

A Captain Cook

Here again, not well, likely a turnspit, jiggered,
 seafowl aswoon, unfeathered on deck mahogany,
 ocean smooth and tumultuous and heaving
 all bilious, curmudgeonly, all at a time.

Underneath, fore, malodorous leviathan, rotten kraken stink;
 aft, cod slime coating us double-breasted in doubloons.
 Wheedle to side, we yearn dissolution, hard swizzle,
 a canter from the mizzen mast.

So swing us a reel, old mate, breach your musket lead.
 Till the sun breaks shackles, tasks late azimuth,
 we'll be run though midships with stringy bark,
 shaggy punch, brindled spinny fig.

Elsewise, we hide mongst mouldering caulk,
 wait dangle-tailed for planetary casts on cruise tide,
 when glacial icefloes volcane our breath space,
 pilfer our saddle-darned carpet bags.

Whose trajectory then scours my sleep, counterbreaks,
 smites caterwauls across my log lines?
 What worriment forths mildewed landsend,
 unwashable bloodclot, blind apostrophe?

Along the whiles, powder my silk, sash my periwig;
 stow flannel and serge, reft fishbone and lice.
 Stay me my phlegm, boil this black ink regalia.
 Curdlesome, I hove, penny pick my ultimatum.

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