

Ahab, The Hunt

Flat and silent the ocean lies
Pequot's captured in a lull
no gentle breeze blows in the sails
heated by a salty carpet from above
the crew's emaciated, survival tough

Giant billows bear a mighty whiteness

Screams from the outlook : whale ahead !
I want this whale, i want it dead !

Hysteria on upper deck
rabid flames in Ahab's eyes
hustle and bustle, drag and pull
panic affects the whaler's moves

The harpoon slashes the water's surface
diving into darkness the prey escapes

Swallowed by the sea

Starboard lies calm
portside full of wrath
possessed by unhuman anger
the heart bravely pumps the blood
through the marionette of rage

Ahab's visage runs red
i want this whale, i want it dead

A fin erupts from the abyss
proudly undulates the flesh
reaches bright horizons
inviolable, manorial

An arrow loosens.
And spirit's away.