The Whale Remained for Rebecca

FLOYD CHEUNG

Of course they took your iPod,
those fabulously large sunglasses,
and the $20 bill you hid in the owner's manual.
Even your box of mints didn't escape their sweep,
but they left Moby Dick.

You curse their thievery, their taste,
but this blessing remains:
They spared you from annotating a new copy,
from underlining again all those references
to sex, death, and ambergris.