

## The Hunt

Ahab

Flat and silent the ocean lies  
Pequod's captured in a lull  
No gentle breeze blows in the sails  
Heated by a salty carpet from above  
The crew's emaciated, survival tough

Giant billows bear a mighty whiteness  
Screams from the lookout: Whale ahead!  
I want this whale, I want it dead!

Hysteria on upper deck  
Rabid flames in Ahab's eyes  
Hustle and bustle, drag and pull  
Panic affects the whaler's moves

Fire!

The harpoon slashes the water's surface  
Diving into darkness - the prey escapes

Swallowed by the sea  
Starboard lies calm  
Portside full of wrath  
Possessed by unhuman anger

The heart brawly pumps the blood  
Through the marionette of rage

Ahab's visage runs red  
I want this whale, I want it dead

A fin erupts from the abyss  
Proudly undulates the flesh  
Reaches bright horizons Inviolable, manorial  
An arrow loosens  
... and spirit's away.