## 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.