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