

Poetry Series

# Captain Cur

## - poems -



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**Publication Date:**  
2025

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Captain Cur(Born Late 1600's Date of Death Unknown)

Captain Cur

Captain of the Malevolent.

Profession, Pirate.

I took an oath that binds me to the sea;  
I left behind all claims, all history,  
bundled with my fears I carry them no more  
from not the throat but from the plexus roar.  
The storm has raged and now a pensive lull;  
I string my flag, the crossbones and the skull,  
the sun has set the world a golden hue  
a spell is cast across the rising moon,  
in her glow I rest in magic sleep,  
the skies are charged, the world is in retreat.  
I dream and wander deep within her source  
to forbidden shores, onward is my course.

On Poetry,  
Her passion's voice more meltingly composed  
than liquid fire, soft words boiling over  
too hot for flesh to bear; mesmerizing,  
coming near, dancing slowly on her smile,  
waltzing flames touching lips, sweat, desire;  
in this age, in this time, I am to live  
through the blaze, heart in hand, my love to give.

To the sea,  
Guardian of my heart! I trust in thee,  
enrich my soul and quell my boastful pride;  
vastness surrounds me, beauty pure and wide  
let these calm waters fill the days that be.  
My Lord! My Protector! O! Faithful Sea!  
One last journey, may faith become my guide;  
my sails are drawn by cold relentless time  
this path thou gives, this path thou giveth free  
to teach man till a greater good is won.  
May I not repent useless in my grave

or count my deeds when all amount to none  
though flesh is weak I know the spirit brave;  
admire not power or the lowest shun;  
love gives me strength the weakest then to save!  
In these bold waters I raise my arm to thee,  
My Lord! My Protector! O! Faithful Sea!

On love,  
Blossoming, a bed of roses dare I  
pick just one, and encumber it in words  
to compare its charm to her wakening eyes;  
from my hand to hers  
and leave its beauty in her charge.

On death,  
I laid him down without wreath or flowers  
And gave his body as the currents stream;  
I said the words to our God the Father  
Reuniting his spirit with the sea.  
I cried out as if in some horrid dream  
For with all my powers so still he laid,  
shook him gentle as a child to waken,  
but no breath he breathed! No! No breath he breathed!

By twilight in its transient haste, taken;  
To the deepness of the darkening shade,  
To the blackness of the voracious night,  
Pallbearers guided by an unlit sun  
Bringing him down to a cavernous grave  
Where years are counted in chime less hours  
And the grains of sand in the glass are stalled,  
Where greenness of the earth is planted under  
In depths too deep to feel the giving rain  
Just rumblings of the lightless thunder.

Welcome to the Captain's page!

Poetry translated from his encoded diary. The spirit of Captain Cur has commissioned this translator, with the help of the Captain's impish Muse, to give good account of his writings, loves and adventures. The problem is the Muse, who calls herself, 'Baharia Msichana' which means, sailor girl, but she prefers 'Pirate Girl' insists I write her love poems, which she will not allow me to publish,

or she will not help me decipher his diary. Captain Cur inhabited this sphere sometime between the mid to late 1600's and possibly the early 1700's. His diary was heavily damaged after the wreck of the Malevolent, his exact date of death remains unknown. Allusions to his alter ego, "the beast" is heavily layered throughout his prose. His tales of adventure appear to encompass both the real and spectral world. The Captain's spirit continues to pen in his diary and has much to say about our modern age. It's complicated, but fun. So I hope you enjoy the voyage!

# Come Young Pirates, Mountain Height's Tempestuous Flight (46)

Mountain height's tempestuous flight  
jutting out in the breeze  
climbing the clefts of cliff-side steps  
above a ravishing sea.  
Shoreline's swim, rugged and slim,  
across the blue-eyed bay,  
rolling mist as thin as a wisp  
heralds each newborn day.  
Lava flows rich, molten and thick,  
forming veiny aisles,  
flaming red, volcanically bred,  
creating its island child.  
Mount Teide speaks with thunderous reach  
rumbling up through the ground,  
all tribes rejoice its ancient voice  
empowered by its sound.  
Dácil's birth a gift from the earth,  
her Elders turn to pray,  
searching for gods high in the clouds  
to lead them on their way.  
In wilderness thrive ancient tribes  
that learn to till the earth,  
cool monsoon rains will drench the plains  
quenching their soulful thirst.

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Storms Of Chance Tethered To Each Sail (45)

Circling beneath the southern island sky  
eagles pine glaring from their highland home,  
between the coves the whooshing ocean sighs  
in wandering lust, ever doomed to roam.  
Time, ever present, in momentous flight  
from the dueling poles, charts its onward course,  
drifting through the past ancient legends shine  
scattering where the winds of time may blow.

Dácil awakes on life's uncertain main  
with the storms of chance tethered to each sail,  
though bravest hearts may strive and fight in vain  
when ropes are taunt the strongest winds sustain.  
Her life swept by the island's monstrous gale  
on which fortunes are suddenly exchanged;  
or thankless courts, or one-time friends estranged,  
or loving eyes that meet an infant's smile,  
or pagan rites that mark each island child.

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Coursers Jet Their Cryptic Wings (44)

At noon, the coursers jet their cryptic wings,  
and trill adventure with the blithest lays  
reviving colors of the satin spring  
darting among the green leafed golden rays.  
Taking full measure of this glorious day;  
from branch to branch, then on their flight again,  
from rocky cove to slanting mountain gray  
in harp-like strings throat out their festive strain,  
in high shrill notes, resounding each refrain.

In recursive scenes, Dácil tracks their flight,  
beneath shaded coves washed by ocean spray,  
and the glistening wave's streaming might  
reflected within margins of the bay.  
Black mountains embrace the sun's hanging light  
absorbing beams that slowly melt away,  
then wait, completely harnessing this day.  
Below the depths, red lava flows for miles,  
giving rise to tribal dreams and a birthing isle.

Massive soundings of nature's royal court  
in flowery dress, bright floral green displays;  
sharp eyed eagles scream from their airy lofts,  
falcons appear in beauteous winged array  
in celebration of Princess Dácil's birth.  
Presumptuous coastal winds gorgeously blow  
gliding just beneath sunlight's wistful rays;  
dusk settling, drenching volcanic heights,  
along cliffside eaves in sunset's manic light.

Captain Cur

## Passage Of Sir Drake, Part (3)

Elizabeth was crowned in Westminster Abbey  
on a date chosen by her astrologer, John Dee.  
She was known as Gloriana, and Good Queen Bess,  
and with womanly features ardently blessed.  
To the House of Lords, she gave this remarkable speech,  
with the wheels of power firmly within her reach.

My Lords, the law of nature solemnly moves me,  
with great sorrow for the loss of my sister, Mary.  
A great burden has befallen me, I stand amazed,  
chosen by the grace of God, his will I must obey  
to be the minister of this heavenly office,  
and lead by the power of his sacred governance.  
May we make good account to Almighty God in death  
and noble acts be directed by our every breath.  
As I am but one, considered of natural body, sent,  
by his permission I shall rule, as a body politic.

Captain Cur



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## Passage Of Sir Drake, Part (2)

England! This spot of earth we call our home,  
we bid farewell in departure's saddened tone  
leaving those we love, those we warmly held,  
driven from a landlocked world by the ocean's spell,  
and turning look upon the broad expanse,  
our faces lit as we sail the waves of chance;  
challenging fell skies, the water's might,  
bandit suns, gypsy moons and stars that rule the night,  
supplanting pleasure with the harsh unknown,  
beautiful and savage, ringed with shores of gold.

Before Drake's fated trip sailing round the earth,  
ambition ruled his eye with charts of favored birth;  
raised and schooled in Elizabethan speech  
an aspiring Queen's ear fell within his reach,  
funding his project, promising great wealth,  
sneaking up on Spanish ships with old English stealth.  
Drake was born in the hills of Devonshire  
blessed with that rugged look stately courts admire;  
charming, well spoken, admirably self-assured,  
groomed with impeccable taste, fashionably cured!  
Oh! the ladies! how they dressed the royal hall,  
frequenting a sly glance when dancing at the ball.

He enjoyed special favor with the seated Queen,  
his feats regarded well and held in high esteem;  
making his fortune as a privateer,  
commanding with patience and leading without fear.  
Queen Elizabeth the First knew her role,  
under her glorious reign the golden age glowed;  
her face painted white, England's virgin bride,  
loved by the populace with unmitigated pride.  
Her sister's death opened the royal door,  
the last of five monarchs of the House of Tudor.  
In youthfulness crowned with god given rights,  
deafened by sounds of organs, drums, trumpets and fifes.

Captain Cur

# Composing Tunes And Singing Starlit Lays

A question forthwith has been rightly posed;  
Do I taunt the matriarch English queen?  
Am I a dead Captain of pirate prose?  
Do I dwell in chivalrous age sixteen?  
Those are answers your intellect decides  
and what fancy one chooses to believe,  
yet; spectral ships, with guns and ghostly crews,  
may be veiled truths or conceptual lies  
but once they are upon you and give siege  
can now be deemed questions posed by fools.

My crew of cutthroats is a mangy lot,  
yet; are born from the highest pedigree,  
they work the sails and tie thick sturdy knots  
and live beneath the specter of the sea.  
We have no country and roam free at will  
plundering whatever ships cross our way;  
we drink our rum and fill our guts with beer,  
on enchanted nights when the sea is still  
composing tunes and singing starlit lays  
the ocean fills with dead men pirate tears.

Bantering within our prestigious psyches  
gold turnkeys which mobilize the varied  
successes and failures that haunt our lives;  
where the gusty northern winds will carry  
our ship, our souls to fortunes final quest;  
if through horizon's purple haze you see  
a beastly sail above the earthly rise,  
I will swear the reason for my duress  
whether by fate or the devil's treachery,  
my crew believes that they are still alive.

Captain Cur

## Come Young Pirates, Lanzarote (43)

Lanzarote, 'Island of Eternal Spring, '  
resting just off the North African coast;  
what prodigious wealth its waters bring  
poignantly viewed from the heights of Famara.  
Tortoises lounge on washed volcanic stone  
nesting in reach of its expansive shore;  
they can float for months without food or drink  
inhabiting isles far from their home.  
Nature threw open its receptive door  
nodding with a sharp aggrandizing wink  
gathering rays in the electric mist  
alarmed at the might of their unquestioning kiss.

Eagle, Roughtail and Spiny Butterfly Rays  
in graceful cartwheels look to the skies,  
with light purple and blue dotting their frames,  
peer from the depths with two menacing eyes.  
Dressed in environmental camouflage  
trumpetfish rehearse aquatic blues,  
octopi their favored accompanists,  
jamming for hours on a submerging stage.  
Cuttlefish endeared by those coastal tunes;  
stingrays amassing in grim-faced surprise,  
while Lanzarote calls from the heights of its cliffs  
bellowing from the mountains in the electric mist.

Captain Cur

## From The Womb Of Fire, When Dragons Meet (32)

As over earth diverging winds may blend  
increasing power with one warring mind;  
can fire and ice be spewed from one fountain  
possessing properties unique to its kind;  
yet, infused with elements that readily bind?  
Wherein lies the spark that may consume them;  
ignoring their differences, hopelessly blind,  
as said of dragons, it is said of men,  
happily seduced then lured to the witch's den.

When dragons meet cavernous foundations tremble;  
earth beleaguered by their vast winged strokes,  
structural mountains easily dissembled,  
gnawing at the threads of gargantuan ropes  
supporting the footbridge to man's heavenly hope.  
Mirren raised herself shrieking, craning her neck;  
Mavros entered, his black skin whitened by snow,  
her ice-blue eyes lit and a coldness pressed  
with claws full exposed lunged for his unguarded breast.

Captain Cur

## Come Young Pirates, Mount Teide Awakens (42)

Awake once more! Teide reached its molten hand  
and spread its fingers in a fiery maze  
of glorious red, nor any voice command  
with earnest prayer or feeble echoes that may stray,  
for the fire in its heart to die away.  
Alive in thunderous sound and hissing spray,  
nor any one pulse that would beat in vain,  
Tenerife created by its beauty and its pain;  
for Teide has awoken, and should it sleep,  
will awaken in flaming glory once again!

Captain Cur



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## Come Young Pirates, Birth Of Princess Dácil (41)

Not since, as when this ancient custom born,  
a voice arose above the festive crowd  
with words of hopeful love, whose power won  
strengthening the fearful, subduing the proud;  
from Teide the mouth of Achamán boomed aloud  
when Dácil's spirit flew beneath his godly eye.  
To his tongue the chieftains humbly bowed,  
embraced by arms of heartfelt victory  
and the mountain shook spewing flames into the sky!

Captain Cur



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## Come Young Pirates, First Battle Of Acentejo (40)

Over Taoro, a warm mist softly hung  
in kingly light, when early buds of spring  
peek through fertile ground, beckoned by the sun.  
Sea scented morning dew diligently clings  
amazed at the corroboration nature brings.  
A droopy eyed hatchling rises from sleep  
unconcerned with time as her brothers sing;  
soon all the world around will be in reach  
when they first take flight with full feathered wing.

Bencomo, Mencey of Taoro,  
a proud Tenerife son,  
would not yield his culture or field  
of him great hymns were sung.  
He refused the terms of Lugo,  
a feared Castilian knight,  
and planned an ambush in Farfan,  
a ravine devoid of light.  
Legions of Spain marched down the plain  
into its narrow depth  
with armored shield and steel tipped spear  
to claim the island's wealth.  
Deep in the brush, home to the thrush,  
the horses lost their way  
breaking their line entangled in vine  
and stumbling in dismay.  
Manned with hope, high from the slope  
the Guanches fought their war;  
first invaders, then enslavers,  
these men that stole their shore.

A blunderbuss boomed deep in the gloom  
shooting at shadow men;  
Bencomo was sly, wary of eye,  
a lion guarding his den.  
The canon's hissed, their fuses quick  
whistling as they flared  
blasting trees and harvesting bees  
laying the green earth bare.

The first battle of Acentejo,  
a true tactical blight,  
though stronger armed Lugo was found  
outsmarted in this fight.  
Boulder's rained from guarded terrain  
with broad crushing effect,  
with rocks and spears the Guanches cheered  
voiced with savage intent.  
The battle raged into the sage  
where underbrush was thick,  
from the trees and under the leaves  
the Guanches took their pick.

Alonso Fernández de Lugo  
retreated to his fort,  
changed his red cape to aid his escape  
from this horrendous loss.

Captain Cur



## Come Young Pirates, Features As Fair As Island Air (39)

To Mount Teide the Guanches prayed  
and quelled its fiery mouth  
for they well knew its lava slew  
all that fell in its path.

Little is known and their lineage sown  
shadowed in mystery,  
from tropic land to tepid sand  
they ventured out to sea.

Of Mauritians it was claimed,  
spoke with tranquil grace,  
perhaps the Guanches descended  
from this beloved race.

Their smile charmed Tenerife Isle  
with traits that set them apart;  
honor, virtue and courage; but true  
devotion ruled their heart.

Proud, with a noble demeanor,  
skilled, athletically blessed,  
features as fair as island air  
beautified each giving breath.

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Holly, Mocán, Cedrus And Broom (38)

Candelabra's light, green mountain heights,  
enmeshed with grand pine trees;  
holly, mocán, cedrus and broom  
scenting the morning breeze.  
Waterfall's lunge, then course and plunge,  
dispersing misty hues,  
moisture drips from moss cottoned cliffs  
into reflective pools.  
Hanging ferns dream, reaching those springs,  
jetting muscular spray  
with leafy touch they droop and bunch  
drenched by subtropical rain.

Mount Teide glows in eternal snow  
with a smile carved in white;  
here the sun sets in fiery rest  
claiming that peak of ice.  
Where violets hide, purpled on high,  
between its rocky breast;  
sets Teide at ease when it breathes  
out its seasonal breath.  
Nature boasts their vigorous growth  
charmed by their colorful brays;  
soft yellow eyed, feisty and wry,  
against dark mountain grays.

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Drifting Shrouds Of Virginal Clouds Above The Island Flow, (37)

At first sight, a gift from the light,  
Tenerife peaked in snow  
drifting shrouds of virginal clouds  
above the island flow.  
Sloping scenes of vanishing streams  
melt on the valley floor,  
steep uplands trek the mountain steps  
that lead to Anaga's door.  
Banana's bake and patiently wait  
ripening in the sun  
protected by skins slender and thin  
bunching tight when their young.  
Dates on sticks; healthy and fit,  
wrinkling as they toil,  
armies of boots of reaching roots  
marching deep in the soil.  
Fern filled dells beautifully swell  
watered abundantly,  
wild flowers crest on rills that stretch  
surrounding tall dragon trees.  
Evergreen's pride, forested high  
sheltering shady coves  
deep in the glen mysteries blend  
where fauns and nymphs still roam!

(Gifted by legend and beauty  
this isle came known to be  
the jewel that adorned the necklace  
of the Atlantic sea!)

The lines in parentheses were written  
by the crew of the Malevolent!

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Of Guanche Women It Was Said (36)

Of Guanche women; it was said,  
adorned in jewels, fruits and palms;  
'quite irresistible to their men.'  
Known as a hardy race,  
inhabiting an emerald isle;  
friendly, inquisitive, but somewhat coy  
graced with that native smile.  
Hair ablaze in the golden sun  
and they walked with a prideful gait,  
skin alive with a bronze tinged glow  
with a subtle shyness to their face.  
Mannered, crafty, lithe, and strong  
and knew their way upon the sea,  
the Canary Islands their pure joy  
and they spoke to the Drago trees.

And there was one that stood above,  
a daughter of a mighty King;  
on Tenerife Island her story told  
of the love that a Princess brings.  
Eyes as green as a sunned palm leave;  
dressed in gowns of traded silk,  
bright yellow hair that teased the air,  
breast fed by queenly milk.  
The island kissed those precious lips  
where pinkish flowers grew,  
from the lees and high in the trees  
the grand canaries flew.  
Long of limb with a soft lined chin,  
a smile that lit the sky,  
she bathed in dreams of silver streams  
and all that touched her eye.

Galleons beached from the North and East  
in the bluest island bays  
assured the winds would blow and spin  
and help them on their way.

The wooden masts were strongly lashed  
and sails blew violently;  
strong hulls that poked through tiers of oak  
sat high upon the sea.

Steady winds play songs, sweet and long,  
that sound inside the sails,  
when heavy ships rode fast and quick  
to the music of the gales.

On wooden decks bare feet would trek  
wrestling the slightest breeze;  
but, the fair sight, of gulls in flight  
would set them at their ease.

Captains know when the sun's aglow  
and the sea calm and smooth  
that they must train for storm and pain  
to keep a tight knit crew.

Captain Cur

## Come Young Pirates, Fuerteventura (35)

An island of strong fortune, Fuerteventura sits  
basking in the warm rays of the sun's temperate joy,  
facing the blue sparkling waters of the Atlantic  
with its dark volcanic mountains ominously poised  
watching as ancient Phoenicians gazed on its beauty;  
when North Africans and Carthaginians sailed its shores  
smiling as the pristine white greeted their land starved eyes.  
Mounting expeditions after enduring months at sea,  
Roman's witnessed the bevy behind Planasia's doors;  
marauding winds sweeping across its unwrinkled face  
aiding the flight of Blue Emperor and Scarlet dragonflies  
delighting in their swiftness, mating beneath the skies.

Captain Cur



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# Ivar The Boneless And The Gypsy Moon

On her maiden flight, long silken threads are gently spooled  
then spun into a silver garb for the Gypsy Moon,  
and she dances to the touch, gracing the skies above,  
warmed by the probing rays of a young enamored Sun.

Seductive are those hands that stroke the earthen shores,  
flowing through her lofty heart, beats never felt before;  
pulling with her virgin breast, waves rise reverently,  
in tidal passage they profess their homage to the sea!

The Great Heathen Army in eight hundred sixty-four  
led by Ivar Ragnarsson wintered near Danelaw;  
he and his brothers raided, and drank from the English lakes,  
avenging their father Ragnar, thrown to a pit of snakes.  
In York, Ælla, the King of Northumbria was found,  
captured by Ivar, who made him lie facing the ground.  
Killing Ælla, Ivar claimed he heard a morning dove sing  
pulling his lungs out through his back forming angelic wings.  
Ivar the Boneless hobbled, born with very weak legs,  
though he made Europe tremble during the Viking Age.  
A conqueror builds kingdoms with flawed imperfect hands,  
and those weak foundations are the legs on which they stand.

In caravans of color the Gypsy Moon will pass;  
the Sun, on his mighty seat, lighting her lovely path;  
and she dances with a love, a love never felt before,  
though the Age of Man will end, the Sun and Moon endure.

Captain Cur

# 'A Furore Normannorum Libera Nos, Domine'

From the East and to the West the sun must surely hope  
adventuring as it shines on all within its scope.

The Northern and Southern poles made plain before its eye  
hanging like a burning wick that flames above the sky;  
now looks on England in seven hundred ninety-three,  
Vikings attacked Lindisfarne, thus began their terror spree.

A seaside abbey off the coast of Northumberland  
where learned and insightful monks were dragged across the sand,  
captured by the warring Norse, repeopling them as slaves,  
'Free us from the fury of the Northmen, Lord, ' this they prayed,  
'A furore Normannorum libera nos, Domine, '  
some survived the journey back, others drowned beneath the sea.

Captain Cur



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# Salacious Bites, Old Evils Gouge The Grave

Unleashing my soul, victim, I am doom!  
Unease persists; raw nerves duel deep inside,  
coward sun fails, breeds blood lust freakish moon  
glowering bares upheaval in my eyes.

Complete infusion splits apart my being,  
cellular sieges, changeling's pain inbred,  
bows curving spine intent on savage mien,  
redressing process, wolflike drooling head.

Incessant chain convulsions molt in rage;  
ancestral blueprints, hellish DNA,  
salacious bites, old evils gouge the grave,  
hateful moon, your destructive lunar rays.

Woodland's hiss as I speed a trail that leads  
to mountain earth in twilight forest pall,  
I roll in dirt and dew-soaked scented leaves,  
my body thirsts, I vault containment's wall.

I scent my prey and track with instinct's mind  
panting hard, swift paws press green rotting grates.  
My eyesight sharp in darkness they are blind,  
guttural growls confusing their escape.

I claw the ground and leap with dark distress  
in silenced air I howl to moon delight.  
My barren soul will pain and never rest  
in freakish moon the man wolf hunts tonight!

Captain Cur

## Come Young Pirates, Tenerife, Volcanically Primed (34)

Unconquerable, blissful Nivaria,  
later named Snow Mountain, or Tenerife,  
boasts the Plain Swift aeronautic carrier  
that spends most of its time in crescent flight;  
unsettled while on ground, drinking from the wing,  
a proud addition to the island's history.  
Of volcanic origin, thermally primed,  
rising from African tectonic rings,  
climaxing at the tip of Mount Teide.  
The sveltely flowered Teno Massif  
sequestered by coasts of impeccable design,  
rock ledged, stiff faced, sculpted by the hammerings of time.

Captain Cur



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## Come Young Pirates, Gran Canaria (33)

Gran Canaria, here we rendezvous!  
A yellow-green Atlantic Canary  
greet us from across a toad filled lagoon;  
loosely feathered, ever an island bird,  
hunting insects, picking at figs and seeds;  
while Skink's chase crickets, flies and grasshoppers  
with mates wiggling in ecstasy  
drunk with the pleasure of a salt filled breeze,  
annoying Rock Sparrows as they scoot and dart  
across the fine sands of a lush and breathless sea.

Captain Cur



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# Come Young Pirates, A White-Tailed Fox Causes Great Alarm (32)

Ah! Spain's illustrious Canary Islands!  
Life's primal vials shaken by nature's hand  
stoked by cloud filled skies framed in rustic blue  
giving might to an ocean's sheltered view.  
Peering from above, a Chaffinch's quick look,  
warming eggs from its twigged and grass lined nook;  
the Chiffchaff warbling in its leafy domain  
greeting us passersby with a throaty refrain,  
Stonechat's sitting with a winking glance  
resembling lithe Robins in length and stance.  
In each glade uniqueness of specie found;  
Berthelot Pipits nesting on the ground,  
the Cream-Colored Courser with black striped eyes  
pecking at sand under cloud drenched skies,  
yellow breasted Gray Wagtail's singing in trills  
catching insects beneath a marshy hill,  
a male flutters, chirping with manly boasts,  
prepared by nature for this day of note,  
females listening with discreet charm  
while a white-tailed fox causes great alarm!

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, That Brackish Fire Awaits Me Still (31)

My English companions to the Southeast withdrew;  
a fine plan I envisioned and the details grew;  
the ninety gunned Neptune striking from the North  
aided by the Namur would mount a frontal assault.  
My crew and I would land South in blanketed night;  
the temptress moon our lamplit host and guiding light,  
sneaking upon their colony unawares  
and give their stored shot and powder kegs to the air.  
The fort boasted mighty guns deep in a mountain's side,  
ships sunk beneath the sights of those merciless eyes!  
Here tis said; 'this fortress hides buckets of gold, '  
these were recitations the captured Spaniards told.  
Once destroyed all defenses would be compromised,  
and in the name of the Queen, we will take our prize.  
Then my promise to the Queen would be fully met  
and I free to wallow in my accomplishment.

Anxiety plagues me, this I can tame,  
it's before battle when the terror came;  
stalled fitful moments between doubt and dread  
wavering voices screaming in my head,  
footfall's echoing just beyond the gate  
once breached, the smell of blood and death await.  
Each sound amplified by my probing ear  
for a slight advantage that I might hear;  
then that courageous spirit steels the eye  
with lids wide open and the mouth goes dry,  
this conflict deadlier than the one before  
that insufferable thought the silence bore.

Bracing for combat, the fury of the gale,  
war whoops! and battle cries! the anguished wail!  
My heart infected with a feverish mood  
reasoning in unfettered solitude,  
these brief moments on which to meditate,  
pondering each misstep that I call fate;  
it is the first to cut and last to mend,

unreachable till the murderous end,  
no one to confide in, no one to tell,  
that I accept my dues and graced death well.

In my enemies, my plunging sword cries:  
'Can bloodstained hands be cleansed by lye? '  
How much misfortune can godless flesh bear  
when shrinking faith epitomizes fear?  
Valor is then the language that I claim  
to speak and what saves me from the shame;  
routing clerics who preach heavenly love  
bowing to ego then fencing their blood,  
praying for a dubious paradise  
reserving their own seats before they die!  
Whatever outlaw thought I still maintain  
is governed by hubris and sustained pain,  
if lack of faith breeds incurable ill  
then that brackish fire awaits me still!

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, Barbaric And Brazen Is Its Flow (31)

White drifts outline each stalled and frozen wave,  
the sun, glinting with unimpassioned eye  
contemplating depths of these frigid graves.  
Lurking below, life, never to be denied,  
waters screaming for freedom from dynamic skies.  
The sun's welcoming heat shunned from their home,  
its grimaced scowl all its frustrations bear;  
but, knows one day the warming age will come  
and penetrate deep through the ocean's icy dome.

There is beauty in extreme emptiness  
reflecting the coarse barrenness of soul;  
where cold transfixes the weakness of flesh,  
numbed by its deep touch, unfeeling then grows,  
icing over each part, death suddenly exposed.  
From this wilderness a mind loathes to depart,  
as barbaric and brazen is its flow;  
preemptive, imminent, brutal and stark,  
stampeding through the vessels of a lifeless heart.

Mavros arrived on his appointed day  
encircling in ever tightening bands;  
blue skies retreating, taken by the gray,  
the fires of the earth his to command.  
Here Mirren slept years in uneasy trance;  
but, today awoke and struggling stands  
encased by the snow, its stealthy advance,  
transformed and transfigured by changeling's strife,  
born a dragon of fire! remade as one of ice!

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Through Fog Laced English Shores I See Her Mighty Shrine (30)

To my Queen, my heart, love and fate resign  
through fog laced English shores, I see her mighty shrine,  
impressive stands in virtuous solitude;  
but, to cold loveless eyes, a warm and gracious view.  
Before this fight these minor lines to share;  
I write my thanks and praise, all goodly men must hear.  
Misplaced suspicions of a woman's word  
when they are stamped by truth, deceit is no more heard,  
as redness swells a full and blushing cheek  
there from engaging lips love's truthfulness will speak.

To what her beauty might I fain compare;  
agonizing blue-green eyes and holly scented hair,  
this accursed moment my mind drifts with glee  
to her sweet luscious smile that compliments the sea.  
These holy flames, this fire that I bear,  
now lights my onward course and saves me from despair.  
At journey's end processional bell's ring  
then will fulfillment come and clip my restless wing.  
Today, my warship battles in her name,  
what belongs to weaker realms, England now lays claim!

Captain Cur



# From The Womb Of Fire, Entering Into Mirren's Palace Of White Gold, (30)

Emanating deep from the spatial ice  
bountiful caves of phosphorescent blue;  
the air within teathed with a charming bite  
laced with the husky scent of earthen dew,  
preserved inside glacial keeps hidden from man's view.  
A nether world of visual amazement;  
composed of sprawling layers of stalactites,  
each one hanging with precarious strength,  
elongated, reaching out with serendipitous length.

Sub arctic waters sculpted every cave  
chiseling with soft strikes, all with skillful care.  
In these freezing depths passageways were made;  
hollowing caverns crushing weight would bear,  
connected by white bridges suspended in mid-air.  
If through a window light may gently thread  
amplified by rays that merge and separate  
then on walls of ice that drift and slowly bend  
light would find receptive hosts aiding in its spread.

To be trapped in the heart of this beauty;  
wandering lost paths of its icy hold,  
beneath waves of a lifeless, golden sea,  
sinking gorges with rocks of mountain snow  
entering into Mirren's famed, palace of white gold.  
It was built by the dragon's able breath  
on an isle surmounting a chasm's deepest cold,  
surrounded by the nothingness of death,  
constructed beyond reach of its eternal descent.

Rivaling architects of old, this palace,  
unroofed, exposing grand halls and crystal wells  
filling hidden streams that surface and race;  
these waters melted by her fire, boundlessly  
reverberate through caverns carved by the dragon's spell.  
Enchantment of this magnitude then pours  
around boundaries of a petrified forest

carpeting the entrance to its thick hinged doors  
where magic springs eternal and hope arises once more.

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, To Love, To Live, And Murder Not (29)

With Mavros gazing on that glorious child  
cognizant of where god and nature meet  
and the world before him unreconciled,  
littered with joyless years, devoid of peace,  
kingly thrones mere kindling that fueled his flaming seat.  
Carnage! As each new domicile was stoked  
with the soothing calmness of his fire's reach;  
ruins greeted his enemies when they woke,  
vengeance the sole language both man and dragon spoke.

Zahra cut by the shards of splintered time  
feeling so much lost with each futile gain,  
then violence ebbed, seemingly in decline,  
portents appeared, competing less with pain;  
like spring birds nesting, singing songs in joyous strains.  
Multitudes of retuning flocks circling round,  
caws descending from each lively swarm,  
gifting hope to hearts that were winter bound  
emerging summer dawns greening barren ground.

A delightful age! Zahra's poignant smile  
placated the strong and strengthened the weak  
and through these years nations prospered while  
inventing new harvesting and planting techniques,  
yielding ample crops and pressing finer wines to drink.  
Man developed art and practiced thought;  
negotiating with an unbruised cheek,  
cherishing others, honoring their hearth,  
desiring to love, to live, and murder not.

Mavros departed, seeking winter's snow.  
In these climes Mirren was rumored to be,  
and through ice what gifts might fire bestow,  
melting all pretenses. Man's destiny,  
unlocking glacial waters longing to be free.  
Imbued with sounds of ocean's farthest roar,  
attaining height above wondrous mountain seas,

upon his breastplate carved in dragon lore  
oceans would be released and man would be no more.

Captain Cur

# Trust In What You Write

My muse demands study in all her ways to know  
Risk the flames that bellow and cause the mind to glow  
Then with heart afire and lettered in this pain  
Truth and love's poetic voice surely will obtain.  
Should I fail and fall in the blackest pits of woe  
I read loud greater works to hear how sweet they flow,  
How my muse harangued me though greatly entertained;  
She said:  
'False rhymes that end the lines can never be sustained.  
Rent! All the books asunder! Hearken to the call!  
Save the princess from the wolves! Scale the castle wall!  
Passion thrills the moment, compassion turns to grief,  
Dig down till it hurts, till your own words make you weep! '  
When I turned to face her, her eyes were shining bright,  
Oft repeating what I learned, 'Trust In What You Write.'

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Freyja! War Dancing On The Plains

These words I humbly write inspired to describe  
a golden-haired goddess with blue Icelandic eyes.  
Against these two colors mountainous scenes unfold  
upon the farthest ledge these unsung spirit's roam.  
Small flecks of forest green weave through the melting snow  
where the strong North winds sing and Viking horns still blow;  
invigorating life with sweeping surly blasts  
poignant frozen tundra's appearing from the past,  
startling tall silver firs exposing tufts of green  
with sprightly dreams of May reclaiming winter seas.

Her warm breath slowly traced, by the crystalline mist  
surrounding first flowers in springtime's perfumed kiss;  
heralding this woman of renowned Viking lore  
long sveltely figured and stemmed like a native rose.  
Blossoming fresh petals with lovely bodied stealth  
reaching out for the light with arms of satin flesh;  
poised, delicately ribbed, impassioned with Norse blood  
though estranged from the warmth, of a bright but stingy sun.  
Bred in empty lands marginalized and thin,  
bubbling from deep below hot steaming geysers swim.  
Gracious are those waters; sweet pluton vapors swell  
rising from the narrow depths of magma heated wells.  
She soaks in vaporous bliss bathing at her ease  
enjoying warming balms, towel dried by the trolling breeze.

The gods named her Freyja, momentous is her birth  
in days sorcery ruled compliant mystic earth!  
Deemed goddess of the North, besieging noble land;  
yet, amorous pleasure, was said to tame her hand.  
Behold! those eyes of ice! How many hearts they slew,  
swept by a frigid sea beneath waves of patterned blue.  
Standing in her presence, one feels oneself alive,  
engaged in naked combat beneath untoward skies.  
Gold sculpted lightning bolts, dress, a headband that she wears  
gleaming stands in Northern lands as if blessed with elfish ears.

Baring twin breast plates, spear and leather shield,  
weaving fertile magic in unloved barren fields;

feinting in the moonlight, caught practicing her art,  
dancing with warlike grace immobilizing hearts.  
Strings of silver bracelets adorn her armored wrists;  
jumping high foot to foot, she pirouettes and twists.  
Her driving spear attacks a grim-faced witching tree  
with a quick sudden jab; starts shaking off its leaves.  
She gives a pointed look, quite sorry for her act,  
then with the sweetest laugh continues her attack!  
Oh! Beautiful Freyja! War dancing on the plains  
when the cold moonlight fades one single beam remains;  
gliding round perspiring flesh resting on her lips  
and to that witching tree imparts a moonlit kiss!

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Constantinople Waits Behind The Scenes, (X X I X)

On these gilded waters caged within my mind  
My prayers remonstrate, pleading for a sign;  
An unremarkable life is a wretched foe  
The shadow of its failure creeping slow,  
But still, I rise in virtuous gratitude  
As days beginning plants a fairer mood.  
My lips parched; my tongue voiced in earnest praise  
With spiritual sight my frail body raised;  
There before my thankful eyes, Byzantium,  
Gleaming beneath rays of our given Sun.

Rejuvenated! No greater pursuit  
Than to retrace the glory of its youth!  
I view the breadth of its mammoth shores  
Gargantuan monuments, archways to its door;  
Colorful swirls of glazed mosaic art  
Fueling fire in love starved reluctant hearts,  
Churches dwarfed beneath cathedral spires  
That man built, but God himself inspires,  
Reaching ever upward in tortuous space  
Profound and silent, in meditative grace,  
Seemingly touching that heavenly prize  
Hidden above the clouds that flesh the sky,  
Humanity desperate to be touched  
By truth's palette spreading faith with pious brush.

Oh! So much more! Here my emotion's scream;  
'Time lift thy veil, expose my novel dream! '  
Artwork, literature the world attains  
Sacred songs lingering in soft refrains,  
Culture, language, religious gifts to share,  
Provincial sounds, verse light as crystal air,  
Ponderous truths each line dares to speak,  
Rhythmic prayer messaging those who seek  
Coddled in the bays of oceanic dreams  
Constantinople waits behind the scenes!



A painted beauty framed against the skies  
Bedeviling as a woman's satin eyes  
And in those depths, each perfectly matched lens,  
World history provocatively blends  
Saturating Rome's gorgeous southern flank  
Unequivocal in majesty and rank,  
As dreamy as those eyes of sultry blue  
Persuasive passion invigorates the view.  
Legioned armies marching in cadenced form  
With armaments taking the world by storm;  
Still through the dusty years its marvels shine  
Reimagined through the storybooks of time,  
All Rome's greatness coalescing into one  
Perpetuating the legend of Byzantium.

Fortified stones, doubled Theodosian walls,  
Bevies of stallions neighing in their stalls  
Singing platitudes to Grecian Art  
And decorative motif artifacts;  
From the Hippodrome to the Golden Gate  
Harboring Eleutherios' tranquil lake  
Where the Lycus ran its slithering course  
In communion with a spirited earth  
Channeling southeast to the Golden Horn  
In graphic sunlight lustrous colors born.  
I sail that harbor in a tranquil pace;  
The Mamara sea shining on my face  
Soothing me on this miraculous day  
basking in the light of each warming ray,  
Questing a marbled city tiered upon a hill  
Picturing moments in time's harmonious still.  
Provocative wares lining city streets;  
Silkworms and spices imported from the East,  
Trading posts ringed by margins of the sea  
A cultural metropolis of enduring glory!

Here Byzantium all its secrets bare;  
Beloved, though marred by centuries of war,  
Sheltered, glowing with Eden's distant light  
Sharing fruit from fabled gardens of delight  
Where this unabashed nude gorgeously stands  
Beckoning with manmade and godlike hands!

Captain Cur

# Spectral Verses, A Series Of Poems Written From The Viewpoint Of Lord Byron Speaking From The Grave

## Spectral Verses, I, The Twilight And The Gloom

What fair voice calls my name as I loiter in the grave  
a poet now besieged with ignoble repartee,  
death is just a misty cloud that hides the quilted waves  
patterns of the fickle tides that charge then run away.  
In my youth I sang great chants, my verse would never sway  
banished from my native soil I sailed to war with fate,  
hearing echoes from my past I fought in unknown bays  
hoping for a hero's death my sins to mitigate.  
Alas! No peace, no resting place, unsettling as the moon  
where my spirit walks between the twilight and the gloom.

## Spectral Verses, II, My Heart Folds Loosely Bound

With lackluster elation  
I tense my burning pride;  
static mantras push up  
the sweet lilies from the ground,  
each blossom scents stray breezes  
my verse has softly cried  
yearning through the ages  
for that close uplifting sound  
contained within the pages  
my heart folds loosely bound,  
that holds my soul and weds my mind,  
splendidly it climbs.

