In class discussion, we consider the spinelessness of the sailors, disguised in their arrogance and knowledge of anatomical texts. Despite the fact that they cannot lay claim to any bone or blubber or blood of Moby Dick: their fish hooks cannot sink into his skin, their spears are just sticks they can be snapped in half as easily as Ahab’s wooden leg, split into splinters and his wife turned spinster. Kept company by her spindles and spinning wheel, her whale bone needles prick her fingers. Another Leviathan’s skeleton encloses the ribcage of another sailor’s wife, an intricately carved corset that suffocates as easily as the lock on Queequeg’s coffin. Countless women clothed in a whale carcass, his carved up bones bearing into their breasts and cutting into their flesh, they head to the whaleman’s chapel in their Sunday best. The floorboards of the Pequod’s deck dry out another whale’s ribcage, a cage cut from ivory confines the lungs underneath another Nantucket lady’s dress, while the harpooners strike at the sperm whale, try to stab at his spout and cut open his chests. Captain and deckhand alike recoil at the Leviathan’s lungs, his exhale expels those craven creatures who cast their nets to capture his strength, his escape leaves those few Cape Cod women free with unchained chests, frees them to defend their breath. Moby Dick’s body was meant for something better than this; his bones belong in his body alone.