

The Isle

Ahab

It's been five days
In these boats of the Glen Carrig
When I's awed by such solitude
Alas, God moves in mysterious ways

So we pulled wearily towards the isle
I swear t'was all but flagrant flatness
If we'd only known it was sheer madness
We'd stayed away many nautical mile

Then there came the first telling of life
Like a lonesome wind on a breathy sigh
Yet there was no breeze that filled the air
With such a despairful cry

We harked to the weeping of souls
When it died away - no further calls
There was this monstrous silence after all
Again we harked - what might next befall?

A sullen growling from afar
The dark was full of it, I swear
Aye, no word of which I've knowledge
So well describes the hunger, most awesome to the ear