My angry youth was stolen,  
where all I've loved has died  
ruptured dreams that mangle lives,  
the clock stroke loudly chimes  
unintended mourning  
that shift across grey skies  
reaching toward salvation  
for the light that fools my eyes.

### Spectral Verses, III, Youthful Combs Of Fire

My writings plague solemn desires  
dispatched within my grief,  
waiting for my soul's revival  
as I sense the failing beams  
above my head stars once bold,  
now dying, fade in disbelief  
yearning youthful combs of fire  
extinguished while I sleep.

My words of love coldly covered  
by the graveyard's mossy dirt  
embracing lips of favored lovers  
as we lain in soft caress;  
bites my savage tongues expression  
has now sanctified the hurt  
in my bed of weeds and clover  
where no soft cheek warms my breast.

### Spectral Verses, IV, The Die My Soul Has Cast

Black scorch marks of dejection  
where I burn with pains delight  
what my shallow terms have bought me  
fills the die my soul has cast.  
In the throes of trepidation  
I have turned against the light  
clutching runes with boney palms  
tossing stones that read the past.

I scribe a new adventure  
scribbling verses in the dust;  
I align the passing planets  
influencing natal charts.  
Scorpio will be rising  
that Saturn's foot will crush,  
the Moon and Mars enjoining,  
lovely Venus bares my heart.

Blending the earth tone pigment  
as the brush strokes flesh her face

with eyes of eternal softness  
and hands of phantom grace.  
My white linen shirt the canvas  
golden ruffles tress her hair  
her temperate presence forming  
shyly rising in the air.

My breastbones hardly breathing  
I retreat back in the dark  
she calls her eyes entreating  
with a voice of goodly praise.  
I sing to her my love song  
with my notes c minor sharp,  
embracing empty visions,  
strumming string-less harps.

#### Spectral Verses V, Moon Tides The Pattern Of My Soul

Falling beauty pales in nights unsleeping  
whispered to my marker hedged in stone  
fear not though the midnight breeze is weeping  
for the moon tides the pattern of my soul.

Rolling waves embrace an inner silence  
inflected by their rising harmony  
pounding shores drumming steady violence  
she calls them back and slowly they recede.

Monuments are built to gods and martyrs,  
idle worship reprised in pageantry,  
wars afloat in blood and human horror  
rewritten by ignoble history.

Surging seas unleash a stalwart power,  
tempestuous they rage in mystery;  
penetrating, crumbling earthly towers  
immense foundations washed out by the sea.

Innocence must brave the unknown silence;  
purity will light the burnished eve,  
cast me moon, redeem me from the violence,

in the beauty of your midnight weeping breeze.

Falling beauty pales in nights unsleeping  
whispered to my marker hedged in stone  
fear not though the midnight breeze is weeping  
for the moon tides the pattern of my soul.

#### Spectral Verses, VI, Void Of Dark

For in the seamless fabric of our dreams  
we walk between real and imagined life  
prescient when we wake our senses stream  
to the horary poverty of strife;  
but our soul created by spirit mind  
its beacon shines throughout our earthly shell  
within our dreams it flies traversing time  
and gleams the truth above this worldly spell.  
Consciousness of self, the eternal spark,  
has given meaning to the void of dark.

#### Spectral Verses, VII, Linguistic Chains Of Slight

Opportune tenacity regulates my soul  
against the wave born thoughts of reason  
that have intensified the toll,  
extracting cherished bits of memory  
from the speciousness of mind  
regaled within the boundaries  
we have aptly labeled time.

My heart no longer beating,  
my cold blood dried and dead  
within the confines of my spirit  
my eternal book is read;  
to the ghosts that haunt and plague me,  
to the inept breeding pride,  
to the worthless charms and omens,  
to all who lived and died.

I rattle in my coffin  
linguistic chains of slight  
as I turn each crumpling page

black dirt absorbs the light,  
but I know the bitter answer  
to the quandary we call time  
I am trapped within the moment  
of a stalled and stagnant tide.

### Spectral Verses, VIII, Raise High The Curtain Of Your Dreams

Astounding as the grimaced pain  
that falls upon my breast  
that turns within my soulful pleas  
disturbing peaceful rest,  
as poignant as the simple pause  
where all my dreams are lost  
between the silence of the lines  
where truth is rarely sought.

In the deepest regions of my soul  
light is blindly shuttered,  
mayhem then infects the grace  
where lifetime vows are uttered,  
wasteful words that garnish mind  
placating idle reason  
love grows then rots away  
when its fruit is not in season.

Deeply plows the hardy till  
that seeds so life may follow  
replant the blanket of my grave,  
the ground grows old and hollow,  
soil turned by harsh bitter hands  
with dead skin thick and calloused  
shovelfuls of passion sound  
on my wood and satin palace.

Console me and recite the words  
from the marvel of my youth;  
forgive me of my petty sins,  
search between my lines for truth.  
Do not follow in my steps  
for you are prone to go astray,  
raise high the curtain of your dreams,

don't pause and look away.

### Spectral Verses, IX, Conceptual Realm Of Beginning

In the conceptual realm of beginning  
where my spirit is dispelled by the light  
forced through the canal of awakening  
I will breathe my next breath of life.

By the pangs of my birth's separation  
where my being is renewed in the flesh  
worldly base to divine aspiration  
I wander unable to rest.

Empirical voids comprise the heavens;  
multitudinous suns burn out and restart,  
I will share their fate for millennium  
through the finite beats of my heart.

On the cleft of divine intervention  
between marrow and umbilical blood  
despite genius of human invention  
my soul's evolution is love.

### Spectral Verses, X, Flames To The West

Soul! Fly high your flames to the West!  
Hence spoke the fiery eves request  
twilight glints and the sun protests  
folding back her sails.  
Soul! Fly high your dreams to the East!  
Arise to lights unending reach  
full moon is hung in dawn's retreat  
moonlight shyly pales.

Dress! Touch your midnight scented bride  
that plays and shifts in shadow hides  
from new to full her bridesmaid's cry  
bouquets tossed to earth.  
Upon the firmaments divide  
they raise their spinster tearing eyes  
upward reaching knead sea and sky



bastions of their birth.

Awake! Awake! The pastures' swell  
with tall green grasses, verdant dells,  
the misty mountain casting spells  
life reclaims the land.  
The yard birds sing their yearning song  
to svelte wildflowers and dewy corn  
upon the hill the tower's dong  
church belled steeples stand.

The joyful singing of the choir  
tuneful chords of love's desire  
embodiments eternal fire  
poles the compass bares.  
From North to South the magnet points  
directing lives, approves, appoints,  
in life and death reflects, anoints  
passions that we share.

The church bell softly tolling now,  
the death of death has been avowed  
replanted by the tillers plow  
spring buds in my view.  
Get up! Get up! Your spirits free  
drink gypsy wine and dance with glee  
dispersed within the liquid sea  
life begins anew.

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, To Walk The Fabled Shores Of Byzantium (X X V I I I)

Night again came, I sailed that Viking boat  
To Byzantium, the prize I vainly sought.  
Oh! the storms they raged; sunny days were few  
There is no escaping fate, this I always knew!  
In darkened sky each cloud appeared to wait  
Until I passed beneath its thunderous gate;  
I stood as stone, then argued with my fear  
As lightning struck and booming's shocked my ear,  
Perhaps some lesser god saw I trembled not  
Pitying the lowly station of my lot  
And that god's fair form was drawn on high!  
I wept beneath its visage in the sky!  
When the waves expired, I turned and slept  
And prayed to unknown gods that came and went,  
But though this blackest night was filled with dread  
I awoke and the ocean fed me with its bread.  
Sun climbing, hanging at a lofty height  
Steeling myself to weather coming night.

A day of beauty! this I rightly tell  
With salt charged air my lungs began to swell,  
Soft waves churning with redundant flair  
Devoted to the whims of fevered air.  
A sea's loveliness, not one breath denies,  
Swallowing whole the blue sapphiric sky,  
Morning clouds forming on their hilly crest  
In tailored ease commingling with the rest;  
Vaporous isles liquid treasure hold  
locked fast in keeps, nor unwisely sold,  
Generously released, dropped from the gray  
Splitting open wide in a massive fray.  
The privileged sun supplicating shines  
In single worship unconcerned with time  
And lights the satin sea, adorned in crystal gems  
Floating on the waves laced with diadems.

But prideful thought a seasoned heart subdues

Sailing on a bark carved from hardened wood;  
Surmounting pleasure, to be here, alive!  
Joyous tears flushing pain from longing eyes.  
The ocean kissed me with her husky dew  
In a marriage of triumph as the salt spray flew,  
In wedded bliss between the sea and I  
Repeating simple vows till both of us shall die.

When love arrives and all pretensions leave  
False flags that ruled, but tatters in the breeze;  
Hours are few and days are numbered short  
Seas magistrate from waters of their court,  
Though their council and verdict may seem strange  
One will live a freer life if one can stand the pain,  
Channeling judgment as their currents flow  
Character build leveraging every blow!  
I thank my birthing stars, their influences blend  
Invigorating me, the life I led,  
Snatched from the pillared hands of senseless icy waves  
Dragging countless bodies to unmarked open graves.

With these thoughts I fell in the graciousness of sleep  
With untroubled mind in a golden land of peace.  
I will sail till all worldly battles have been won  
And walk along the fabled shores of Byzantium.

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, Behold! The Beauty Of Nature's Eloquent Keep (28)

Communing with a purer savage being,  
She walked that ledge, the rim of zealous life,  
Seduced by destruction's dark endless dream  
Wearing the fruitlessness of its disguise  
Damned with the blackness of its cold merciless eyes.  
But her spirit remained strong and mild  
Gaming nor despising human weakness,  
Civilized; yet, a champion of the wild  
A paradox comprising both dragon and child.

The dragon breathes, its black nostrils flair,  
Loathe to waste fire on unworthy things;  
Cowering before its full icy stare  
What compassionate message can one hope to bring  
When entangled within the maze of its razor wings?  
Towering harsh and cruel, as it was made,  
And the world before it bows down and sings  
Songs of irony, humanity betrayed  
That stands weeping over the mound of its own grave.

What placates an impressionable mind  
Of base desire is it most possessed  
Or can it flee from its bondage to find  
That place where nomadic tendencies rest  
In lands of milk and honey, suckling at its giving breast?  
Or suddenly from the dragon's reach torn  
No longer a slave to its vile unrest  
Ministering to joy, new ways to learn,  
Freed from suffocating breaths of malignant scorn.

In her young hands this tender power sleeps  
Nor in ways of privilege was she taught;  
Behold! the beauty of nature's eloquent keep,  
Harnesses fastened diligently wrought  
Molded by the creative essence of godlike thought!  
Valleys cradled by breasts of mountainous range,  
In thriving glee the lowly grasslands fought

Holding decorative forests in sway  
Carpeting earth with their gregarious display!

Captain Cur

# **Does Anyone Know How To Write A Thoughtful Comment Without Getting Blown Off The Page To Another Poem.**

I find it extremely frustrating to try to write a thoughtful comment then get throw off the page to another poem, then when you go back everything you had written is gone. If anyone knows a way to stay on the page until the comment is finished, I am all ears! Hello, Poem Hunter, are you listening.

Thank you!

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Come Young Pirates, On Longboats Heading To Byzantium (X X V I I)

Saddened I turn from England's sandy bar,  
I am off, off to fight another war,  
and the wild pilgrimage of fate unfolds  
to mine the riches of the ocean's gold.  
The glinting waters spark a happy smile  
charting course for lush and emerald isles;  
treasure awaits to end a happy tale  
losing pages where violence did prevail,  
the sun at peace, its flames soon come to rest,  
setting low, disappearing in the west,  
venturing to where minds and hearts roam free  
there she rises to light another sea.

I hear the songs that play a foreign strain;  
see novel stars from shores of their domain,  
soft moonlit scenes in unfamiliar night,  
constellations inverted to my sight.  
On an unknown ocean how, different I'd feel  
to steer a narrow bark and raise an ancient sail,  
on this passage, an enterprise of one,  
surviving by belief and crusty seaman's blood.

Like a Viking with eyes and ears reborn  
absorbing moments of an untamed world;  
Jomsborg on the Oder Estuary  
in the southern coast of the Baltic Sea  
on longboats heading to Byzantium  
where the freshness of hope will never pass  
adventuring as their impatience bore  
seafaring pleasures on sand stormed windy shores.

Morning comes and the fantasy is gone  
in eastern rise returns the faithful one  
with newness and fair tidings, I am met,  
steeped in Viking lore pounding in my breast!





# Demon Seas

Lightening shears the darkened skies  
exposing faceless demons  
whose voices roll and echoes long  
express their morbid treason

against god, against man,  
as they mount each rising swell  
that smashes down my stricken ship  
with the waterfalls of hell.

A foaming tongue of mighty length  
comes hunting fore and aft  
then broke the arm grips of a man  
who was swallowed in its path

and dragged down in toothless mouth  
with shale and stagnant breath  
to the richness of her silty bed  
where the crab mites feast on death.

A towering wave of anguished breadth  
our bow just barely breaks  
and flushes down my phlegm and spit  
with a shell specked burning taste.

A blackened cloud hides the hand  
of fates intent and mammoth purpose;  
that grips the tip of the topsail's mast  
that steadies and supports us,

in trials that test the pitch  
filled seams of hollow boats,  
that wears down human flesh  
and sheds the skin that coats

temporal spirits that thrive and live  
despite our base afflictions  
that rise above the diseased mind  
of criminal addictions,

Do I possess the will to break  
the bestial need to hunt  
or wear the squalid shame of men  
who fail on every front?

Captain Cur

# A Compilation Of Ten Moon Poems

- 1) Moonlit Chamber's Bath
- 2) Moon Tides The Pattern Of My Soul
- 3) Female Essence I Adore
- 4) Fancy Bows And Ribbons Made Of Red
- 5) Benighted In Her View
- 6) Autumnal Equinox, Weymouth Bay
- 7) If There Were No Moon, Rondeau Redouble
- 8) A Spell Is Cast Across The Rising Moon
- 9) Stewarded To The Earth And Sapphire Sea
- 10) Billing Love Every Night! The Show That Never Dies

## MOONLIT CHAMBER'S BATH (1)

Envisioning rapture, Venusian stance  
reflecting window garden's evening trance  
solitary beauty weaves midnight path  
pouring innocence in moonlit chamber's bath.

Encased in armor, black sentinel watch,  
my spirit trapped in polished keyless latch  
large chalice light paved candle glowing burns  
immobile Knight displays decorum's form.

Each night I stand as she disrobes in gold  
upraise arms naked stained glass flowers fold  
invoking sighs from heavy trembling steel  
lifeless statue, what could ancient metal feel;  
eyeless, mouth-less, earless mesh cross-stitched face  
dreamless voids from dark cold heartless space.

One night intrigued she ventured stealthily  
lifts my helmet her lips spoke silently  
then turned my head toward the steaming mist  
and bathed my dreams in droplets warming kiss.

(This poem was inspired by a painting of a  
young woman about to enter her bath on a  
moonlit evening, visible through large panes  
of stained glass, with a decorate knight

encased in armor standing watch in the room.)

## MOON TIDES THE PATTERN OF MY SOUL (2)

Falling beauty pales in nights unsleeping  
whispered to my marker hedged in stone  
fear not though the midnight breeze is weeping  
for the moon tides the pattern of my soul.

Rolling waves embrace an inner silence  
inflected by their rising harmony  
pounding shores drumming steady violence  
she calls them back and slowly they recede.

Monuments are built to gods and martyrs,  
idle worship reprised in pageantry,  
wars afloat in blood and human horror  
rewritten by ignoble history.

Surging seas unleash a stalwart power,  
tempestuous they rage in mystery;  
penetrating, crumbling earthly towers  
immense foundations washed out by the sea.

Innocence must brave the unknown silence;  
purity will light the burnished eve,  
cast me moon, redeem me from the violence,  
in the beauty of your midnight weeping breeze.

Falling beauty pales in nights unsleeping  
whispered to my marker hedged in stone  
fear not though the midnight breeze is weeping  
for the moon tides the pattern of my soul.

(This poem is part of a series, titled  
Spectral Verses, written from the viewpoint  
of Lord Byron speaking from the grave.  
There are 10 parts in this series.)

## FEMALE ESSENCE I ADORE (3)

Here forever her spirit's glow

that trines the vestiges of grace  
and burns throughout her largess soul  
in the munificence of space.  
Equating her aquiline form,  
full exhortations of her sphere  
above the mist and earthly storm  
from her pearl light's refracting tears;  
beneath the shroud of her wan face  
through the mystery of her orb,  
her sweeping hemline's timeless cape,  
the female essence I adore.

#### FANCY BOWS AND RIBBONS MADE OF RED (4)

I chased your smile as the stars slid past  
then caught you laughing on the sleeping grass,  
the brilliance of the moon dove in your eyes  
I was lost in the beauty of the closing skies;  
the way you dressed and held your pretty head  
in fancy bows and ribbons made of red.

I studied diligence and turned to ask  
who I caught laughing as the stars slid past,  
you did not answer with a voice or name  
you opened your eyes and the moonlight came;  
the way you smiled and held your pretty head  
in fancy bows and ribbons made of red.

When I awoke the stars were fading fast  
your name was written on the dying grass.  
I called to wake you in the sunlit skies  
but the moon was gone and you closed your eyes;  
the way you looked and held your pretty head  
in fancy bows and ribbons made of red.

#### BENIGHTED IN HER VIEW (5)

Full moon bears down with her enchanted rays  
on oars of light which row a single path  
through the course and uncertainty of days  
her light unfolds the gateways to the past.

She lulls the immense oceans with her tow  
each blade of grass benighted in her view,  
mountains crowned by the halo of her glow  
the tides enthralled by her commanding will.

On nights of these I rest in moonlit coves  
gently tasked by the torchlight of her beams,  
I call out to the world she ever loved  
and sleep in the solitude of her dreams.

#### AUTUMNAL EQUINOX, WEYMOUTH BAY (6)

##### Autumnal Equinox

Beleaguered on all sides,  
fate has dealt me a stifling blow;  
yet, I marvel at this precious earth  
with the Harvest Moon in tow.

Buffered by the isles brilliant lakes  
in the blue tapestries of the sea  
the threads of love slip my embrace  
and I tremble at what must be.

##### Weymouth Bay

In late September the last warming rays  
inspiring rests on me  
nights are the loveliest in Weymouth Bay  
protecting me from the sea.

Roving England's southern coast her pliant  
chalk downs bedevil my eyes  
centuries they stand awash in silence  
demurred by the fleckless skies.

Built on the backs of the mineral salts  
shallow oceans left behind  
carved by the troughs of receding shores  
bleeding white in faultless lines.

Majestic I soar with a subtle sight

while climbing green Dorcet hills  
I view the world from these marvelous heights  
where the hands of time lie still.

#### IF THERE WERE NO MOON, RONDEAU REDOUBLE (7)

If there were no moon dark would be the night;  
the sun bereft without her maiden glow.  
Our eyes devoid of her seductive light  
and all her gifts once lavishly bestowed.

Igniting seas emblazoned in her tow;  
invading shores directed by her flight,  
waves retreat when once gallantly they rose  
if there were no moon dark would be the night.

No harvest fields or phases that delight;  
new to full her embodiments unfold  
in tangent skies just lonely specks of light,  
the sun bereft without her maiden glow.

In our greed, like a trinket she was sold,  
now we're lost to the privilege of her sight  
and we will weep with stricken empty souls  
our eyes devoid of her seductive light.

In vain we want, as often is our plight,  
for her return by stellar winds to blow  
her back to home! We crave our mother's light  
and all her gifts once lavishly bestowed.

#### A SPELL IS CAST ACROSS THE RISING MOON (8)

I took an oath that binds me to the sea;  
I left behind all claims, all history,  
bundled with my fears I carry them no more  
from not the throat but from the plexus roar.  
The storm has raged and now a pensive lull;  
I string my flag, the crossbones and the skull,  
the sun has set the world a golden hue  
a spell is cast across the rising moon,  
in her glow I rest in magic sleep,

the skies are charged, the world is in retreat.  
I dream and wander deep within her source  
to forbidden shores, onward is my course.

#### STEWARDED TO THE EARTH AND SAPPHIRE SEA (9)

Tonight the moon is new and spreads her light  
And weaves between the clouds of milky white,  
Does she dream? Does she love like me?  
Stewarded to the earth and sapphire sea.  
Is she impassioned, has she lost her way?  
This minor luminary unseen by day;  
While her soft beams infuse the midnight air  
Honeysuckle and jasmine linger there,  
In my lungs these different scents to know  
Within my eyes her dreamy mystic glow.  
I bathe in the properties of this light  
Enchanted by her swift and steady flight  
Through the tangled trees she will make her run  
Outflanking the sinking yellow sun,  
Traveling higher still on her horseless ride  
Ascending to where earth and sky divide,  
Is she not queen of these heavenly isles?  
On airy ships that float and sail for miles,  
Then hanging low bursting in orange flame  
Transforming herself, yet, still one the same.  
Can I contain myself, a sight this rare,  
The power of a changing oblong sphere!

(This poem is taken from a series  
called, Captive Queen, there are numerous  
parts to this series, all parts have been  
published separately, and also published  
in one complete poem.)

#### BILLING LOVE EVERY NIGHT! THE SHOW THAT NEVER DIES! (10)

On this night moon's gentlest beams are cast  
lighting an earthly stage premiering its first act.  
Silver lines recited with each starring ray  
gracing beasts and moistened grass as night fades into day.  
She enters, pausing on a golden hill,



flowing in her silken gown, this sight lingers still;  
soft pinkish hues, delighting upturned eyes,  
shifting pastel colors rejuvenating skies.  
From that managed height never seen before  
in costumed heritage aged loveliness will pour;  
rearranging props, the pillowed clouds have fled,  
all but the slightest puffs left dancing bout her head,  
arrayed in sequined dots, ornaments of flight,  
is she a royal queen or princess of the night?

Then with all drama charging down the plain  
in rhapsodic tenor asserts her silent reign;  
through the narrows, on fields of standing corn,  
sifting round the mountains, an understudied form;  
rehearsing, her glittering lips will play,  
smiling pale opaque light with nonsectarian rays.  
It is time! the full starry cast is set,  
plush velvety curtains starched and neatly pressed;  
horns and trumpets, strings that rove in tides,  
sounds fully orchestrated tuned and scattered wide,  
drumming beats marching round the earthly coasts  
waltzing on the stage all greet their amorous host.  
Applause commences! then falls a sacred calm  
held in a trancelike state within her lighted palm.  
The moon's true purpose attested by each eye  
billing love every night! The show that never dies!

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, Warmed By The Face Of A Singular Sun (27)

Embracing gifts of mind, clasped hand to hand,  
She followed where caverns of darkness led  
Through the fires of burnt forsaken land,  
Hearing the cries of the forgotten dead  
Standing at the feet of life's tarnished monument.  
Forever the dragon stationed by her side;  
In this longing her youthful days were spent  
With no earthly attachment to abide,  
Strange and dreamy visions infiltrating her eyes.

Never bondage as strongly chained as this  
With day and night itself inseparable  
Walking unseen through the thick clouding mist  
Stifling breath within the swollen air  
Leading a child's heart to the dungeon of despair.  
She saw the dragon, in its claws she slept,  
While it guarded her as she slumbered there,  
And the coarse heat over her body swept  
Till night winds came cooling the desert with its breath.

Drifting in breeze her morning song was heard  
Climbing the sandy dunes, suddenly  
She would start and rise, like an unseen bird,  
Whom hope wakens filling the eastern sky  
Accentuating chords in waves of melody.  
Attachments to a soul are woven strong  
Sourcing passion like inlets to a sea,  
In triumphant strains that struck her spirit's tongue  
To the dragon's glory the innocent child sung.

Soft notes floating through heights on airy streams  
Lingering, penetrating without haste,  
Painting with broad emotive strokes, scenes  
Visualized with internal longing, then waits  
For each note's musical pleasure to succeed.  
Enriching hearts with glandular vibration  
Pumping in a quickened rapturous state

Soaring in novel flight as if on wing  
Beyond the scope of nature's wild imagining.

Whom had never loved, had not heard her song,  
Where buds of spring arise in sudden birth,  
Warmed by the face of a singular sun  
Created to comfort a cold and shivering earth  
Pulsing through the darkness of a stunned universe.  
Through power of its heat all things became  
As hearts remade who heard her sounding verse  
And to her people achieved a glorious fame  
When she bared her flesh to the fire of the dragon's flame.

This beloved child indoctrinated this way;  
Left gasping beneath a virginal shroud,  
Her eyes dancing to fire's hypnotic sway  
Led to the gaping void of the dragon's mouth  
Walked into the blackness of that thundering cloud.  
Dazzling brightness lit her earnest face  
Driven by fire's intoxicating flow,  
Not a cry, moving with soundless grace,  
Taken by the hands of fire's elemental shape.

Captain Cur

# Odes, From Kubla Khan To The Mighty Tigris And Euphrates Rivers

- 1) Odes, Kubla Khan
- 2) Ode To Pirate Sun, Sea, Wind And Rain
- 3) Odes, Ending Of An Age
- 4) Odes, Spirit Of The Earth
- 5) Odes, Tigris And Euphrates

## Odes, Kubla Khan (1)

Naked Venus of desire  
the Evening Star of man's unrest  
adorned in dreams of wanton fire  
was charmed by Kubla Khan's request  
and sent this message East and West.  
"Renowned craftsmen from afar  
nursed on visions Khan has seen  
instilled with constructs of the stars  
shall build his pleasure dome's decree."

Buried stones of enormous girth  
compressed and gardenized by the earth  
upon these stones his Kingly prize  
Khan's tall white structure will arise  
with chiseled columns that shall breach  
through balustrades that rise beneath,  
amid the raging skies of blue  
the center of the dome of pleasure  
will twin the sun at the height of noon  
and in the evening's gemstone treasure  
adorn the anklet of the moon.

Below in caverns hollowed by the waves  
strange creatures in the darkness thrive;  
they swim the sea with lidless eyes,  
with instincts soul map myriad caves  
with black nocturnal sight;  
creatures glow through endless night  
and in their spine each tiny spark

colors dance from drop to drop,  
florescent creatures lone delight  
rejoicing in each faint speck of light.

But oh! the passageway that leads  
suspended between the mountain and the gate  
upon these terrible heights the clouds give siege  
bright lightning strikes and thunder quakes,  
and through this rite on charging steeds  
Khan bequeaths his reign of dreams.

The archway at the precipice  
vaults deep into the rock  
and the force of the intermittent fountains  
lifts their two bride stones to unlock  
the entrance grate to the covered mountain  
that is fed by the falling ice  
where trickling streams fall fast and ever  
melting in persuasive light  
each drop sounding its harp-like measure  
as the creatures sing in the sea of night.

The dome of the Mount of Pleasure  
appears floating on the rays  
supported by frozen fountains  
of an ocean's sunless waves.

Venus awoke to this new sight  
a floating pleasure dome  
on waves of ice!

## Ode To Pirate Sun, Sea, Wind And Rain (2)

Pleasant intermittent rhythms  
voiceless smiles that transverse space  
sunlight plays in raindrop prisms  
each one falls to intrigue my face.  
Sweet swipes my tongue's long liquid taste  
across parched lips of cooling thirst  
pool in cloud's white veils misty lace  
where each drop claims to bathe me first  
naked to the wind singing odes to sea and earth.

Flower of the deep sea blossom;  
Poseidonia and Mangrove,  
blue light filters tall seagrass hums  
beneath your waves throughout your coves  
rhizome fills your lush treasure troves.  
Aquamarina fruited leaves  
dress orange red reefed coral droves  
twines up coifs cliff side rising eaves;  
the budding mermaid's dirge alluring as she grieves.

Slight ripples streak your polished glass  
preambles rouse your dozing waves  
still my sails stationary mast  
upon your paused symphonic staves.  
Orchestral banded wind invades  
the restless beauty of your lake  
each fluted note and horn pervades  
the shores and landlines you will break  
with tidal drums as mankind trembles in your wake.

### Odes, Ending Of An Age (3)

In this the newfound pleasure that I share  
writing odes to sun, sea and wind;  
dark midnight bares  
where stars in their black ocean swim  
with steady faithful eye they brightly stare  
upon me their guest. My heavenly host  
with beauteous face  
they fast approach  
and give their light to me  
regardless of my caste or place.

Constellations bestow  
hope's eternal glow  
influences that remain  
quilted patterns sown on endless breeze  
shaped according to their name,  
twelve signs embrace the sea  
newly risen for each human birth,  
I, a small shadow watch their show,

revolve round those  
who live to warm the frigid earth.

Daylight's dawn displays passing of the sun  
within her fingers, rays  
point hours of the day;  
my life is measured by her fiery tears  
her revolutions age me with short years,  
my choices I become;  
free me now from all my stifling fears  
remind me of the battles I have won  
relive the youthful passions of the young  
rejoice in me unburdening my cares.

Can newfound thoughts redeem  
what ails me  
with the true mind of alchemy?  
If life is but a dream  
what clever newness to each scene  
that sets the stage  
the curtain raised, the curtain falls  
the ending of an age.

#### Odes, Spirit Of The Earth (4)

O Spirit of the Earth, where do you dwell?  
For I require your deep sustenance,  
within the ancient rivers of your well,  
beyond your grassy highland's green expanse,  
beneath the mounting furor of your waves.  
Come to me! I crave your highland greens,  
your river swells, the fury  
of your rising dawn's deadly deep romance.

Midnight sounds, the veil of your sister woods  
drowning the retreating silence, heavy  
under the dark shroud of your sightless hood,  
listening, to the hills calling to the sea  
with whispered kiss, sweat shivers on my skin;  
I see contours, the shadow of their dance  
making love as the moist sea travels wind  
plush showers, the accepting lover's glance

that burns me, most seductive of planets  
I cannot contain my primordial sin.

Upon your utopian fields, grass thrives,  
wind weaves between their pointing finger threads  
flit and flutter directions to their lives  
at night they lay upon their golden beds  
and dream of morning clouds and drenching rains  
charmed by trees of tall evergreens and red  
blushing leaves that house birds and hidden hives  
worker bees ignore throaty bird's refrains  
the grasslands meek; yet, stalk the mighty plains.

I dwell in beauty's deep cavernous heart;  
your mountain's bold tempestuous seasons  
and with each floating seed a newer start,  
messengers of life, nomadic legions  
rejuvenate my soul. I am in love  
with every flower that embraces you  
with the dewy scent of their maiden pride  
tender mouthfuls, ripe, decadent to view  
marginal ways with steep rock cliff cover  
full exposed to the privilege of my eye  
they grow inside you, their virgin lover.

O Spirit of the Earth, where do you dwell?  
Are you without the massive starry nights?  
Do you live beneath sunless waves of light?  
I am confined within your orbits spell.

Odes, Tigris And Euphrates (5)

Each thought you sound through your soft verse  
I replay them to my ear  
and each next line is to the first  
a melody sweet to hear  
as the seamless words flow with grace  
they are whispered on my tongue,  
you teach them all to mind their place  
then commingle when their sung.  
A simple truth needs complex care  
colored waves complete in white



then what this simple truth I share  
has no product, has no right,  
on what rare tree does your fruit grow  
as it stands between the two,  
where Tigris and Euphrates flow  
what I write, I write to you.

Envisioning your length, your reach  
as you channel to the last  
tributaries you seal and breach;  
yet, forever in your grasp,  
upon the apron of your lakes  
can I but embrace them all  
then nothing more my heart forsakes  
as your fruit begins to fall.  
Between the rhythms of your waves  
life implants her tender seed  
through sunlight's procreating rays  
each flowering plant will feed,  
upon their leaves they drink the dew  
which escapes the breath of night  
within their hearts the nectar pools  
and transforms the banished light.

What ancient land divides the two?  
What history of her art?  
Mesopotamia, to you  
wedged between where rivers start  
and flow their course, their race to sea  
then empty with a searing toll  
pins the basin with their mighty  
surge and fills your Persian soul.

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, Flourishing Beneath The Shadow Of The Dragon's Spell (26)

This child blessed with piercing infantine eyes  
And honeyed flesh tinged by that wondrous age;  
Generous gods bestowing works divine  
Shorn of all false ornamental display  
Applauding from the seats of their heavenly stage.  
Lying beneath the beauty of conscious thought  
Fanciful passions might start to engage,  
Unique creations effusively poured  
From urns of desire, stolen from its sacred store.

Aligned with each ray of dawning brightness  
From these realms of power she subtlety drew  
Buoyantly lifted by spiritual lightness  
Floating with innocence like pearly dew  
Crossing the waters of the raging pathless blue.  
From the hot desert sands her body weaned  
And in those climes immaculate grew,  
Through her veins blood surged in fiery streams  
Satiating paths of life, and death's darkest dreams.

Childlike premonitions radiantly seen  
Of oceans and forests, beauteous and fair,  
Imagined in undissolved clarity  
And of nations languishing in despair  
Castrated by the political savagery of fear.  
Scheming on a nobler experiment  
Intentions surmised and utterly bared  
Skinned by a shinier blade gingerly pressed  
Yielding fruit or torturing soft innocent flesh.

In the teeming ways of youth all days glad;  
The air perfumed with smells and flavors sweet,  
Brimming with joy, all goodness to be had,  
Treading mysterious paths with willing feet  
To that unguarded place where hell and heaven meet.  
There in the distance the Emerald Well  
Watered by blue mountains and crystal streams,

Surrounded by willows and grass lined dells  
Flourishing beneath the shadow of the dragon's spell.

Captain Cur

# Corsairs Of Old, Parts, (1- 4)

- 1) Corsairs Of Old
- 2) Pirate Skulls And Crossbones Speak
- 3) Deepest Waters Of Reflection
- 4) Monolith Of Self

## Corsairs Of Old (1)

Cutting lime, squatting on sun whitened sand,  
I view the contours of my anchored ship  
making mental notes I carefully scan  
indigenous tribes as juice swarms round my lips.  
I wave a fruit high, stuck to my sword tip,  
and laugh at horse like creatures in the sky  
raging past in great white unbridled bands,  
like bold corsairs of old on maiden trips.  
I will barter for water and supplies  
or fight beneath the great white horse's eye.

## Pirate Skulls And Crossbones Speak (2)

Bled by wind, broke by sea,  
Can you hear the Corsairs sing?  
Whispers from the mountains long,  
Waters sing their silent song.  
Rising from the hungry deep  
Pirate Skulls and Crossbones speak  
Crafty tales and legends spun  
When the moon obscures the sun.  
Coarse chafed lips and bucket breath;  
Massive arms and heaving chests,  
Short broad swords in knotted sheaths,  
Knives clamped tight in blackened teeth.  
When they raid the helpless ships  
Rum and powder shot on their lips;  
Climb and jump from yardarms strong,  
Raze and kill like locust swarms  
Taking silk and golden coins  
Sackcloth shielding bulging loins.  
Canons blast and rip apart

Driftwood left to float and rot  
On the boards survivors cling  
Corsairs bold victorious sing.

### Deepest Waters Of Reflection (3)

Invasion predisposes me to fate  
challenges that have steady wore me down,  
I look out from the crows nest and I wait  
for that last glorious battle to be found.  
I am the taunt sail that harnesses wind;  
a tall mast that draws it's voyaging map,  
a rudder that must hold to keep direction,  
from this faltering height as my vision dims  
I am chastised like a child on her lap  
and punished for all past and future sins  
engaged in the deepest waters of reflection.

Every man aboard loyal to our cause  
not a one contemplating desertion  
when the winds of life still we must take pause  
rejoicing in the ills of our dejection.  
With one voice we have made clear to the world  
we are Corsairs and contest stronger lands,  
the ocean our lover and protector,  
our flag whipped hard, her message seen and heard.  
Within our souls the template of our plans  
to each, ourselves, we hold fast to that oath.  
Raise high our swords! We are the new Conquistadors!

### Monolith Of Self (4)

On the belief that life will always suckle me  
give the withal to move up another step  
be enriched by the clear poverty of living  
direct my triumphs and protect me to the last;  
in this conclave of mind I stare bold and scheming  
reinfected by the gaiety of the young  
receiving joy from the simple garden pleasures  
sung by the blooms that reach out trusting to the sun.  
This moment is the only truth once afforded  
the future a falsehood that I must never cast

rewards are held in this present earnest heartbeat  
pass the old draughts and bray the monolith of self!

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, Attained At The Stroke Of Evolutional Reckoning (25)

Dark clouds approaching and the skies grew dim;  
Earth brooding beneath their dreary cover  
Tipping oceans with a mischievous grin,  
Enwrapping waves, one into the other,  
With all the grace of a skilled and graceful lover.  
Through the thick clouds sunlight patiently weaves  
Bestowing fragmented blanket's of warmth.  
Waters calmed by stray sleep inducing beams  
Resting in the visage of Sol's white unruffled sleeve.

Mavros emerged from the temple's labyrinth  
Moving through foliage hedged green and deep;  
Each thunderous step rumbling with broader pitch,  
Rushing through the clearing he quickly leaped  
Loosing grand wings expanding with incredible reach.  
Their multi-layered thorned tipped cuffs outspread,  
Cutting through the misty air, smooth and steep,  
Leaving whirlwinds of desire in their stead  
As if for this moment each sinewy wing was thread.

A dragon without purpose suffers unreconciled sorrow;  
No vision or respite from time's dark stress,  
No dreams to speak or cleave a greater morrow,  
Lost in a cruel unending wilderness  
Without a smile to cheer or a soft voice to bless.  
Who would engineer a beast of this kind?  
An organism over-created to excess!  
Its massive weight earth readily unbinds  
But man trapped by the narrowness of his small mind.

Do dragon's think? a subject to digress upon;  
With internal sight, no greater communion known,  
A glorious intersection between beast and man  
And from that secret fire steadily drew  
Age upon age in undeterred influence grew.  
Stealthily cloaked with adamant power  
Refracting sunlight's most dazzling hues,

Patrolling from an unseen aerial tower  
Screeching guards calling out time's sentineled hours.

Within the workings of those uncanny eyes  
Fear and marvelous conjecture drawn  
To view the void, a black luminous prize,  
Against all that is human brightly dawned  
A selfish and compassionless fire sparing none.  
Yet, bare hope still clung to humanity,  
The child queen's reborn spirit had returned,  
Unless she prove false, their fate would be  
Attained at the stroke of evolutionary reckoning.

Captain Cur



# From The Womb Of Fire, A Dragon In Solace With Such Sympathies (24)

Bursting forth, the winged majesty of sound,  
Imploring notes, traveling sweet and long,  
Soft words of hope shared by tongues unbound,  
When faith is known the love of truth is strong  
And carried far by voices uplifting arms in song.  
Stretching miles, scattering with the gusts  
Reaching oppressed blood soaked in barren ground  
And the heaps of ash comprised of sacred dust  
Blown across the greening earth robed in pious trust.

