

Robert Calvert, Storm Chant Of The Skrealings

Sleek, swift, streamlined ship,
shield-clad and shining,
tell to me the tale of your trip
when the limpest of men were your lining
O I know you were a ship of fools
O I know you were a ship of fools
You tried to take them to new trade
but they were afraid to follow.
Land-lubbers of the lowest grade
their hearts and their heads were both hollow
O I know you were a ship of fools
O I know you were a ship of fools
But your form is far-out, framed by foam:
a cloven-crocodile.
Whale's-highway is your home
Swan's-Riding is your style.
Fine-finned, shaped like a shark
the wind awaits your awaking.
Designed for delving into the dark
of mysteries in the making
O I know you were a ship of fools
O I know you were a ship of fools
A ship of fools
ship of fools
you were a ship of fools.