

## April 15

It's cold out at sea  
Just me in my company  
North Atlantic breeze  
belies the ocean's might

I'm down on my knees  
Gone are all of the dinghies  
I flail and I freeze  
No refuge in sight

Angry waves smash the bow  
into murky depths aflow  
Hull cracks begin to show  
Still, there is no respite

The last swig of rum  
Accepting my fate to come  
Waiting, growing numb  
Forsaken to my plight

The skies were red this morn  
They did their best to warn  
Now I hear the Siren's Song  
in the ghostly light

Storm petrels circle the sky  
sensing that the end is nigh  
No hope and no tears to cry  
I know I have lost this fight

I released my crew  
I asked no further of them

for they'd done all that they could do

Told them each for their own

I blessed them

that Lady Luck be true

Into distant dawn

'till they were out of sight...

There's a feeling in my bones

crossing over twilight zones

to the locker of Davy Jones

It's time to say goodnight

Alone out at sea

Just me in my company

It's April 15

History will be writ tonight