

Tall Tales, Telltales

Cursive

Now and again you'll remember the sound
Of the sails waving helpless
The cables wrapping one another into knots so strong
You're lost at once if not tossed into the drink and lost beneath
A substance, so dark yet elementary
Four winds converge upon a point where your compass
Spirals round in useless motions mocking everything
While bilge collects
Your cupped hands attempt to shovel out the last few inches
And you plead with the gods but they send you no sign
Hold on sailor, hold on brother
Steady, the vessel
Tall tales of ghosts at sail
They spend the afterlife
In futile calculation, dead reckoning
Telltales confuse the sails, direction is lost
The winds will spiral round a listless tapestry
And you're left all alone under the shine of the moon
Hold on sailor, tighten the cables
Steady, the vessel
It's a good life if you don't weaken
Hold on, hold on

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