

THE SAILOR AND THE SEA

Emily Archambault

They always blame the sailor
When a body is found at sea
Because one plus two could simply not
Equal anything but three
While a leviathan stirs beneath
Poseidon's breath casts salty breeze
It's the sailor's hands called red
And so he crashes upon the lee

What enduring wonders they are ignoring!
Blind by reason (logic's whoring)
See the faults of truth outpouring
Anchors up, let's go off-shoring
Songs and shanties will steal your breath
Stomp and holler one plank from death
Here souls and waves both come abreast
So keep your spirits and leave the rest
The world's different in these waters
Full of monsters, siren's daughters
Odysseus calls and Ahab wanders
Mermaids flirt with pirate's slaughters
It's magic, darling, understand
To be born of what's beyond the sand
And with this power the tides command
We see at sea and go blind on land

So look a little closer!
Beyond the pale, another door
And one plus one plus two plus one
Begins to equal four
Feel the centuries churn below your feet,
Take your last glimpse of the shore
A man turns to you and nods,
The sailor lives on one day more