Nations! hear their song, arise and waken!  
Shake off the trance and retake the vaulted hill;  
Foundations of slavery have been shaken  
Especial love strengthens struggling will  
That the swoon of ages must adequately fill.  
Together unrestrained, as one body stand,  
Linked by courageous heart, steadfast and still,  
Waiting below, freedom's vast untamed land  
Eager to share its wealth with each industrious hand.

Gorgeous summer nights communing with hope  
Lathered in colors, streaking reds and grays  
Overrunning blue, yield the stars true scope  
In oceans of sky laced by peaceful bays  
Anchored in nocturnal bliss surrounded by black waves.  
Its sheer massiveness takes away one's breath,  
Lending itself incomprehensible;  
Contemplating beauty through its own excess  
In exponential flow dwarfing everything else.

These ideas took form and with his spirit fought  
In the realm of such possibilities  
As a dragon might ease into heartfelt thought  
Or enjoy in solace such sympathies  
Outspread before him, beneath warm vaporous skies.  
So, heavily invested in the starry light,  
With the briefest hesitancy made reply

As a stream of fire issued forth, where it might,  
And lit the deep darkness and broke the pensive night.

Captain Cur

# Love Letters Written To A Lady Of Renown, Time Withers But Love Remains Perfect (67)

Hard years have fallen and my love commands,  
Lady of loquacious speech, what blemish  
can mar its passage? Time withers but love  
remains perfect beneath its temporal glance;  
offering its soft arms that we may both  
dissolve within, beating with its warm heart,  
breathing with its sweet breath, no feeling  
beyond reach, knowing it gives only of itself,  
being more than what I am or can ever be!

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# From The Womb Of Fire, Mavros Came, His Flames Marvelously Intertwined (23)

Men enslaved men, binding body and soul,  
In this squalid state hopeless hours spent;  
But, freedom of thought chains cannot control,  
Fastened and locked their steely teeth clenched  
To time's injustice, where years and blood foment.  
Mavros came with the fire of the divine  
Replacing this corrosive order  
With his flames marvelously intertwined  
Burnt the faces and the whips of those ugly shrines.

Nations were shocked, bowed by fret and worry,  
From mouth to mouth transcribed the brilliant tale,  
Slaves had achieved a nobler glory  
While their ministers had grown weak and pale,  
Silencing captivities loud desolate wail.  
Feet no longer bound encrusted with blood;  
Freed hands toppling monuments of disdain,  
Rejoicing hearts cheering in multitudes  
Charging from the shadows, redeemed and born anew.

Who could have thought a dragon might become  
Greater and more remarkable than they,  
Fragments of shattered souls forged in freedom  
Pulled from darkness by the effusive rays  
Of nomadic beasts settling frontiers far away.  
Fire never before seen, light striking fast,  
Intensifying beauty in their grand way,  
Evolving in power, thoughtfully cast,  
Targeting with a strong and deliberate glance.

Captain Cur

# Herculean Oceans, (1-10)

The below set of sea poems, Herculean Oceans, were written in reverence and honor to the beauty and power of our wondrous oceans. They are written in varying poetic styles. All have been previously published, they are contained here complete in one cohesive work. I wrote them in the hope they might instill a love and respect for our vital oceans and our part in protecting these life giving treasures. A small sampling below:

Oceans smile in salt stained innocence  
And charm through a strangeness unveiled  
Above the waters in the fountain of their tears;  
And on those solitary nights  
When the moon hangs in breathless kiss  
floating in timeless ecstasy,  
Reflecting waters, moonlit alchemy,  
Communing with a starry sea,  
Composing in unnumbered symphonies.

The above lines taken from the poem,  
'Composing In Unnumbered Symphonies.'

- 1) Riptides Of Fevered Devotion
- 2) Altar Of Poetic Death
- 3) Vassals Of The Sea
- 4) Teeming With Life In Evolution's Maze
- 5) Dangling From The Ceiling Sky
- 6) Mounting The Saddle Of The Moon
- 7) Birthing Infant Waves
- 8) Lighting The Skies In Velvet Plumes
- 9) Composing In Unnumbered Symphonies
- 10) Theirs But To Fill

## Riptides Of Fevered Devotion (1)

Herculean oceans, unlike all other beings,  
In calming presence or in windswept waves  
Reflecting splendor or minacious doom  
Gifting to our eyes tributes all their own,  
What admiral adventure the sea brings!

The greatest lakes may erringly assume,  
In their mountain beds and plush woodland homes,  
To be their equals in scope and pleasure,  
Are they not fed from the valiant rivers;  
But, still can hear the rolling tides seethe and rave  
In the dark channels of the salt ravines,  
Upon the waters of the blue tinged vales,  
Through liquid breath that scents the crystal air,  
Cloud bursts, fickle sunlight's reclusive beams,  
Thunder's gregarious light charged legions come down  
Attracted by the ocean's glistening crown;

Tidal mountains bursting in orange flame  
Commensurate with dusk drenched evening skies  
And each shard of sun whipped brilliance clinging  
To the riptides of fevered devotion;  
Sword like unsheathed winds with slaughterous aim  
Amassed with four mighty arms swinging  
In ecstatic rhythms, harmonizing  
With harp plucked strings of a rainbow sweep  
Arching between ribbed ethereal sails  
Atomizing colors in naked sleep;

Caverns echoing with deep commotion  
Listening to the grinding of earthly faults  
Enwrapped within their own coarse legacy  
Movements not even the oceans can constrain,  
Though gifted with their own ceaseless motion,  
Rumbling along a wide and raucous path  
Cadent disturbances when once aroused  
Pound warring chests that heave beneath the ground!

#### Altar Of Poetic Death (2)

Fearsome ocean! Lone mystery to me,  
In sublime trance upon these waters strange,  
What moves below in darkened fantasy?  
I cry out but my words drift in dismay!  
How then to bear this unknown influence  
This unrequited love bound up in chains?  
Whole of beauty heard in pure timeless sound,  
I float helplessly, wingless on the waves

Food for creatures with cold unfeeling eyes;  
Unbidden, then I the unwelcome guest  
At a loss for more gifted words of praise,  
Past years rethought, a mind that once glowed bright  
Gasping with each painfully uttered breath;  
But, from some phantom light an image raised  
A more robust, younger, enticing one  
Its marvelous thoughts and dreams outnumbering  
The days and nights slain in wasted slumber.  
My eyes turn upward, waiting there on high  
Posey tightly curled in creation's womb,  
Tearing in joy with spiritual salvation  
I reach for that faint glowing in the sky  
Pulling it deep within my shuddering breast  
And pray to the unclad chiseled statues  
Decorating the altar of poetic death.

### Vassals Of The Sea (3)

What spirits thrive in the bowels of these remote worlds  
For they are life exemplified by trenchant cold,  
These spirits cannot fail! They must never die!  
They hold the keys to a mighty realm, the keepers  
Of the abyssal plain who walk the ocean floor.

Seafaring men have spoke of these unearthly forms  
Satiating their hearts with foreboding and fear;  
Outlines of ghoulish shapes in tempestuous storm  
Erubescant manifestations thinly veiled  
On shifting tundras unfathomably deep  
Where the voluminous waves mingle evenly spread  
Gathering within themselves and mightily peak  
Crashing down like edifices of liquid stone.

Some in their ignorance might call them hideous,  
Scarred and riven faced with glowering caustic eyes,  
Crude and elementary as all monsters seem;  
Still their hearts pledged in sweet dalliance with the sun  
And bask in the soothing trails of calm moonlit scenes  
Voicing love that rises through the depths of silence  
Forever enveloped by unbreakable vows,  
A godsend to man, though man disassociates

Forgetting his original position, bowed.

Trapped beneath a crushing wilderness, deeds unsung,  
Despite manmade menace, faithful, steadfast and mild  
With peaceful solemnity will they always be  
Staunch valiant caretakers and vassals of the sea.  
In formidable currents to be reconciled,  
May their gracious selfless acts never be repealed  
By man, their presence novel but misunderstood,  
As we ourselves are predisposed for greater good  
Together in a pact our lives and theirs will seal,  
To fully give ourselves to Herculean Oceans  
We can redeem ourselves, we can begin to heal.

#### Teeming With Life In Evolution's Maze (4)

The tides, the waves, the floods, though boundless stream  
Return back those waters to where they dwell,  
Unquenchable, untamed heaving basins  
Fueling the ire of homespun hurricanes  
In allegiance to their cause. Oceans dream  
Impinging upon landscapes in their sleep  
And by the feeblest margins are they bound,  
When with wolf like presence suddenly leap  
Laying claim to the humble works of man  
And all separated from them at birth  
Reunited forever in the sea;

All things warm and green, that live, breathe and sound,  
Things that walk, fly, creep or prowl, every dell,  
Chasm, valley in mute tranquility,  
That which is high and inaccessible  
enveloped by the waters of the earth,  
For these their prey even the far mountains  
Ages rose, spread as young foundations crept;  
Harvesting the falls, geysers and fountains  
And ancestors trapped deep in glacial ice.  
Mankind's doom, felled from his vain pinnacle  
That no sun or moon, no mortal power  
Can prevent this relentless siege on life.  
No more a city, a deluge, a ruin!  
Will man's screams be heard through the rain drenched skies?



A perpetual vat churning, stewing,  
Encircling trees and lakes and rich sweet soil.  
I shutter as our world is drawn down  
But pay homage to Herculean Oceans  
For by our own waste we are overthrown.

Glaring then this image, a man less world,  
Never can he reclaim his dwelling place,  
What once his home now forever spoiled  
And all the working's of his mind are gone.  
Total annihilation of a race  
Remnants swirling in tumultuous swells.  
On this aquatic world warm sunlight beams  
Perhaps live cells of humanity cling  
Like mucous to the walls of air filled caves  
And a novel spark of creation gleams  
As the waters acquiesce and recede  
Returning to the place of their dwelling  
And leave in their wake majestic rivers.  
From the land dormant seeds rekindling  
As the greening age of paradise flows  
Teeming with life in evolution's maze  
Something new, unique, unhuman moves there  
Taking its first breath, struggling in the salt charged air.

#### Dangling From The Ceilinged Sky (5)

Ocean winds stroke the waters here below  
While they weave their tapestries as they pass  
Throughout the clouds, their threads of silken white  
Dangling from the ceilinged sky, briefly cast,  
Drifting on the breeze in spooling hours  
Mixed formations sewn in lightest wisps  
Reflected by the waves flowing under  
Wondering how each piece so tightly fits,  
Seeming to waver in constant motion  
Struggling to wander off and break free,  
Dangling on the ends of patterned loops  
Giving their treasured works back to the sea;  
Rising higher, mounting each tiny rill,  
Then suddenly streak in wild commotion  
Dissolving into warm vaporous mist

Until just a slight glimpse of them remains,  
For the sun is bored and no longer smiles  
And the wind refocused mightily strains  
Bursting them in the guise of woven rains.

#### Mounting The Saddle Of The Moon (6)

Herculean Oceans habitually bear  
The weighty presence of their flowing might;  
Soft winds coo them with fragrant lover's breath  
Evoking ripples in the star drenched night,  
At times mounting the saddle of the moon  
Riding out the tides as they yawn and stretch,  
Ever deeper they go in dark descent  
In the bonds of the elements they share.  
Perhaps the dozing sun has to contend  
With waiting flowers eager to enter  
His well lit home, smiling breaks his rest  
Slowly opening his circular door.  
The wind is busy flirting, oceans brood  
Accustomed to a life of solitude;  
Bringing their secret thoughts to fruition,  
Harnessing their strength, binds that contain them  
Loosening, fluid bodies of the sea  
Quietly hungering for things out there  
In the green landscapes of imaginings,  
To fill this world and all its vacant tendencies.

#### Birthing Infant Waves (7)

Oceans pulse and breathe,  
Rhythmic tides their breath  
Through veiled partitions  
Eyes submerged in rest;  
Counting patterned stars,  
Phases of the moon,  
As they slowly drift to sleep  
Her fingers gently pull,  
Covered in their wavy beds  
By sheets of lurid blue.  
Unconcerned what time they wake  
Though somewhere it is morn

For their many days are spread  
Across this lovely world,  
Soon arising with the sun  
And birthing infant waves  
In the waters of this calm,  
Life, wonderful and strange.

#### Lighting The Skies In Velvet Plumes (8)

Across the coasts in rushing sweeps  
Enchanting is that ocean sound  
When it combs the sand and scrubs the beach;  
The wrestling pebbles might respond  
Clattering against the shore  
In distinctive flips of smooth round stones,  
While the seagulls pluck and pick and blink  
Sun is shifting on its fiery seat,  
Soft winds whispering in gossipy tones  
Whom had seen the most of this world.  
All descendants of that primal power  
Joined in marriage with mist and cloud  
On the dawning of that first solar day,  
Consummating love through the virgin night,  
In fibrous sheets they roamed and loomed  
Lighting the skies in velvet plumes  
And wrapped this earth in nature's robe.  
Ah! So wild and wide and beautiful!  
As the twin lights of sky unfolded;  
As winds blew, this shapeless maiden  
Took form, a sight no mortal eye beheld,  
braided with forests, dells, mountain flowers  
And in her hand a frozen wand  
Of majestic sapphire blue  
And smote it down upon this earth  
And to all the oceans gave liquid birth!

#### Composing In Unnumbered Symphonies (9)

Oceans of this impenetrable world!  
Mystery lies within their deep embrace  
Harmonizing waves sounding out their song  
In solemn strains, that music which is loved,

Surmounting choirs on towering steps  
Emerging from the shadow of the depths.  
Melodious tunes from their surface spread  
In movements and symphonies of flowing grace,  
Then chanting earth songs in crude native breath;  
Unstoppable, uncounted as the hours,  
Voiceless throats that rise in pulsing power  
Accompany their soulful offerings,  
Traveling far and wide,  
Echoing from the mountains and the hills  
Influencing life with unbroken will.

Oceans smile in salt stained innocence  
And charm through a strangeness unveiled  
Above the waters in the fountain of their tears;  
And on those solitary nights  
When the moon hangs in breathless kiss  
floating in timeless ecstasy,  
Reflecting waters, moonlit alchemy,  
Communing with a starry sea,  
Composing in unnumbered symphonies.

#### Theirs But To Fill (10)

Oceans move, eons till their race be won  
Horseless atop the earth and sinking sun;  
Unclouded skies, delirious and bright  
Tremulous ride the waves in living light,  
Mavericks bucking wildly as they throw  
And thrash about unsettled deep below,  
Their journey long, an endless wide expanse  
Contained by shores as powerful and vast.

By divine ordain these treasures given,  
By tenderest winds their massive bodies driven;  
Within basins they sensually pour  
Passion mounting while fingering the shore,  
To touch, to leave their essence on the sand  
To cradle earth within their liquid hand;  
A precious sadness lingers on them still,  
Their existence level, theirs but to fill.



# From The Womb Of Fire, Charmed By The Beauty Of A Vengeful Sky (22)

What surmounts and defeats a dragon's rage  
When earthen laws are disaffected and pushed aside;  
Released from the bondage of nature's cage  
Charmed by the beauty of a vengeful sky  
With might emanating from each flickering eye.  
Powerful jaws bestow a quick pointed thrust  
Reminding man their mutual fates are tied,  
Mingling their blood entangled in the dust  
Victims of a strange fellowship epitomized by mistrust.

Inflaming vitality, dragon spirits  
Ignited by the spark of a godlike mind  
Dressed the world in passionate expectation;  
Cloaked with the malevolence of their kind  
Pulled out of the savage darkness, devoid and blind,  
Screeching, clawing from the abysmal floor  
With the mammoth oceans roaring behind  
Riled by the impatience creation bore  
Plunged through the opening of earth's sensual door.

Expansive earth, purified by its waters,  
In never ending glory hangs suspended  
Within reach of a parental universe;  
Heralding Gaia, its most radiant daughter,  
Her visual charms virginally blessed,  
Promoting life, her blue green eyes extending  
From a cradled world lovingly pouring forth  
In timeless flight. Those eyes ascending  
Driven by evolutionary worth  
Exposing features of her proud and privileged birth.

Teeming sexuality, pristine and warm,  
Earth no longer framed by barren thought;  
Creatures breeding, ocean's pattering flow,  
Wanderlust's of green imaginings caught  
Propagating desire all across beaming earth.  
Those lovely sounds heathen winds have learned

Echoed by the mountains and the streaming brooks  
With soft whispered breath, lovers gently turn,  
In carnal anticipation as the cosmic fires burn.

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Love's A Marvelous Thing! , X X V I

Charmed by life's foray, till my race be done,  
Razed beneath the sign of an obscure sun;  
My fortune mired by that blackened light  
But none save thee has ever shone as bright.  
Regardless of my fate, the hazards thrown,  
Natal reefs of love weather every storm.  
My gladness sheds a strong impartial smile  
My infamous tongue wags a brief denial,  
Confession lingers on the altar's vine  
With the blood of truth pressed to sweetest wine.  
What fills that chalice, a shadowy kiss?  
Or a red monsoon quenching every lip?

Stars have driven me through the long expanse  
Then led me here beneath thy melting glance.  
Along this tender course ways are given  
As summits appear to unclouded vision;  
From high mountains a spectacular view,  
Lush rolling greens that peak in skies of blue,  
And thy moist eyes in soft reflection gleam  
With spirited facets of a diamond sea.  
Drawn from those beveled heights to the shaded deep  
Colors soft as song, sings the earth to sleep,  
Through that misty realm flowing endless miles  
Waiting on the cusp of time for thy youthful smile,  
Fulfilling life, willful or oppressed,  
Seeking thy warrior heart for love's the greatest quest.

A sequenced snowy white justifies air  
Beauty's goodness coveting without care  
And the green earth blanketed by those flakes,  
Sun starved flowers shivering as they wake.  
Within this whitened glove reigns thy lifted hand,  
Untaken, but I make no coarse demand;  
To my sight how soft thy features play  
Clearer notes creating each hopeful day;  
As a bird is lifted, taken by its wings,



Daring its first flight! Love's a marvelous thing!

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Probing Lips Moving Dangerously Near, Part X X V

No warmth against my lips will ever press  
Though plagued by dreams disturbing evening rest  
Whose peasant heart may hope to win my hand  
Weak pesky waves that titillate the sand.

Love must perform with far greater zeal  
Plunging to depths that only flesh can feel  
That my mind, my wild imaginings sought,  
Infiltrating my every waking thought.

Hands of strength; yet, mastering gentle skill  
Where beneath the sheets those toying fingers till,  
Euphoria, senses utterly aware,  
Probing lips moving dangerously near.

When in weakness what weapon can I wield  
But to submit and drop my virgin shield,  
Wounded virtue staggering falls and dies  
Still gazing up with frozen wanton eyes.

If chaste reflection only brings disgust  
Do pious thoughts masquerade as lust?  
I, a lesser slave despite my woman's pride,  
Worse than bondage, betrothed as England's bride.

Oh! That these cravings in my breast would cease  
Or seek one who can bring my soul release,  
The crown is weighted and the throne a chain,  
My porcelain face powdered by disdain.

I sit on high endeared to all below;  
To my own worth the greater debt I owe,  
Of myself I can never give away  
A museum statue beleaguered by decay.

What lettered words can begin to unlock  
And enter a cold and loveless heart

When in emptiness it recites alone  
Till all poetic loveliness is gone,

And the lines break like a weathered chain  
Vocalizing in servitude to pain  
Here pity's polished lamp will brightly shine  
Its flame lit by the hand of the Divine.

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, Victimized By Destruction's Lawless Creed (21)

Within the smile of woman, the softest look,  
Which on the warm breast of compassion fed,  
Running deepest in the reposing brooks  
With a patient sky clinging overhead  
Overwhelmed by those sweet lips, strongest hearts have bled.  
Life cultivated by Eden's magic hours  
Before the ripened fruit of death eaten  
By treachery, evil's sensual flower  
Soiled in hate, blooming with unmitigated power.

In Hargolis, sheltered by a desert sea,  
The woman scorched by Mavros rose to fame;  
The realms of fire a distant memory  
When burned alive beneath the dragon's flame  
Was gifted another shape and shed her mortal frame.  
Throughout the dragon's core, power seethes,  
No mighty river or ocean can tame,  
Victimized by destruction's lawless creed  
She was remade of the dragon's ferocious seed.

In the grip of death she walked aflame in glory  
Stained with blood and the salt of wasted tears;  
Indoctrinated in these spiritual rites,  
A mere observer chronicling her fears,  
Nor flattered by power compressed by day like years.  
Between life and death, this disputed state,  
With the dragon as her sole minister  
Unconcerned with the loud roaring's of fate  
Stood unveiled in bridal bliss before earth's open gate!

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, A Contrast Between Light And Dark (20)

Mavros spread his wings in raw eloquence  
Captured in the breadth of a paused sunrise  
Exploding color, presumptive evidence  
Presaged by that promising morning sky  
Greeting earth with a stern but compassionate eye.  
With one gesture this green world will obey  
Where the heavenly sprigs of sunlight flow  
And grasses and trees in glowing warmth lay  
In divine streams of light's impetuous display.

Behold the darkness of the dragon's lair,  
Exasperating night, its blackness shone  
In soul dissolving beauty, shadowing fear,  
Fear far lovelier when the threat's unknown  
Lost within its caverns shivering and alone.  
Death approaches, gathering up its cloak;  
A warmth emanating in the distance,  
Eyes shuttered by fright though all senses woke  
Echoing screams which found a voice as the darkness broke.

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, Either Bow Down Or Burn (19)

Glittering in preordained patterns, stars glide,  
Sailing through a massive waterless sea  
Their bright flaming masts scattered far and wide  
With lesser vessels of planetary fleets  
In gravitational homage, traipsing round their feet.  
Galaxies amazed, commingling into one;  
Colliding, scourged by inhospitable heat,  
And here the fire of the dragon was born  
With the power of a red star's collapsing core.

Privileged in ownership of that flame  
Chosen by stars to occupy their form  
No more beauteous spirit or heart could frame  
The outlines of that soft radiant force  
Combusting with a solar flare's internal warmth.  
Mystically and magically shaped  
With ferocity of a potent charm  
Dragons came unannounced, heralded by fate,  
Raised by man above his own unremarkable state.

From an unknown source its features drew  
Along its face a vivid soothing strength,  
Beneath its brows, eyes of deep sapphire blue  
With that fire lurking in their utmost depth  
Bellowing pressure from the dragon's hulking breath.  
An age abandoned triumphantly returns  
Ushered by passions easily understood  
And poured forth from the dragon's fiery urn;  
A choice to all below, either bow down or burn.

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, Lauding The Newfound Dragon Queen (18)

Mavros came, hovering over that vast forested roof,  
Shattering a diamond sky with a wounding screech;  
The smell of embers, unforgiving proof  
Of the enormity of the dragon's reach.  
In blinding splendor his sunlit shape was seen  
In meteoric rise with its driving tail  
Gauging coordinates on his vision's screen;  
Beneath his sight, the frailty of earth laid bare,  
Just a slavish orb with hollowed hemispheres.

Ten thousand torches bleeding out their light  
Along the steps wound deep and far away  
In glowing aisles spaced and burning bright  
Competing in radiance with impassioned flame  
Fighting for privilege in the dying light of day.  
Perhaps the dragon in enlightened thought  
Could feel the beauty in this plush display,  
A mind unpoisoned, as one divinely taught,  
Reflecting in winged dance that flies and drifts aloft.

A mountain of gems dressed the dragon's throne  
Flowers woven through stalks of greening vine  
Budding and blooming, all their whiteness shone,  
Exuding scents of plant based living mind  
Garnishing earth with the brevity of their kind.  
In dew soaked elegance what thing can compare  
To stems and petals bound and intertwined  
Beaming smiles; aromas that they share  
Wrapped inside the unseen breath of the crystal air.

Mavros landed and stood amid the throng,  
A woman appeared beneath his sheltered wing,  
This unexpected sight their bare eyes feasted on  
lauding strength of their newfound Dragon Queen.  
A commotion arose with drums and horns and strings;  
The softness of night bathed her unclad frame  
No longer poised in sacrifice to sing;

Mavros shrieked and his fire fell like rain  
Piercing the heavens with a thick unending flame.

Captain Cur



# From The Womb Of Fire, Held Fast By Nature's Thread (17)

The Temple of Mavros, unlike any built  
Or ever again built by mortal hand;  
Torch lined winding levels, forever lit,  
Internal fountains feeding streaming bands  
Unsurpassed by any undertaking of man.  
An untamed moon rises beneath the clouds  
Clothed in the brilliance of its flowing beams  
Unveiled by night, lifting its starlit shroud,  
Draping earth with the luster of its trailing gown.

A pillared temple immense and brightly domed  
With open swaths of massive garden tiers;  
Effusive, flowered in tranquility,  
A fractionally mirrored universe  
Expanding within itself in unyielding youth.  
Flavored in living aromatic breath  
Exulting in life's excessive beauty  
Nor a single blade of growth to divest  
Nurtured by the engorgement of its swelling breast.

Labyrinthine paths hewed through stone passageways;  
Multi-leveled marbled steps laid wide and deep,  
Mysteries of its structured essence paved  
Within the holds of its architectural keep.  
A rotunda on which the dragon sleeps  
Elevated and sculpted like the creature's head  
Amid grassy oceans pooled like windswept waves  
Rooted by mammoth trees which frame its massive bed,  
An unparalleled accomplishment held fast by nature's thread.

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, Flexing Gorgeous Muscularity (16)

Mountain fed rivers roiling to the sea  
With continental reach flow in tribute,  
Fearful of nothing, though relentless flee  
Spurred by mayhem in ubiquitous flight  
Beneath lavender tinted skies en route;  
Flexing gorgeous muscularity,  
Amassing power and prestige, but life  
Must complete a journey far greater still,  
Railing against those water's sovereign will.

A dragon has no malice in its heart  
Attaining respect with passionate presence,  
With one slight grain, one small premise to start  
Unearthing life in soft tilled elegance  
Culled beneath the beauty of a thematic sky.  
Dimensional scenes rushing away  
Mountain upon mountain breaking on high  
In harmonious flow, in deep silence lay,  
Peaks fading in the magnificent light of day.

The swiftness of flight in regal motion  
In dizzying trance impounding the brain  
Beseeching wings glancing off oceans  
Enwrapping earth in its heavenly reign  
Breaking through shadows outflanked and dismayed.  
Mammoth ethereal mountains stand amidst  
Tumbling trees and falling rock's commotion,  
Forests slanting upward in communal bliss  
Reaching ever higher to that lone ice peaked tip.

Captain Cur

# Captive Queen

'Captive Queen' is a multi-part poetic story written in iambic pentameter. It chronicles the story of Queen Ilyana, usurped from power and held prisoner, a prisoner of both love and fate. The poem is comprised of letters written to her by her hopeful lover and dutiful Knight, Periden, who attempts to free his Queen and restore her Kingdom to its former glory. The below parts of this poem have been previously published, it is posted here in its entirety.

- (1) Evil Appears Beneath Thy Stolen Crown
- (2) A Sweet Formed Melody
- (3) Crawling Vipers
- (4) The Torch Of Woman
- (5) Idle Dreams We Coax
- (6) Weary Wanderer That Shines Afar
- (7) Entwined In Evening Song, Everlasting Dance
- (8) In The Fires Of Immortality
- (9) Cast In Velvet And In Steel
- (10) The Seat Of Love's Unrest
- (11) Behind The Veil Of Divinity
- (12) Tears I Could Never Tame
- (13) Randomness Varies But Never Selects
- (14) Stewarded To The Earth And Sapphire Sea
- (15) In Calamitous Flame
- (16) Submerged In Waves Of A Flowering Sea
- (17) Is There No Prize I Can Conjure With My Speech
- (18) Sanctified By Thine Eyes
- (19) Thou Shalt Ride With Me
- (20) Wings Of Love Transcending The Night
- (21) A White Sorceress From Above
- (22) Rhapsodies Of A Holistic Foreign Sun
- (23) Passionately Beating A Blood Red Sea
- (24) In The Wholeness Of Love A Kingdom Be (Conclusion)
- (25) Virgin Priestess (Epilogue 1)
- (26) Death Grants A Final Wish (Epilogue 2)
- (27) Fountains Of Mind Are Drenched In Poetry (Epilogue 3)

Evil Appears Beneath Thy Stolen Crown (1)

Captive Queen,  
Long have I sought thee, ageless one,

Thy kingdom to weep for and gaze upon.  
Thy fortress crumbled, flags and standards shorn  
Our people erased as if never born,  
Our names forgotten banished for all time  
Worse than human death is the death of pride.  
Walls, ancient gilds hallowed in sacred ground,  
Land, our forefathers bled for and died upon.  
Thy reign has withered, the grass dead and brown,  
Evil appears beneath thy stolen crown.

#### A Sweet Formed Melody (2)

My beautiful Queen, prisoner of fate,  
How cold these bars that lock this mighty gate;  
But do not rest uneasy in thy cage  
Though years be long thy heart must not dismay.  
I hear a song, a sweet formed melody  
That once graced thy lips, sing it then for me  
In voice as pure that blends with nightingales'  
Beneath this moon, a sight we both can share.  
Despair not, I hold a wild blossom,  
Though frail, it fought and reached out for the sun,  
Despite heat and winter's frost it became,  
Opening itself to this earth through hope and pain.

#### Crawling Vipers (3)

In faith and hope, heralds of endeavor  
Believe! And hold them in thy heart forever.  
Should unfeeling walls dim thy bright array  
Freest thoughts gather giving life to gray  
Though thy world shattered, dearly held to thy breast,  
Birds must fly to escape their tiny nest.  
Crawling vipers through hateful dark eyes see  
But taste not sweet fruits, fruits that grow in thee!

#### The Torch Of Woman (4)

Pride of Heaven! Blessed earth, in human  
Form Seraphs came to light the torch of woman  
And honor her child, thy goodly Queen,  
For life and love till death's mortality.

To those thy captors this eternal curse;  
Lost spirits in a lamp less universe,  
No moon behind the clouds, no breaking dawn,  
No calming waves to soothe eternal storms,  
No reflections thus, no spiritual mirror  
To view their souls to ease the nights of terror,  
No days of splendor, no bountiful sun,  
Nor Him in glory to gaze their eyes upon.  
Though the world may be obscure to thee now  
For there our moon will beam behind this cloud,  
We will say the words, sing our sacred song,  
We will arm strong men, fight against this wrong,  
We will triumph and shall champion through  
And turn the pale skies to the richest blue,  
These gifts bestowed, emblazoned in our eye,  
Victory awaits, thy reign shall never die!

#### Idle Dreams We Coax (5)

Only in death can one perfectly see  
The scores of lives awash in misery  
Seemly encounters, an unwise approach  
The wasted days or idle dreams we coax,  
My Queen, thou hast no other vaulted name  
Nor shall thy circumstance bring undue shame  
For as one will rise above another  
Feelings of superiority smother  
Those gentle hearts who believe solely in thee  
And in thine soft eyes thy true equals be.  
Let us pay our debts forward to this world  
And break our enemies beneath thy flag unfurled.

#### Weary Wanderer That Shines Afar (6)

Caged bird, cruel hands have clipped thy outstretched wings  
But no dissonance to these notes thou sings,  
Once sung even the lips of death will smile  
Forgetting all, as it scythes for endless miles,  
And in thy realm a mindful happiness  
Delivering the weakest and oppressed.  
Gilded Queen, thou has become a lonely star  
A weary wanderer that shines afar;

For what sins in this cell must thou atone  
Those cold chains rattle upon thy very throne,  
Evil takes refuge in this beloved light  
And hawks feverish lies for its own delight,  
Thy hands that the harp strings taught to play  
Calloused by labor strum the chords of pain;  
But, still a note may play that derives from simple pleasure  
In chords of love my heart can hear but can never measure.

#### Entwined In Evening Song, Everlasting Dance (7)

When we met as strangers in day's first light  
Thy spirit's auric glow washed across my life,  
In speech unsteady struggling with each breath  
I as one with thee, bonded to thy flesh.  
In that still morning, that eternal June  
Naked flowers shivering bathed in morning dew;  
Thy lips glistening, moist and fresh and full,  
All things awakening! All was beautiful!  
Should I never wake from thy music's trance  
Entwined in evening song, everlasting dance,  
Shall I never falter, shall I always reach,  
When together in our graves then our dance will cease.

#### In The Fires Of Immortality (8)

Fervor has touched me!  
What should I dare? How I am lifted! How  
As I ascend in blinding faith avow  
My love for thee? This joyous truth made clear  
By all my breaths uncounted, all thy words revered!

Among these stars the pilots of our fate  
Their guidance comes, I pray them not to late,  
Here to adore or be adored by thee  
In the fires of immortality,  
Those fires burn pledged to the divine,  
In all their brilliance can but one compare with thine?

#### Cast In Velvet And In Steel (9)

By all the mercies fate has stamped its seal

And cast thy heart in velvet and in steel;  
In velvet then both softness and delight,  
In steel thy raised sword gleaming in the light,  
For both are as one, though dissimilar  
Crafted in excellence to touch and shield.  
Thy spirit's flame imbued in thee at birth  
A beacon to guide this wayward earth,  
If then to ask what difference can thou make  
Look! Mountains tremble and the earth does quake.  
Days of war have been brought down upon us  
Our bones and blood spur our horses rush  
Thy hair streaming in continuous air  
In waves of pageantry, in waves of fear!

#### The Seat Of Love's Unrest (10)

From the wellspring of thy tears life will start;  
Collecting, pooling, spilling over top,  
From those drops our bloodline will be saved  
Redeemed by faith, the glory of thy reign.  
Thy tears will water the brown wilting grass  
Wherein flows the memory of the past,  
In those streams this sweet elixir flowing  
Down thy cheeks beneath this full moon glowing;  
What then issues forth, takes away one's sense  
In that barren place, the seat of love's unrest,  
Where I stand between sky and the abyss,  
Charmed by its deep pervasive emptiness.  
There my sword, my shield all my honors lay  
In this pit of nothingness and decay,  
I stand a naked man before thy eyes  
Stripped of my knighthood, dignity and pride,  
And time itself circling around me flies,  
From the empty seat I can hear love cry;  
'She will never place her hand in thine!  
Choose the abyss and forever be mine! '

#### Behind The Veil Of Divinity (11)

Returning to that age of dreamy youth  
Reigniting integrity and truth  
I questioned every flower, every bird that flew

So I might gleam the knowledge that they knew,  
That tyrant, fate, I thought to have control  
And that it had no grip upon my soul,  
That in words of beauty I could create  
A pageantry that would not dissipate;  
Words to lift the veil of divinity,  
Words to bring all thy queenly love to me.  
These words were crafted by my every breath  
Passion's expectation surmounting death,  
In this mangled forest of my life  
Preening only pleasure and never strife,  
In the bumbling weakness of my haste  
Bewildered by its harsh and bitter taste  
And every word a word resembling thee,  
Thy veil was lifted, behind stood only me.

#### Tears I Could Never Tame (12)

But thy tears were tears I could never tame  
The warm droplets of a feverish rain  
Acquiring them in this pain of flight  
A small creature scavenging thru the night.  
I carry this burden of desire  
And walk upon the coals of burning fire,  
All the treasures I once held high and dear  
Quickly spinning off this revolving sphere  
Reduced to foraging, no seeds to plant,  
To never sign my mark or leave my stamp;  
In these pits the flames forever fanned,  
My honor and great armies both disbanded,  
I, a mere shadow trapped within the shade,  
A lifeless being something that will fade,  
Alive with paling flesh and blood unseen,  
A skeletal creature that can no longer bleed!

#### Randomness Varies But Never Selects (13)

If the lighthouse fails all lost ships are wrecked  
randomness varies but never selects,  
To know thy love, as mistress or as friend  
These are choices to rebuke or commend,  
Traveling together on this lonely road



With each pulse, each breath, every beat a code,  
I walk upon the threshold of the dead  
With every wary footstep that I thread,  
I cannot be a threat or jealous foe  
Just numbed if I should taste rejections blow.

True love's offering is like molded clay,  
One form may give the other takes away,  
Yet, a fluid body hides within the ice  
And patiently awaits the sun's warm light.  
If I could mold love, squeeze it to my taste  
Where the image in my dreams slowly takes its shape,  
If I could frame it only in my eyes  
Though I die a thousand deaths it will never die.

If love must follow its own sacred law  
From what scholarly manuscripts does it draw,  
From noble to baser to the impure,  
Does it diminish or does it endure?  
A high criteria for happiness  
Deciding rejection or acceptance,  
Once instituted how long will it stay,  
Timeframes for when it is consumed away  
Bundled in feelings and serious thought  
Can it be borrowed or can it be bought?  
If it can be bought, then whom does it serve,  
Does it show weakness, how strong is its nerve,  
Does it understand all that it creates  
Does it give pause, take time to contemplate?  
But never questions whose heart it will fill  
And never mentions those hearts it has killed!

#### Stewarded To The Earth And Sapphire Sea (14)

Tonight the moon is new and spreads her light  
And weaves between the clouds of milky white,  
Does she dream? Does she love like me?  
Stewarded to the earth and sapphire sea.  
Is she impassioned, has she lost her way?  
This minor luminary unseen by day;  
While her soft beams infuse the midnight air  
Honeysuckle and jasmine linger there,

In my lungs these different scents to know  
Within my eyes her dreamy mystic glow.  
I bathe in the properties of this light  
Enchanted by her swift and steady flight  
Through the tangled trees she will make her run  
Outflanking the sinking yellow sun,  
Traveling higher still on her horseless ride  
Ascending to where earth and sky divide,  
Is she not queen of these heavenly isles?  
On airy ships that float and sail for miles,  
Then hanging low bursting in orange flame  
Transforming herself, yet, still one the same.  
Can I contain myself, a sight this rare,  
The power of a changing oblong sphere!

My Queen,  
Imagining thee in fertile fields of thought  
Thou art all I think, all I ever sought,  
Therein grow my compulsions uncontained  
Pulsing throughout my nerves in sanguine pain.  
Thy slender wrists shackled, thy trust betrayed  
Dishonorably served, then shuttered away;  
But, there is that hope, hope that thoughts can free,  
When thy spirit sleeps, mine dost sleep with thee.

The night falls with a melancholic gloom  
A precursor of prophecy and doom  
As doomed as I, alone, without thy warm embrace,  
As doomed as thee, no precious moon  
to shine its light upon thy face.

