 2

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**They split up – with Hump  
off to Sact'o running for Guv,  
while whale Sal scoots off to Oahu.**

Hump swims through the Gate  
to the North Bay, to Sacramento  
puts on a mean look,  
gets in the Senate, orates,  
"I'll tell you how it's going to be:  
You must evolve with me."

He brung a great big squid  
to the house he did.  
Flung it on the floor, said, "Now..."  
and flapped a flip in the face  
of the ghost of speaker Brown.

"What's that mean?"  
the delegates crowed  
and old Hump said "Time's up.  
You thought I was lost.  
Some said I was nuts.  
But I found an 'out'  
to the deep briny blue  
and now I return with a tale.

"I give my thanks to the Bay and its folk  
for their help in getting me home.  
Now I'll deal straight  
with their gross gray Guv  
and his lackeys in Foggy B.

"Here's the scam what am."  
he booms in a roar,  
"You cut back pollution,  
resist your war urge,  
find lovers to vote for clean air  
and I'll hand you a tax off the rich."  
The geezers, aghast at this whalian fate,  
sat twiddlin' their thumbs in alarm.

When up one spoke  
with a frog in his throat,  
"We cannot do that," said he.

So the Hump votes them out,  
those beastly old men in the pews.

"And the moral of this story is,"  
the Hump he declared with a sigh,  
"when man is given power,  
abuse will flower,  
unless he's held to account.  
So make your mark, make a check.  
Make a change for the better."  
Then old Hump he swims away.

### Part 3

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**Singing aloud as he flips out  
Hump swirls off into the briny.**

Hump joins a pod and heads for Oahu.  
Thus begins the saga of the begatting  
of the Hippo-walk-on-land-whale,  
a human-cum-whale crossbred  
to overcome the malevolent forces  
of the Ironmen and their evil sonar.

Hump heads out to see sea,  
to the breed waters of Oahu  
where Hump meets up with siren Sal,  
the lumpy Hump he does.

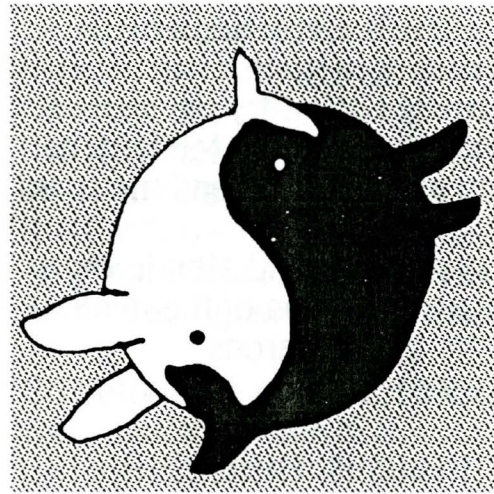
Asks her straight,  
"Will you come with me?"  
"Aye," she says, "aye, aye."

Then in celebration of their union  
the whale bellows aloud  
"All must work for peace  
to stop the scourge of the Ironmen."  
Meanwhile sailors awaiting their  
sonorous echo hits blip  
hear these secrets of the deep,

of Big Hump and Sal in pelagic ooze,  
decoded by their puters muse.

They broadcast their secrets  
from homeland security  
to the inland reverend you  
trusted with facts of your life.

Soon the people on land realize  
the whales have both the might  
and the right on their side.



### Part 4

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**And this is the tale  
of twisted history  
Hump tells to his bride  
as they swim around Oahu.**

"Well, Adam and Eve grew up  
in Babylon's Hanging Gardens.  
But we inherit the 'I am your god'  
School of despotism from the tricks  
of the uptight Sumerians  
who invented guilt.  
You get the good with bad in history."

Then, hitting flipper, leaving foam,  
The whales they chug along,

intoning as they roam,  
"Ram Hindu and Sita Brahma,  
Ibram and Sara Hebrew,  
Isis and Osiris came out  
of Egypt to Rome." And so on.

Booms Hump to his Sal,  
"The people obey. Cower at home  
while all around good gold glistens.  
They say it's the law –  
my god is more holier than your'n.

"Early protestants were hippies  
preaching easy tolerance  
with freedom of choice for all  
but they were followed by feudal times  
with King as god, and you and me, mud.

"Then came weavers and stonecutters,  
artisans of a trade union of the mind,  
against these bandit barons  
out to steal their lunch.

"Battles of tolerated nonsense –  
versus us, in rhymes round the reason  
with all god's maniacs in season –  
wax weak and flow strong.  
The ebb and surge of time tells of Kings  
to bow to, while peasants plow and hew.

"But now, no longer peasant,  
now, no longer weak,  
the power of a strong-minded people  
overcomes the usurper,  
the illegal great pretender,  
the trick in the Oval Room,  
seizer Bush taking the country,  
making it safe for himself.

The nasty business of  
The State of Empire Americas,  
the land of SEAs to shining sea;  
a market of immense proportions.

"When the lord of the land  
is switched with landlord,  
people are as bewildered as ever."

On a roll, the Hump proclaims:  
"We have the strength  
of forty thousand years of learning.  
We have the power to bring down,  
to overcome this tyrant."

## In the End

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**A crescendo is reached  
as the whale exhorts:  
"We shall see SEAs INC.  
overcome by Yankee ingenuity."**

Soon a territory tussle on Oahu  
leads the whales to contest the sand  
with the villainous Miss Mopsy,  
an Ironmen spy, posing in a hula hoop,  
as a bathing inspector from Leeds.

