

Choir

by Felix Jung

When killer whales hunt, they search in groups. They are not solitary predators who slide beneath the waves, composing lonely hunting songs with words like *I am a whale. The sea is big, and I am small.* Instead, they choose the comfort of a clan. The rub of dorsal fins can make the world seem smaller by a bit. When killer whales are killing, it's usually a bigger whale they want: a humpback, blue or gray. Each little killer takes its place and bites down on the tail, the fin, and holds. One by one they surface, breathe in air, returning like a jazz riff to resume their place among the rest. Sometimes this killing goes for hours. The minutes tick away as the larger one just holds itself, waiting for the chance to sing. It waits so long the lungs release, the water rushes in.



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