In Calamitous Flame (15)

When this moonlight fades, then we both shall weep,  
The day will takes its course, the sun will sleep,  
Can thou see the sun and moon in eclipse?  
Darkness shadows thy brow, thy heart, thy lips;  
Settling as a warm wind grazing the sea  
Alighting slowly, gently upon thee,  
Upon thy lips, thy softest breath to feel  
This planetary moment love did seal  
As the moon absorbs sun's radiant glow

The fullest power of thy kiss to know!  
I, one with thee in calamitous flame,  
To me a momentous circumstance came  
Forever burning, lighting each new morn,  
Radiating in splendor like the dawn  
Bridging every obstacle to thy lips  
My soul reincarnated through thy kiss.

#### Submerged In Waves Of A Flowering Sea (16)

While branches leaf and bloom in budding love,  
Canopies pierced with light from high above  
And the breathing tree's aerations are spread  
Beyond limits of their green forest bed  
Here my mind splinters in the drifting air  
With hints of pine and oak lingering there  
Penetrating the deepest parts of me  
Submerged in waves of a flowering sea.  
Where I hear thy voice, thy sweet spirit sound  
Vocalizing itself whispering round  
Or a clever deceit of this faint breeze  
Tantalizing me through the bustling leaves!  
I stood and prayed the coming of the night,  
I no longer part of this living light  
For hours I wandered, dreamed and lay  
And pressed myself against the earthen clay.

#### Is There No Prize I Can Conjure With My Speech (17)

It is not enough, as my words pour forth  
To give thee heaven, hell and all the earth;  
Is there no worldly treasure that thou seek  
Or no prize I can conjure with my speech?  
What can I lay before thine earnest eyes  
But simple thoughts my words of love comprise.  
These thoughts raining from a heavenly high  
Collecting in a darkened evening sky  
To fill every thundering cloud with storm  
The wind howling with its brazen horn  
Bright lightening bursts form dazzling towers  
Glowing in love torn idyllic showers.  
Should my letters wander lost around this globe

May they always encase thee in their fold  
And if opened may their influence blend  
Love's beginning with its ultimate end  
And in thy heart one feeling they might sway  
Around thy sphere of being in this way  
Eclipsing thee, a stronger steady light,  
Nor thou disdain their smaller borrowed might.  
Will they blossom in full maturity  
their future undetermined save by thee  
So the product of their goodness be fierce  
Touched by the fires of the universe  
streaking like comets engulfed in flame  
In a world of fragility and pain;  
Composed in adoration, in calm breath  
Rekindling life in the realm of death;  
In godless worship, in nature's wild  
Beneath a witching tree these letters piled  
Where I give thee all my heart can offer  
Burning in sacrifice on love's heathen altar.

#### Sanctified By Thine Eyes (18)

Scorn not these rash impulses bursting forth  
That I have written on a blessed cloth  
To be read and sanctified by thine eyes;  
Should they prove wanting, unworthy to scribe  
Then I will knead them back into my heart  
With love's clay to remold them, to impart  
A significance accomplished by deed  
For is this not the true test of love's seed  
That may be watered by the sparsest rain  
But requiring deepest oceans to maintain.

#### Thou Shalt Ride With Me (19)

The day is come and thou shalt ride with me  
On blood martyred for all eternity,  
The gods have answered our desperate calls  
Amassing armies beneath thy castle walls;  
Its stone turret's forever watchful eyes  
Rising in legions against a hopeful sky,  
Throughout generations sturdily built

Impregnable in an age of conflict  
Of enormous size, density and girth  
Cut from stones mined from the bowels of the earth,  
With our sweat and blood this mortar was lain  
A colossal achievement of agony and pain.

And further inside the circular keep  
Beauteous gardens abounding in deep  
Foliage, unimaginable colors,  
scintillating pinks numerous as stars;  
White, yellows, reds, multicolored striped roses  
Awakening in soft pedaled beds, posing  
For the sun to picture them in her light  
Oozing out fragrance perfuming the night.  
Ancient trees, weeping willows, oaks and pines  
Deeply encircled with the rings of time  
Lining the passage to thy castle's door  
Lovingly entwined on their carpeted floor  
Marveling at the tricks of a stealthy breeze  
Chastising the laughing gossiping leaves.

Further still beyond the gardened flowers  
Grand paths to walk, to pass the courtly hours  
With hidden trails that lead to watered grottoes  
Where one may contemplate in sweet repose  
Rethinking thoughts in perfect clarity  
Reimagining one's true destiny,  
Arriving to where a soft voice beckons  
Not one brutally voiced by the starry heavens.

#### Wings Of Love Transcending The Night (20)

I am nestled in thy warm harbor now  
A smile just below thy arching brow  
Spreading little waves creeping near the shore  
Pushing sparkling shells from the ocean floor.  
In every tiny facet, wide eyed  
Water diamonds glinting in the skies.  
And then I ask, 'Wilt thou set my heart free,  
This knightly sea mariner on bended knee? '  
'Or wilt thou sail and leave thy royal nest  
For purple isles residing in the west? '

'Or take wings of love transcending the night,  
In matchless beauty deemed, in matchless flight? '  
'Or shalt I administer to the sea  
A hermit crab for all eternity? '  
'Or remain in thy harbor, aloof and good  
Practicing the fine art of solitude? '  
Though boundaries abide they are not clear  
through the mist I scent thy lavender hair  
and should my speech grow bold and bolder  
once youth strays, wisdom grows old and older;  
Then if I could choose for thee a fitting home  
Of ever changing tides and towering stone  
I would build thee a castle in the skies,  
And listen for the advent of the eagle's cry,  
With multitudinous fountains and ponds  
Bespeckled with the gleam of diamonds;  
All through the turrets green ivy winding  
In leafy pleasantness inching, climbing  
And colossal columns and learned halls  
Lined with magnificent spraying fountains  
And court thee with the song of nightingales,  
In melodious notes that glide on air  
And in the abundance of lemon scented showers  
We will seed the clouds with ever floating flowers,  
Junipers, marigolds, black eyed susan's peek,  
No days cumbersome, their aromas sweet  
And savory enticing all the brain  
In mastery of ourselves, in mastery of pain.  
For this world only in our dreams to keep  
And build in the elemental rhythms of sleep.

#### A White Sorceress From Above (21)

Destiny is here, thy star is risen  
The sun has set on thy vacant prison!  
Thou has been brought forth with untamed power;  
Thy spirit screams reliving each lost hour,  
Screams heard thundering a thousand gaits  
On warhorses black eyed and iron faced  
Sweat glinting on their long muscular backs  
Creating huge dust storms swirling in their tracks  
Flying with steely purpose and resolve

Swarming the castle walls circling round,  
Nostrils of blue hot fire flaring high  
Conjuring a robed being in the sky  
An ominous presence felt from above,  
Thy White Sorceress beckoned, now has come!

#### Rhapsodies Of A Holistic Foreign Sun (22)

Could I describe her eyes of flaming blue  
Deep set beneath her cloak and velvet hood  
Each flicker would pull my sight in deeper  
To the very heart of the pulsing heat,  
Within that blinding core encircling spun  
Rhapsodies of a holistic foreign sun  
Caught in the burning essence of the spin  
A sun of like power, a solar twin,  
And the blue gave way to reddening fire  
The twin stars then burning ever hotter  
My spirit scorched, my flesh melting away  
Mesmerized by my own startling decay.  
Purged by the magnificence of her light  
I was aflame, yet, paining in delight.  
Wisps of whitest hair dazzlingly shone  
And her cheeks of a smooth elfish tone,  
With her hands she drew back her hood, her face  
Exposed, if only I could write that grace,  
Perfectly sculpted Hellenic lips  
Unconsciously launching a thousand more ships,  
Features beauteous, staggering and pure  
A benign being immaculately contoured  
Created in the secret dreams of man  
Lavishly painted by a million hands.

(The White Sorceress from above is  
a physical description of both the fleshly  
beauty and mesmerizing spirit of Queen Ilyana)

#### Passionately Beating A Blood Red Sea (23)

Twin hearts are both alike and beat in kind  
One with the other in synchronous time  
Their vessels both a roadmap and a guide

Flowing like the waves of a restless tide;  
Here my ambience is diffused through thee  
Passionately beating a blood red sea  
Where all my impulses will stop and start  
In the center of thy magnetic heart.  
Where sweet liquid splendor mingle and blend  
Reforming as two, on each to depend,  
Ecstatic sequence in alternate sway  
Pulsing in love tones mysterious way.  
Rejoicing in the twinning of marrow!  
Coursing passageways both broad and narrow  
Immersed in heraldry, thy royal blood  
Filling all chambers together as one.

(On the day her kingdom was attacked  
Queen Ilyana was murdered by her half brother.  
She was not in a physical prison  
but was held a prisoner of death.  
Knight Periden in his letters  
seemed unaware of her death  
and also his own, because he too  
had been slain defending his Queen.  
It has been said there is a Kingdom  
in a great mountain range ruled by a Queen  
and a wandering Knight.  
One year later on the date of Queen Ilyana's death,  
a sage was given audience by the new King.  
He presented to the King these letters  
written by Knight Periden after his death.  
King Gulieve recognized the dead voice  
of Knight Periden and tormented by that voice  
and his own guilt in the murder of his neice,  
was driven mad and killed himself that evening.  
The letters were discovered in the King's chamber,  
preserved and entered as historical evidence  
in the annals of the Kingdom.  
Queen Ilyana and Knight Periden  
have become legendary figures  
sharing a love even death could not separate.)

In The Wholeness Of Love A Kingdom Be (24) (Conclusion)



On green and golden fields I walk with thee  
Pausing beneath the shadow of a tree,  
Whose leaves are absorbing the sun's hot rays  
Where we rest in ease on this pleasant day.  
I know these things to be not what they seem  
I walking with thee in a waking dream;  
If I could remain never would I wake  
With thee, my queen, in endless walks to take.  
With thy fingers stroking the verdant grass  
we soon rise and scale the high mountain pass  
Together creating scenes of immense  
Pleasure in colors delighting the senses;  
Alive, vivid, in portraits of desire  
Expansive landscapes tinged with golden fire,  
Mountains of red rock framed against the blue  
Ever climbing till their peaks retreat from view  
Canvassed with layers of white cloud drifts  
The mountains straining appearing to lift  
Themselves from their earthly bonds creating  
Gapping chasms where they once stood, quaking  
As they move hither to new realms staking  
Out claims and reestablishing footholds,  
Perhaps in climes not as barren or cold.  
And I with thee, no longer chained or bound  
Freed from the burdens of thy heavy crown.  
But so much more could I create for thee  
In the wholeness of love a kingdom be  
And in this wholeness a sovereign light  
Illuminating the span of immortal night,  
This immortal night in wholeness with thee  
Where even the mountains long to be free.  
I place my claim around this peaceful rill  
And grasp time in my hand and hold it still  
That thou might breathe today in freest breath  
Escaping the grip of purposeless death,  
Death that came to thee on that fated day  
And stole thou from me, imprisoned away,  
I feel the soft touch of thy hand in mine  
Releasing ourselves to the wretchedness of time.

Virgin Priestess (25) (Epilogue 1)

With all my exultations clear and bright  
In perpetual notes exceeding delight  
A complete intensive ravenous joy  
Fulfilling passions of an awe struck boy;  
There my castle standing a waiting bride  
Unveiled for the sole pleasure of my eye.  
This my home, this towering loveliness  
Redounding beauty by its own excess,  
Untouched, unsullied, a virgin priestess  
Standing alone on its virtuous isle  
With a delicious petulant smile  
Unfolding itself, each new glory seen  
Stoked by bluing skies atop hills of green.

#### Death Grants A Final Wish (26) (Epilogue 2)

A fire brimming in the wilderness  
Glowing warm and inviting, white marble  
Walls formed by forgotten crafts and towers  
Conversing with insurgent suns unknown,  
Only exceeding their strength are their height  
Overlapping bands in rings of delight  
Mightily adventurous in their prime  
Bridging the foothold between earth and sky.

Parapets staunchly displayed in weaving  
Squares, lining perimeters, and seeding  
Themselves through the paths of live mountain stone,  
Invading junipers and marigolds  
Cloning new buds of imagination  
In rife gardens of growth and gestation,  
Where honor and valor are interknit  
like the ivy that encompasses it,  
Strengthened by many intertwining stems  
Steadfast, viridescent as emeralds.

Spires imbued with cross knit tracery,  
Pointing, peering into lamp filled skies,  
Whimsical, floating aft of clouds serene  
Attaching stubbornly to the sunlit beams.  
Mosaics scamper above marquee floors  
Meeting the eye through creaking thick hinged doors

Occidental dances most rarely seen  
Within each other's arms as if in dream.

I stand level with living things below  
Where the basest instrumentation's call  
Shrill notes resounding, cradling me back  
With the future coalescing with the past,  
In this present, thoughts and joy cannot die  
Trapped within the folds of eternity.  
Beneath this pale moonlight luxury waits  
For what is lesser, simpler to my taste.  
There the castle vaults the earthy sill  
Embowered in twilight's climactic still.

### Fountains Of Mind Are Drenched In Poetry (27) (Epilogue 3)

Young doe peer through the spectacle of night  
And graze before the gates absorbing moonlight,  
Speckled ones by their haunts in drowsy sleep  
A natural calmness age cannot teach  
For the hours wither in slow decay  
And whose hand can retrieve a wasted day.  
Harmonizing with the castle's living  
Soul, I separable my conscious being  
For then it and I must thrive together  
Perhaps for greater purpose weathering  
The natal tide of stars as they ascend  
On the cusp of the blue glossy heavens.  
Should they linger on their fire riddled shores  
In jubilation touching their paramours  
Shuttering in crimson ecstasies  
Extinguished in massive waterless seas  
Possessing me, possessing all of it,  
Arriving at the circumference of bliss  
Spinning forever, to love and to live  
Graciously dying, their fierce light to give.

Exposing night, sun rippling awakens  
In the fresh dew of honeyed morning breath  
Languorous love quenching its thirst, catching  
each dropping kiss, inaudible the moans  
Falling upon the closed mouth sizzling stones;

Utterances to sweet for melody  
Flow in and through the castled walls, echoing  
thrilling tones which zigs like a wayward dart  
Straight to the center of my transfixed heart.

Why must I choose between heaven and hell  
Though passion watered from this brimstone well  
As confusing as these dual roles must be  
Fountains of mind are drenched in poetry  
Gushing words beneath a flamboyant sun,  
The two must commit together as one  
With both passionate and spiritual aim,  
Neither light or dark, nor selfless or vain.

With these simple words my heart consuming  
Every line of beauty exposed in truth,  
In the matrix of an expanding flame  
Is not its core being engulfed in pain?  
Disturbing as a sullen willful grief  
Like creeping ice hardening deep beneath  
On what wings can I take flight, what can pierce  
The glaciers of a static universe?  
Moves me to fear overshadowing death  
The annihilation of will, of breath,  
Struggling to reach that charismatic fire  
I wake, I rise, I dream, I desire!

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, Ocean Mined Manic Rivers (15)

Waves tossed beyond reach of a heaving sea  
Trapped in caves their salty essence sank  
Down dark channels of fortune's mystery  
Nourishing earth, from these cold waters drank,  
Barreling with haste in ever widening rank;  
That one deep drought, refreshing forever  
Through the brash penetration of its brine  
With gaping mouth delirium delivers  
To its thrashing tongue, ocean mined manic rivers.

Through lovely glens pace the teeming rivers  
On moonless nights rushed pageantry to know  
Like steady strokes of the harp string's quiver  
Their notes above the darkened earth have flown  
With nature commingling though each note sounds alone.  
Unstoppable they flow carving foreign sands  
Deserts breached aglow in streaming silver  
Ever hungry, widening their fingered hands  
Clawing past, saturating once dry arid lands.

Masquerading as reality, dream,  
In that speechless state where visions appear  
Eerily layered in fanciful scenes  
Drifting aloft mind's unsettled atmosphere  
Clothed in radiance or naked harrowing fear;  
Suddenly dissolving in empty bliss  
The spume of dragon breath approaching near,  
Nudged awake by an awkward tenderness  
Falling victim to the stealth of its undying kiss.

Mavros woke, his own thoughts heavy laden,  
Watching the child, now grown, in the joy of sleep  
Together bound, feelings shared and taken  
As one within the other they might seep  
In emerging consciousness understanding speech.  
No marker of joy more profound or strong  
Than mind's farthest limit within their reach

With Mavros traversing this circling orb  
Graced with a woman's foresight and a devil's scorn.

In times of sadness words need not be said  
Unvoiced misery that grief cannot subdue  
With staid solemn rites honoring the dead  
Cold bodies buried in anguished solitude  
Or placed upon a pyre of seasoned balsam wood.  
Through fields and mountains spirits roam the night  
Imbibed by whispers not well understood  
Empty eyes filling when seas are calm and bright  
The blazing stars in heaven now their sole delight.

In that vast and peopled city of the dead  
She walked those fields where life begins and ends;  
Her spirit lighted, all following her, she led,  
Unatoned and jealous of the flesh filled world of men  
Seduced by fire to the heart of the dragon's den.  
Cleansed by flames of unrelenting truth,  
Sins forgiven, so many to repent,  
Briefly reliving glory of their youth  
In fledging worship at the base of the dragon's foot.

Captain Cur

# Love Letters Written To A Lady Of Renown (1-67)

The below series of poems are comprised of 67 love letters the Captain wrote his Queen. Exactly which Queen is still in dispute. Some letters are from the Queen either answering or instructing the Captain, for it would appear he did most of his pirating in her name, as to which she received a lion's share of the treasure. The pen name for the Queen is Loquacious, as most of the Captain's letters start with the lines, Dear Lady, Loquacious in your speech, or Lady Loquacious, for short. The letters were written over a period of years and vacillate between love, anger, and rejection as the Queen was not always responsive to the Captain's attentions. To help the reader navigate the body of work contained below, may I take the liberty to suggest certain poems which are titled and numbered. Libelous Methods (1) and Lady Of Loquacious Speech (2) are a good start because they set the tone for the body of the work. Coconspirator Of Love (10) and Raw Malkin Woman (30) are both brash and bawdy writes. Enlightenment Of The New World (17) and Capturing All Your Love (18) comparing their arrangement to a game of chess. Love's Eye (34) a gladiatorial bloodletting and Regal Tigress Delighted Purrs (44) . Some of the Captain's more inspired poems, I Compose You Totally (51) , Guide Me Toward Your Foreign World (54) , Fornicating In The Bowels Of Unswerving Reason (60) , and Contenting Love Once Copiously Poured (66) . I would be remiss to not include two of the Captain's favorites, Black Rose Drips With Red (55) and Affectations Of My Wiles (57) . I thank the reader for allowing this small indulgence. All these poems have been previously published, but now are contained in one cohesive work.

## Libelous Methods (1)

Hell bent on retracing paths to former glory  
enterprising adventures await my return.  
Lady, loquacious in your speech, my heart employs  
libelous methods. My feelings deign to deserve  
the approbation of your smile, a discreet glance,  
attentions that hasten my date with the gallows.  
Erstwhile in your embrace you are my deadly dance.  
Shall I escort you to the Queen's ball on the morrow?  
Relinquishing to you my love, my life, perchance!

## Lady Of Loquacious Speech (2)

Sentinels of pleasure stand guard on walls

that are breached with a singular salvo  
from your lips, Lady of loquacious speech.  
In your arms each minute, each second falls.  
I am struck by your beauty with each blow  
powder from your guns burn through my senses  
winds toward your direction steady turn  
passion has dissuaded all defenses.

### Lingering Taste Of Your Lips (3)

Desirous of a brief interlude  
formidable forces mount on my ship,  
for the lingering taste of your lips I sue  
this poor depraved world for a parting kiss.  
Since last we met, I have been commissioned  
to waylay a sovereign merchant fleet,  
terms of which clearly state, at my own risk.  
I would suspect politically contrived.  
Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
for the glory and pleasure of your eyes  
my battles rage and though my days be few  
may uncertain currents return me to you.

### Painted Stripes Of Savagery (4)

Masques of war, painted stripes of savagery  
regardless of one's rank or expertise  
these are the fertile fields in which I till  
in trades in which I barter what I kill.  
Dear Lady, loquacious in thy speech,  
all must know it is thee to whom I speak  
how insufferable will be my prize  
if I am not the glory in thine eyes.

### Vengeful Labors (5)

Vengeful labors bequeath their stain on me  
that cannot be removed by acrid lye  
should my soul be purified by the sea  
entombed within her bosom I shall die.  
Fitful Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
your woman's flesh entices me in sleep



each day I rise to reap a newer dawn  
and celebrate your beauty in my song.  
Behind gold draped windows and marquee doors  
there you stand like an art piece of decor  
though you dress his arm in the godly light  
am I not the devil you dream at night?

#### Ramparts Of Desire (6)

I climb ramparts of desire,  
Lady of loquacious speech,  
visceral pronunciations  
from this deadly height I leap  
into warm collecting waters  
with thee, all of thee, beneath.

Ensconced in the wavelike movements  
fixed securely to thy moor  
moist firmaments unleashing  
madness in thine velvet shores.

#### Eyelets Of A Faceless Sea (7)

Strange riptides, eyelets of a faceless sea,  
spinning in clusters of gangrenous winds  
signs of intense upheaval caution me  
for you have now become my greatest sin.

Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
my heart dispels with full ferocity,  
murderous anguish undermines my reach  
untoward drifting stars plague, dismay me  
like martyrs in an ocean of excess;  
their cold light reaching but never touching,  
each one alone denying all the rest,  
they are inconstant, their numbers crushing,  
when their light dies their presence meaningless.

I should not leave you with distressing words,  
you, my heart, my blood roils through my being,  
in silence I am disarmed, I record  
each passing thought, my inner eye seeing

the supple nature you possess, so strong,  
sensual, your voice baring purpose in me,  
pleasures abound on your edaphic shores.

Loquacious,  
what part you play in my life,  
whence forth my ship sails in a fortnight,  
directed by jealous stars and their fading light.

#### Affront To Your Lips (8)

Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
the sea a pooling teardrop on your cheek,  
I seek to navigate that flowing tear  
though bluffs of treachery must soon appear  
whose cliffs resist the reaching water's height  
sustaining privilege through the mask of night;  
my heart cannot propose to be alive  
if I remain unequal in your eyes,  
better I be slain by English ships  
than to be an affront to your lips.

The below letter is a response from the Queen.  
Mon amant de la mer, French for, My lover from the sea!

#### What's Left Of My Heart (9)

Mon amant de la mer,

What cause have you for these alarming words  
should I dwell on the privileged heights of class  
for it were you that compromised my world,  
decomposed me, and burned away my mask.  
When is circumstance not our enemy,  
as I shudder through my life of pretense,  
now you will drift on endless waves of sea  
love forever spurned by inconvenience?  
I have arranged at your place of choosing  
to meet on the eve you depart,  
all I risk on you, and my soul losing,  
all that I own and what's left of my heart.

Signed, Loquacious

The Queen signs her letters to the Captain as Loquacious.

### Coconspirator Of Love (10)

I take your hand and feel your pressing palm  
grasp lustful insurrections of my mind  
vestiges of hope spur my wills resolve  
to raid within the passages of pride.

Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
waves of wantonness comb your sanguine beach  
tiny sighs of pleasure intently coax  
maddening desperation to my strokes,  
if this act sent from the heavens above  
then hell the coconspirator of love.

### Deft Profiteering (11)

I ponder each curved letter, each linked crest,  
remembering the sweetness of your breath,  
imagining the workings of your tongue  
voyaging the lines and notes you have sung.

Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
what cruel lessons has our love yet to teach?  
Within my heart you have cut an unhealed scar;  
still I leave you a servant in his charge,  
the Spanish, French and English have their war,  
I, the loathsome pirate they must cure,  
seeking paid adventures that I crave  
sometimes lending, at times withholding aid  
mastering winds to loot a sovereign fleet  
deft profiteering in the name of peace.

### I Profess My Love For You (12)

A response from the Queen:

Mon amant de la mer,

Should loss or misfortune appear to mar  
our future on this day I do profess  
my love for you. May not the weakest star  
deny guidance or the sea's turbulence  
deter you from your task. Prepare your plan  
but do not be reckless, I fear a trap,  
the scope of this enterprise must demand  
utmost diligence, should these gold lined scraps  
of the King be that invaluable,  
three English warships have been deployed,  
about your skills I have no doubt when you  
return to me, my lover and my joy.

Signed, Loquacious

The Queen signs her letters to the Captain as Loquacious.

Denied By Your Still Voice (13)

What would I write you  
that I have not written before  
unknowing if my words reach  
the mind that I implore;  
I have so named you,  
I have raised you above the rest  
honoring your single voice,  
denied by your still breath.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
what favored chords  
must my poetry strive to reach,  
to gain the notice of your ear  
or the privilege of your eye,  
how many of my foes must sink,  
how many more must die?

By the power in my ship,  
by the swiftness of my sword  
I carve your name in bleeding lips  
and feast off England's shores.

## Protagonist For War (14)

The Queen responds:

Would then you carve my name into your lips  
and leave my stain upon the English shores  
what bloody legacy to your first kiss,  
Loquacious, your protagonist for war.

Mon amant de la mer,

Your voice has gained the notice of my ear  
and your harsh words the privilege of my eyes  
I have not denied you a single tear  
though you prey upon me with rueful lies.  
How have you raised me and honored my voice,  
charming me with callous wit and lustful breath  
giving your words to me mindless of my choice  
indulging each naked pore of my flesh?  
Take your victory then with strong redress  
you will champion my honor and my cause.  
My husband is ill, with languishing strength,  
his brazen enemies smirk at his door.  
I take my leave for Kensington Palace,  
let jealous viciousness redden your blood  
relieve me of their presence and my grace  
and I will be the royalty that you love.

Signed, Loquacious

The Queen signs her letters to the Captain as Loquacious.

(In the above letter, the Queen is ordering the Captain  
to murder certain enemies of her husband, who is very ill  
and can no longer defend himself.)

## My Head Lies At Your Feet (15)

I would do all things for you, though my soul  
would perish and die, regardless of wealth  
to sweeten sudden urges, extolling  
every magnificent, rash, sweltering breath

when you ease your grip on my stubborn pride  
and slowly loose the vengeance from my eyes.

Regal Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
you have asked me to champion a cause,  
with lesser words or actions to impeach  
should I list exuberance as a flaw?  
I have destroyed a sovereign merchant fleet  
the bounty on my head lies at your feet.

#### Royal Garden Of My Youth (16)

The Queen responds:

Mon amant de la mer,

With what intrigues would you buy my sweetened fruit,  
sliced by your knife and held wickedly in your hands;  
soft flesh grown in the royal garden of my youth  
its earthy tartness sending pleasure to your glands.  
By what deeds do you claim the privilege of my lips  
and speak of love's uncharted waters to the world,  
to recount the joys and mastery of your ship  
in your arms embrace an adoring peasant girl.

Signed, Loquacious

#### Enlightenment Of The New World (17)

Foraging in the land of forgotten mercy  
what remnant of civilization have you found  
as you walk atop the heaped and naked corpses  
where the enlightenment of the New World shines down.

Royal Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
within your chequered world which one of sixteen piece?  
Am I the outcast knight or bishop losing faith  
or the impregnable castle moated at your gate  
or a trifling pawn that must die to master life  
reaching the crowning square transfigured in your sight.

#### Capturing All Your Love (18)

Attaining a significant satisfaction  
from the whimsical parody of your fleet words  
I will refrain from all lesser womanly attractions  
assigning my due diligence to whatever  
verbose pleasures you may afford.

Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
each infectious word you sound now invades my sleep.  
Would I be that trifling pawn shunned at your front door  
as I steadfastly march elated by our war,  
achieving one final step to the ending square  
transfigured by the queening light christening your hair  
emboldening my kingly pride I rise with rapid breath  
capturing all your love in our game of chess.

#### Can You Stand To Know (19)

A powder keg of diverse emotions,  
I return once more to attain the right,  
with the florid strength of salient oceans  
to destroy the banalities of life.

Those who would harm your husband  
no longer pose a threat,  
their terms of service a most  
inconsequential length.

Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
all parts of me thrash wildly on your reef.  
Within the commonality of man  
does outcast flesh disgrace your buttered hand?  
Ah! My regent and conquest of my soul,  
how much more of me can you stand to know?

#### Laced With Incipient Desire (20)

The Queen responds:

Mon amour de la mer,

Laced with incipient desire,

I tremble at your approach,  
you suffer both my needy heart  
and the shards of my reproach;  
take me in your wind burned arms  
and break me like the gales  
climbing every sea drenched wave  
then at peace on my still sails.

Chided By The Book (21)

The Queen responds:

Do you play the trifling pawn  
or the assassin's rook  
laying heads before your Queen,  
she of loquacious speech, ?  
begging forgiveness from the robes,  
chided by the book,  
or killing off the champion Knight  
so you may charm his seat?

Loquacious

Acts The Jester And Dances The Fool (22)

Your Highness,

I have desired and cursed you in vain  
unnerved by the dreams that murder the night,  
I strike like a shark but what have I gained  
my shadow profanes the absence of light.  
Your burden I bear, you torched out my sight;  
the regency's throne encrusted with jewels  
on the arm you sit with eyes of disdain,  
you were bred for that day, this is your right,  
I am not of them, a scandalous tool  
that acts the jester and dances the fool.

My Obsession With Fate (23)

The Queen responds:



Mon Amant De La Mer,

Litanies of chance persuade my actions;  
upon your body I know every scar,  
every blemish, every base distraction.  
Does not more bind us, than tear us apart?  
This journey I sail with you insofar  
compromising my obsession with fate  
or my soul made virtuous on the rack.  
Would you have my name and title disbarred,  
an unhoused bird made to flutter naked  
to search the barren oceans for her mate?

Signed, Loquacious

Loins Of English Treason (24)

If my trade a blight upon the nation  
preaching loyalty with a drying tongue  
England play host to my blood relation  
betrayed by the loins of your own treason.  
Sardonic riches are the gold I won  
that only buys what wealth decides to lose,  
gimmickry can never raise my station  
or veil me from the deeds that I have done;  
but, if this Lady be the one I choose  
how fell a grip would my hand dare to use.

Blossom Of My Blood (25)

Institutions of the divine  
lay crumbling on your false shores  
with the recalcitrant look of love  
I pound on regal doors.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
calamitous waves deny me from your reach,  
with each indelicate blow I must rise anew  
no one gives, all must take  
that which is their due.

I bear a gentle flower  
that thrives only in the deep  
through the blazing days at sea  
I suffered it to keep.  
I watched it drink the salty brine  
that I thinned out with my blood  
thought its slender leaves fell off  
there arose a tiny bud.  
From the darkness in my heart  
I thought it's root might spoil  
but there it stood straight and white  
anchored to it's soil.  
I arrive at break of day  
and will pull it from the mud  
from the garden of my heart  
the blossom of my blood.

#### Surety Of Soul (26)

Dearest Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
I know not with any certainty  
if or when my letters reach;  
today I praise you for surety  
of soul and prestige of mind.  
How can one know the grape  
if one does not taste the wine?

#### Caped Matadors Reborn (27)

Epitomizing the grace and elegance of wine  
grown in the ancient naves and vineyards of my mind  
across the sea I hold your embodiment upright  
I watch you slowly darken through long and faceless night  
changing hues fermenting in your fancy labeled cage  
penetrating blushing reds that deepen as you age.  
Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
should I flesh the juice from grapes this sweet?  
Or  
should I voice the tales of caped matadors reborn  
fighting renowned bulls with gold and platinum horns  
gouged to death in frightful contestations of love

wounds of pride, greed, and lust inherent in their blood.  
I ponder ways to reach you with my clever witty thoughts  
to taste each vintage of your heart, the wines that I have sought,  
so I will give these notes to my fleet mercurial god  
who wings his way then sudden drunk falls between the clouds.

#### School Of Circumstance (28)

The Queen responds:

Mon Amant De La Mer,

Underlying the custom of propriety,  
my thoughts court you with a native island dance  
considered base by those of high society  
and unforgiven by the school of circumstance.  
Filled with jungle beasts and flowers of enchantment;  
wavy lakes pooling dreams where clean cool water falls,  
here I would have the freedom that inspires me  
to live a life of wealth not given me by chance,  
naked on the sand without blemish or a mole  
unsure how deep my roots attach me to my soul.

Signed, Loquacious

#### I Recite Blind Lines (29)

Feather rich greens retrace denuded skies  
unleashed by the wistfulness inherent  
in your eyes; Lady of loquacious speech  
with strong voice in all humbleness I try  
to recite blind lines I inspired sent  
to be my love what matter to the world  
for you own my mind, reaffirm my lips,  
with my soul off course, nothing will I find.

#### Raw Malkin Woman (30)

With wild abandon  
I disturb the precious Arts  
that have torn apart my senses  
and bled my naked heart.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
I have uncovered savage dimensions  
in this world wilderness in which we meet.  
What is true cannot breed false intentions  
as I struggle my thoughts fain to bequeath  
what justifies you to my eyes dins all  
other impressions, you become my nude  
elaborately spread on desires wall,  
a raw abandoned piece of art, a crude  
malkin woman who lives to thrill my lustful heart.

The Queen responds:

#### Wilderness Of World (31)

And take you, I must and shall  
on the bold luster of your word  
and you will poach the fecund sea  
in the wilderness of world.

Mon Amant De La Mer,

These intrigues bind me as I piece apart  
your native background, chamberlain or lout?  
Were you schooled by missionary gypsies  
or the insidious fervor of doubt?  
Do you worship creature or creator,  
Magog or God who will deny your heart?

Signed, Loquacious

#### Antithesis Of My Soul (32)

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
it is in this impracticality  
of one condemned to inferior class  
but in fervor vehemently beseech  
your love, however vilified or tasked  
my place, and crave your hospitality;

here I hesitate at your chambers door,  
where your voice articulates or destroys  
that which I have freely given,  
together let us rule supine and lie  
with the antithesis of our souls.

### Grand Ocean Of Want (33)

Traveling through this grand ocean of want  
the satisfaction of my senses gives  
more than I can ever hope to take back.

Impetuous though my thoughts and actions be,  
momentous are the seconds I relive  
the causative nature of my environment.

It is this indelible mood  
that I write to you these words  
and lost in the abstract profundity of love  
I predate my thoughts to the first of our encounters.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
solemnity is the pulpit from which I preach,  
the day I knelt before you and kissed your gentle hand  
I called myself protector though shunned by my own land;  
in my eyes the wild beast, the serpent from the deep,  
in your eyes the ocean's depth that cared to make them weep.  
I am sealed by love, bound with hate, by my bastard birth  
doomed to roam the wicked seas till the ends of earth.

### Love's Eye (34)

Your Highness,

Impartial arenas of thought provoke  
the gladiatorial thumbs up or down  
in your killing fields where love's silk token  
compels me as the drums of death beat round.  
In the days of mercy what have I found  
lovelier than the blue blossoming sky,  
inspiring as the advent of hope;

yet, I watch your silk token flutter down  
and raging against all I hate and despise  
will I be the one left standing in love's eye.

#### Commandeer My Will (35)

Momentous are the seconds  
I relive each cardinal virtue,  
with rising pulse I brave my love  
ever in your presence,  
Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
doubts that have plagued  
and commandeered my will  
appear unpersuasive, I change  
my course discovering ways  
through time and distance.

The Queen responds:

#### Life's Umbilical Ink (36)

Mon Amant De La Mer,

I am bound by the tendrils of remorse  
that slowly choke and putrefy my speech;  
I shy from the weariness of discourse  
with this cold heartless man I lie beneath.  
Hear me behind the breath of my clenched teeth,  
endeared to you, the one that I crave most;  
within the anthologies of our verse  
words imbibed from life's umbilical ink,  
some that burden me, others breed new hope,  
in our Wilderness of World both of us are lost.

Signed, Loquacious

#### Days Martyred In Trust (37)

In this Wilderness of World incessant  
tributes are preached and days martyred in trust  
of your love, Lady of loquacious speech.  
In this folly of breath the months advance

and my voice once so certain is now hushed;  
to what do I return and victory yield,  
Will I be upstaged behind your curtain,  
with my only act someone new will steal?

The Queen responds:

Pink Bellflower (38)

A pink bellflower dangling on her strap  
shouldering pain, blue veins strangling  
the seeds of desire, it's Queen heart  
conspiring for power and gain  
befitting as the drones die caught  
in the hem of her gold and emerald attire.

Mon Amant De La Mer,

Your days are martyred in my trust  
singing my glories to the wind and sea  
and the cold creatures that lurk below  
the smooth fluid crust do they also share  
in your world, in our wilderness of lust?  
In your folly what have you decreed  
as the months and years advance  
and with what treasures will you court  
your queen in the turbulence of your act?  
And what great victory shall you stage  
behind the curtain of carnal pleasure  
with incessant ship wrecks and delays  
I still await you as you loiter at your ease.

Loquacious

Battlefield Genius (39)

Arriving at this juncture between thought and action  
curious decisions are rife to be made;  
Lady, loquacious in your speech, with dual impact  
your liberty of voice bares both novelty and pain,  
beseeched as your front, 'Battlefield Genius, '  
then dismissed as the lover who lords about your throne.

Regardless of my own undistinguished talents  
that I have dutifully and faithfully applied  
or what sufferings of fate I must condone  
you are my Queen and will be such till I die.

#### False Document Of Your Flesh (40)

Marooned by inadequacy near ocean's end  
I take inventory of what's left of my pride  
with the nature of a magician I pretend  
not to notice that I have vanished from your eyes.  
Where do I find solace in this forgotten time  
with thoughts of you, each newfound second in retreat,  
my distance measured by the lonesomeness of mind  
and the power of the fall crushing me beneath.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
smoldering tyranny controls the purse strings  
that you reach, and what speaks truer  
in your domain than the heartlessness  
in which you have used me for your gain;  
shipwrecked with trails of loyalties blood,  
features that once enticed me age from view,  
repatriated by the false document of your flesh,  
your Queenly note holds no promise  
less lovely than the rest.

#### Perfidious Visions (41)

Unannounced you return  
to witness my pain,  
conspiring in your letters  
this reality is plain,  
have I been outmaneuvered  
for my own impersonal gain  
and all I stand for,  
have I stood for in vain?

Perfidious visions have infiltrated  
all semblance of sleep,  
the uncertainty of life



destroying joyful reason,  
caught in this quicksand of thought  
which silently suffocates my being,  
I relinquish all honor  
and dutifully await your word  
in the hope that the barbarous  
nature of my actions will please you,  
whom I deem most high.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
how fastidious of length  
are the tears you weep;  
they do not seem to travel  
past your painted cheek,  
as rivers flow  
yours would be charted,  
very weak,  
and the small residue  
of salt they trail behind  
would they be enough  
to emasculate a fly.

May the prestige of my victory or death  
bring great satisfaction to your throne.

#### Anoint My Love (42)

Falling prey to the salt mist's husky scent  
I place my lips and kiss your troubled hand,  
the waves reach your feet and slowly relent  
garnished with the specks of the rolling sand;  
each grain blinking, retracing where you stand  
my ocean of want outlined in the waves  
corridors of time where my life is spent  
wondering will you ever love this man,  
upon my shoulders the cold burning blade  
anoints my love while the grains slowly wash away.

