

## 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"**

