

Tragically Hip, Nautical Disaster

I had this dream where I relished
The fray and the screaming that filled my head all day
It was as though I'd been spit there, settled in , into a pocket
Of a lighthouse off some rocky socket,
Off the coast of France, Dear
One afternoon, four thousand men died in the water here
Five hundred more were thrashing madly as parasites might in you blood
Now I was in lifeboat designed for ten and ten and only,
Anything that systematic would get you hated.
It's not a deal nor a test nor a love of something fated.
The selection was quick, the crew was picked and
those left in the water got kicked off our pant leg and we headed for home.
Then the dream ends when the phone rings
You doing alright he said it's out there ,most days and nights
But only a fool would complain
Anyway Susan if you like our conversation is as faint as the sound in my memory
As those fingernails scratching on the hull