

# 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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