

# The Giant

Ahab

Steering southwards  
Tsalal we flee  
Into shady  
Towards the polar sea  
Falling prey to the grotesque  
Falling prey to absurdity

Blurring layers of gray  
We scend through scales of white  
Monochrome perpetuity  
We scend through time and tide  
Of truth we can't catch sight  
A tale too dark to light

Of blackness, of intensity,  
of obscurity and glare,  
of gloominess and brilliancy,  
of somberness and gleam,  
of murkiness and luminance,  
of ashes soil the snow

Silver blood pours from wounded skies  
Drowning our anxiety  
Black man, white beast in dismay cries  
Phantasmagoric me  
Vaporize in sheer reality

In blackness, in intensity,  
in obscurity and glare,  
in gloominess, in brilliancy  
in somberness and gleam,  
in murkiness and luminance,  
in ashes soil the snow

I hear thee chant my name  
Faint voice distant and dim  
I prithee, please enfold me  
Colossus pale and grim  
I reach you from Nantucket  
I'm Arthur Gordon Pym!  
I'm Arthur Gordon Pym!