

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?