

**'Orca'**  
**Kathleen Jones**

Fin! Black  
then roll-over white

stitching the ocean with a dark seam.

Torpedos fired from the mouth of hunger  
they go from cruise control  
to maximum velocity in a second.

Orcinus, from the kingdom of the dead.

Their teeth are razor blades,  
their skulls a gps that navigates  
by the stars they are made of.

They swim a lifetime  
beside their mothers sleeping  
on the wave, half of that giant brain  
switched into silence.

Look! Now  
they are spyhopping, lobtailing, breaching . . .

A synchronised hunt  
that stops the breath  
in the throat

and makes a fist  
of the heart.