

Ahab

"Yet Another Raft Of The Medusa"

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Alas! The Marquesas!

Shun the beckoning land!

Choose the open sea instead

To whatever end!

Took down to wondrous depths

Sullen we did go

Where shapes of unwarped primal

Gliding to and fro

Father! Willst thou pity

If dry're freshest cuts

If eyelids crack - mummified

Without trace of blood

Lord, why would thou leave us so misled?

How many warm hearts would cease to beat

In the consequence of it?

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