

# Ahab, Yet Another Raft Of The Medusa (Pollard's

Alas! The Marquesas!  
Shun the beck'ning 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?