



The Scarlet Sailor

By William Harcourt

There is a sailing man who has lived to be free, but somewhere in his wandering years he lost his sanity.

In youth his strength attracted many innocent lives; his daring bravado captured many a wonderful prize.

He searched for lasting love, to know if it was true, but this Sailor knew nothing of a timeless wind that carries all virtue.

To lay hold of imaginary Isis is the emphatic Sailor's quest...Rather he explored the chimerical company of Astrid and the fantasies of Dionysus.

Infamous ages bellowed illustrious sails and many true triumphs were known...yet his erstwhile efforts fortified a stone Bastille rather than building him a simple home.

When dissipated dreams quietly condense within a prevailing mist, he spies that his cocksure bearings have forged a long and fallacious twist.

Helpless, in breathless waters, he ponders what might come next.

No sign appears upon the fading sea and nothing adventurous stirs. Tired sails are still as carrion, until his memory finally reminds him of her.

To believe in a love that's taken years to conceive, to receive loving arms as they may surround me. To trust a loyal voice that whispers quietly, "Come home, my darling, and know that you are free,"

To love...to learn of grace...to experience dignity...to taste the asylum of supple lips that have waited patiently,

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The possibility of peace and serenity!

And so, reviving emotional breezes carry him to her.

His words were thoughtful, they became honest and true, his scattered heart searched earnestly for an authentic desire for you.

She tended his wounds while guarding her heart and in perfect embraces without any traces of harm, they shared the wonder of love.

But soon her prediction of his mendacious mind's addiction appeared with prophetic clarity. And with natural aplomb he sang her a song of confidence and security.

She bargained her conscience for one last plea: a cry for mercy and certainty; that these final words, though discarded from old, would spin diaphanous hope smelting tears to gold.

"Stop, you fool! My love is sincere! No tempest of threat approaches, your madness is fear! There is no treasure that awaits you far away, so cast-off your soliloquy of life's dismay!"

"Confront the crippled coward to his corpulent face; the disfigured pleasure character... the rotting wreckage of disgrace,"

"He is not your Champion!"

"Lash to the mast with blindfold and cuffs and resist with impossible strength the fanciful sirens of lust!"

"Endure the storm of separation and loss; heal the potted scars from the vicious world that you have crossed,"

"And stay! Please, stay with me."

Truth often penetrates with agonizing power...Her words steadily lowering a heavy iron dower...a scathing, cacophonous grille...they intern his freedom and restrain his will.

Quickly placing himself upon his own stretching brace he vehemently ratchets the lever, engaging a daring escape,

And, with a fleshy torn heart, he does wounded flee.

Under a mysterious moonlit sky, the peeling sloop slips its tether.

Standing alone in the cold the Scarlet Sailor checks his compass...the impending weather.

His chosen destiny is the port of Delusion where he is well known and will find collusion with many residents of great note and nobility who will supply the many goods to ensure his futility.

They have waited so patiently.

"Welcome! Welcome back!"

The grand celebration comes as a surprise: A spoiled and succulent banquet to tribute his worthless demise.

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For he is an inspiration to all who have gathered: The sane and the derelict cry, "Victory!" whilst waving worn, tattered tatters.

Enthralled by the merry mischief and the pious adulation, the ceremonious donning of threaded robes to honor his ripened reputation,

A craning self-indulgence puffs its spectacular breast, yet the fluttering sorrow of loss gathers her nest,

Awkwardly adjusting a suddenly choking high collar...He is precipitously perplexed.

The Scarlet Sailor may return to her in time, but no confidence is held by the one he left behind.

Rightly so...She will let him go.

All Sailors' lives are filled with adventure, old destruction and new beginnings are the matrix of their tenure. When a Sailor cannot grasp the beauty of today then tomorrow is never certain and is often lost on the way,

To perilous waters with swirling whirlpools of degradation that forcefully drown a weak desire for forgiveness and restoration.

Will the Scarlet Sailor find solace on the vast changing sea where his Aeolian fate is foretold by his own uncertainty?

A fathoming Sailor circumvents this reality.

He traverses shimmering waves of vital mortality until, one day, on a clean white beach, he ascends all clouds in a glorious coronation that carries him beyond the wind.