

Antarctic Sea/Ice

by bose Saturday, Oct 30 2010, 10:14pm

international / prose/poetry / literature



artwork, sarah howell

in the (Great Australian) Bight
again,
roaring
mountainous seas
demand respect,
the wind howls like a tortured woman
it cuts into your very heart/face
we maintain our heading
through the wildest storms
and ride the Great Southern Ocean --
the nemesis of many foreign ships.

they are calling for Julian's [Assange] death
in [Chicago](#)
and lamenting Obama's performance
as President;
yanks are hard learners it seems.

they continue to believe politicians
represent the people!
Is the U.S. population completely bereft
or has every journo and media commentator
accepted filthy lucre as the price of their integrity?

past decades
have seen Corporations

consolidate their rule by proxy,
they have purchased every western government;
'democracy' is LONG dead -
Obama, like every other western leader is
a stooge, a tap-dancing PUPPET.

the sea is monstrous today -
should i perish
or falter,
my capable
hand-picked crew is ready
(in an instant)
to take the helm,
this ship is not easily sunk
or lured to hungry reefs;

we cut a course
of our own making
we do not sail the sea-lanes
we choose our destination
and safe harbours,
sanctuary.

Captains necessarily
change over time
but the vessel remains
as sturdy and true today
as the first day she sailed.

we have never failed
to deliver our cargo
nor will we fail to deliver
this most precious
cargo secured in our hold;
New York, Rome or DC?
take your guess while we
navigate
our vessel to her final destination.

*[not a hair on his head,
you know we are true;
a ghost ship easily delivers
nightmare realities.]*

"The only good Executive is a DEAD Executive"