The whale gleams baleen  
and frightens Miss Mopsy away.  
She then tells the Dry-landers  
of the coming of the whales –  
who, she says, now own the shores.

But the people show no fright:  
Dig the scene, don bright bathing togs  
and colorful wet suits like frogs,  
(so sharks can tell them from seals),  
enter the deep waters of change  
to stop the scourge of the Ironmen,  
and mate with the whales.

So goes the saga of the begatting  
of the Hippo-walk-on-land-whale  
a human-cum-whale  
crossbred to overcome  
the malevolent forces of the Ironmen.

noise that dooms our kind. These infernal war machines have killed many great whales.

Before the coming of monster man and his aggressive nastiness we could peacefully swim the seas for a century or more, making and listening for the music of the waters.

Now the humans who inhabit the dry quarter have grown more degenerate. They maim and lay waste to people from other cultures.

The words of Chief Seattle, a champion of our kind, are more relevant today than ever. He said that these colonial invaders must be stopped, that they are ruthless, even as they claim to be good. He said they are clever, but not wise. Now, swollen with greedy pride over their power of domination, they bloody the oceans with their aggressive sonar, their deadly war noises.

I, Leviathan, implore you to stop this madness. I ask all you humans out there with spirit and determination, with decency and respect for creation, to stop the wars on land, to stop the wars in the sea.

Please save us, the whales.

## Addendum

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### This just in: Ants

TO THE GREAT EAGLE, Red Ant Chieftain relates, "The Tower of Babel was lost and confused and Atlantis was proud and destructive. But the Hopi were careful in their respect for nature – they would not even step on the Red Ants."

The story is then told of how the Red Ant Chieftain honored the Hopi for their humility and respect for the ants. The Chieftain of the Red Ants in return taught the Hopi how to be small, to be able to enter the Red Ants' mounds, to travel to the Earth below. The worker Red Ants taught the Hopi how to cover the surface entrances against enemies and flood.

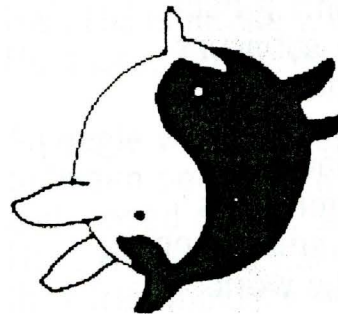
So before the great flood the entrances were blocked, with the Hopi safely underground; and all others, except Noah and his crew, were drowned.

Eons later the Hopi re-surfaced to travel the four directions, teaching balance, harmony and peace.

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*By Waterfall and Wills*

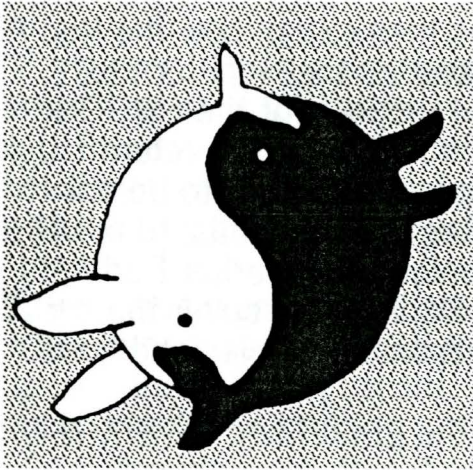
*DCTWills@earthlink.net*



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HUMPBACK 'N SALL are still laughing  
at their fabulous lore.  
"We can say what we like,  
because we can, we am  
the largest mammals who ever swam.  
Happy to be – Leviathan!"

**We leave Hump as he swims away  
with Sal at his side.**



## Appendix

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*News items about sonar:*  
**The whales are invading.**

WHALES IN THE WATER  
thirty feet long and ten feet deep  
hear the sound o' war  
and are fighting back.  
Whales are rushing our beaches.  
The whales are coming back.  
Soon there will be survivors  
to populate the land  
on some lonely shore.  
They shall find a haven  
where, with stronger limbs  
to live on land like smart hippos,  
they shall inherit the world.  
Whales in the water;

thirty feet long and ten feet deep.  
hear the sound o' war  
and they're bigger than we are,  
so watch out.

•••

**In twenty-o'two,**  
eight beaked whales died  
beached on the Canary Islands  
off the west coast of Africa.  
Some think sonar is to blame also  
for a stranding on the Bahamas  
in two thousand, after naval exercises.  
Even the Fisheries Service agrees.  
All this use of sonar to find noisy subs  
that are irrelevant to our times,  
is both stupid and callous,  
when explosive trouble  
could come by shipping container.

## To the Editors

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**Some time later a letter is  
delivered to the Waterfallian.**

I AM LEVIATHAN, a humpback whale,  
my kind lived peacefully in the oceans of  
Earth for eons before hunter man the  
conqueror and destroyer came to kill.

Great white sharks will attack  
a young whale if it strays from the pod,  
but until the men came, an adult whale  
had no enemy other than the occasional  
big squid, who usually lost.

When men came, first in their wooden  
whalers with harpoons, it was bad,  
but then the steel ships came  
with their noises and explosions.  
Massive subs, even bigger than I am,  
invaded our territory, bringing with them  
their terrible blasts, and an all-pervading