#### Death Of Love Reclines (43)

You have loosed a scented kerchief

that casually drifts behind,  
away I stole it like a thief  
to cherish for all time.

Dear lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
may I take this linen cloth  
and dab my blood specks  
from your cheek.  
Your words I need to give me life  
but your voice will never rise  
the levels of the graveyard's pit  
where the death of love reclines.

#### Regal Tigress Delighted Purrs (44)

Mounting waves in delicious enticement,  
do you await your mariner's return,  
saturated with salt spray, ocean breath,  
will the Regal Tigress delighted purr  
beneath the scorched lines of my craving pores;  
yet, your hungry touch all my mind resists  
where you lie open devouring my flesh  
through the passing of lust's ferocious door  
merciless is her first savage kiss  
enjoining separate oceans,  
drowning gasping lips.

#### All Things Unknown (45)

Distancing myself from familiarity  
of action I strike out with servitude of mind;  
to waylay your love, feel your passionate presence,  
listen to you speak lost in the depth of your words,  
touch the brush strokes of your thoughts, confounding reason,  
watch your aura as it glows in layered richness,  
bow before the privilege of your enlightened touch  
stimulating and evolving all things unknown.

#### What I Must Find To Know (46)

When I require inspiration

I think of you,  
I search my heart and allow  
that which is good to flow,  
restless with my words,  
ideals sigh, but never refuse  
to expose all that I am,  
what I must find to know.

#### Strands Of Red That Are Braided Round (47)

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
my impertinence lifts your heavy crown  
beneath this heirloom your sweet forehead wet  
and your strands of red that are braided round;  
I untie and lie them on your shoulder's bed  
and smell their softness with unsteady breath,  
my fingers trace and trail your proud cheek bone lines  
I lightly brush with warm certain lips  
reveals your face and determined mind  
though you stand unresistant in my arms  
I delay my kiss and embrace your jewelless crown.

#### Grace Me Should I Die (48)

Gathering all past feelings,  
relating them to this present moment  
externalizing my utmost love and devotion  
to that which I hold most sacred,  
sculpting you in words,  
making love rhyme synchronous  
with reason, grasping onto you  
at the end and beginning of my lines,  
entwining you in mystery,  
decoding you in verse,  
imagining your presence,  
enamored of your touch,  
suffering your beauty,  
administering your mind,  
these things I do at this present  
moment and gift my heart  
forever in your hope.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
a simple gesture will absolve me of my grief  
the mountains stare and rivers bend at your approach,  
where my stakes of pride have deeply gouged the earth.  
If no meaning in these letters that I sent  
them I invite you to propose the terms of argument;  
so what of beauty that age one day will deny  
when the currents of love no longer charge the eye,  
what becomes of us when our wits and words escape  
to the regions of mind that no longer plead our case  
but through these travesties I await my Queen's reply  
and hope your words of love will grace me should I die.

#### Soft Innuendoes (49)

Predacious suffering in your jackal world  
has given me cause to despoil your throne  
can my treasonous words be forgiven,  
will I once again call England my home?  
A transparent intimacy distracts  
my art and reinvents all things I knew  
with newfound bearing in my pirate heart  
I gamely surrender my love to you.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
with undisclosed magnificence I bring  
these soft innuendos, my words discreet,  
carefully cloaked and chosen for my Queen  
deeply written in a song I must never sing.

#### Estuary Of Words (50)

Flooding through my estuary of words  
each syllable longing you, without touch  
distrusting reason, exposing your world  
filling me with pain in the swirling rush  
lovemaking that reverberates in time;  
coy fingers undressing you in spooling  
lakes seduced by the mountains spiraling

above blue mouthed caves drunk on these pooling  
springs engulfing you, in these waters I  
the voiceless rapids enter you in waves.

### I Compose You Totally (51)

My Queen,

I am obsessed with the dichotomy of your eyes,  
the total subjugation of my thoughts reinforced  
in contrasting colors that subtly distill my mind  
and my plaintive suffering words that speak unrehearsed  
against the world upon opposing sides, with svelte moves  
you attempt to assuage my love, how you cloak your heart;  
yet, subtleties are never missed, true seduction found.  
I may not share your bed, mere provisions for the soul,  
not of might or external length but inward feelings shown  
in the rhapsody of my song I compose you totally  
a foreign creature, nurtured, cultured, bred and born.

### I Laid Down My Sword (52)

I laid down my sword and followed my Queen  
bade me inside the torchlit corridor,  
twelve dark roses on the mosaic floor,  
she unhinged the lock with a golden key.

I remember this all my days at sea  
when I came to her through her chambers door  
I laid down my sword and followed my Queen  
twelve dark roses on the mosaic floor.

And all her tears, and pride, and royalty  
that stirs my passion with a lion's roar  
this complex meaning to a simple chore  
in a world of blue and quintessence green  
I laid down my sword and followed my Queen.

### Beds Of Virgin Innocence (53)

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,

the total conquest of my mind objectifies belief,  
in my hands a ribboned scroll, its parchment coarse and dry,  
the words above your royal seal deeply wounds my eye.  
What decorum or habitat reveals about survival of my caste;  
the potency of unseen lines, the indignities of class,  
With fluency of tongue unsaid words claim my strength;  
you deny me rest in beds of virgin innocence,  
you deny me thought despising my crude ignorance,  
you deny me love and the complexities I crave  
bolting the chamber of your unused heart  
and watch me pound in vain.

#### Guide Me Toward Your Foreign World (54)

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
meridians of desire have drawn me from the deep,  
on soul maps of white and gold that cross and intertwine  
this final journey to your heart completely fills my mind.  
I hear the ocean's cadenced voice gently sound your name  
in the beauty of the whispered hush softly falls the rain.  
Though continents divide my grief or words be misapplied  
the zenith of north western lights completely thrill my eyes.  
Should I chart the longitude or latitude of love  
across the widening gulf of time in you my thoughts revolve.  
Can the language of my verse or the conquest of your tongue  
guide me toward your foreign world where all points converge as one?

#### Black Rose Drips With Red (55)

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
disregarding all interest  
in conciliatory gestures  
I send this delicate rose,  
with black scented petals,  
in the hopes that it should make  
a lasting peace.

Distilling an aroma of mystery,  
its slender aborigine stem  
lined and edged with jagged thorns

threads and weaves trustingly  
reaching outward in the blind,  
the essence of dark longing.

Black laced is its beauty  
as my mind envisions all parts of you;  
and sweeter still the outer swell  
that I breathe in through my pores,  
distinguished by the fragile look  
that steals all light and brings me  
fallen as I close each empty door.

Charmed by laughter, girlish might,  
and the soft windings of your smile  
that slings my heart across your lips  
where reigns the touch of fire.  
Here I lay these desperate words  
on the cold side of your bed  
and in the depth of soulless hours  
this black rose drips with red.

#### Composing Her Naturally To Me (56)

What once is gone may never again be  
awakening thoughts in unspoken sound  
with these words adrift, motionless I found  
composing her naturally to me.

I thrilled to her, her sweet coy words touching  
all parts of me her cool breath underground  
stealth like kisses indelibly wound  
rising bout my lips soulful, saliently

wistfully thinking her ever to be  
awakening thoughts in unspoken sound  
with these words adrift, motionless I found  
composing her naturally to me.

#### Affectation Of My Wiles (57)

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,

you tempt me with challenges  
as tart as they are sweet.  
If indifference wills your mind  
and deems my words uncouth  
I officiously entrain  
though your heart remains aloof.  
With affectation of my wiles  
and preponderance of guilt  
the black rose I laid at your feet  
shall bleed but never wilt.

#### Disenfranchised From Your Mind (58)

Perhaps I confuse you, my love,  
with archaic themes  
woven through my verse  
as my heart beat throbs in earnest  
for a simple salutary sign  
or perhaps I subjugate myself  
too readily to your cruel indecisiveness  
as you leave me broke and bewildered  
disenfranchised from your mind.

#### Strange Charisma Of Your Words (59)

Falling victim to a presumed measure of acceptance  
that differentiates your world from mine,  
I hope all past grievances have been forgiven,  
and the enlightened nature of your company  
shall once again inhabit the forefront of my mind.

Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
beatitudes of pleasure fill my heart with disbelief.  
Still soft visions of my queen removing her disguise  
and the barren nature of our souls stripped of all their pride.  
Our world a dream infectious though it be,  
and the strange charisma of your words disarming as the sea.

#### Fornicating In The Bowels Of Unswerving Reason (60)

Artifacts of emotional distress  
left chiseled on your soft dimpled cheek;



sensuous, predatory you stand,  
motionless, pedestaled on the edge  
of unswerving reason.

This disease of lust fornicating  
in my bowels has twisted  
all semblance of chaste morality.  
I leave these words at the base  
of your stone feet.

I have sacrificed all for you,  
for my edification by your tongue  
I will return an unburied corpse  
and bathe you in my blood.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
armaments of desire can bring no lasting peace.  
With what weapon I choose to close the bounds  
between the Old World and the New  
on this neutral ground in which we stand  
there is no escaping truth.

#### Elixir Of Your Senses (61)

Rhythm's of newfound oceans recompose  
the intensity of need driving me  
to your shores, Lady, of loquacious speech.  
Gifts I share in this adventure of soul  
and what bold words I discover to move  
your heart are but flowing points as I dream  
the elixir of your senses. What sound  
suffers more than the platitudes of want,  
more naked than scenes that thread the curtain  
of life, more intense than the willfulness  
of flesh. I raise your flask and take a sip.

My Queen,  
With novelty of action I mix these thoughts  
and deem this draught far sweeter  
than all others that have ever passed  
through my parched lips.

### Fault Lines In My Heart (62)

Was it your selected discourse on love,  
where truth overwhelmed the path of longing,  
or the undeniable expression  
of your eyes that carved fault lines in my heart?

The writings of your voice soft and fluid  
rekindled dreams dead but not forgotten  
then the savage logic of the pain when  
your once sweet words turned cold, harsh and bitter.

### Graduating From The Rhythmic Pangs (63)

Graduating from the rhythmic pangs  
of unrequited love  
I write my Queen knowing pain  
will never weaken my resolve.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
battlements of desire  
hold the treasure that I seek.  
And what riches await  
as I climb each wooden rung  
and tread across the bloodied stones  
until the battles won.

### Renewing My Love Affair With The Sea (64)

Effecting an elegant arrangement near at hand,  
Lady, Loquacious in your speech,  
I peruse the body of your letters hoping  
I will understand the cause for your alarm.  
Did my haughty pursuit seeking your attentions  
distill the evening song of our embrace?  
My heart captured by these first lyrical notes,  
charmed, like a smoldering ember fired with belief,  
suffering in the wellspring of its thirst.  
Of what has and shall be written,  
intimately scribed but never spoken,  
the melodic sounding of your voice evades me;

yet, the offspring of our poems has woken  
and renews my love affair with the sea.

#### Weighted Words That Never Vary (65)

My Queen,  
Standing on the precipice  
I view your foreign land  
Engulfed in a stormy mist  
I extend to you my hand.  
Reaching through the barrier  
I feel the mountain's crush  
Weighted words that never vary,  
Desperate for your touch.

#### Contenting Love Once Copiously Poured (66)

Within the tendrils of your soft embrace  
may I not be too weak in words to find  
a worthy phrase to celebrate this place  
nor waver unsteadily as I climb  
for in each thread that my design must choose  
if but one unravels, the whole to lose.

Engaged by the novelties of your will  
I rest between the pages soon to turn  
engendering each moment as I till  
unearthing fragments of a broken urn  
contenting love once copiously poured  
though destroyed now twice, may the third restore?

Contained within the passion of your kiss  
can I be completely thus entwined,  
naivety of heart cannot express;  
to be is mortal, to be more, divine,  
compelling these pages emphatically told,  
the humblest parts redeeming the whole.

#### Time Withers But Love Remains Perfect (67)

Hard years have fallen and my love commands,  
Lady of loquacious speech, what blemish

can mar its passage? Time withers but love  
remains perfect beneath its temporal glance;  
offering its soft arms that we may both  
dissolve within, beating with its warm heart,  
breathing with its sweet breath, no feeling  
beyond reach, knowing it gives only of itself,  
being more than what I am or can ever be.

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, Before The Morning Star Rises In The East (14)

Mavros ruled beyond the boundaries of men  
Scouring tall hills to find the orphaned child  
Where she played near a green and yellow glen  
With fields of dandelions beaming from the wild  
And looked up to him with joy's familiar smile.  
Massive wings violently displacing sky  
Casting shadows across the dwindling miles,  
Their cyclone spent, no more a sprawling flight  
Gliding on windless calm through sunset's fading light.

A time of foreboding, of fear, before  
Intense thermal heat sparked the dragon's breath  
This child, pictured in glyphics of earthen lore  
Surrounded by great knights in bright armor dressed,  
Neither creating or solving human duress.  
Armies of men came and withered away  
To history all but a fleeting guest  
But soon her words the dragon's mind would sway  
Amid a sea of flame unextinguished to this day.

As dark tales ultimately crest  
A sequestered hope might make itself known  
Where wisdom is wined and fruitfully pressed  
To fill chasms between humanity and war,  
When watered with blood the vines of peace will grow.  
The child loved Mavros with intense emotion  
And drank from fountains of sterling flow  
And gave herself with unreserved devotion  
Worshipping fire, surrounded by its emblematic glow.

She dreamed scenes of mountains, ice and fire,  
Of whitest snow which lays a gentle cover  
Drifting in repetitions of desire;  
Clinging by touch, nestling each other,  
Falling silent in beds of tranquil love.  
A softness fell, this passing winter calm,  
Upon which some restless flakes might hover

Awhile before sleep, before the morning star  
Rises in the east, stars like dreams  
Falling just beyond their reach.

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, By Belief Worlds Are Created (13)

Paganism raged, deifying earth and nature  
Through this communion symbiosis came  
Held between beasts, forests, wind, sea and man  
Encircling all within its holy flame  
Bestowing to each a unique spiritual name.  
From this paradise creation pulsed and gave  
Meaning, paring evolution's master plan,  
What is hope but ability to save  
Cultivating life from the manna of the grave.

Within this thrust Mavros became aware  
Through conflict his own destiny would thrive  
But with a fierce disquietude to bear  
Intoxicated to feel himself alive  
And in a mortal sense, knowing that he would die.  
By belief worlds are steadily assembled  
With the product of their bounty to share  
Multiplied by life exponential  
Balanced on the axis of their ecliptic sphere.

Whosoever beholds that intrinsic flight  
Of this their home, centuries steeped in making  
Revolving around a single sun, whose light  
Man has distinguished through his borrowed years  
Emerging in fanciful motion with all its seductions laid bare.  
Who claims the victor when this harmony ends  
On an unstable rock that floods and quakes  
As the neck of the dragon cranes and bends  
Nature careens between enemy and friend.

Look no further, anger donned a human form,  
Not a stranger from a foreign land, now  
Familiar faces that once shone soft and warm  
Frozen with the look of an ignorant foe  
No longer thirsting or aspiring to know.  
Knowledge of this wondrous world, seasoned deep,  
Piercing hearts with poetry of long ago,

Not of my own or any thought I keep,  
Composed from the spell of a preternatural sleep.

Captain Cur



# Come Young Pirates, Love Never Stronger When It's Muscled From Hate, Part X X I V

'Bestow all thy condemnation on me  
My ship sinking in a quicksilver sea;  
For she whom I love is rigid and posed  
A mere supposition I once opposed,  
An outlier in every banished thought  
Redressing reason, unschooled and untaught,  
With malign touch that expels and rejects,  
A debacle of heart that falls from respect  
Birthing outward from a loveless womb  
To lie unredeemed in an unmarked tomb.  
When these harsh flagellations unmask love  
Wounds heal quicker with a dab of warm mud  
In the deeps of that cut that will not close  
Slavish passion ultimately grows,  
One fond of splendor can never be free  
Picking at scars one can no longer see.  
To live in thy favor, adoration's quest,  
Underpinnings of love strengthen the breath  
If love pleads mercy, its trials undergo  
devoid of cruelty thou must answer no.  
Though I struggle I am not adverse to pain  
As from a whip, the back recoils in vain,  
But harder my simplistic love to bear  
That hides from thou flitting here and there  
Or the gentlest smile that thou might bestow  
Whether tepid, halfhearted, averse or cold  
Toppling pride, a timbering redwood's weight,  
Love never stronger when it's muscled from hate.'

Captain Cur

# A Deposed And Disgraced Despot

Who is the master and who is the slave?  
Within a drying tongue dead silence dwells  
King and peasant from the womb to the grave  
Both lives in all regards invisible  
Trapped inside their mirror's imaginary spell.  
From uncertainty tyrants will arise  
Founded by cruelty their tongues stuffed in hell  
Counterfeit devils with dim unclean eyes  
Smacking lips repeating nude calamitous lies.

A youthful empire, beautiful and firm  
Sunk in earth's foundation with spirited good  
But must take care that the slithering worm  
That glares beneath a macerated hood  
Will not rot to the depths the sill plate of the wood.  
Good men do not engage in dubious wars  
Trampling legions with a vengeful look  
Or base their fortunes on pretentious stars  
Nor parading might with the grandeur of their arms.

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, A Time Of Reprisal (12)

Mavros, the first dweller of this earth, lone  
Warrior born from the fires of chaos, scarred,  
Burned by lava rock, his meteor eyes shone  
With crushing intelligence, footed for war,  
Exemplified by every circling star;  
Rivers and forests lain prone, life saturated,  
Counting ages, mingling time, understood  
The dreadful silence of the coming flood  
That would tint the oceans with all of mankind's blood.

A time of reprisal, a triumph for evil  
When giants bred and walked the mountain snow  
And haughty men looked to their own pleasure  
Fighting amongst each other with likened blow  
Loathing themselves and their brothered foe.  
Fertile lands returned to a famished wild  
Ways of peace and husbandry became unknown  
And stole from the earth its reveling child  
That now stood apart, angry and unreconciled.

Darkness fell, the sun cowering, a blighted fiend  
Where once its light and heat made mankind strong  
Blotted under the scorn of the dragon's wing.  
Below disheartening doom crept along  
Blaspheming man with the hatred of his own tongue,  
The rains ceased, baring riverbeds of stone  
Barren fields amid the destruction drought brings,  
Earthen plates rumbling with a mocking tone  
In victorious chasms thundering down to home.

The ministers to man, death and decay  
Focusing fear as cold daylight pales  
The bravest souls tossed in disarray  
And torn to shreds by the vehemence of the gale.  
But love survives beneath a tattered veil  
When clarity of thought softens the mind  
And oft one thinks perhaps to no avail;  
Where does the true germ of compassion hide  
Replicating itself beneath the monolith of time?

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, The Neck Acts Not Like A Spring, Part X X I I I

'Contemptuous indeed where most pirates fall  
Hedging their words with a shrewd hawker's call  
Within the narrow of thy peril's scope  
Where all means of flight are vanquished from hope.  
Do not distress me with thy squeamish lies  
Hovering about like dung loving flies;  
If to this course of barter thou shalt cling  
Remember the neck acts not like a spring.  
My resources are plentiful as god  
I own the scepter, the ring and the crown,  
Do not engage me with flirty despair  
With truth hollowed out thy voice drowns in air.'

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# From The Womb Of Fire, Hushed Smoothness Of Planetary Flow (11)

Dragon wings, an ingenious device scaled  
With fibrous muscle woven through melded bone;  
Spanning long and wide catapulting air,  
Layered with knitted shields resembling stone  
Pumping parallel with a whirring drone.  
Harnessing currents with marvelous ease  
Their tactical machinations laid bare  
Reattaching to the wiles of a breeze  
In incredulous flight crossing a fearsome sea.

Unrivaed in land and aerial combat  
Amassing power from light's kindling beams,  
Searching and seeking in wide arching paths  
Diving in maddening wind funneled streams.  
Pushing the limits of terrestrial speed  
With the fine manner elegance bestows  
Braving the day sky to that sky unseen  
In hushed smoothness of planetary flow  
Viewing earth from beyond dusk's tranquil glow!

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, A Song Of Sacrifice (10)

The child walked between the fire and the wake  
With eyes exposed by lids of psychic shields,  
Corridors of flame slithered and snaked  
Raging across the blackened desert vale.  
Undoing braids of her tightly woven hair  
Looking upon the dragon in the fading  
Moonlight, stood unafraid singing her song  
Carrying past oceans, undiscovered there,  
In treacly chords that rode upon the silver air.

A song of sacrifice whose strange melody  
Pagan and beautiful with open notes  
Both passionate and long, chaste and unsullied  
Rising and falling in soft fluent tones  
Bleeding emotion primitive and strong.  
The dragon's unsettled wings fanned and beat  
While the tribes dissipated and moved on  
Leaving her standing at the monster's feet  
Reeling from the horrid blasts of its melting heat.

Faltering she swooned and fell onto the grain  
Vision careening between lucidness and dream  
Watching herself burn in unimagined pain  
Immersed in a plethora of worlds between,  
Where all is flowering, liquid and green.  
In this land shadows of the sea would play  
Where nakedness of its depth could be seen  
And the earth and sky its voice would obey,  
While she, within the dragon's embrace quietly lay.

She awoke startled and unsure, open eyes  
Viewing land both unfamiliar and fair;  
The dragon floating, lingering in the sky  
Cleaving sun lit rays in the shadowy air  
Drifting between happiness and despair.  
Determining if death's sorrowful sleep  
Had taken her spirit and brought it here  
Walking to a ledge, mountainous and steep,  
Viewing her first ocean stretching out from the deep.

Suddenly realizing herself alone,  
reliving memories edifying life  
trapped within the richness of this unknown  
world, devoid of desert heat, devoid of ice,  
Warm winds scented with both sweet and pungent spice.  
She had thought she would be devoured as prey  
feeling vessels of her heart sudden flow  
in testament to this immaculate day  
climbed down to the cold waters and began to pray.

Blueness purveying blueness that never failed  
Beyond the reach of sight, alarming and dread,  
Vision mired, dwarfed by its enormous scale  
Espousing beauty where each wave is led  
Imprinting its essence as porous land is fed.  
Rolling, wrought with texture that foamed and gleamed  
Circling the sand in wide and narrow streams  
Once found, held ever in the minds embrace,  
Skies trembling on the surface of its trenchant face.

Captain Cur



# Come Young Pirates, My Treasure Will Quibble If Unequally Shared, Part X X I I

'If so, Fair Queen! I recognize thy might,  
I a shade unredeemed beneath thy sight,  
My life, my riches all rightfully thine  
Professed at the feet of so fair a shine.  
Cavalier, perhaps, I stand in my grief  
This iron chain checks the hands of a thief  
Though sorrow and playfulness both beguile  
Pale to the taste of a bittersweet smile.  
If these talents of mine received as jest  
Respecting my host, provoking the rest,  
Our scope of true deception flames akin  
As unmitigated laughter lurks within.  
Ah! but I feel the passion, thy stoic brow,  
Eyes flashing in anger, still even now  
I will pepper my words with truthful mirth  
Though this may be my final hour on earth.  
Thou rallies against my nature, my life,  
Forgetting my adoration for strife,  
Privileged I stand within thy power  
Though the cock crows at this my weakest hour  
For in hope, in misery to allow  
A speck of kindness to escape that brow.  
Should my sentence be death on this fine day  
I mightily sue for a short delay,  
Contempt and esteem speak unrivaled here  
But my treasure will quibble if unequally shared! '

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, In The High Chamber Of The Queen's Tower, Part X X I

In the high chamber of the Queen's tower  
I sat chained by Her Majesty's power  
Alone in this spiraling mortared fort  
Her Highness in her gold and velvet court.  
Could I discern the problem or the blame  
That reaped itself, the crime and I the same!  
A scurrying spider my boredom scanned  
Attending to its web, well armed and manned,  
For any new visitor soon to meet  
With tiny fangs as a welcoming treat,  
Its clever body would pulse, bounce and raid  
Entwining intersections of the glaze  
And its prey might sue for some small relief  
As for insects, all are raised as thieves!  
Till tomorrow, what torture it may bring  
Tonight tapping tunes with my ankle ring  
and slow along the wall the insect crept  
I and the spider, both mightily slept.

Whence had my criminality begun  
On paths of chaos before my journey done.  
If no repentance I would show with time  
Time would mock me for my every crime,  
Lacking true piety as the rose is stemmed  
Petals that have fallen remain condemned  
An outlaw when I skimmed the frothy deep  
A gentleman when I walked an English street.

The maggots come, but find no mercy here,  
On barren trees dead fruit and leaf laid bare,  
A promise then, this feeling wrenched from pain  
When life is lost there's nothing more to gain.  
Tomorrow then, tomorrow's yet begun  
My flaming heart impaled upon its sun  
Wasted before the rise of early morn  
That struck today, this deadly blow was borne;  
On that sun I shall agonize in thirst,

Welcome torment, the longest and the worst,  
Famished birds, vultures prey around that stake  
My will is bound, no hands to shield my face.  
Just a drop! My head that turns denies!  
Just a drop! Believing if I drink I die!  
The leech is full gnawing on marrow bone  
Better maggots than to die this way alone.

Breathing in seamless risings of my breath  
The last outward blow clinging fast to death  
But, then she came reopening the past  
And each next breath more stronger than the last,  
And flowing neath her robes an unsung grace  
Though older now, great wisdom lined her face;  
Those piercing eyes that once from me were hid  
Bestowing light where light had never been,  
Insufferable as a truthful pain  
A room of mirrors views and views again  
Where all of beauty sees itself as fair  
But from that mirror just an empty glare.  
Soft wafting sounds, the fall of slippered feet  
Those captive stones had waited years to greet  
Femininity, immortalized youth,  
From in her heart there shone that queenly proof  
By sight all I possess deem not compare  
To touch but a single lock of whitened hair.

A calming ease descended on my breast  
As sickness quiets a soul in need of rest,  
In my mind I queried, 'How came she here; '  
For answer, 'Nothing woman will not dare! '  
On her the weight of all my sins were bore  
In judgment of the man I was before  
Now turned by evil what I had become  
Redemption pays a cheap and paltry sum.  
When on the sea though lost I found my way  
By stars I knew and patterns I obeyed  
If on my sails the dying winds should blow  
To navigate death, this I cannot know,  
Upon the swinging of that one way door  
Salvation or destruction's stormy shore,  
Such festivities my noose or garrote bring

From this tower, life's final bell may ring.

What ointment mends the stricken womb of fate  
To aid or deny a wounded man's escape  
From the solitude of a loathsome sleep  
Insincerity all his ducts can weep.  
Who elevates this man, holds his life dear  
With hammering's of the scaffold pining near  
To each man a debt one or more may owe  
Perhaps from a friend or a deadly foe.  
How long to hope before his mind may break  
Lying on cold stones for hours awake,  
That hope, that beam of pure dazzling light  
At first seems dubious then growing bright,  
Movement, shuffling, the clanging of the chain  
Holding one thought that he may live again,  
Each breath a breath of sweet fresh golden air  
Even his jailer seeming wondrous fair.

'Pirate! Thou knowest thy Queen, thy only one,  
For thy deeds to answer, I myself have come,  
Now look upon me and my blessed hand  
Bearing my signet and my royal band.  
A handsome treasure thou has claimed to hide,  
Speak! To be set free or to hang and die.'

Captain Cur

## From The Womb Of Fire, Dangling Life's Promise (9)

And with Mavros flew a tempest unlike  
Any that have stirred the desert floor,  
Purposely climbing dunes, leveling their peaks  
As swirling sand sank into gaping pores  
Replenishing shelves within its earthen store.  
In triumph each gyrating circle wound  
Mavros, lunging through the thickening air,  
Whirlwinds within his armored wings were bound  
Rings of sand adorning his reptilian crown.

There Mavros stood glorious as morning;  
A lone creature amid the settling sand,  
Beauty of the day itself reforming  
Reclaiming the length of its falling strands  
Touching Mavros with the warmth of its outstretched hand.  
Unmoving, time itself to desecrate,  
Unconcerned by the sun's darkening band  
But ever alert, appearing to wait  
In the confines of that hot and desolate place.

In ancient cults, a god to serve upon,  
Having borne witness to the flight and now  
As all worship must coalesce in one  
Bringing love or unimaginable woe  
Where the rarest rain pique the desert's lustrous glow.  
Men built great temples reaching toward the sky  
And sacrificed to dragons here below  
Dangling life's promise, to pain and to die,  
Parading themselves before the dragon's selective eye!

Captain Cur

# Passage Of Sir Drake, (1)

Utter reverence from South to Northern gate  
Stalking slowly the passage of Sir Drake,  
Each man salutes those who have gone before  
Men exemplar who found Atlantic's door.  
Those capsized, perhaps, best can tell the tale  
Of feats accomplished, journeys doomed to fail,  
Legends speaking though laid down to their rest  
Eyes still peering from the narrow of the depths.  
From England to Spain's unassented eye  
Primed their sails with linaments of the sky  
Circumnavigating, tracing the earth,  
Seeking riches for England's hungry purse;  
A pilgrimage fraught through dark and holy night  
Beneath the moon, earth's maiden garbed in white,  
Upon the sea, its shining devout breast  
Directing waves that rise and genuflect  
Penitent through the long and fruitless years  
Hardships logged, though not least among their fears.

Leaving Plymouth this sun washed bluing day  
With light winds sweeping mist inside the bay  
Vaporous ghosts lingering near the hull  
Muting echoes of the anchor's rising thud.  
Pelican, a ship of fated resolve,  
Clinging close to view appears then dissolves  
Paradoxically as light is shun,  
Outward measure's of sight reduced to none;  
But, in the banquet of a glorious sun  
Inward vision remains though feasting done,  
Tranquility prevails in silent calm  
Each stronger thought giving the weaker alms,  
In the company of this sumptuous fare  
Faith sustaining hope feed those who dare.  
This field of adventure, a complex grain,  
Planted in the tiered garden of the brain  
Watered by blood of a stout fearless heart  
Seeding passion heroic deeds impart.



## From The Womb Of Fire, Mavros (8)

Can nature stage a firm and final check  
In this prolific and savage turmoil  
With both opponents in the griplock of death  
Freed from the links of Selection's coil,  
Fruitfulness outweighed by the quest for mindless glory.  
Creation beleaguered within the sea  
Which wielded a dull and imperfect foil,  
Man now stood erect with his head held high  
Lost within the pages of his own untold story.

Skies inundated with a thirsting scourge  
Powerful clouds sunk together quaking  
Releasing a rash suffocating surge  
Cornering the winds, then suddenly breaking,  
Lightening delighting in its own making.  
Mavros flew on unconquerable wings  
Observing with long inquisitive neck  
Dissolving in sudden lingering rings  
Gliding through the bedlam of forming volcanic springs.

Mile wafting mile, and breath discharging breath  
Marveling at this portentous event  
Measuring his fire, its power and length,  
Basking in the rich volatile ash,  
Discharging hotter, till each flame was spent;  
Then mapping the earth with indelible might  
A looming shadow of his breastplate cast  
Across the measure of unnamed continents  
Marked with the pinnings of his sweeping blast.

Captain Cur



# From The Womb Of Fire, Love's Unextinguished Light (7)

What ancient voice resides in those spirits  
That lain dormant many thousands of years  
Mothered from the womb of volcanic pits?  
When eruptions magnified, their eggs laid bare,  
Clawing through rock to breathe the Sulphur rich air.  
Saviors or oppressors of the human race  
Gifted with power both marvelous and dread,  
Looking down with stern inquisitive face,  
Man named Mavros the Black and Mirren the Red.

Two deathless voices reigned among mankind;  
Fear and wonder responding to their cry,  
One shrieked with passion, one with fury blind.  
Phoenixes from the ash repurified  
Breaking barriers separating earth from sky.  
When stars flame and reach outward to the sight,  
Nomadic clouds softly peek wandering by;  
Tranquility glides through majestic night,  
Here dragons fly lit by love's unextinguished light.

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, Inseminated By Ecstasy And Pain (6)

In this communion nature dare not speak  
For on its brow the sweat of mankind hails,  
The earth's blue-eyed face and pale sunken cheeks  
Spins uninterrupted through the years,  
Commingling man's blood with its own unrepressed tears.  
To each era unfulfilled prophecies  
To save them from their ill constructed fears  
From the heavens what vision do they see  
But dragons and condemnation for eternity.

Two dragons spewed from magma's fiery birth,  
Unbound by sin, radiant and undefiled,  
Mastering limits of an evolving earth  
Their warring spirits divorced then reconciled  
Repopulating uncontained in the wild.  
In crimson skies engorged with phallic flame;  
Entwined in lust, base rolling dives reaching greater heights,  
Inseminated by ecstasy and pain  
That shook like thunder and lit the barren plains.

Captain Cur

# Dragonfire

From origins and tales unknown  
Intrepid adventurers traveled alone  
And found lying in a recessed cave  
A green and white bespecked egg.

One took it as a relic to prize  
While its dreamy beauty touched his eye  
Then lost to the ages a century or more  
A thing of legend and village lore.

Then from the forest a creature appeared  
With four short legs and deep set ears  
A reptile, a snake, they couldn't be sure  
And hunted the creature to its front door.

And there it stood, small, wilful and wild  
They approached to kill the hissing child  
To their horror and utter dismay,  
Echoes of their screams still sounding today.

The smoke sent up great alarm  
Flames were leaping from arm to arm  
The trees unmoved, they couldn't see  
They couldn't run, they couldn't flee.

Then in the sky, a strange bird dived  
Somersaulting to astonished eyes  
While winging itself and flying erect  
Turned its long serpentine neck.

Now it screeched, a grinding sound  
And swung its body full around  
On its back sharp jutting fins  
Which cut like razors through the wind.

The air was filled with smoky haze  
Like an old book's yellowing page,  
They thought this sight most very odd  
And ventured the field in the sod.

The thing fell sudden, swooping low  
Catching the sunlight, wings aglow,  
There they faced its glint and ire  
And were burned to a crisp by  
Dragonfire!

On this day a legend was born;  
Men sent warnings on their horn,  
Wolves were howling and doves were scared  
The creature ate whatever it cared.

But how did it make the fire?  
What in its belly did it require?  
How did the fuel brew within  
Spewing its compounds into the wind?

This is a mystery alchemists solve  
Through long thought and steel resolve  
Mixing elements on a whim  
Combining methane with oxygen!

Overjoyed at what they found  
A fireball rising all around,  
Only themselves to witness it  
The alchemists burned to a crisp.

The beast of course must suffer a name,  
What would befit its lovely flame?  
It surely must have escaped the sun  
So they called the beast, a Dragon!

For centuries it few about,  
Heros came to face their doubt  
But their slings and arrows always missed  
And each received a farewell kiss.

Wizards and trolls, elves and orcs  
Climbed its mountain holding a torch  
To burn the beast where it lie  
And stare the demon in the eye.

The conversation carried along,  
The dragon was interested then it got bored  
A little hobbit snuck inside  
And wiggled beneath its flaming eye.

Not I guess as the story goes  
Singed from his tiny head to his toe  
All the rest placed on a pyre  
And burned to a crisp by  
Dragonfire!

And the dragon is now serving  
in the Trump White House  
burning the whole country down.

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, Ascending Hands Touching Serene Hours (5)

That love can stoke a dragon's wintry heart;  
Maverick as a windswept icy plain,  
An abysmal wilderness to depart  
Saturated with solitary pain  
Beyond reach like an anchor severed from its chain;  
Sinking, still warm light shines, moving among  
Every cold and rampant thought, thought in vain,  
For in that moment geyser fountains sprung  
And thawing beats in that wintry heart had begun.

Ascending hands then touched serene hours  
Counting years, the dragon did not return,  
Man's knowledge in furtherance of power  
Rebuild the ruins left by the dragon's scorn.  
On this day utterances that a child Queen was born,  
Civilization rejoiced in perfect ease  
Shouting with pleasure to the beaming morn,  
Consecrating themselves in drunken glee  
Longing to build great ships to sail across the sea.

Invention played on man's restless fingers  
Bestowing heightened gifts in soulful strains  
While on the harp vibrations linger  
Once they fade are never that sweet again  
Or true benevolence restored to an evil reign.  
So, man can tilt lies to a truthful sway  
Loftier than what was actually said  
Till the ideals of hope are worn away  
And sleeping dragons return to feast on their prey.

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, Love A Red Dragon Brings (4)

Great deeds of men are sung and wrote in verse  
From early times as heroes come and pass,  
The last always deemed less great than the first  
Who seem to reap the most praise from the past.  
Their graves lie flowerless, unmarked beneath the grass.  
Feats performed as deadly challenges rose  
While a looming bloodstained shadow was cast  
Over a tyrannical world filled with woe,  
Its crumbs of peace uneaten by a ravenous foe.

Hands clasped in prayer to impotent gods  
But none were there to dry their streaming eyes,  
Beloved ones lying burnt upon the ground  
Beneath a shameless and unfeeling sky  
Reechoing fading sounds of the dragon's cry.  
A fearsome, yet mighty sight to behold,  
With the kingdom of men to victimize  
Challenging their armies strongest and bold  
Perched high on its mountain, willful and uncontrolled.

Then a golden hour dawned from fervent thought  
Described by the shamans of ancient lore  
Mouth to mouth for centuries, the words taught,  
Recited by man from his sacred store,  
A legend far greater than had been told before.  
Heroes came forth to battle for mankind  
With gleaming swords to stem the deadly scourge,  
With ruthless cunning igniting their mind,  
Their legends written in the storybooks of time.

Ah! That love should sparkle so bright and clear  
And all its beauties to compare in one  
So lively and young, sought in vain to bear,  
Glorious as a new born golden sun  
Which heart, even that of a dragon may be thrown.  
Should it deign to fly beside another wing,  
Should it deign not to rule the earth alone

Let the towering bells of mankind ring  
Rejoicing in the fire a red dragon brings!

Captain Cur



# Come Young Pirates, X X, Unworthy To Be Saved

From east to west waves leaping as they sped  
The crags though sinking peeking up their head  
Farther beaches slunk winding on their way  
Taking pride at the views that they survey.  
A lonely dwelling rotting on a steep  
Crumbling bluffs falling homeward to the deep  
Our ship a point, a piece of floating tar  
A hulking beauty, rugged and thick scarred;  
Not a prayer, not a blessing, while men think  
We are veering off the edge of heaven's brink  
Unforgiven, unworthy to be saved  
Nor a sign carved to mark us in our grave,  
Just a cutthroat, a pirate and a thief  
Banished men that deserve no words of peace.

The ocean's voice is all we ever hear  
Tumultuously ringing in our ear  
Ripped like babes from our mother's birthing shores  
No friends or toys, just handed splintered oars,  
Young seaboys, and we learned beneath the mast,  
The wind our matron, schooled by whip and lash.  
Through work and pain our hearts and spirits purged;  
Pasts drowned beneath an unrelenting surge.  
While in our sight the crossbones flew aloft  
Allegiant to a white skull's brainless corpse  
And if we ever craved our mother's breast  
We would voice that thought only to ourself.  
First fearing the sea and its mindless reach  
Its lessons hard, to many did it teach,  
But then a day, as breathtaking a view  
Its beauty taught and we became a crew.

