A Plea from the Sea

A poem by a whale shark

By Silas

As I travel through the ocean, solitarily, I
wonder where others could possibly be.

You may wonder why I travel alone, but there
are few others in the waters I roam.

It's my sincere plea that humans try
to help. It's the elephant in the room, or
the shark in the sea.

I'm an animal worth saving, for I have
many amazing traits, yet none of them
could save me from such a terrible fate.

I can open my mouth as wide as
the sky, as wide as the horizon in which
the clouds glide.

With my mouth, I drink the sea, while
the plankton and shrimp attempt to flee.

I'm the largest fish you'll find, hence
the faux name, "whale." But even though I'm a
shark, I have an equally wonderful tale.
Sure, I don't live up to my name, and I 
may be a slow swimmer, but whale sharks 
deserve help, and hope keeps getting dimmer.

It's a bad hand that we've been dealt, an 
unfortunate roll of dice, but there's so 
many ways humans could help, so it's my 
wish that over us you'll prioritize.

So please, spread the word. To let it go 
unheard would be absurd.

So please, hear my plea. Save me from my 
misery.
To be a whale, or to be a shark, that is the question.