

# Departure Towards a Nautical Curse

Carach Angren

The crew froze  
As he wiped the blood off on his coat  
And threw the helmsman ruthlessly overboard.  
In defiance of the storm  
That kept them anchored for so long,  
He swore an oath to forfeit right and wring.

Irreverent he cursed loudly:  
"I will round the cape  
Even if I have to sail until doomsday!"

Their petrified facial expressions could tell:  
Their master was like a devil  
On this floating piece of hell.  
There and then he gave the signal of departure.

"Make sail and weigh the hook!"  
And so they left the harbor.  
Hear the Easter bells tolling  
Through the roaring sound of a rough sea  
Accompanied by the sight of a ship sailing  
Towards her destiny.

What a spectacle of Blasphemy.  
There was no rejoice after his mad choice.  
Sails were lost, decks were flooded  
And lightning turned their ship into a coal-black carcass.  
Anxiety replaced vainglory.  
The storm died down  
But a sinister shroud of darkness remained  
For the daylight came no more.

Floating in unending dusk, adrift on liquid ground.  
Months went by and land was never found.  
Food supplies putrefied and pestilence broke out.  
Suicide became routine, some chose suspension  
Others jumped and drowned.

The dead were sown in hammocks  
And disposed of in the sea  
Buried in a watery grave, after a short ceremony.  
The crew froze as he left his cabin with knife and gun,  
Slaughtering what was left of them one by one.  
There was an evil murderous glimpse in his eyes.  
By the time he was done  
The ship was desecrated by death and demise.

Van der Decken lashes himself to the wheel  
Swearing at Christ:  
"I shall not yield!"  
All at once a new storm rose and lightning struck.  
The top mast broke off, impaling him  
A shard of the crest piercing his chest  
In a standing position nailed to the deck.  
And so a man dies, and a ghost resurrects.