The billowed sails looked lovely in the breeze  
The waters pulsed, the sea appeared to breathe,  
The misty air would drape us in its shroud  
We'd sleep beneath the shelter of a cloud.  
Colors coursed painting aspects of the sky  
Interpreted differently by each eye,  
Rains would dry, the rainbow spectrum bent

And cherish in our hearts its bowed ascent.  
Listening deep we'd hear the ocean speak  
We'd hear her laugh and then we'd hear her weep  
Forever the melody of that tone  
Would echo in our blood for each to own;  
And when the moon was softened and subdued  
The sun upon the seascapes at high noon  
The compact with our passions that were made  
It was she we loved, she we would obey.

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, Twilight Eyes The Starlit Evening Nude (3)

Green foliage sighs, jealous of fruits and berries,  
great willows wake, leaves preened and neatly combed;  
wildebeests, lions and lake bound fairies  
mating beneath the sun's life-giving dome,  
pleasure heightening love's satisfied moan.  
As daylight fades and dusk retreats to night,  
twilight eyes the starlit evening nude,  
twined in promise forever to unite  
days of heated passion with eves of pure delight.

Mankind dawned, which stole from earth many an hour  
and reigned with dragons laying fire at his feet.  
An unrelenting quest for dominion and power  
with no hope for a twig of friendship to meet;  
even nymphs and spirits falling back in retreat  
to sheltered places, wild isles unseen,  
their uncharred fruits still succulent and sweet.  
Here they dwell, through the wispy mist be seen,  
lying heart to heart wandering the rock laced streams.

This untamed beast, ceaselessly circling round  
delighting in its own monstrous wailing,  
constantly shrieking its dominance to ground.  
Pulsing air beneath its thick veined sails  
in staggering beauty suddenly climbs and wheels.  
Man gripped between the talon and the beak,  
where virtue and honor are viciously assailed,  
lies set free but truthfulness excreted  
upon the citadels of hope, unmanned and defeated.

When once that fire was kindled and aroused,  
and all the dragon's weaponries displayed;  
then it was determined a frightful foe.  
Its vapors singeing in unrelenting spray  
as it hung suspended its fiery breath gave way.  
Beneath toxic plumes men scattered and leaped,  
blind, choking, writhing then falling in flame,

and begged for darkness, its cover to keep,  
to stay the monster for a few seconds of sleep.

Captain Cur

## From The Womb Of Fire, What Quantifies Life (2)

Cliffs of overhanging mountain beauty  
Thickly layered with breaths of crystal ice  
From the ground appeared to be retreating  
Toward their own untouchable paradise;  
Aided by the skies in this endeavor  
Snowy tips rising forever upward  
Till all apparent earthly ties severed,  
In that moment majestically drawn  
Floating against the outline of the dawn.

Life precipitous, of harrowing speed  
Measured by the dragon's coursing flight,  
For one day man will in true horror see  
The magnitude of its encrusted might,  
Burned alive within the dragon's pernicious sight.  
With aerial vantage the dragon stood  
Free falling from an invisible height,  
And no fortress, crossbow or arrow flood  
Would dissuade one drop of its weaponized blood.

With light on its wings gently descending,  
When golden tones of the sun gleam within  
Intricacies of its wing span blending  
With elements of its mail coated skin.  
Its impetuous fire, aeronautical skill,  
Lithe and slender striking down from on high,  
A perfect creation born unknotted by sin,  
Unmoved by compassion, unaffected by cries,  
What quantifies life is how quickly it dies!

Captain Cur

# From The Womb Of Fire, Mastery Of Earth (1)

Before the last hope of mankind failed  
Buried in the earth with unexpressed glory  
His dreams that reached beyond heavenly scale  
fester unrealized in purgatory.  
Creation is but a thought, a story,  
Miracles need truth and light to waken;  
The seas, the skies, life are all transitory  
With the very core of the earth shaken  
And all the works of man violently overtaken.

In that time of ice, fire and thunder  
Culled from the earth in the molten deep  
It broke the crust and clawed up from under  
While in its infancy began to creep;  
Struggling breath, in lone horror to sleep,  
In rock fire, in magma was it found  
With a hissing madness felt its heart beat,  
All about the lines of lava swirling round  
As it dragged itself smoldering across the ground.

Now in the cooling age the wild winds sweep  
And pause between the darkness and the dawn;  
A vast deluge then formed the ocean deeps,  
The screams of the birthing mountains raged on  
In massive upheaval, land overthrown,  
Chunks of earth forcefully hurled on high.  
In this chaos the first dragon was born  
And it shrieked and came forth with lucid eye  
Then spread its wings and looked upward toward the sky.

In this maelstrom life fought, then was chosen,  
Through the dragon's eye a new sky was seen  
Inside that blueness clouds interwoven  
That flowed above the massive forest greens.  
A stillness settling, a world serene,  
Oceans leveled, with shores halting their spread,  
From heights and depths and all that lived between  
Life amplifying power as it bred  
In uncontained wilderness as the years were shed.

If ever a thing could become more fierce  
Laying claim to the mountain ranges high  
Or wield a heart no emotion could pierce  
Oblivion staring at those who dared its eye,  
In mastery of earth, wind, sea and sky.  
The first wayward beams of the moon bled through,  
Though still wan, not yet past its infancy,  
Exposing itself through the cloudy gloom  
Lit the earth and all creatures birthed within its womb.

The dragon flew gaining expectation  
And pushed to heights which only nature knew,  
Wondrous eyes ringed with fascination  
Then broke in cloud bursts shattering the blue.  
In a dive its speed and confidence grew  
Until the land mass suddenly appeared  
And snapped its wings and upward steady drew  
Then rearing back above the earthly sphere  
Winged in place breathing its first fire in the air.

Captain Cur

# Nefertari, A Pyramid Of Smiles

Waves were kissing the blushing rocks  
And sheep were grazing with their flocks  
African waters bright and clear  
In northward flow gallantly steered.

Riding fast in unbridled rank  
Gallop hard the river bank  
White manes cresting ready to leap  
Shallows splashing against their feet.

Adventurous ones took the lead  
Daring sidesaddle on their steeds  
Calling out to laggards behind  
To keep the pace, to stay the line.

Wild ones broke and jumped the track  
Tossing breakwaters off their back  
That swept land with a whooshing sound  
Roaring in unison smashing the ground.

In Tanzania the stretch began  
Through Uganda and South Sudan  
Past Khartoum and Aswan  
Then took a short break in Cairo.

There they eased to a gentle flow  
Basking beneath Ra's lazy glow,  
From the shadows and secret glades  
Magnificent colors tipped the shade;

A sycamore was in distress  
Of how the cypress wore its dress,  
The jacaranda was displeased  
With smelly eucalyptus leaves,

The mimosa's throwing a fit  
Stubbing their roots on mango pits,  
The acacia most bitter  
Of citrus fruit juicing the river.



Nefertari stood with a sneer  
Undoing her cloak and braided hair  
Then slipped in the Nile to bathe  
In the shadow of the secret glade.

Rippling tides in majestic peace  
Slowly encompassing their reach  
Surrounding her with clinging touch  
Painting her with their liquid brush.

On that canvas nakedly framed  
Glamour of the Egyptian age  
And all the glories found within  
Unfettered by the desert wind.

Graceful curves that wound for miles  
Bestowing pyramids of smiles  
And the touch of her velvet hand  
Which cooled the Arabian sand.

The hidden moon in cloudy high  
With full, then half, then crescent eye  
In no deference to the sun  
Blocked him in a midday run.

Nefertari laughed overjoyed  
At moon's darkening clever ploy,  
The sun so powerful and bright  
Eclipsed by one so small and slight.

Captain Cur

# Nefertari, Life's Antaeon Stare

Thy beauty was given for thee to own  
A vigorous treasure transcending time  
The outward flesh of woman to adorn;  
Nor let nobler virtues dare deny  
That beauty is the whip that tames the eye!  
In this quiet light shadowing the dead  
Soft crowns and feathers glorify their heads,  
This truth to face, to be only once born,  
Statued afterlife relentlessly fed  
Tasteless loaves of petrified bread.  
To know the depth of life's antaeon stare;  
Where poetry and love intimately bred,  
Purity of knowledge indelibly read  
Vaporous joy's for the Muses to share,  
Every curiosity buried there.  
As Khonsu's lamplit music comes to rest,  
Fluid whiteness flowing with each caress  
Delighting in the richest desert streams  
And flys with Nefertari in her dreams.

Captain Cur

# Nefertari

The winds are quiet, the sands are hushed  
Desert skies molten, innocence touched,  
Within the brilliance of these melting skies  
Desert storms are raging in a young girl's eyes.

O! Youthful Queen how suddenly thy death,  
Darkness persists blotting Sol's brilliant rise  
Within thy sutured grave, an unkempt paradise  
Forever preserving thy final breath.  
Whose fire adopted by a new born star  
Burning restless in its singular race,  
Roiling above us, then flames spectacular,  
Moving steadfast with a preordained pace  
Circling round in majestic bliss  
Burrowing through the thickness of thy crypt?

Time, born from the legions of Celestial space,  
Its unforgiving hand shuttering this place,  
And watched thou leap from mortal to divine  
Then tightened its grip on all that was thine.  
Could not the muses hear the suffering verse  
While bearing thy body to the bowels of the earth.  
A hushed voice, no longer sounding here  
To which the passionate fruits were given  
That grew within thy womb, abundantly shared,  
Now a prisoner, seized by that heartless Prostate  
Whose judgement never to be forgiven.

If by induction thy marvels enter my mind  
A thousand more wonders still to find,  
Plunged to the depths of thy Egyptian blood  
Passionate impulses in salient run  
Raising pressure in my own veins  
As impervious to love as I am to pain  
In this nothing state the weakest poet sits,  
Grotesque, saddled by his own spit,  
Like poachers and gawkers digging with haste  
Chiseling thy dignity, desecrating thy form,  
Does death lessen the humiliation?

On thy soft lips each precious breath was bore  
Each breath fairer than the one before,  
And if then to man bestow a gilded kiss  
What other woman could claim those tortured lips,  
And in that heaven, that deep richness to mine  
From the outward flesh to the bright marrow ore  
No fairer mansion could one find.  
Thy beauteous frame that was left behind  
Can never be taken! Can never be marred,  
Only raised and venerated in the chalice of time.

History bears witness to Egypt's birth,  
Privileged when thy karma tread this earth  
As the great and lesser planets combined  
Rejoicing in sextiles and grand trines;  
Thy ascendant rose, one of twelve,  
Delegating each house the power of its sign,  
In these houses the sun and planets dwell  
Magnifying fortune when they rose and fell,  
Within thy heart this music of the spheres  
Teasing eyes, tempting lips, ravishing hair.  
What first touched thy lips, sweetest morning dew,  
As all men know, Woman, the greater miracle  
Procreating life by the abstraction of love  
Touted by myraid gods crowding heaven above.

Captain Cur

# Sanctity Of Breath

Pained now my love, I turn my thoughts to thee,  
The sun has fell extinguished by the sea,  
I hold thy name, forever on my tongue,  
That breath denied, setting fire to my lungs;  
Prevailing all, the sanctity of breath  
Which fuels the heart, lest ever we forget,  
And struggling for each new breath to come  
My heart enflamed by each and every one.

So low I stand beneath the tower's height;  
So blind I am against the beacon's light,  
Those faithless thoughts my hot impatience bore  
Coarse floating wrecks that break against the shore.  
So still I wait, an old forgotten tale!  
So still I wait to see thy single sail!  
While I stand frozen heedless of the day  
Those cold winds come to steal my breath away.

But with a faith borne witness by the sea  
That shattered hull designed with certainty,  
Within its grief, destruction of its parts,  
Is heard that beat, the mainstays of its heart!  
Hope that slept but then climbed the tower's height,  
Eyes that wept but looked through the blinding light  
From the east the moon rising soft and pale  
Obliquely casts the outline of thy sail.

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Creation's Pride, X I X

So when the winds did silently arrange  
To move us west along the empty plain  
No herald blasts nor trumpets did take form  
This sea calm, unafflicted by rogue storms.  
In the noon the great whales came to play  
And dry their backs, then wet again with spray,  
In pairs they rose with deep vaporous breath  
Condensing air with each sporadic jet;  
With somber joy they swam in holy calm  
As each man looked he raised a reverent arm,  
Back to the depths they scattered far and wide,  
Us men or whales, who are creation's pride?

Captain Cur



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## Power Enshrined In Ruin, An Unapparent Fire (2)

There are those who find beauty in dark themes  
In which the stoutest hearts might moralize,  
This king seated in majestic slumber  
Nursing silence beneath his lidless eyes,  
A repose indicative of glory  
Gracing his throne, illuminated by  
A soft and fading light, what secrets rest  
Therein? Stories preceed the humblest lives  
And through our existence tightly woven,  
Our hopes, dreams, loves and fears. Are they fated  
Accomplishments or born of true innovation?

An age ago, his cries broke the moonlit silence of a starry night  
Where the pulsing light quivers as veins regular throb,  
Outside the palace gates his mother  
Placed the kiss of sovereignty on his delicate cheek.  
Shadows of wild horses cast against the broad moon  
Outrunning weary night, spent energy its own reward,  
Then closed their dewy eyes and stood translucent,  
Their stature outlined against the grains of blowing sand.

Burning within his infant eyes an unapparent fire,  
Quietly fueled by predilection,  
Influenced by the linear signs of constellations  
As they swarmed the midnight skies;  
Their shapes deposited within him,  
Molded by an unmeasureable power.  
His head pillowed in baby sleep  
Pressed against the bosom of his Queen Mother's pride  
As they walked beneath the maze  
Of a thousand marble columns.

Captain Cur

## Herculean Oceans, Theirs But To Fill (10)

Oceans move, eons till their race be won  
Horseless atop the earth and sinking sun;  
Unclouded skies, delirious and bright  
Tremulous ride the waves in living light,  
Mavericks bucking wildly as they throw  
And thrash about unsettled deep below,  
Their journey long, an endless wide expanse  
Contained by shores as powerful and vast.

By divine ordain these treasures given,  
By tenderest winds their massive bodies driven;  
Within basins they sensually pour  
Passion mounting while fingering the shore,  
To touch, to leave their essence on the sand  
To cradle earth within their liquid hand;  
A precious sadness lingers on them still,  
Their existence level, theirs but to fill.

Captain Cur



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# Of Captains And Of Men

Powerfully framed, of uncommon height  
Taller still when necks crane beneath his sight,  
Amazement takes pause marking size again,  
Renowned in deeds gargantuan among men;

Profound in his words, a long striding gait,  
Wise in his challenges, strong in debate,  
Striking in manner with impressive stance  
Obstacles absorbed, a conciliatory glance,

Well educated in the English rites  
Carries twin blades in lieu of a knife,  
A crushing hand in that manner to greet,  
Grasping a shoulder, well versed in his speech,

A swordsman of superior craft and skill  
Mastering this Age reforged by his will,  
Dark windswept hair, an unobtrusive gaze  
With brown pensive eyes like warm tropic waves,

Eyes of deepening and darkening hue  
Quite attractive to a womanly view;  
Yet, haughtier thoughts lips might reveal  
Caverns of dignity rightly conceal.

Judging men who but to ourselves compare  
That feign a smile instead of a sneer?  
Who then mask the inner working's of mind  
That fear to be discovered or refined?

Who must know the tragedy that they quell,  
guilty actions to terrible to tell,  
In all bluster when fumbling words deny  
The true reason a tear escapes the eye.

An uncontrolled thought can warily sneak  
to probe the heart through vessels that are weak,  
Can they then to a keen observers eye  
Reverse the calamitous scrutiny?

He whom himself sees, must also be seen  
Formed by his nightmares as well as his dreams,  
Outward signs of both good and evil thought  
One cheaply purchased, the other dearly bought.

Captain Cur

# To Him Who Would Be King

The old king fell victim to that dual pair,  
Grandiosity of mind and ugliness of soul,  
Bearing false witness to all whom will hear  
Excreting edicts down a gold plated bowl  
While singing his praises both selfish and droll.  
An anomaly, wonder of an hour,  
Every penny either given or stole  
Sitting beneath a white crumbling tower;  
Stripped of veneers, human kindness and power.

Captain Cur



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# Come Young Pirates, X V I I I, Shameless Beneath The Flaming Sun

Our eyes sighted this green and golden isle,  
Bringing to each a simple hopeful smile.  
Undercurrents pushed topside waves along  
Which broke with thrilling sounds against the shore;  
Scampering along the sea drenched morning sand  
Undertows stayed their long and sweeping hands,  
Glistening drops swept the sunlit beams aside  
Rushing, receding, tossing with the tide,  
The water straggling with a lazy pace  
Returning to the liquid body of its race.

Swarms of birds against the skies rose and fell  
Their ranks at times thinning, then they'd swell,  
Gazing from this distance our infant eyes  
Overwhelmed by the grace of things that fly;  
For on these shores, nay, not a grain to spoil,  
But cherish, to take respite from our toil.  
Scenes of greenery aroused our senses  
Bowing with an outward leafy presence,  
Palm trees swaying, ringed with thick calloused trunks  
To the islands heart veiny fingers clutched  
Anchored to the depths of its ancient core  
Mounting legions guarding the gateway to its door!

Moving through the trees in cadenced bands  
Indigenous troupes sired by these lands,  
Native beauty with pierced and soft toned skin  
Entering warm waters began to swim.  
Long carved boat's dipping paddles pulled the waves  
Powered by strength of kind and fulsome ways.  
Womanly pleasures, their endowment this;  
Soft lips to impart a welcoming kiss,  
Beauty honed by the tropical soil,  
Arrayed in fruits, tanned by coconut oil,  
Graceful curves, girlish smiles, elegant limbs  
Sheltered on this isle from the world of sin,  
Voicing songs in their ancestral tongue

Bodies shameless beneath the flaming sun.

Captain Cur

# If Time Is Madness Let It Rave

If time is madness let it rave  
It only took and never gave;  
Promises whispered then the blow  
We think we lost what we don't own,  
Colossal as its presence seems  
It has no vision, it has no dream,  
It has no voice, it cannot speak,  
Our minds make strong what should be weak  
Lacking substance it has no shape,  
It has no home, it drifts apace,  
It causes stress that subtle strain  
That weighs the heart and clouds the brain,  
In appearance it looks intent  
Deceit its only sacrament,  
It cannot heal, not balm nor salve,  
Into nothingness it will dissolve.

Captain Cur



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# Come Young Pirates, Part X V I I - Enamored By Decay

Further, further out the frigid waters came;  
All desiring riches, some desiring fame,  
Insightful riot, despoiling sweet repose  
Warring against our very selves, the most deadliest of foes.  
Snatched from our brazen crowns heirlooms of this life  
Our own hand bearing the assassin's knife  
Leaving us for dead like a feverish ill  
Weighing down the breath, suffocating will.  
Fingers clutched and clawed through the hardened clay  
Like young maggots enamored by decay,  
Snake oil lies slithering through our heads  
As we quietly slept in our swinging beds.

The pain of mercy! Losing all control!  
Compassion the casualty when men lose their soul  
On a wooden horse, trackless through the waves,  
The fluid ocean wide, our minds but narrow caves.  
What few tears we cried were sincerely shed  
Pity more the living than the blessed dead.  
Kindly prayers our tongues found in short supply  
Earthen oceans form the urns where our comrades lie.

Captain Cur

# Only When The Flesh Is Peeled

Who turns inward but he himself whom cried  
And opens his heart on these oceans wide,  
Exulting in triumph, each dancing wave  
Chartering life on life's uncharted way.  
Widening sails in glorious morning flight  
Exposing the soul through raw unfiltered light;  
Beliefs that tear apart built by hate and fear  
Blinded to the truth by religious zeal  
Truth that keeps rising from the bosom's core  
Only when the flesh is peeled can the spirit soar.

Captain Cur



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# Herculean Oceans, Composing In Unnumbered Symphonies (9)

Oceans of this impenetrable world!  
Mystery lies within their deep embrace  
Harmonizing waves sounding out their song  
In solemn strains, that music which is loved,  
Surmounting choirs on towering steps  
Emerging from the shadow of the depths.  
Melodious tunes from their surface spread  
In movements and symphonies of flowing grace,  
Then chanting earth songs in crude native breath;  
Unstoppable, uncouned as the hours,  
Voiceless throats that rise in pulsing power  
Accompany their soulful offerings,  
Traveling far and wide,  
Echoing from the mountains and the hills  
Influencing life with unbroken will.

Oceans smile in salt stained innocence  
And charm through a strangeness unveiled  
Above the waters in the fountain of their tears;  
And on those solitary nights  
When the moon hangs in breathless kiss  
floating in timeless ecstasy,  
Reflecting waters, moonlit alchemy,  
Communing with a starry sea,  
Composing in unnumbered symphonies.

Captain Cur

# Herculean Oceans, Lighting The Skies In Velvet Plumes (8)

Across the coasts in rushing sweeps  
Enchanting is that ocean sound  
When it combs the sand and scrubs the beach;  
The wrestling pebbles might respond  
Clattering against the shore  
In distinctive flips of smooth round stones,  
While the seagulls pluck and pick and blink  
Sun is shifting on its fiery seat,  
Soft winds whispering in gossipy tones  
Whom had seen the most of this world.  
All descendants of that primal power  
Joined in marriage with mist and cloud  
On the dawning of that first solar day,  
Consummating love through the virgin night,  
In fibrous sheets they roamed and loomed  
Lighting the skies in velvet plumes  
And wrapped this earth in nature's robe.  
Ah! So wild and wide and beautiful!  
As the twin lights of sky unfolded;  
As winds blew, this shapeless maiden  
Took form, a sight no mortal eye beheld,  
braided with forests, dells, mountain flowers  
And in her hand a frozen wand  
Of majestic sapphire blue  
And smote it down upon this earth  
And to all the oceans gave liquid birth.

Captain Cur

# Power Enshrined In Ruin

Seated on a colossal throne,  
A skeleton, its past glory  
Displayed on its iron sepulcher  
Arrayed and elegantly clothed;  
A lifeless and decadent form  
Features still uncannily viewed,  
With lipless smile and regal frame  
Lightly covered by drifting snow,  
All around him signs of decay,  
Filled with his one last frozen breath  
This king a grueling spectacle  
Of power enshrined in ruin.

Captain Cur



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## Herculean Oceans, Birthing Infant Waves (7)

Oceans pulse and breathe,  
Rhythmic tides their breath  
Through veiled partitions  
Eyes submerged in rest;  
Counting patterned stars,  
Phases of the moon,  
As they slowly drift to sleep  
Her fingers gently pull,  
Covered in their wavy beds  
By sheets of lurid blue.  
Unconcerned what time they wake  
Though somewhere it is morn  
For their many days are spread  
Across this lovely world,  
Soon arising with the sun  
And birthing infant waves  
In the waters of this calm,  
Life, wonderful and strange.

Captain Cur



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# Herculean Oceans, Mounting The Saddle Of The Moon (6)

Herculean Oceans habitually bear  
The weighty presence of their flowing might;  
Soft winds coo them with fragrant lover's breath  
Evoking ripples in the star drenched night,  
At times mounting the saddle of the moon  
Riding out the tides as they yawn and stretch,  
Ever deeper they go in dark descent  
In the bonds of the elements they share.  
Perhaps the dozing sun has to contend  
With waiting flowers eager to enter  
His well lit home, smiling breaks his rest  
Slowly opening his circular door.  
The wind is busy flirting, oceans brood  
Accustomed to a life of solitude;  
Bringing their secret thoughts to fruition,  
Harnessing their strength, binds that contain them  
Loosening, fluid bodies of the sea  
Quietly hungering for things out there  
In the green landscapes of imaginings,  
To fill this world and all its vacant tendencies.

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Part X V I - The Augean In Shadows Lay

The Augean in shadows lay  
Blending mists of night and day,  
Our lantern blinked, it would not hail  
Riveted to the ocean pail,  
Unusual, of pagan craft,  
To her size we were less than half,  
Seeming to glower in the hoar  
Unwelcoming as a hermit's door;  
Blackening clouds threatening rain  
That feed the ocean with their grain  
Layered thickest above that ship  
As dryness shriveled each man's lip.  
The hull as high as mountain woods  
Its beams uncounted multitudes  
Lying there in uneasy still,  
A fortress on a haunted hill.

Sounding's rode the vaporous air  
As hurried footfalls disappeared  
In labyrinths of wooden decks  
That once belonged to ancient wrecks,  
Still holding riches and their crews  
In murky waters deep from view  
But here on the crystalline glass  
Reflecting memory from the past,  
Drifting beneath unleveled skies  
Those crews and treasures fed our eyes;  
Was Augean a ship of rest  
Or prophetic orphan of death?

Remotest shadows crossed the line  
Not satisfied to trail behind  
Disturbing the wave less ocean  
Rankling with a sudden motion  
The bow turned starboard on a whim  
As graceful as a sea whales fin;  
Forms that seemed of molten fire

Climbed the masts on knotted wire,  
On these waters of sacrifice  
A paradox of death and life  
Hidden under fallacious skies  
Those black sails did rise!

Why were we gifted with this sight  
Haunting's venomous, yet bright?  
In our eyes history unfolds  
Two thousand years of rise and falls,  
Civilization's lived and passed  
As simple blades of wilting grass;  
Rivers Tigris and Euphrates,  
Persia, Mesopotamia,  
The Indus and Egyptian's Nile  
Cleopatra's lustful smile,  
Fertile Yangtze and Yellow River  
Chinese powder, guns and silver,  
Inca gold and religious feasts,  
Cuniform gods, symbols and priests,  
Alexander's conquering ways  
Prestigious in a warring age,  
The Assyrians, Scythians  
And prideful Babylonians,  
The Pantheon, Persepolis,  
Plato, Socrates, Odysseus,  
As waves of water take their course  
Invaders build their Trojan Horse  
Cities crumbling before our eyes  
Washed away by the acrid skies.

Phoenicians sound their blaring horns  
As Greek mythologies were born;  
The Dynasties of Tang and Ming  
In waves of innovation bring  
Silk, spices and porcelain art  
Trade that paved the westward routes,  
Roman legions advancing and bright  
Destroyed by hedonistic rites  
Pervasive panoramic views  
Man's beginning and sudden ruin.

Then Augean like shadows end  
Must sail to where the seven blend  
There is no wave beyond its reach  
In lessoned time, itself to teach.

(The Augean is the name the crew gave  
the ghost ship they saw in the shadows.)

Captain Cur



# Come Young Pirates, Part X V - Repatriated For A Fee

A great life on the pirate sea  
Repatriated for a fee!  
Crimes neatly bundled in a heap;  
A shaven man with smoother cheek  
Lays his coins with an honest clang  
Then all his praises will be sang,  
Settling on the other side  
Forgiven of all fratricides.  
Widows and orphans pay their due  
Pointing fingers at you know who,  
But from the trappings of their caste  
Corruption gives the crimes a pass,  
So he assumes his place in town  
Till recalled by the ocean's sound.

Captain Cur



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# Come Young Pirates, Part X I V - A Mighty Ghost Ship, 100 Meters Fore And Aft

Awash in war our hearts must be  
Filled with waves of misery  
Those once bright faces dead and wan  
With no young wives to cry upon.  
They gave their passion to the sea  
Their bride for all eternity,  
They'll find no peace this final day  
Blindness befalls them on their way,  
The trappings of the road are black  
No imprints left to guide them back.

We drift below a sunken sky  
On no one but ourselves rely  
The dead now sail the phantom fleet  
On misty decks with soundless feet;  
Mere shades in disembodied ranks  
Still hear the creaking of the planks  
And fear the horrors of the deep  
That thin disguise of restful sleep.

And not as they were once before  
Now shipwrecked on a lifeless shore  
Windless and forever still,  
They cannot move, or dream or will;  
From the heavens forever shun  
Just gloomy skies to gaze upon  
And craven darkness in each wave  
No stone markers name their grave;

But, still a phantom heart might beat,  
Tongues might sound through gnashing teeth  
Wandering forever in a maze  
Encircled by a liquid cage;  
Never to feel a warm caress,  
Or a soft hand upon their chest,  
Their days are brokered, paid in woe,  
Where there's no warmth, just numbing cold.

If then by chance an eye might fill  
And blood might flow and bones unchill;  
A commanding voice is heard,  
Of deadly strength, and rawest nerve,  
A bright light shining on his brow  
And calling with a mighty howl!

Below a great ship heeds command  
Masts rising through the pressured sand  
With massive cracks of displaced stone  
Its undraped sails and ribbings shown.  
The ocean's floor split giving way  
Exposing decks and cabin bays  
And through the deafening roar  
The steady pull of unmanned oars;  
A looming hull of unknown craft,  
A hundred meters fore and aft,  
Its bow adorned with rods of steel  
Smooth and icy to the feel.  
Then gleaming through the crystal silt  
Wide tiers on which the canons sit  
And stored on racks thick and tall  
Rows and rows of cannonballs,  
Armories, quarters, all were there,  
A ghost ship crewed by death and fear!

Sails lifting with a wavy blast  
Casting shadows bold and black,  
What appeared to be living skulls  
Visible through the settling mud,  
Embedded deep into the sails  
Screaming out with fleshless wails,  
That such a thing could be devised  
Sparkd dread in each man's frozen eye!  
Then that voice, commanding called,  
Their Captain standing grim and tall,  
And one by one they entered in  
Until each had paid his debt of sin.

The pilot's wheel, mahogany,  
Timbered from earth's primeval trees;  
Decking's shone with dark lustrous shine

From blackened oak long lost to time  
Each detail sharp, its markings cast  
Black onyx on a sea of glass.  
At night it glides in mournful sound  
By day beneath the ocean's shroud,  
Seizing whirlwinds, billowy gales,  
Those winds held captive in its sails  
Unsurpassed in tangent waves  
Though heavy laden, lightly sways  
Bristling in the mist drenched air  
Tacking sharply as it veers,  
With a speed the marlins gauge  
Prowling with an angry rage  
Surmising ships of weaker class  
To take them or to let them pass.  
From the bowels of its holds  
The oarsmen's ranks increase tenfold,  
The pounding of the hammer's tone  
Leave each man's thoughts to him alone  
Pulling with sheer muscled strength  
Drenched with salt stained musty sweat  
When released from the slaver's keep  
To the hammer's rhythm fall asleep.

Perhaps an inlet or a beach  
Might give the crew some slight relief  
As they wander on the shores  
And look upon their vessel moored,  
For through the misty midnight moon  
No longer see a ship of doom;  
The beauty of the beaming bay  
On a green sea with clouds of gray,  
Beneath the flowering isle lies  
Volcanic ash that churns and hides,  
From the lava and the rock  
A lush paradise floats on top  
Unearthing this exquisite jewel  
In reds and greens and turquoise hues.  
For in the marvels of this light  
Prescience gleaming shining bright  
As all souls in great despair  
Might show scarred stitching's of repair;

To ponder on their forceful ship,  
Then dawns a query to their lips,  
Did we honor as men of earth  
The one time gift of human birth?  
Worthless men in a life of breath,  
Precious souls in the realm of death!

Captain Cur

# Relying On Just One Wing

The earthen poles rise in leveling skies  
Where the northern lights are spread,  
A compass may track lying flat on its back  
As it shakes its dizzy head;  
Two great kings may sit when kingdoms are split,  
As balancing weights will swing,  
The young earth was built with uneven tilt  
Relying on just one wing,  
What heaven's bequeath to us here beneath  
With Angels tumbling above  
From fiery walls they featherless fall  
To arms of humanly love,  
But as spirits decay day after day  
And the two kings spit and fight,  
We walk in caves through the narrowing ways  
Determining who is right.

Captain Cur



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# Herculean Oceans, Dangling From The Ceilinged Sky (5)

Ocean winds stroke the waters here below  
While they weave their tapestries as they pass  
Throughout the clouds, their threads of silken white  
Dangling from the ceilinged sky, briefly cast,  
Drifting on the breeze in spooling hours  
Mixed formations sewn in lightest wisps  
Reflected by the waves flowing under  
Wondering how each piece so tightly fits,  
Seeming to waver in constant motion  
Struggling to wander off and break free,  
Dangling on the ends of patterned loops  
Giving their treasured works back to the sea;  
Rising higher, mounting each tiny rill,  
Then suddenly streak in wild commotion  
Dissolving into warm vaporous mist  
Until just a slight glimpse of them remains,  
For the sun is bored and no longer smiles  
And the wind refocused mightily strains  
Bursting them in the guise of woven rains.

Captain Cur

# I Laid Him Down Without Wreath Or Flowers

I laid him down without wreath or flowers  
And gave his body as the currents stream;  
I said the words to our God the Father  
Reuniting his spirit with the sea.  
I cried out as if in some horrid dream  
For with all my powers so still he laid,  
shook him gentle as a child to waken,  
but no breath he breathed! No! No breath he breathed!

By twilight in its transient haste, taken;  
To the deepness of the darkening shade,  
To the blackness of the voracious night,  
Pallbearers guided by an unlit sun  
Bringing him down to a cavernous grave  
Where years are counted in chime less hours  
And the grains of sand in the glass are stalled,  
Where greenness of the earth is planted under  
In depths too deep to feel the giving rain  
Just rumblings of the lightless thunder.

Captain Cur



# Come Young Pirates, Part X I I I - Our Flag's Crossed Swords Flew Black And Red

On rich seas we hungrily fed  
Our flag's crossed swords flew black and red  
Revamping these endless blue plains  
Skimming the surface fracturing waves.

Grappling hooks steady pulled her near  
Beads of sweat perspiring fear;  
Flags were hoisted, twin swords aflame,  
Bodies positioned, weapons displayed,  
A Galleon of floating locust and lice  
Poised on the yardarms like parasites,  
Broad swords bright and richly arrayed  
Thirsty for blood, hungry for fame.

Our Captain's crossed swords held high in his hands  
Bursting in fire the maelstrom began;  
Sounding a wild boar's charging breath  
Our tusks gouging, gorging on death,  
Bright knives were flying from each palm  
Like lightening from a wizard's wand,  
Splintery clubs spiked fat with nails  
A minuet of wood and steel,  
Choreographed swords effecting parts  
Sculpting murals of gruesome art,  
Guns exploding with gems of lead  
Adorning flesh glittering red,  
Deafening heartbeats, loud their drums  
Accustomed to the warring blood,  
Muscle trimmed hounds sniffing out death  
Sleekly toned with sinewy flesh  
Black and white striped, lined and edged clean  
Painting faces in savagery.

In battle each receive their due  
To those deserving, those untrue  
So this simple courtesy paid  
No hospitality could claim

Like feasting on a revered guest  
Without pity, without redress,  
Reverting to dust inside the womb  
Muttering prayers to who knows whom.

In monasteries of scarred souls  
Words of contrition unfold  
Planted in the flowery ground  
Where all their works follow them down.  
Under closed lids Mistress Death came  
In her black cloak thumping her cane  
To be judged in the Kingly Court  
The last bastion, the final port.

Captain Cur

# Herculean Oceans, Teeming With Life In Evolution's Maze (4)

The tides, the waves, the floods, though boundless stream  
Return back those waters to where they dwell,  
Unquenchable, untamed heaving basins  
Fueling the ire of homespun hurricanes  
In allegiance to their cause. Oceans dream  
Impinging upon landscapes in their sleep  
And by the feeblest margins are they bound,  
When with wolf like presence suddenly leap  
Laying claim to the humble works of man  
And all separated from them at birth  
Reunited forever in the sea;  
All things warm and green, that live, breathe and sound,  
Things that walk, fly, creep or prowl, every dell,  
Chasm, valley in mute tranquility,  
That which is high and inaccessible  
enveloped by the waters of the earth,  
For these their prey even the far mountains  
Ages rose, spread as young foundations crept;  
Harvesting the falls, geysers and fountains  
And ancestors trapped deep in glacial ice.  
Mankind's doom, felled from his vain pinnacle  
That no sun or moon, no mortal power  
Can prevent this relentless siege on life.  
No more a city, a deluge, a ruin!  
Will man's screams be heard through the rain drenched skies?  
A perpetual vat churning, stewing,  
Encircling trees and lakes and rich sweet soil.  
I shutter as our world is drawn down  
But pay homage to Herculean Oceans  
For by our own waste we are overthrown.

Glaring then this image, a man less world,  
Never can he reclaim his dwelling place,  
What once his home now forever spoiled  
And all the working's of his mind are gone.  
Total annihilation of a race  
Remnants swirling in tumultuous swells.

On this aquatic world warm sunlight beams  
Perhaps live cells of humanity cling  
Like mucous to the walls of air filled caves  
And a novel spark of creation gleams  
As the waters acquiesce and recede  
Returning to the place of their dwelling  
And leave in their wake majestic rivers.  
From the land dormant seeds rekindling  
As the greening age of paradise flows  
Teeming with life in evolution's maze  
Something new, unique, unhuman moves there  
Taking its first breath, struggling in the salt charged air.

Captain Cur

## Herculean Oceans, Vassals Of The Sea (3)

What spirits thrive in the bowels of these remote worlds  
For they are life exemplified by trenchant cold,  
These spirits cannot fail! They must never die!  
They hold the keys to a mighty realm, the keepers  
Of the abyssal plain who walk the ocean floor.  
Seafaring men have spoke of these unearthly forms  
Satiating their hearts with foreboding and fear;  
Outlines of ghoulish shapes in tempestuous storm  
Erubescant manifestations thinly veiled  
On shifting tundras unfathomably deep  
Where the voluminous waves mingle evenly spread  
Gathering within themselves and mightily peak  
Crashing down like edifices of liquid stone.  
Some in their ignorance might call them hideous,  
Scarred and riven faced with glowering caustic eyes,  
Crude and elementary as all monsters seem;  
Still their hearts pledged in sweet dalliance with the sun  
And bask in the soothing trails of calm moonlit scenes  
Voicing love that rises through the depths of silence  
Forever enveloped by unbreakable vows,  
A godsend to man, though man disassociates  
Forgetting his original position, bowed.  
Trapped beneath a crushing wilderness, deeds unsung,  
Despite manmade menace, faithful, steadfast and mild  
With peaceful solemnity will they always be  
Staunch valiant caretakers and vassals of the sea.  
In formidable currents to be reconciled,  
May their gracious selfless acts never be repealed  
By man, their presence novel but misunderstood,  
As we ourselves are predisposed for greater good  
Together in a pact our lives and theirs will seal,  
To fully give ourselves to Herculean Oceans  
We can redeem ourselves, we can begin to heal.

