

# Ahab, Gnawing Bones (Coffin's Lot)

Yes, we wept! Alas, how we wept.  
Our faith in our father, well kept.  
For God's sake: brave men we were!  
Too forward to abandon ourselves to despair.  
Tablets Of The Law: Heaven sent,  
Thou shalt not kill: thine commandment,  
Good Gracious, we set at naught,  
Yet, we braved the elements, tried to defy all odds.  
And his glassy, his distracted eyes,  
As though his will was bound and tied,  
He lay his head (down on the boat's gunwale)  
it took our breath,  
Few would live, while Coffin died.  
Detested archair urge to eat,  
Agonized by this peccant seed,  
Something errant, this moment owns,  
We caught ourselves  
A moment of weakness  
Gnawing bones.