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## Dismantling the great whale, Snooks Arm

“A work that always fetches an audience if carried out on shore!”  
—Edith Watson. Photograph caption, undated (c. 1915)

The white fat looks like foam, a lather  
spilling over the beast as though the men  
were doing the animal some great  
favour by bathing it. The whale  
is lodged on its side on the slipway,  
flanked by clapboard-cased structures, their lines  
a league of calm horizons. One man stands  
atop it, flensing knife honed and quick. One  
fin leans casual, as though to beckon,  
*come closer, witness the new century  
at work.*

Tensile baleen won't cinch the waists  
of the world's wealthy wives much longer.  
Soon, the machinery of the age will forge  
onward, ever smooth and unperturbed.

We're almost through here, blubber  
dragged away to the fires, flesh  
stripped from bone, bristled  
plates ripped from jaw. Ribs  
a bloodied cavern.

The photograph is a black and white  
memory, proof that once we knew a time  
when mere men broke Leviathan  
into his elements,

melted monsters into lamplight.

### Biography

Andreae Callanan is a doctoral candidate in English at Memorial University,  
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