

A seafaring tale from

SJ Egret

Abcot's Babble

A prose poem verse novel

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**Abcot's
Babble**

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Gratitude to the patient ones, compassionate healers sympathetically in-tune to the souls of others.

Prologue

20 years later I write this; stranded, damned to maroon
in meditations urban, brisk, and wretched.

Returning now to the shore, my hope is the lessons here
will stray your wonders from wandering in the footpaths
of rebelling crusaders, such as myself.

The sea is no place for young lads... merciless is she.

- Captain Wilber B. Abcot, III
Savannah, GA
1844

Verse I: The Yawn

*A doctor need not find thy self too far from scalpel, less find
thy world turn far from fine.*

On leaning in the doorway my assailant hath beg
one last tear-eyed jest from my weary soul...
“Come close and fox-trot dear...(?)” say they,...
“Nay” say me; and off we go in argument til daybreak.

Find I my love done strand, and done drain, leap up I to
see; a lost forest of revelry, henceforth unknown.

On healing fast, my bones do grow and soon I sail.
Somewhere find I another love to share.



10 seas we cross. 10 moons we watch.

No one of our 10 crew ere thought go on we ought not.

Wide-eyed girls and full women await us all on shore.

We tie our ropes and work all day till time we meet.

Death not far and life on edge, runway dreams we live,

A thousand souls beneath the sea look in sympathy at
the misery we cause up here in sky-land.

A thousand cries yell our men, weary broken strong-will
to and fro;

Through watery hills and blackhole tides, from here to
there we row...



The renegade's reverie spree; A million razors scrape ankles a million miles long; sharp & smitten sharks abound, encroach, gamble. Your life on the line, and a world unkind, wet and ready to die. The life you had has flown & gone and yourself you know no long.

Your love has left and said no more your heart she care to share.

Your noose tie too tight, right, to slip would only be fair.

Your neck so weak, too fast you'd weep to find it couldn't bare.

The kind of hurt a girl can do to the heart of one midair.

I write this all as I await my turn to the gallows stall, so near.

So long the girl I love, near she be no more.

Verse II: Dungeon's Way

*Darkness is absence of light; as love is absence of suicide,
unless it's harsh as this.*

The girl proceeds with care; shoes held, bare feet
curve across hardwood decking.
Small hands hold keys to many a one's heart as she
trap monsters downstairs; gone to visit her prisoners in
hell, she walk a long steep plank.

Her feet again they touch and scold, her hands and self
weak. Minions below grab and throw the sound she did
once have; far away into the throws of hell, fingernails
carve her name on carnivorous cavern's trapdoor.



Accolades, cold demons or angels or spirits or
ghosts or whatever had brush my soul, fetch fear, sing
more, deepen temporary relief.

Frozen vacuums of siloed acorns scatter shells on
sacred earth. A mildew of bats, at dawn rabid run in and
grab with little bat hands.

All the food we have to eat to get our livers lively & strong.

We relish the night to spare our lives for the one bat's own.

All hail the bats! Build the pyramid to heaven to honor and praise the bats. Build their home, their tomb to show, their glory in life-size splendor. Need not say we dinner less after bats done eat.



Splintered, crow's black crown rush in to show their glory and bats are one. Black and dark, gruesome, not cruel; enough to sink your heart, as a murderous vampiress in castle with dagger to skin cut red straight lines, velvety vertical, trace the last wish of man up arm-vains and on to heaven, whaling inhale encouraged fumes of beauty portrayed, fray and absorb in soul forevermore; fuel and breath as often as need the vigor and gore of romance.

The knight, reborn, rebound in armor the amour whom now he hold.

His shield is one of flesh; sword of bone.

Verse III: Parley Alley

*Come, gather ye weary and breed new life on shore. Women
will kill if you cannot bare the hollow home hearth held in
bosom's prison hearse.*

Grinning sharp teeth, pointed to death's decay of
cricket's chirps—bursts from ego's door. Fiery
cannons bleed horrid close-eyed targets. Our lives
dispose no rose told to fold and bud in rosy braid.

Discover the keeper of friendship, the one we all now
know.

From the gap deep trap frozen black ocean, blind boo-
hag potion rampart.



Our friend guides and rides the tide finding the clouds
his stride; horses abide the gorge, the winds implore;
waiting like a log, this absence sense since set place, sit,
slither; the snakeskin saddle, the shaman: rattle dreams
awake. Entombed gold gate brass law; buried keyhole
dims awareness. And here we're far from home.



Explode and disclose the zephyrs optometrist's tricks,
fiery licks, waves toppling branches lightning on ice fall
beside giants, rest on sky parlors wave wine as rain, numb
pain, enjoy the game their souls regard as The Train;
pendulum swing and strap to wet cold stone, the moss
engulf what's left of person til dew and dread deliver their
final ether applause; and cold leathery eyes close. Quick,
divulge of glare on tombstone's gift, blare; us their project.
Us their feast. And so encircles Life.

TO BE CONTINUED



About the Author

Captain Wilbur B. Abcot, III of Savannah, GA - from the pen of SJ Egret.