## Dead Kid Harvester, Old Bloopbeard's Tale

'Twas five past the turn on a ghost's annum hand And nineteen o' September were clawin' from East When a freebooter spirit plundered me lub o' the land And I traded all in for a jolly sea-faring beast.

With a mess o' picaroons, blackjack to the sky, A wannion for adventure and barrels o' grog filled high, Turned dungbie to the shore, my furner an' me. Jettisoned the land and chose a seven course meal of seas.

Weren't long afore we opened our account, Raping and pillaging and burning villages. Looting ourselves a gigantic amount.

'Til amongst our booty we did discover A piece of a map and then another. A red X marked the dream our minds pondered And so it set the path our ship wandered.

Upon that we were seekin', the new-found greed we'd adopted Honed like it were a beacon, and so our scuttlebutt we concocted Of a sheltered cove and an island far off Barbados And nineteen paces abaft a rotten tree, Three feet o' sand and then a chest packed thick with crusadoes. Nothin' to belay me triumph short of mutiny.

A thought digested too soon
For I found me self at the sharp mercy o' them picaroons.
The chest were big but their eyes were bigger
And the idea of fair share made them snigger.
Off the plank, marooned, and without a blade too.
So Old Bloopbeard grew.

Score and then some days, scavenging for morsels in dismay. 'Til somehow I hornswoggled Davy, my charm the only bait And Lady Luck patched a much needed salmagundi 'pon me plate: A new friend whose name were long forgot, a derelict washed in from afar, Dragging enough rags to follow the stars.

With a wooden leg of a rudder, I pointed abut a half-blind course In search of more significant shores. Something worthy of bein' a land lubber for.

Beached within a week, to a new home I did retreat, Wired to the jungle of copper and concrete. A pirate reborn, for the old pirate were dead. Now I keelhaul gigabytes through the tubes, Sailing digital torrents instead.