



Home At Last

I licked my finger and raised it to the air.

And set sail.

*due North. Tacked a bit east. sea spray lashing
me down to the mast.*

I saw Ahab in the distance aboard a white monstrosity. He seemed quite happy.

The years had been kind. A Fulfilled destiny.

I envy him so to surrender.

I tacked south.

some strange feat but a mighty seaman am I. The wind at my beck the stars at call.

sextant be damned. I will rise where I fall. or sink.

Brinkmanship my stock in trade.

The wind remained at my back for a score and one.

my shirt in tatters. Still tied to the mast.

Howling banshees beckon me shore.

Nevermore.

(A Sea Man's Poem)