

Antarctica the Polymorphess

Ahab

A strong current setting
With heavy gales and fog
Many a strange thing written
Down in the Captain's log

Clouds of a snowy whiteness
Foreshadow immense fields of ice

South
Where the giant sleeps
Motionless, cold and proud

Eternal
Two worlds collide
Senses go numb

Sleeping
Dreamless aeons
And aeons

Will he ever
Dream again?

Antarctica the "Polymorphess"
Plays her game of bloody dice

She is so ragged and broken
Yet shatteringly adorable
Many words have been spoken
Her ways purely impassable

To the west: icebergs
Four hundred fathoms high
Our passage south is doubtful
O Father, hear our mournful sighs

This gigantic creature tossed
Its vast bulk across our thole board
Seizing one man - instantly lost
Peters plunged the blade and roared

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