Captain Cur

## Herculean Oceans, Altar Of Poetic Death (2)

Fearsome ocean! Lone mystery to me,  
In sublime trance upon these waters strange,  
What moves below in darkened fantasy?  
I cry out but my words drift in dismay!  
How then to bear this unknown influence  
This unrequited love bound up in chains?  
Whole of beauty heard in pure timeless sound,  
I float helplessly, wingless on the waves  
Food for creatures with cold unfeeling eyes;  
Unbidden, then I the unwelcome guest  
At a loss for more gifted words of praise,  
Past years rethought, a mind that once glowed bright  
Gasping with each painfully uttered breath;  
But, from some phantom light an image raised  
A more robust, younger, enticing one  
Its marvelous thoughts and dreams outnumbering  
The days and nights slain in wasted slumber.  
My eyes turn upward, waiting there on high  
Posey tightly curled in creation's womb,  
Tearing in joy with spiritual salvation  
I reach for that faint glowing in the sky  
Pulling it deep within my shuddering breast  
And pray to the unclad chiseled statues  
Decorating the altar of poetic death.

Captain Cur

# Herculean Oceans

Herculean oceans, unlike all other beings,  
In calming presence or in windswept waves  
Reflecting splendor or minacious doom  
Gifting to our eyes tributes all their own,  
What admiral adventure the sea brings!

The greatest lakes may erringly assume,  
In their mountain beds and plush woodland homes,  
To be their equals in scope and pleasure,  
Are they not fed from the valiant rivers;  
But, still can hear the rolling tides seethe and rave  
In the dark channels of the salt ravines,  
Upon the waters of the blue tinged vales,  
Through liquid breath that scents the crystal air,  
Cloud bursts, fickle sunlight's reclusive beams,  
Thunder's gregarious light charged legions come down  
Attracted by the ocean's glistening crown;

Tidal mountains bursting in orange flame  
Commensurate with dusk drenched evening skies  
And each shard of sun whipped brilliance clinging  
To the riptides of fevered devotion;  
Sword like unsheathed winds with slaughterous aim  
Amassed with four mighty arms swinging  
In ecstatic rhythms, harmonizing  
With harp plucked strings of a rainbow sweep  
Arching between ribbed ethereal sails  
Atomizing colors in naked sleep;

Caverns echoing with deep commotion  
Listening to the grinding of earthly faults  
Enwrapped within their own coarse legacy  
Movements not even the oceans can constrain,  
Though gifted with their own ceaseless motion,  
Rumbling along a wide and raucous path  
Cadent disturbances when once aroused  
Pound warring chests that heave beneath the ground!





# Captive Queen, Fountains Of Mind Drenched In Poetry

## - Epilogue (3)

Young doe peer through the spectacle of night  
And graze before the gates absorbing moonlight,  
Speckled ones by their haunts in drowsy sleep  
A natural calmness age cannot teach  
For the hours wither in slow decay  
And whose hand can retrieve a wasted day.  
Harmonizing with the castle's living  
Soul, I separable my conscious being  
For then it and I must thrive together  
Perhaps for greater purpose weathering  
The natal tide of stars as they ascend  
On the cusp of the blue glossy heavens.  
Should they linger on their fire riddled shores  
In jubilation touching their paramours  
Shuttering in crimson ecstasies  
Extinguished in massive waterless seas  
Possessing me, possessing all of it,  
Arriving at the circumference of bliss  
Spinning forever, to love and to live  
Graciously dying, their fierce light to give.

Exposing night, sun rippling awakens  
In the fresh dew of honeyed morning breath  
Languorous love quenching its thirst, catching  
each dropping kiss, inaudible the moans  
Falling upon the closed mouth sizzling stones;  
Utterances to sweet for melody  
Flow in and through the castled walls, echoing  
thrilling tones which zigs like a wayward dart  
Straight to the center of my transfixed heart.

Why must I choose between heaven and hell  
Though passion watered from this brimstone well  
As confusing as these dual roles must be  
Fountains of mind are drenched in poetry  
Gushing words beneath a flamboyant sun,  
The two must commit together as one

With both passionate and spiritual aim,  
Neither light or dark, nor selfless or vain.

With these simple words my heart consuming  
Every line of beauty exposed in truth,  
In the matrix of an expanding flame  
Is not its core being engulfed in pain?  
Disturbing as a sullen willful grief  
Like creeping ice hardening deep beneath  
On what wings can I take flight, what can pierce  
The glaciers of a static universe?  
Moves me to fear overshadowing death  
The annihilation of will, of breath,  
Struggling to reach that charismatic fire  
I wake, I rise, I dream, I desire!

Captain Cur

# Captive Queen, Death Grants A Final Wish - Epilogue (2)

A fire brimming in the wilderness  
Glowing warm and inviting, white marble  
Walls formed by forgotten crafts and towers  
Conversing with insurgent suns unknown,  
Only exceeding their strength are their height  
Overlapping bands in rings of delight  
Mightily adventurous in their prime  
Bridging the foothold between earth and sky.

Parapets staunchly displayed in weaving  
Squares, lining perimeters, and seeding  
Themselves through the paths of live mountain stone,  
Invading junipers and marigolds  
Cloning new buds of imagination  
In rife gardens of growth and gestation,  
Where honor and valor are interknit  
like the ivy that encompasses it,  
Strengthened by many intertwining stems  
Steadfast, viridescent as emeralds.

Spires imbued with cross knit tracery,  
Pointing, peering into lamp filled skies,  
Whimsical, floating aft of clouds serene  
Attaching stubbornly to the sunlit beams.  
Mosaics scamper above marquee floors  
Meeting the eye through creaking thick hinged doors  
Occidental dances most rarely seen  
Within each other's arms as if in dream.

I stand level with living things below  
Where the basest instrumentation's call  
Shrill notes resounding, cradling me back  
With the future coalescing with the past,  
In this present, thoughts and joy cannot die  
Trapped within the folds of eternity.  
Beneath this pale moonlight luxury waits  
For what is lesser, simpler to my taste.

There the castle vaults the earthy sill  
Embowered in twilight's climactic still.

Captain Cur

# Captive Queen, Virgin Priestess - Epilogue (1)

With all my exultations clear and bright  
In perpetual notes exceeding delight  
A complete intensive ravenous joy  
Fulfilling passions of an awe struck boy;  
There my castle standing a waiting bride  
Unveiled for the sole pleasure of my eye.  
This my home, this towering loveliness  
Redounding beauty by its own excess,  
Untouched, unsullied, a virgin priestess  
Standing alone on its virtuous isle  
With a delicious petulant smile  
Unfolding itself, each new glory seen  
Stoked by bluing skies atop hills of green.

Captain Cur



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# Come Young Pirates, Part X I I - Roving Tides Of Innocence

Sweet roses and eglantine bloom  
Enriching scents with mild perfume  
Sweeping in an emotive blush  
Weaving outward to the touch.  
The sea bequeaths this gentle balm  
Beneath vestiges of its calm,  
Befalling each enchanted glance  
With eyes unmeasured in expanse  
Hypnotic powers in her sway  
Which hold the continents at bay;  
Champion's life, her honored guest,  
Communal milk flows through her breast  
Beginnings Indelibly traced  
Beyond oceanic memory.  
Who would not court this fevered dream  
With gallant dances in graceful mien  
So little the sea requires  
But on her we heavily rely  
Her life a visual pleasure gives  
In roving tides of innocence.

Captain Cur

# This Curse Of Our Inhabitation

Defeated no more! This chalice of life,  
our sovereign world, will cleave us in terror  
for we have made light of her suffering,  
is this not how all rebellions begin?  
The smoky clouds will choke us with their drifts  
as the fires spread by thunderous sparks.  
Be thou afraid! Exult in thy riches  
for thy merry days few. Where will thou run?  
To the shelter of thy King? Thou soft fool!  
For he will watch thee burn at the entrance  
to his gate. Go bend down before him, thy  
new god and beg for his mercy. Applaud  
his every word for an idolatrous  
fever has clouded thy sense with thin lies.  
This earth is truthful and in great distress  
fighting against the contagion that has  
razed the air and disemboweled its oceans.  
What of thy children? Are thou deaf to their pleas?  
Thy King mocks their lone cry and their anguish.  
Earth be silent no more! With thy strong hand  
crush all who would oppose thee. For this earth  
has awoken to the enemy within  
and her peaceful slumber had been broken.  
She awakes in a rage! She craves revenge!  
A temperate breeze hangs mute above us,  
our wildlife shutters for they hear the voice  
of the whirlwinds of heat and destruction.  
Will thou science save ye pitiful selves?  
What of the magicians? They have all fled,  
for thy king is hunting and slaughtering them.  
Soon all voices to be hushed, ere I wish,  
man from evil born and no memory be  
for this curse of our inhabitation  
is quickly circling to an end.

Captain Cur

# Spencerian Stanzas, Echoes Of Raw Poetry

So long past, the romantic age will mourn  
As kings bereft of power when they fall;  
Empty bindings left when each page is torn,  
Where honor lived protected by steep walls  
Raw poetry echoed through the fabled halls.  
Its tapestries, its murals are all gone  
And knights that held us spellbound and enthralled  
No longer ride beneath the flaming sun  
Just weary paupers to shed her dying light upon.

Captain Cur



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# Come Young Pirates, Part X I - These Empirical Verses Spoke

On adventurous arenas  
Of magnanimity and grief  
These empirical verses spoke  
In of themselves their sole token  
To delineate the fractured seas  
Notwithstanding pride or beauty  
Or of unknown scope and purpose  
But each drop loved, held dear and close;  
Blue fiery tears falling, remaking  
Themselves in attachment and abundance,  
Our world vastly superior  
To larger spheres surrounding us  
And in knowing cherish these waters  
We sail upon and hold in awe!

These lines written by the crew of the Malevolent.

Captain Cur



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# Come Young Pirates, Part X - Poor Exiles Of Our Race

With sleeping waves in deep repose  
The breathing ocean fell and rose  
Our ship, the moon a trove of stars  
Nestled gently within her arms.  
In the quietness of her might  
Quivering softly through the night  
Waif like murmurs traveling near  
Indistinguishable to our ear,  
Exulting as our passion grew  
Commending us, the privileged few,  
We laid our bodies down to rest  
Upon the softness of her breast.  
In dreams our longing hearts resigned  
To the pulsing rhythms of her tides  
The love she showed, her flowing grace  
For we poor exiles of our race.  
Unschool'd, unkempt of simple mind  
Of common traits were most inclined  
Yet prayers we prayed on beads of gold  
Would sink within her velvet folds.  
If to hell our souls consigned  
She bore no illness with her eye  
And swore to raise us from the depths  
To her alone belong in death.

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Part I X - Like Chessmen On A Liquid Board

Intrepid voyage marked this age  
Bloody annals inking each page  
Commandeering burden of proof  
Seasoning tales, salting the truth.  
We had the will and soul to dare  
And sail the waves to everywhere  
Quenching ourselves with unjust might  
Carnal rages, venomous spite.  
On the precipice each man stood  
Knifing courage in seasoned wood,  
The bloody tip of every blade  
Bore the passage in tithes we paid  
Martial arenas, manly pride  
Fornicating with unwed brides  
Under their veils the crescent shone  
Mindless skulls and flesh starved bone.  
Like chessmen on a liquid board  
Dominating linear shores,  
Capturing these benighted roads  
Flags of petty deviance flown  
Planted with salt cured briny hands  
More to enslave than to command.

Captain Cur

# This Fiend Mocks Me!

The pangs of love have pierced me with their spears  
and holds me frozen in their crystal chains,  
this cold eats through my sinew to the bone  
impassioned pleas fall icy from my lips.  
My heart in poison, poison not my own,  
fermented in the cask of shapeless night.  
This fiend mocks me! Comes knocking at my door!  
Rent from dreams where life is ghastly charged  
to plunge its knife into my gaping wounds.  
Split apart, sharp claws digging from behind  
howling creatures that rule the realm of night  
afflicting me, the genii of all rage,  
whirlwinds pulling down to a dark abyss  
where I am welcomed with a kiss of blood  
stomping the wingless crawling hours dead.

Captain Cur



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# Purged By The Burgeoning Fires

Though the weight of death is thrown upon me,  
unburdened of flesh and its lustful aims,  
purged by the burgeoning fires, I wait  
for the resurrection of will, for the  
unimpeachable light of dawn sparking  
a slender ember of life I might grasp  
and push it deeply into my beatless  
heart. What sign then of this glorious hour  
that I may be reunited with thee,  
that I may hold thee once again in an  
agony of delight. And should my wait  
span a millennia, as a second  
passes its strength to the next, cumulative  
time fully empowered within itself,  
then my love will be cumulative within  
thee, causing the friction to reignite  
thy spirited heart, and thy blood will flow,  
the sleep of death wildly shaken, its  
cold bed disturbed beyond all endurance,  
and thou shall wake, and shall light with the dawn.

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Part V I I I - Exceeding Thresholds Of The Sea

Creatures that swim our witness be  
Exceeding thresholds of the sea,  
Rounding the Cape, great west winds sang,  
Riggings in chorus with thump and clang,  
Tilting, swaying our blood in a rush  
In deep red sun our sails did blush;  
Sidewinding hysterical waves  
Striking like the edge of a blade  
The arm of the sea careless flung  
Swirling high perpetually swung  
With axe like blows, watery spears,  
Hunted, like a fleet footed deer  
With broad swords, bows, arrows galore  
To hang our trophy in her hoard.  
White teeth and skulls her shelf adorns  
Hanging below the Viking horns,  
There grins a sailor when he died  
Little fish in his socket eyes  
Where trader's fur and skins unite  
To keep the ocean warm at night  
Pennants and flags on rocky posts  
Still being waved by their dead hosts  
Thousands of ships tiling her floor  
Still she's greedy for just one more  
Scattered around a million bones  
Skirting about their liquid home.

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Part V I I - Voyaging Time's Resplendent Hours

Our ship is strong of ample size  
Its craftsmanship impressed the eye  
From hardwood culled by mountain ground  
Coarse inner fibers tightly bound;  
Debarked, denuded, smooth and bare  
Huge round trunks edged precisely square  
Growing full to predestined height  
Where germinating seeds and earth unite.  
On masts and mainstays overhead  
Ever widening sails are spread  
Layers tiered with thick knotted strings  
Comprised of felt from ghost white wings  
Purged by rain and radiant skies  
A gospel to the searching eye.  
Due westward coursed our decks agleam  
Of polished teakwood brownish green  
On four great masts all weight is bore  
Sunk in the vessel to its core,  
Though bent by wind and gripping storm  
From unbreakable lineage born  
Sternly tilting down toward the waves  
Then flexing as they creak and sway,  
Four great towers alike in kind  
Holding steady beneath the sky  
Afloat on the variant sea  
A bride of fluctuant beauty.  
All sails streaming powering full  
A speck of white against the blue  
Blossoming our ocean flower  
Voyaging time's resplendent hours  
Such is this weight our days will bear  
To be mindful of and to fear.  
When winds are still our ship waylaid  
Upon this mighty being astray  
Whispering soft its voice might call  
To enter its enchanted hall.





# Captive Queen, In The Wholeness Of Love A Kingdom Be (24, Conclusion)

On green and golden fields I walk with thee  
Pausing beneath the shadow of a tree,  
Whose leaves are absorbing the sun's hot rays  
where we rest in ease on this pleasant day.  
I know these things to be not what they seem  
I walking with thee in a waking dream;  
If I could remain never would I wake  
With thee, my queen, in endless walks to take.  
With thy fingers stroking the verdant grass  
We soon rise and scale the high mountain pass  
Together creating scenes of immense  
Pleasure in colors delighting the senses;  
Alive, vivid, in portraits of desire  
Expansive landscapes tinged with golden fire,  
Mountains of red rock framed against the blue  
Ever climbing till their peaks retreat from view  
Canvassed with layers of white cloud drifts  
The mountains straining appearing to lift  
Themselves from their earthly bonds creating  
Gapping chasms where they once stood, quaking  
As they move hither to new realms staking  
Out claims and reestablishing footholds,  
Perhaps in climes not as barren or cold.  
And I with thee, no longer chained or bound  
Freed from the burdens of thy heavy crown.  
But so much more could I create for thee  
In the wholeness of love a kingdom be  
And in this wholeness a sovereign light  
Illuminating the span of immortal night,  
This immortal night in wholeness with thee  
Where even the mountains long to be free.  
I place my claim around this peaceful rill  
And grasp time in my hand and hold it still  
That thou might breathe today in freest breath  
Escaping the grip of purposeless death,  
Death that came to thee on that fated day  
And stole thou from me, imprisoned away,

I feel the soft touch of thy hand in mine  
Releasing ourselves to the wretchedness of time.

Captain Cur

## Captive Queen, Passionately Beating A Blood Red Sea (23)

Twin hearts are both alike and beat in kind  
One with the other in synchronous time  
Their vessels both a roadmap and a guide  
Flowing like the waves of a restless tide;  
Here my ambience is diffused through thee  
Passionately beating a blood red sea  
Where all my impulses will stop and start  
In the center of thy magnetic heart.  
Where sweet liquid splendor mingle and blend  
Reforming as two, on each to depend,  
Ecstatic sequence in alternate sway  
Pulsing in love tones mysterious way.  
Rejoicing in the twinning of marrow!  
Coursing passageways both broad and narrow  
Immersed in heraldry, thy royal blood  
Filling all chambers together as one.

Captain Cur



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## Captive Queen, Rhapsodies Of A Holistic Foreign Sun (22)

Could I describe her eyes of flaming blue  
Deep set beneath her cloak and velvet hood  
Each flicker would pull my sight in deeper  
To the very heart of the pulsing heat,  
Within that blinding core encircling spun  
Rhapsodies of a holistic foreign sun  
Caught in the burning essence of the spin  
A sun of like power, a solar twin,  
And the blue gave way to reddening fire  
The twin stars then burning ever higher  
My spirit scorched, my flesh melting away  
Mesmerized by my own startling decay.  
Purged by the magnificence of her light  
I was aflame, yet, paining in delight.  
Wisps of whitest hair dazzlingly shone  
And her cheeks of a smooth elfish tone,  
With her hands she drew back her hood, her face  
Exposed, if only I could write that grace,  
Perfectly sculpted Hellenic lips  
Unconsciously launching a thousand more ships,  
Features beauteous, staggering and pure  
A benign being immaculately contoured  
Created in the secret dreams of man  
Lavishly painted by a million hands.

Captain Cur

## Captive Queen, A White Sorceress From Above (21)

Destiny is here, thy star is risen  
The sun has set on thy vacant prison!  
Thou has been brought forth with untamed power;  
Thy spirit screams reliving each lost hour,  
Screams heard thundering a thousand gaits  
On warhorses black eyed and iron faced  
Sweat glinting on their long muscular backs  
Creating huge dust storms swirling in their tracks  
Flying with steely purpose and resolve  
Swarming the castle walls circling round,  
Nostrils of blue hot fire flaring high  
Conjuring a robed being in the sky  
An ominous presence felt from above,  
Thy White Sorceress beckoned, now has come!

Captain Cur



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# Captive Queen, Wings Of Love Transcending The Night (20)

I am nestled in thy warm harbor now  
A smile just below thy arching brow  
Spreading little waves creeping near the shore  
Pushing sparkling shells from the ocean floor.  
In every tiny facet, wide eyed  
Water diamonds glinting in the skies.  
And then I ask, 'Wilt thou set my heart free,  
This knightly sea mariner on bended knee? '  
'Or wilt thou sail and leave thy royal nest  
For purple isles residing in the west? '  
'Or take wings of love transcending the night,  
In matchless beauty deemed, in matchless flight? '  
'Or shalt I administer to the sea  
A hermit crab for all eternity? '  
'Or remain in thy harbor, aloof and good  
Practicing the fine art of solitude? '  
Though boundaries abide they are not clear  
through the mist I scent thy lavender hair  
and should my speech grow bold and bolder  
once youth strays, wisdom grows old and older;  
Then if I could choose for thee a fitting home  
Of ever changing tides and towering stone  
I would build thee a castle in the skies,  
And listen for the advent of the eagle's cry,  
With multitudinous fountains and ponds  
Bespeckled with the gleam of diamonds;  
All through the turrets green ivy winding  
In leafy pleasantness inching, climbing  
And colossal columns and learned halls  
Lined with magnificent spraying fountains  
And court thee with the song of nightingales,  
In melodious notes that glide on air  
And in the abundance of lemon scented showers  
We will seed the clouds with ever floating flowers,  
Junipers, marigolds, black eyed susan's peek,  
No days cumbersome, their aromas sweet  
And savory enticing all the brain

In mastery of ourselves, in mastery of pain.  
For this world only in our dreams to keep  
And build in the elemental rhythms of sleep.

Captain Cur

# Captive Queen, Thou Shalt Ride With Me (19)

The day is come and thou shalt ride with me  
On blood martyred for all eternity,  
The gods have answered our desperate calls  
Amassing armies beneath thy castle walls;  
Its stone turret's forever watchful eyes  
Rising in legions against a hopeful sky,  
Throughout generations sturdily built  
Impregnable in an age of conflict  
Of enormous size, density and girth  
Cut from stones mined from the bowels of the earth,  
With our sweat and blood this mortar was lain  
A colossal achievement of agony and pain.

And further inside the circular keep  
Beauteous gardens abounding in deep  
Foliage, unimaginable colors,  
scintillating pinks numerous as stars;  
White, yellows, reds, multicolored striped roses  
Awakening in soft pedaled beds, posing  
For the sun to picture them in her light  
Oozing out fragrance perfuming the night.  
Ancient trees, weeping willows, oaks and pines  
Deeply encircled with the rings of time  
Lining the passage to thy castle's door  
Lovingly entwined on their carpeted floor  
Marveling at the tricks of a stealthy breeze  
Chastising the laughing gossiping leaves.

Further still beyond the gardened flowers  
Grand paths to walk, to pass the courtly hours  
With hidden trails that lead to watered grottoes  
Where one may contemplate in sweet repose  
Rethinking thoughts in perfect clarity  
Reimagining one's true destiny,  
Arriving to where a soft voice beckons  
Not one brutally voiced by the starry heavens.

Captain Cur



## Captive Queen, Sanctified By Thine Eyes (18)

Scorn not these rash impulses bursting forth  
That I have written on a blessed cloth  
To be read and sanctified by thine eyes;  
Should they prove wanting, unworthy to scribe  
Then I will knead them back into my heart  
With love's clay to remold them, to impart  
A significance accomplished by deed  
For is this not the true test of love's seed  
That may be watered by the sparsest rain  
But requiring deepest oceans to maintain.

Captain Cur



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# Captive Queen, Is There No Prize I Can Conjure With My Speech (17)

It is not enough, as my words pour forth  
To give thee heaven, hell and all the earth;  
Is there no worldly treasure that thou seek  
Or no prize I can conjure with my speech?  
What can I lay before thine earnest eyes  
But simple thoughts my words of love comprise.  
These thoughts raining from a heavenly high  
Collecting in a darkened evening sky  
To fill every thundering cloud with storm  
The wind howling with its brazen horn  
Bright lightening bursts form dazzling towers  
Glowing in love torn idyllic showers.  
Should my letters wander lost around this globe  
May they always encase thee in their fold  
And if opened may their influence blend  
Love's beginning with its ultimate end  
And in thy heart one feeling they might sway  
Around thy sphere of being in this way  
Eclipsing thee, a stronger steady light,  
Nor thou disdain their smaller borrowed might.  
Will they blossom in full maturity  
their future undetermined save by thee  
So the product of their goodness be fierce  
Touched by the fires of the universe  
streaking like comets engulfed in flame  
In a world of fragility and pain;  
Composed in adoration, in calm breath  
Rekindling life in the realm of death;  
In godless worship, in nature's wild  
Beneath a witching tree these letters piled  
Where I give thee all my heart can offer  
Burning in sacrifice on love's heathen altar.

Captain Cur

## Captive Queen, Submerged In Waves Of A Flowering Sea (16)

While branches leaf and bloom in budding love,  
Canopies pierced with light from high above  
And the breathing tree's aerations are spread  
Beyond limits of their green forest bed  
Here my mind splinters in the drifting air  
With hints of pine and oak lingering there  
Penetrating the deepest parts of me  
Submerged in waves of a flowering sea.  
Where I hear thy voice, thy sweet spirit sound  
Vocalizing itself whispering round  
Or a clever deceit of this faint breeze  
Tantalizing me through the bustling leaves!  
I stood and prayed the coming of the night,  
I no longer part of this living light  
For hours I wandered, dreamed and lay  
And pressed myself against the earthen clay.

Captain Cur



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## Captive Queen, In Calamitous Flame (15)

When this moonlight fades, then we both shall weep,  
The day will takes its course, the sun will sleep,  
Can thou see the sun and moon in eclipse?  
Darkness shadows thy brow, thy heart, thy lips;  
Settling as a warm wind grazing the sea  
Alighting slowly, gently upon thee,  
Upon thy lips, thy softest breath to feel  
This planetary moment love did seal  
As the moon absorbs sun's radiant glow  
The fullest power of thy kiss to know!  
I, one with thee in calamitous flame,  
To me a momentous circumstance came  
Forever burning, lighting each new morn,  
Radiating in splendor like the dawn  
Bridging every obstacle to thy lips  
My soul reincarnated through thy kiss.

Captain Cur



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# Captive Queen, Stewarded To The Earth And Sapphire Sea (14)

Tonight the moon is new and spreads her light  
And weaves between the clouds of milky white,  
Does she dream? Does she love like me?  
Stewarded to the earth and sapphire sea.  
Is she impassioned, has she lost her way?  
This minor luminary unseen by day;  
While her soft beams infuse the midnight air  
Honeysuckle and jasmine linger there,  
In my lungs these different scents to know  
Within my eyes her dreamy mystic glow.  
I bathe in the properties of this light  
Enchanted by her swift and steady flight  
Through the tangled trees she will make her run  
Outflanking the sinking yellow sun,  
Traveling higher still on her horseless ride  
Ascending to where earth and sky divide,  
Is she not queen of these heavenly isles?  
On airy ships that float and sail for miles,  
Then hanging low bursting in orange flame  
Transforming herself, yet, still one the same.  
Can I contain myself, a sight this rare,  
The power of a changing oblong sphere!

My Queen,  
Imagining thee in fertile fields of thought  
Thou art all I think, all I ever sought,  
Therein grow my compulsions uncontained  
Pulsing throughout my nerves in sanguine pain.  
Thy slender wrists shackled, thy trust betrayed  
Dishonorably served, then shuttered away;  
But, there is that hope, hope that thoughts can free,  
When thy spirit sleeps, mine dost sleep with thee.

The night falls with a melancholic gloom  
A precursor of prophecy and doom  
As doomed as I, alone, without thy warm embrace,  
As doomed as thee, no precious moon

to shine its light upon thy face.

Captain Cur

# Captive Queen, Randomness Varies But Never Selects (13)

If the lighthouse fails all lost ships are wrecked  
randomness varies but never selects,  
To know thy love, as mistress or as friend  
These are choices to rebuke or commend,  
Traveling together on this lonely road  
With each pulse, each breath, every beat a code,  
I walk upon the threshold of the dead  
With every wary footstep that I thread,  
I cannot be a threat or jealous foe  
Just numbed if I should taste rejections blow.

True love's offering is like molded clay,  
One form may give the other takes away,  
Yet, a fluid body hides within the ice  
And patiently awaits the sun's warm light.  
If I could mold love, squeeze it to my taste  
Where the image in my dreams slowly takes its shape,  
If I could frame it only in my eyes  
Though I die a thousand deaths it will never die.

If love must follow its own sacred law  
From what scholarly manuscripts does it draw,  
From noble to baser to the impure,  
Does it diminish or does it endure?  
A high criteria for happiness  
Deciding rejection or acceptance,  
Once instituted how long will it stay,  
Timeframes for when it is consumed away  
Bundled in feelings and serious thought  
Can it be borrowed or can it be bought?  
If it can be bought, then whom does it serve,  
Does it show weakness, how strong is its nerve,  
Does it understand all that it creates  
Does it give pause, take time to contemplate?  
But never questions whose heart it will fill  
And never mentions those hearts it has killed!





## Captive Queen, Tears I Could Never Tame (12)

But thy tears were tears I could never tame  
The warm droplets of a feverish rain  
Acquiring them in this pain of flight  
A small creature scavenging thru the night.  
I carry this burden of desire  
And walk upon the coals of burning fire,  
All the treasures I once held high and dear  
Quickly spinning off this revolving sphere  
Reduced to foraging, no seeds to plant,  
To never sign my mark or leave my stamp;  
In these pits the flames forever fanned,  
My honor and great armies both disbanded,  
I, a mere shadow trapped within the shade,  
A lifeless being something that will fade,  
Alive with paling flesh and blood unseen,  
A skeletal creature that can no longer bleed!

Captain Cur



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# Captive Queen, Behind The Veil Of Divinity (11)

Returning to that age of dreamy youth  
Reigniting integrity and truth  
I questioned every flower, every bird that flew  
So I might gleam the knowledge that they knew,  
That tyrant, fate, I thought to have control  
And that it had no grip upon my soul,  
That in words of beauty I could create  
A pageantry that would not dissipate;  
Words to lift the veil of divinity,  
Words to bring all thy queenly love to me.  
These words were crafted by my every breath  
Passion's expectation surmounting death,  
In this mangled forest of my life  
Preening only pleasure and never strife,  
In the bumbling weakness of my haste  
Bewildered by its harsh and bitter taste  
And every word a word resembling thee,  
Thy veil was lifted, behind stood only me.

Captain Cur



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# Captive Queen, The Seat Of Love's Unrest (10)

From the wellspring of thy tears life will start;  
Collecting, pooling, spilling over top,  
From those drops our bloodline will be saved  
Redeemed by faith, the glory of thy reign.  
Thy tears will water the brown wilting grass  
Wherein flows the memory of the past,  
In those streams this sweet elixir flowing  
Down thy cheeks beneath this full moon glowing;  
What then issues forth, takes away one's sense  
In that barren place, the seat of love's unrest,  
Where I stand between sky and the abyss,  
Charmed by its deep pervasive emptiness.  
There my sword, my shield all my honors lay  
In this pit of nothingness and decay,  
I stand a naked man before thy eyes  
Stripped of my knighthood, dignity and pride,  
And time itself circling around me flies,  
From the empty seat I can hear love cry;  
"She will never place her hand in thine!  
Choose the abyss and forever be mine! "

Captain Cur

## Captive Queen, Cast In Velvet And In Steel (9)

By all the mercies fate has stamped its seal  
And cast thy heart in velvet and in steel;  
In velvet then both softness and delight,  
In steel thy raised sword gleaming in the light,  
For both are as one, though dissimilar  
Crafted in excellence to touch and shield.  
Thy spirit's flame imbued in thee at birth  
A beacon to guide this wayward earth,  
If then to ask what difference can thou make  
Look! Mountains tremble and the earth does quake.  
Days of war have been brought down upon us  
Our bones and blood spur our horses rush  
Thy hair streaming in continuous air  
In waves of pageantry, in waves of fear!

Captain Cur



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# Captive Queen, In The Fires Of Immortality (8)

Fervor has touched me!  
What should I dare? How I am lifted! How  
As I ascend in blinding faith avow  
My love for thee? This joyous truth made clear  
By all my breaths uncounted, all thy words revered!

Among these stars the pilots of our fate  
Their guidance comes, I pray them not to late,  
Here to adore or be adored by thee  
In the fires of immortality,  
Those fires burn pledged to the divine,  
In all their brilliance can but one compare with thine?

Captain Cur



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## Captive Queen, Entwined In Evening Song, Everlasting Dance (7)

When we met as strangers in day's first light  
Thy spirit's auric glow washed across my life,  
In speech unsteady struggling with each breath  
I as one with thee, bonded to thy flesh.  
In that still morning, that eternal June  
Naked flowers shivering bathed in morning dew;  
Thy lips glistening, moist and fresh and full,  
All things awakening! All was beautiful!  
Should I never wake from thy music's trance  
Entwined in evening song, everlasting dance,  
Shall I never falter, shall I always reach,  
When together in our graves then our dance will cease.

Captain Cur



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## Captive Queen, Weary Wanderer That Shines Afar (6)

Caged bird, cruel hands have clipped thy outstretched wings  
But no dissonance to these notes thou sings,  
Once sung even the lips of death will smile  
Forgetting all, as it scythes for endless miles,  
And in thy realm a mindful happiness  
Delivering the weakest and oppressed.  
Gilded Queen, thou has become a lonely star  
A weary wanderer that shines afar;  
For what sins in this cell must thou atone  
Those cold chains rattle upon thy very throne,  
Evil takes refuge in this beloved light  
And hawks feverish lies for its own delight,  
Thy hands that the harp strings taught to play  
Calloused by labor strum the chords of pain;  
But, still a note may play that derives from simple pleasure  
In chords of love my heart can hear but can never measure.

Captain Cur



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## Captive Queen, Idle Dreams We Coax (5)

Only in death can one perfectly see  
The scores of lives awash in misery  
Seemly encounters, an unwise approach  
The wasted days or idle dreams we coax,  
My Queen, thou hast no other vaulted name  
Nor shall thy circumstance bring undue shame  
For as one will rise above another  
Feelings of superiority smother  
Those gentle hearts who believe solely in thee  
And in thine soft eyes thy true equals be.  
Let us pay our debts forward to this world  
And break our enemies beneath thy flag unfurled.

Captain Cur



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## Captive Queen, The Torch Of Woman (4)

Pride of Heaven! Blessed earth, in human  
Form Seraphs came to light the torch of woman  
And honor her child, thy goodly Queen,  
For life and love till death's mortality.  
To those thy captors this eternal curse;  
Lost spirits in a lamp less universe,  
No moon behind the clouds, no breaking dawn,  
No calming waves to soothe eternal storms,  
No reflections thus, no spiritual mirror  
To view their souls to ease the nights of terror,  
No days of splendor, no bountiful sun,  
Nor Him in glory to gaze their eyes upon.  
Though the world may be obscure to thee now  
For there our moon will beam behind this cloud,  
We will say the words, sing our sacred song,  
We will arm strong men, fight against this wrong,  
We will triumph and shall champion through  
And turn the pale skies to the richest blue,  
These gifts bestowed, emblazoned in our eye,  
Victory awaits, thy reign shall never die!

Captain Cur

## Captive Queen, Crawling Vipers (3)

In faith and hope, heralds of endeavor  
Believe! And hold them in thy heart forever.  
Should unfeeling walls dim thy bright array  
Freest thoughts gather giving life to gray  
Though thy world shattered, dearly held to thy breast,  
Birds must fly to escape their tiny nest.  
Crawling vipers through hateful dark eyes see  
But taste not sweet fruits, fruits that grow in thee!

Captain Cur



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## Captive Queen, A Sweet Formed Melody (2)

My beautiful Queen, prisoner of fate,  
How cold these bars that lock this mighty gate;  
But do not rest uneasy in thy cage  
Though years be long thy heart must not dismay.  
I hear a song, a sweet formed melody  
That once graced thy lips, sing it then for me  
In voice as pure that blends with nightingales'  
Beneath this moon, a sight we both can share.  
Despair not, I hold a wild blossom,  
Though frail, it fought and reached out for the sun,  
Despite heat and winter's frost it became,  
Opening itself to this earth through hope and pain.

Captain Cur



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# Captive Queen, Evil Appears Beneath Thy Stolen Crown (1)

Captive Queen,  
Long have I sought thee, ageless one,  
Thy kingdom to weep for and gaze upon.  
Thy fortress crumbled, flags and standards shorn  
Our people erased as if never born,  
Our names forgotten banished for all time  
Worse than human death is the death of pride.  
Walls, ancient gilds hallowed in sacred ground,  
Land, our forefathers bled for and died upon.  
Thy reign has withered, the grass dead and brown,  
Evil appears beneath thy stolen crown.

Captain Cur



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# Come Young Pirates, Part V I - Marvels Of The Sea

Sparring winds duel from the north  
Quick moving clouds issuing forth  
While the skies redoubling grew  
Reflecting off the mirrored blue.  
Beneath the surface currents pass  
Twin dolphins play, young clown fish laugh  
And swim along the sandy plain  
Lush and green though void of rain.  
Deep in the waters of this keep  
Flowers grow wild and plants grow steep  
Tiers of gardens beautifully decked  
Devised by an ancient architect  
That carved the coral reefs by hand  
and separated sea from land.

What wealth to earth these treasures bring  
A basin of eternal springs  
Where evolution took great care  
To thrive beneath the sea and air.  
Once formed these species were combined  
Each according to their own kind;  
To breed, observe, to dart and hide  
On constant watch with lidless eyes,  
Mysterious creatures thus express  
Creation's dawn from dust to flesh!

Silty landscapes and shifting glades  
Seamless dimensions on display,  
Were burrowed deep through solid rock  
By elemental building blocks.  
In the deeps, these bottomless wells,  
The coldest forms of sea life dwell  
But ones that live more near the light  
In beauteous colors come to life;  
There tolls a monumental scene  
As thousands gather, swarm and stream;  
All the troupes of fish reforming,  
Aquatic acrobats performing,  
A carnival! A jubilee!

Comprise these marvels of the sea.

Captain Cur

# If Only In A Dream To Wake

Awakened still in slumbered thought  
Webs of memory gently caught  
Enchanted visions by a stream  
And this my recollection seemed.

Fair of skin and slightly blushed  
She'd stroll and all the mushrooms hushed  
whispering under their canopy  
I hope today she will pick me.  
The grandest meadows seemed alarmed  
Swaggering with enticing charm,  
Rolling gracefully as they'd sway  
Staggering colors on display.  
The raven balanced on his wing;  
The crow would caw but never sing  
Atop the tall oak stood amid  
The fields, the streams, the granite ridge,  
On the ridge the eagle glared,  
His presence fierce, his watchful stare  
Then swoop down on his lowly prey,  
Then scoop them up and fly away.  
Below that mighty wall of stone  
Streams meandering toward their home  
That carved and cut the mighty earth  
Rambling steadily through the dirt.  
Bright mountain snow as soft as felt  
Would cling together then they'd melt  
And greet the rivers with their flow  
Moving swiftly from high to low.  
And she would bathe in those warm streams,  
And sleep and wake within a dream,  
If only in a dream to wake  
A fairy can enchant a lake.  
If she should catch a robin's eye  
That darted quickly through the sky  
Then gently landing on her young  
Teaching them their native tongue,  
She'd stand and listen very long  
To learn the meaning of that song

And then repeat the sounds she'd heard  
And she'd become that blue winged bird.  
While melding with the sky of blue  
The outline of the moon bled through  
A pale opaqueness to its light  
But knew that soon it would shine bright.  
Each day she'd wander through the woods  
With earth tone eyes beneath her hood;  
Those eyes that seemed a world away,  
Those eyes with hints of blue and gray.  
And she would call the morning showers,  
And gently stroke the blooming flowers,  
And all the beasts would come to call  
Gathering round her in the fall;  
For these were her favorite months  
With squirrels and chipmunks gathering nuts  
For soon the winter winds would blow  
But she felt neither heat nor cold.  
She'd slowly slip into the pond  
Serenely floating with the swans  
And they would turn their long white necks  
And watch the falling crystal specks.

