

## Hortus Animae

# "Chapter Six: Across The Sea Of Pain"

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Memories of an old mariner carved on a rotten table of the ancient vessel.

Memories on the rotten table...

I carved in these words throughout journeys round the world, to remember happiness, sorrow and solitude.

A life-long sorrow spent ploughing the seas, witnessing souls depart, landing from port to port.

I have learned the cultures of the world, from past and future, all the rotten kingdoms.

I have savoured love, envy, revenge (Memories of the rotten table...)

I have seen the worlds' prisons and I have seen the unexplored islands, I have seen my shipmates' death and now I sail alone...

And now I'm sailing through this stormy sea and now I'm sailing across an ocean, enraged.

By it's waves I rise and offer my total demise, I'll feed this last storm with the shadows of my life.

Now I sail alone and listen to the silence of this sea of pain, water everywhere.

I am adrift, there is no wind, death is the storm destined to fall on the vessel.

A seagull consumes our last provisions, no stopping it as death draws near (Memories of the rotten table...)

I'll perish soon, the vessel will sink with me, sink with me and all of my knowledge.

These memories will be carried by the waves who knows where, who knows who, will find them and by whom they'll be read.

But now farewell, the silence calls me to this sea of pain forever.

In this stormy sea the waves carry me on, a-hoy!

They carry me to drift across the sea of pain, or come to save me, save me but pity me not and by the waves I'll take a breath to penetrate the storm (storm) and drift across the sea of pain, I care not for salvation, so leave me to die and leave me forever...

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