

## A Sailor's Song

Adrift, bereft, acclaimed and  
pardoned, I set my sails for  
Occam's Island.  
For though the Trade seemed  
fair indeed, I knew it lacked a  
certain speed,  
But only I could measure this,  
A Canter I'd be living with.



I'd learned this gait not long ago whilst Tide did toss me to and fro;  
a Hornswoggle learned and stowed below the Tiller's grasp of where to go,

I Sailed the Seas with Taunted Tease,  
and frowned my face in salty breeze,  
became again another me,  
I'd never known nor meant to be.

Aloof though anchored to my needs, (like people, places, things, and greed),  
I told myself I seemed sincere, though all I was, was in arrears, and this is  
why I'm Sailing here.

Something in my Squalid shame I'd hidden in my crafty brain, and inside slept while  
outside slipped, and only I (and those like me), can say just what it's like to slip - from over  
there to over here.

Then later, when you least expect,  
Unwittingly, and, in regret,  
you find yourself where I once was,  
and hide below the deck above.  
And sit there thinking you're asleep,  
and wishing for your soul to weep,  
to wake you up and straighten-out  
your Sails before things get too tough.

It's like a Gift you gave yourself, though certain you could not  
possess - whilst waited in your hopelessness on someone else's Omnibus.

Red sky at night you wait till dawn, a warning you have counted on,  
and never gave much mention to, the sky when it was simply blue.

We sail on waters not meant for most, and gilded by our Sacred Host,  
we sail alone along the coast and look for sails of passing boats.