Captain Cur



# Come Young Pirates, Part V - If Time Is Madness Let It Rave

And the night skies feathered over  
Exposing fragments of our world,  
Alone on this promontory gazed  
Each pirate, raptured and amazed.  
In dream they heard the ocean cry  
Its thunderous waves thick with pride  
Bound by rocks a lighted tower  
Beaming hope through each dark hour,  
Then all the stars did melt away  
And the shadows crept cold and gray;  
Came the beast with his sounding horn  
Up from the pits hell's blackest storm,  
It cast its pall, our voices mute,  
Foul winds blowing an angry flute,  
Drumbeats and a deafening hum  
That hurt the ears and dried the tongue.  
In the distance the faintest knell  
An abandoned ship's lolling bell  
Each seemed bewildered by this call  
Fearing the maelstrom would drown us all.

On spools of dreams a mind is wound  
Where truth most often can be found;  
Just like the lighthouse on the rock,  
Just like the key that winds the clock  
The hands that turn and never sleep  
Permanence just beyond their reach.  
If time is madness let it rave  
It only took and never gave;  
Promises whispered then the blow  
We think we lost what we don't own,  
Colossal as its presence seems  
It has no vision, it has no dream,  
It has no voice, it cannot speak,  
Our minds make strong what should be weak  
Lacking substance it has no shape,  
It has no home, it drifts apace,

It causes stress that subtle strain  
That weighs the heart and clouds the brain,  
In appearance it looks intent  
Deceit its only sacrament,  
It cannot heal, not balm nor salve,  
Into nothingness it will dissolve.

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Part I V - Pirate Bay

On plundered ships survivors weep  
Companions sinking toward the deep  
Useless prayers said on a whim;  
'I pray this lifeless corpse to swim.'  
Through the smoke the winds were veering  
A broader ship fast appearing  
Firing with explosive haste  
Canon shot whizzing by our face,  
And though we would have liked to stay  
To reap more treasure on this day  
We did offend our Spanish host  
Blasting holes in our little boat.  
Against a war ship nothing stood  
Reduced to chips of floating wood;  
We set the sails, the air quite still,  
We caught the gusts, the sails were thrilled.  
Retreating may ignoble be  
Surviving on the open sea.

We cut and issued from the pen  
No two legged pirate could defend  
Gathering speed on liquid ice  
Evading guns firing thrice,  
Swift waves and currents lent their aid  
To save us from an icy grave;  
The bow was pointed, sails were strung,  
We dashed beneath the hazel sun.  
The silver coins all neatly rolled  
Were jealous of the bags of gold.  
We made fast for Pirate Bay  
To spend our loot and hide away.  
Ah! That island empurpled bright  
Where thieves and cutthroats live their life  
And we stood tall as giants stand  
To add our riches to the land.  
The bars lined up the avenue,  
Guns were fired and knives were threw  
Resting peacefully from the world  
In lovely arms a pirate curled.

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Part I I I - The Ocean Child

The warm west winds moved on their way  
Dispersing lost nomadic waves.  
Great whales blew water in a spire  
That caught the sun's glinting fire.  
The sun declined, in shadows hid  
Behind a cloud formed pyramid  
Then shone bright, its power full  
Atop its noontime pinnacle.  
Water kindling a sparkling glow  
Penetrating to depths below,  
Beams of light fantastically sent  
Twined in color the spectrum went  
Infused with power from the sky  
Beyond the reaches of the eye.  
The dusk soon settled free and wild  
Braiding waves of its ocean child,  
A pungent sweetness balms the air  
Traces of life all captured there  
Dissembling scents from whence they came  
While the sun closed its eye of flame.

In her hair a fragrant flower  
Petals of time's immortal hour,  
Thick scaled behemoths flank her side  
Relics of creation's pride;  
And she will breathe and take her breath  
And pull the moonlight to her breast  
And gaze on stars so neatly strung  
And catch the snowflakes on her tongue.  
While all around the whitecaps danced  
The sunset streamed within her glance,  
In those eyes of delicious blue  
The sun faltered and fell from view.  
Then the night swooned soft and mild  
And rocked to sleep the ocean child.

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Part I I - Adrift Within A Waking Dream

The sun alone could match our zeal  
while swabbing decks and sharpening steel.  
Long hours spent in mundane toil  
Memories of home and English soil.  
Strong in our hearts our country grew  
Its features clear yet blind from view  
Still, the passions of men will breed  
On the hull of a ship built for speed.  
And the huge waves and tempests came;  
Wild winds not even gods could tame,  
With these each pirate's soul would launch  
Just like the sails, full blown and taunt.  
The truth of life to still attain  
While carrying death's merciless strain.  
Could we give all and never take  
Freed from destructions fiery wake?  
Unsure if we are live or dead;  
What each has thought but none has said.

Our Captain perched, his watchful eye  
Surmounting waves tall mountains high;  
Teetering on intrepid heights  
Handling squalls with judicious might;  
Where watery giants barred the way  
Our bow cut through and split away.  
This earth we know is mostly sea,  
Unbound, unmatched, and moving free,  
Each wave forming gaining space  
Vying to lead, outpace, outpace;  
Building up strength before they swim  
Brief is the glory should they win,  
Massing together as they come  
Swallowing lands that peek above,  
Raging, raging until they crest  
Swirling madly until their spent.

Through the lulls and peaceful calm

Our Galleon rode with splendid charm,  
What lessons grasped, this sea to teach,  
Surrounded by its mighty reach.  
And here a quiet mind might dwell  
In sanctuary, a moment's spell  
Adrift within a waking dream  
Between this world and worlds unseen.

Captain Cur

# Come Young Pirates, Part I - Around, Around The Pilgrim Sun

'Come young pirates, let's drink our fill!  
Let's test our hearts, let's test our skill!  
Fortune's current will lead our way  
Look no more to the crimson bay.  
The sun will peek its blazing head;  
The sea will count its countless dead,  
Fear not the darkness or the shade  
Forged in the light our likeness made.  
Courage our distant fathers borne  
Upon us now our deeds must earn.'

'Captain! We hear the oceans call  
Through the mist and black tidal wall.  
We are ready, let's make all haste  
So few years does a lifetime make.'  
The hull, masts and floorboards shook  
Each rise and plunge our pleasure took;  
Cresting proud up toward the skies  
Down to the depths where darkness lies.  
The west wind filled our ghost white sail  
With a child's breath then a demon's gale.  
All silent, a lone seagulls cry  
The last beast we would see on high.  
When all the land did disappear  
Matched each man against his own fear.  
The sea stretched wide, this journey far  
On a vessel held by pitch and tar.

The sun, the wind burned deep our back  
We took our oaths, we made our pact,  
The awakened sea gave response  
To reclaim our blood, ounce by ounce.  
A hundred waves formed deep and strong  
Whitecaps littered the miles long,  
On barren reefs the Sirens sung  
To take our lives while were still young.  
Fearless our merry voices shout;



Freed from burdens, freed from doubt,  
Past sins forgotten, lives renewed,  
What debts we owed no longer due.  
Mesmerized by the ocean's flow  
Forgetting as we reap we sow.  
The beauty of the falling sky  
Now fueled the tempest in our eye,  
Greater and greater the rising din  
Within our souls what greater sin  
Than challenge God with our free will  
And to surmount his shiny hill.  
From haughty pride our minds gave birth  
To sail beyond the ends of earth.

Eager, ready to wage our war  
Sending ships to the ocean floor,  
In fables and yarns our story told  
How we lived, our adventures bold;  
Bravery, courage, how we fought,  
Our steadfast steed, our wooden horse.  
And all that once we held as dear  
Replaced by eyes reflecting fear;  
Our canons shocked and shook the skies,  
The moans, the screams and all that died,  
Counting days and battles won  
Around, around the pilgrim sun.

A phantom ship glides neath the stars  
Balancing on horizon's bar  
Strange worlds extending deep below  
Inhabited by things that glow.  
The sky above soft pink and gray  
Where dreams of men are stored away.  
And the night fell with a mighty hush  
Painting the ocean with its brush.  
The waters weary from their toil  
No longer churned, rolled or roiled,  
Satisfied the sea took breath  
And fell asleep in sleepless death.

Captain Cur

# Dusk, As The Carnal Scenes Burst Forth

Now comes the dusk, a prelude to this night  
of vermillion skies and dream filled slumbering.  
O tempestuous colors of delight  
brazenly creating landscapes as these  
the mountains and seas all encompassing;  
descending in waves round this spinning earth,  
dancing with nature in untoward glee,  
wanton visions bare lustful gods in mirth  
offering pleasure as the carnal scenes burst forth.

Captain Cur



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# O Magnificent Night

My world is changed, O magnificent night!  
Boundless and wondrous as the sea is strong  
surmounting day extinguishing all light,  
dark eyed mysterious beauty, carbon  
skies rage against the coming of the sun  
and love her not, fomenting rebel clouds  
to steal her heat and quell her fiery tongue.  
O night! All consuming, immense and proud  
conquering the universe unseated and unbowed.

Captain Cur



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# Occupied By The Coldest Forms Of Life

At times I feel the sea itself will cry  
water from her tears gushing far and wide  
when in the throes of sorrow grief will stay  
living beneath, beyond the touch of day;  
these depths reclusive shutting out all light  
occupied by the coldest forms of life.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Let The Worms Crawl Down Upon Me

A face warm and beautiful, my fair Queen,  
Catherine, sole occupant of my heart,  
I hear your voice within the calming sea,  
waves that reach then forever to depart.  
Does the deep hold this knowledge, can it stop  
the gross pleading of love's unanswered cry  
or in the darkness see, can it restart  
failed beginnings, or will it pass us by?  
Catherine, in this age of grief, do we dare to try?

Could I retrieve that passion and that zeal  
and pull this dark emptiness from my core;  
on the anvil reborn of fire and steel  
to again be that which I was before,  
a flaming blade to serve whom I adore.  
Will love falter, should on that glorious day  
despair descend killing me with one blow  
let the worms, the archetype of decay,  
in hordes crawl down upon me, let them have their way.

Catherine, in the insurgency within my soul  
with one fell strike, one leap, escaping all control!

Captain Cur

# May I In Abject Service Be As Free

May grave passion yield fealty to the sea;  
may I in abject service be as free,  
shorn of an empire, compelled from home  
surrounded by the limitless unknown;  
where currents pull me, the sail masts sway  
in deference to my own will, obey!  
To the beauty and subtleness of change  
forever outward on this bright blue range  
each thought I measure like the coming wave,  
am I a whole, or a part of the same?  
In days of struggle and of perfect ease  
where pleasure cannot satisfy  
pain perhaps can please.

Captain Cur



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# Tonight The Sea Is Calm And Fair

Tonight the sea is calm and fair  
her mind flows unperturbed  
she breathes in deep the dapper air  
with wholesome silent mirth;  
in forests, hills and mountain beds  
her drops have lightly tread  
now calls from dreams to sleeping earth  
and tips the lakes and streams and brooks  
reclaiming back her strength.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# In Raw Communion, In The Temple Of The Soul

Aphrodite of Paphos and Amathus,  
many songs of beauty did inspire;  
come, green eyed essence of the sea, when love  
first held the scepter of creation's fire  
these flames raged, smoldering with desire  
from heart to heart they traveled very slow  
and all who burned consuming flesh entire.  
I pity those who never felt the glow  
in raw communion, in the temple of the soul.

Captain Cur



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# Athena, No Gilded Song As Sweet

O sovereign warrior breathe smooth and calm!  
Love! O powerful love! O soothing balm!  
This age is gone, these thousand untold years  
what wisdom granted garnered by our tears;  
on this night, by the light of stars entwined  
held in my hand the softness that is thine.  
In womanhood esteemed and undefiled;  
warm ethereal eyes and a Piscean smile,  
patient wisdom, an intuitive gaze  
natural beauty regality displays.  
Athena, what pageantry, no gilded song as sweet  
by words expressed but never quite complete.  
Empowered on the cusp of natal pride  
thy victorious face is magnified,  
lift this helmet, let fall the gorgon shield,  
run free upon the wet grass in the field,  
nations rise as quickly as they fade,  
Athena, protector of Greece,  
rest quietly in thy grave.

Captain Cur

# I Will Build An Altar In The Tranquil Hush Of Night

Far beyond the dark shadow of the trees  
beneath the mountains cradled as they sleep  
farther still than where human eye can see  
an immense figure walks alone in grief.  
In the midst of this awful quietness  
the greatest warrior is lain to rest.  
I will build an altar to his legend  
and his name. I will light a torch to bear  
the beauty of his flame. Whosoever  
fought and died has achieved a nobler fame?  
All the princes of the earth with precious  
wreaths and flowers stop a time in silent prayer  
then rest them on his grave, in the breeze  
their seeds to give, no two are the same.  
Athena will sing her song and bring him  
great delight, for in her words eternal love  
still his heart to win. The heralds are trumpeting,  
the horns sound gay and bright, on the altar  
a cup of wine, forgiveness of all sin,  
in the tranquil hush of night  
Achilles enters in.

Captain Cur

# A Spell Is Cast Across The Rising Moon

I took an oath that binds me to the sea;  
I left behind all claims, all history,  
bundled with my fears I carry them no more  
from not the throat but from the plexus roar.  
The storm has raged and now a pensive lull;  
I string my flag, the crossbones and the skull,  
the sun has set the world a golden hue  
a spell is cast across the rising moon,  
in her glow I rest in magic sleep,  
the skies are charged, the world is in retreat.  
I dream and wander deep within her source  
to forbidden shores, onward is my course.

Captain Cur



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# Elysium's Unfathomable Gate

When soft whispers invisible as air  
alight gently on my senses, I feel  
the joy creation brings to one amazed  
by words that live and strive for better days.

With these whisperings I prepare this verse  
may it with effervescent passion burst  
through Elysium's staunch and guarded wall.  
I to know their voice, the haunting call

of those poets who climbed that fragile bar  
and reached beyond the limits of their star.  
Guided by faith charged the cold blinding light  
foraging in human frailty and strife

not for mere advantage or worldly gain  
consumed by fire beheld the eternal flame  
and in their works our riches thus increased  
exemplifying the nature of belief.

From unfathomable heights fell from grace  
then raised high the lowliest to their place  
and brought to earth all beauty can endow,  
fair messengers whispering from the boughs.

Captain Cur

# Apollo's Chariot Gracefully Recedes

Where do I begin in this poetic  
pleasantness that has run askew,  
tall bright trees flowering in their beauty,  
a wanderlust of colors,  
crimson, white, green and blue  
their blossoms streaming with rivulets of dew.  
The shrouded forests,  
the majestic willow's drooping arms,  
sweetbrier, thistle and sharp scented pines  
carpeting pathways  
to an enormous woodland shrine.  
All creatures welcome, all received therein,  
devoid of hatred, devoid of primordial sin.  
Here enfolded, here amassed  
in ritualistic perfection, heads bowed,  
grazing in silence on the rich verdant grass.

Untamed branches garlanded in red  
streak across the leaf covered fullness,  
daylight spreads corpulent and brisk  
feasting on the dawn,  
passerines perched wide eyed  
eager to start the worship with their song.  
In echoes of their voice overtaking  
the accompanying music of the breeze,  
a ceremony perpetuated from age to age,  
breathtaking and elegant, from each to each  
transposing their knowledge and their need.  
No guilt, none to be forgiven  
for they exist not as I, but as we.

Quintessence to be admired and emulated,  
perceived and protected so as to understand  
our order in the natural world.  
As the sun begins its new solstice  
Apollo's chariot gracefully recedes  
unperturbed, in golden flight  
brimming with fire in the settling eve.



# Breath Of The Divine

Beyond the margin of the bay, outspread  
where sea grass drinks and forms a shiny bed  
swaying in unison anchored to their roots  
in silent beauty bears to us their fruit;  
nourished within this alcove's tender keep  
simplicity bountiful and deep,  
above spindly branches form hidden dens  
mangrove forests carved by the ocean glens,  
hidden delights, a warm and husky scent  
fresh joys that heal the wounds of discontent;  
to be in kind with this world forever  
mortal earth becomes a lesser heaven,  
in calm prescient orbit, unhurried,  
bound by excellence, uniformity,  
in keeping with its masterful design  
bonded in spirit by a breath of the divine.

Captain Cur



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# If Passion Be Thy Victor

My Queen,  
How often have I pulled the links of love  
only to find them rusted by disuse,  
what harsh penalties does pain devise  
for this fugitive in an outlaw's den,  
but find satiety in thy words beloved,  
bestowed on the privileged and the few  
that fans my heated heart's reply,  
if passion by thy victor, oppose me then!

Captain Cur



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# Footfalls Of An Impervious Lover

Fantastically large, the grass fed rills  
winded lazily through a mountain pass,  
row upon row of bright eyed daffodils  
in luxuriant natural grandeur  
climbed along the southern ridge, a yellow mass  
interspersed with hints of pink, radiant whites;  
their spirited colors, their sweet forms cast  
along the ledges hanging from on high  
down through the valley beneath an envious sky.

As if the sun's evening rays were sprinkled  
with the uncontrolled beauty of the place  
there stood a rock mouthed cave, huge, unwrinkled  
where water leapt to smooth its ageless face  
currents entering slow in tranquil grace,  
rolling, turning, reforming from the deep,  
tossing round an ever widening base;  
like supplicants lapping at their master's feet  
flowing into the stillness of hypnotic sleep.

What then dwells inside the cavern's cover,  
between the falls, its stone heart echo beating  
footfalls of an impervious lover  
approaching, rising from the jetting springs  
shimmering waves in eternal pleading  
imprisoned within the submerging cell  
in one last gasp, perpetually repeating  
sensual fragments of this grandiose spell  
the waters of his strength in adoration fell.

Captain Cur

# Just For The Heart To Own

If to this page these words of love are chained,  
who will loose the bonds or visit that sweet  
dungeon where shines the lamp of loveliness  
and undo the gag of a voice constrained?  
Through the cold bars of metal who will reach  
and unlock the words, the words poetry  
craves to speak, reclaiming life, nobleness,  
through the ear to the heart where sight is gained;  
deep seeing, pure listening, completing  
what could have been more had they not been less  
of what talents this cell taught them to be  
there on the floor cowering and alone;  
the door swings open, they are running free  
no longer imprisoned, just for the heart to own.

Captain Cur



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# To Know This Love

What words dwell in glorious realms unseen  
mystical prayers or the soul's imaginings.  
I do not pretend to what I cannot know  
yet I thrive in their ever present glow  
nor will I injure this buoyant spirit  
or speak untruths or discredit merit.  
But for these words I will hold long my pen  
till the ink flows as a youthful fountain  
that withheld its power but now yields  
the deepest depths, the deepest love to feel.  
What splendid thoughts, what dreams about me hung  
to know this love, what songs I could have sung.

Captain Cur



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# Divinity Of Nature

Divinity of nature forever be  
greener than the rich art of forestry;  
daring, absolute, fearless more regal  
than the powerful dive of a mountain eagle;  
pure, reflective, opening wings of a swan  
coursing above in a beautiful calm;  
all that is sweet, kind, dear and holy  
drifting through the mind reverent and slowly,  
tumultuous, stormy, seas that roil under,  
eyes opened wide to the booming thunder,  
light snows of winter, redwoods bustling leaves  
wondrous inspirational whisperings;  
junipers, marigolds, a lavender fair  
breathless surrounds in the flowering air,  
soft chords of June, summertime lingering  
deep soulful notes, gladsome birds singing  
all voices hushed, all sounds suspended  
divinity of nature quietly descended,  
to the beasts, flowers, and seasons gave voice,  
allured by their charm, mortality's birth,  
torrid dreams, fervor, ardent murmurings,  
poetical gifts, poetical wanderings.

Captain Cur

# Nature Of Poetry, Heart Of Summer

To catch a glimpse of unending summer  
which folds within the springtime and the fall  
in her heart reigns the eternal flower  
winter kings cannot freeze or overthrow.  
Preeminence scents her warm breeze blowing  
in belief made strong, beyond all knowing  
this breath of life we joyfully inhale  
exhaled from grasslands, forests and the vales.  
Swirling with a prideful countenance  
from in that realm, throughout the deep expanse,  
queenly beauty descending from the skies  
patient waits for the sun to greet her eyes.  
Oceans above and below, the billowy  
clouds, the forbearance of the great willows  
who dot earth's hollowed ground, and with them wept,  
wild in nature, unholy and unkempt  
and even the kings of winter will cry  
in blissful ending summer's eve will die.

Captain Cur



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# Delilah, Across The Sunlit Sea

Across the sunlit sea, Delilah, turned her eyes  
and stood for hours, for uncounted years,  
no matter how strong the waves would rise  
they could not reach or wash away her tears.  
Her foot falls light as if she walked on wings;  
afraid to pray, afraid of its reply,  
a shadow world where phantom voices sing  
their words dispersed by weak eternal sighs.  
At times she'd kneel and clutch the hardened sand,  
a wisp of wind might tress her raven hair,  
her body stroked by dusk's seductive hand  
then rest beneath the falling midnight air.

Captain Cur



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## Love Letters Written To A Lady Of Renown (1-5)

Hell bent on retracing paths to former glory  
enterprising adventures await my return.  
Lady, loquacious in your speech, my heart employs  
libelous methods. My feelings deign to deserve  
the approbation of your smile, a discreet glance,  
attentions that hasten my date with the gallows.  
Erstwhile in your embrace you are my deadly dance.  
Shall I escort you to the Queen's ball on the morrow?  
Relinquishing to you my love, my life, perchance!

Sentinels of pleasure stand guard on walls  
that are breached with a singular salvo  
from your lips, Lady of loquacious speech.  
In your arms each minute, each second falls.  
I am struck by your beauty with each blow  
powder from your guns burn through my senses  
winds toward your direction steady turn  
passion has dissuaded all defenses.

Desirous of a brief interlude  
formidable forces mount on my ship,  
for the lingering taste of your lips I sue  
this poor depraved world for a parting kiss.  
Since last we met, I have been commissioned  
to waylay a sovereign merchant fleet,  
terms of which clearly state, at my own risk.  
I would suspect politically contrived.  
Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
for the glory and pleasure of your eyes  
my battles rage and though my days be few  
may uncertain currents return me to you.

Masques of war, painted stripes of savagery  
regardless of one's rank or expertize  
these are the fertile fields in which I till  
in trades in which I barter what I kill.  
Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
all must know it is you to whom I speak  
how insufferable will be my prize

if I am not the glory in your eyes.

Vengeful labors bequeath their stain on me  
that cannot be removed by acrid lye  
should my soul be purified by the sea  
entombed within her bosom I shall die.  
Fitful Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
your woman's flesh entices me in sleep  
each day I rise to reap a newer dawn  
and celebrate your beauty in my song.  
Behind gold draped windows and marquee doors  
there you stand like an art piece of decor,  
though you dress his arm in the godly light  
am I not the devil you dream at night.

Captain Cur



# A Joyous Heart Is An Enlightened State

On wintry nights the themes that oft appear  
to curtain my thoughts with sad and somber mind  
could but summer's smile bring me brighter cheer;  
in these times, in this poetry I did find  
worlds of immense magic I could not define.  
Allow me entry through mystery's gate  
scribed in temperament unique to its kind,  
a joyous heart is an enlightened state  
the chains of life can never control or abate.

Sweet poesy whose heartbeat did extend  
beyond our earthly limits to a fame  
that brilliance and excellence befriend,  
and lit the edge of darkness with a flame,  
that traveled circling inward as it came,  
and would not perjure, injure or disown  
those most inclined to sorrow and disdain;  
for in her rhymes the worthy reap the throne  
to usurp ignorance by acts, not words alone.

Captain Cur

# Have I Once Again Misunderstood The Muse

Whom do these letters of love accuse  
that stabs my heart with vitriol unfair,  
have I once again misunderstood the muse  
and reached for heights I never should have dared.  
Before the rampage in gentler times,  
before bitterness infested my mind;  
what sweet song the forest nymphs prepared  
and tuned the chords with fingers swift and gay,  
composing words in language bright and rare  
to the dozing woods sung their midnight lay,  
in soft voices that graced the evening air.  
This song given me so that I might stay  
abandoning the wild ocean for the peaceful bay;  
notes of happiness, a blissful state beheld,  
before I craved that which I could not own.  
In the cesspool of desire I fell  
when once thy touch, thy kiss, thy heart was known  
far from these sacred shores I must atone.  
Let not the muse or nymph my faults suffer  
or break under the pressure of thy crown  
for I trace in my mind this lone picture  
and hold myself accountable in their stead.

Captain Cur

# Helen, As A Prayer Is To A Wish

On this holy Mount one final tear shed  
for the legends and gods this world outgrew,  
for years they fought, now their arms are weary  
and the voice of heartless time calls overdue.  
Through these empty halls winds of sorrow blew  
a sad farewell to those the poets loved,  
immortal beings though mortal flesh enjoyed  
their spirits burning like a forming sun  
reshaping the heavens, watching from above.  
Perhaps they wait in the chasm or the void  
and hope in vain to hear a praising tongue  
to reopen the gates, the timeless portal,  
where valour prayed and gave its sacrifice  
to warring clouds darkening and gray;  
the sword, the bow, the gold encrusted knife,  
untamed streams, the blue sapphiric ocean,  
men deigned for honor by this world enshrined,  
one thousand ships bound for fame and glory  
their great horns sounding, crushed Troy in her prime.  
Odysseus, Atlas, Hector and Achilles  
in the prestige of history their stories shine,  
their names remembered, forgotten are the kings  
and the corpses of the fallen left behind.  
Glowing in the embroidery of her dress,  
Helen, the most beautiful woman in the ancient world  
stood upon the Trojan citadel  
rallying passions from the furthest shores.  
Paris gazing on her naked form,  
his words fell deadened from his lips,  
in this love, as a prayer is to a wish,  
lost his pride in their first blinding kiss.  
Then defeat befell them before the dawn,  
Troy has fallen her beacon shines no more.  
What do the ruins and broken tablets tell  
of a greatness lost never to return?

Captain Cur

# Let Love Rule Pure Kashmir

Ancient poet's tender verse  
metered soft with pleasing rhyme  
intoxicating as they nurse  
budding grapes leaves on the vine.

Maturation of the fruit  
caressed by sunlight's warm embrace  
through their words and foreign song  
I learn the temper of their race.

If I am inspired as they share  
the godly music of their hymn  
then their notes I deeply hear  
the sounding flavor from within.

I am satisfied by the presence  
and whisper of the flow  
immaculate glories lifting up;  
I sense their native soul.

Culture, distance, hollow time  
grasps the features of the truth  
and presses the vintage knowledge  
from the ripeness of their fruit.

Simplicity and strength  
pervade each nuanced note,  
I bow before the pleasure  
and praise with privileged throat.

Wars, barren deserts, victory;  
Kashmir's fabled life,  
she is richness warrior Queen  
and in battle you must fight

with words your lethal weapons  
and in these conquests I will share,  
occupy your precious country  
and let love rule pure Kashmir.

Captain Cur

# At Ocean's End Her Quiet Beauty Ran

My hopeless thoughts, my helpless words  
are wrung from an era of time I still hold dear  
and those soft tunes in remembrance sung  
whispers a gentleness into my ear.

Sweetly sounds the ancientness of the sea  
purling and unforsaken by my eyes,  
these themes I have raised so thoughtlessly  
enlivens me with the gift of surprise,  
first time love embraces, here by my side.

Should I aspire to a deeper truth  
at ocean's end her quiet beauty ran  
where fissures in the earth burst open wide,  
fragrant, cascading, crashing wild eyed  
to the place where my faith in self began.

Be I not to humble or proud to ask  
surrounded by these worlds of blue,  
taught by these waters what innocence knew.

Through the early frost and nights of slumber  
I count each day till I reach that number;  
this beginning, this gestation of love  
from the greatest heights took flight and flew,  
should time decay the whiteness of the dove  
what death encumbers, oceans of life renew.

Captain Cur

# Tonight We Ride The Winds Of Paradise

On this magnificent sea, what a dream!  
Forgotten souls rise cheering from the deep,  
the Stallion answers with a swarthy scream,  
they clutch her mane though rudely roused from sleep.  
Tonight we ride the winds of paradise  
that blow forever challenging the waves.  
Look! The clouds are fierce, brandishing the sky;  
I stroke her head and grasp her mighty reins.  
The Black Stallion rears, fire in her eyes,  
in light and dark she gallops unafraid.  
By that sweet temptress moon, she makes her run  
careening toward the brilliant morning sun.

Captain Cur



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# I Must Revitalize My Claim

I must speak more wisely than I have spoken,  
with each old word my reality became fixed,  
wilderness of world rarely sought,  
I must revitalize my claim, wisdom,  
elusive as a firefly's zagging flame.  
The tongue, a tiring instrument,  
must be the first to teach and tame,  
prolific in themes of love, not hate,  
minds open or narrow, the thread the same  
loosed from fear then, in true understanding debate,  
freed from self-evil which control our fate.

Captain Cur



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# Barren Things

If I choose a dying star  
and share its stellar light  
for in my eyes tiny beams  
I am reflecting light right back.

If I write of the single blade  
of wilted browning grass  
or fields of flowers rain forgot  
dried in heat soaked bath.

If I sing of broken wings  
or souls that find no rest  
to me these are the lovely things  
and I hug them to my breast.

As the fragrant petals fall  
I stoop to kiss the stem;  
if I love the barren things  
then I am one of them.

Captain Cur

# Predetermination

Fate is mere conjecture  
as decisions have a voice  
inside rings that wrestle  
with the complexities of choice.

Fate is but a theory  
as is evolution of our kind,  
predetermination wearies  
of the laziness of mind.

Environmental habitats  
confine us to a block,  
just as wind tossed ships  
are savaged in a dock.

Once those sails are hoisted  
and the rope ties heaved away,  
the changing winds may blow them  
but the rudder guides the way.

Captain Cur

# Gambit

In the depth of the mythical surroundings  
where the passionate complexities abound  
can you fathom the player's dilemma  
that delights in the sacrifice of men?

Who never gives a thought to what's common,  
who sends them to the front, alone once again,  
to further a speculative hand.

With a cheer the patriot pursues his course,  
assessing I'm sure his lack of support,  
and in his turn this hapless volunteer  
lays down his arms and kneels in prayer.

Does the player himself possess such vast courage?  
Would he the front rank his enemies incur?  
Would he die for such an ignoble cause  
or in their place devise a better plan for war?

The pawn is taken, killed swiftly in place,  
forsaken by his comrades who then debate  
on the military soundness of the plan  
and if the genius of this feint will stand.

Captain Cur

# Echo And Narcissus

Beautiful Narcissus,  
From a steed of golden white I heard thy trumpet blow  
sounding through the woods and streams while hunting far from home,  
calling to the depths of love, a love I thought I knew,  
running toward thy mighty arms just vain self-pride was shown.  
Quiet lakes may mirror thee, thine eyes of thunder blue,  
what small peace my troth could bring self-love has overthrown.

Narcissus replies:

Pain me not this summer's eve with thy shadow words  
thou pines and wails and clucks like a wounded bird.  
If my trumpet sounds of love those notes to be unheard,  
there is nothing here for me, thine arms are not received!  
Riding through these lowly lands my handsome features weave,  
did thou know at every town every heart is stirred?  
Do not smile or glance at me repeating my own words  
in the waters of the lake my love of self achieved.

Beautiful Narcissus,  
thy mighty form lies cold and weak on the snowy sand  
I come at night to keep thee warm and hold thy trembling hand.  
The stallion wanders aimlessly thy horn drags at his feet,  
it will never sound again! Please take this bread and eat!

Lovely Echo,  
with my death I break thy curse; say now what thou please,  
life is drifting fast from me help me to my knees,  
thy purest heart has cured me roused me from this dream  
in the mirror of thy tears my love for thee achieved.

Captain Cur

# More Meltingly Composed Than Liquid Fire

Her passion's voice more meltingly composed  
than liquid fire, soft words boiling over  
too hot for flesh to bear; mesmerizing,  
coming near, dancing slowly on her smile  
waltzing flames touching lips, sweat, desire;  
in this age, in this time, I am to live  
through the blaze, heart in hand, my love to give.

Captain Cur



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# Pride Of Self Adorning You

On your neck hangs an ocean pearl  
shaded with hints of pink and blue  
unshelled, pried open to the world,  
its pride of self adorning you.  
Chained by gold, its opulent rings  
mothered by earths deep precious grain  
that never cared to spread its wings  
now steals the light from one so vain.

Captain Cur



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# Wicked Folly At My Back

Morning calls with a sickening frown  
wicked folly at my back,  
sea gulls softly wail  
circling bout my weathered ship,  
circling, circling round  
hunting for their daily food,  
living without care,  
powerfully dive then quickly rise  
above September's cloudy veil.

Then like lightening from the sky  
I see her coming down;  
her skin is white, her eyes are pale,  
her beauty cold as death;  
waves in madness flee her wrath  
in frenzied swirls are spent,  
her voice thunders from above  
a demon in despair,  
in an act of desperate love  
I lift her bridal veil.

September's mighty winds rise against me  
borne by blackened clouds godless as the deep,  
the horn of winter blows impatiently  
stealing from the water the summer's heat.  
Hurricane's decry as the ocean weeps,  
I am in the forefront of their wails.  
Rank and accomplishment whom do they please  
tributes to kings who grow tired and weak  
their wood ships tossed about in the gales.  
September winds blow! I lash tight the sails.

Captain Cur

# Communion That No Mortal Hands Receive

Within these brooks that scent the tender eve  
perfect themes of night unheard or seen  
she waits upon the starlight and the breeze  
that place between wakefulness and dream.

Her soft touch thrills the flowers and the trees  
communion that no mortal hands receive.  
Cursed always to repeat her lover's words  
Echo opens her moonlit eyes and stirs.

Captain Cur



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# Aoide, What My Life Cannot Confirm Will My Death Deny

In this subtle light the lakes and streams entwining  
shadows sparring round the moon, a single beam is cast  
upon these ruins, ancient songs of men enshrining,  
echoes sounding from the hills of all thy lovers past;  
"Be I not thy first to love be I then thy last."  
The fields are grey, all is gone, save this lone desire  
to place my lips on thy cold brow lying in this cask;  
to hear thy voice, know thy lips circling me in fire  
clawing at the marble slate my echo rising higher.

Is it love or madness that holds me in this spell,  
what my life cannot confirm, will my death deny?  
In my simple lines of verse does a sadness dwell,  
joy is a visceral state does not reason why?  
As I ponder on my fate, did I hear thee sigh?  
If my words have any poise, any charms to sell  
rise up from thy barren tomb, open up thine eyes!  
The echoes cease with a breath, breathe deep and expel,  
we shall claim this gladsome earth where gods and men rebel.

Captain Cur

# My Queen May I Once Speak Thy True Name

With whom do I stand at this vexing hour  
heeding thy council or those of lesser men?  
May I once speak thy true name, Catherine,  
formidable as thy northern tower  
from bloom to queenly grace did flower.  
May my words not retreat from me again  
bound to this truth, my lover, queen and friend;  
they yield their strength to thine enduring power.  
For this reason I know I must depart.  
I am called back by my mistress the sea.  
I will be thy hand which must strike free;  
enemies from foreign lands will fear thy name,  
heed thy voice and pledge to thy glorious heart  
their love, a love I was not born to claim.

Captain Cur



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# Vintage Of Your Age

If I am doomed to never taste your lips;  
young, anxious grape, eager for the wine  
though intoxicated by your swaying hips  
I will not take you early from the vine.

I patiently await the vintage of your age;  
full ripened fruit insures the bottle's worth,  
than to prematurely place you in that cage  
though your textured curves instill a sudden thirst.

Rather, I would count the grains of sand  
content to watch you sleep away the sun  
then have you fall ready in my hand  
until at last your harvest has begun.

Gently I would press your flavor loose,  
wherein lays the essence of your tears,  
and taste the sweetness of your juice  
savoring that memory throughout the years!

Captain Cur

# Christopher's Rime Royal To Isabella

Let us not forsake the south westerly breezes  
that spreads far to those countries both fabled and fair,  
warm weather climes escape the harsh winter freezes  
that will never detain us or follow us there.

Great adventure awaits with much knowlege to share;  
O! What gifts we will garner in blue foreign skies,  
here the natives are friendly with bright gleaming eyes.

Spain! This glorious triumph finely depending  
on our will and resolve, by the strength of our faith,  
turmoil below, the storms of heaven descending;  
Isabella! fair weather turns, we must sail in hast!  
In the name of our Lord, by the blood of the saints!  
Victorious shouts on their first maiden voyage;  
christened, the Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria!

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Admire Not Power Or The Lowest Shun

Guardian of my heart! I trust in thee,  
enrich my soul and quell my boastful pride;  
vastness surrounds me, beauty pure and wide  
let these calm waters fill the days that be.  
My Lord! My Protector! O! Faithful Sea!  
One last journey, may faith become my guide;  
my sails are drawn by cold relentless time  
this path thou gives, this path thou giveth free  
to teach man till a greater good is won.  
May I not repent useless in my grave  
or count my deeds when all amount to none  
though flesh is weak I know the spirit brave;  
admire not power or the lowest shun;  
love gives me strength the weakest then to save!  
In these bold waters I raise my arm to thee,  
My Lord! My Protector! O! Faithful Sea!

Captain Cur



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# Am I Dead To Your Heart My Fearsome Queen

Am I dead to your heart, my fearsome queen,  
will these battle scars heal without a trace?  
I fought thy wars more years of pain await  
to wake me from this nightmare that I dream.  
I thread my wounds and count the days unseen,  
neither sun nor moon will shine on me their grace  
here darkness thrives within thy cold embrace;  
I turn my eyes from what thou once had been.

A beacon glares, its weak light growing strong  
for many nights I prayed to understand  
does fate decide to whom my love belongs  
and why I crave thy warm yet loveless hand;  
the wind, the heat, the waves this hellish urge  
to bludgeon hope, is this thy love's command?

Captain Cur



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# Aoide, Femininity Thy Power And Thy Strength

Aoide,  
Daughter of gods! Muse of men!  
For my mortality shed not a tear  
though on thy ruins I lie in great despair,  
I know this place, fruitfulness and knowledge  
blend thine art championing its righteous cause.  
I see the gentle slope near the hill where Bacchus  
stood in thy shadow and paused, his voice silent,  
his chin dripping with wine shattered by thy song.  
Lesser gods bedeviled, the wind thy breath,  
femininity thy power and thy strength.  
In poetic works humble thoughts grow bold  
but music adds dimension to the soul.  
I look upon this visage and handless arm,  
time can never mar an ageless form  
shameless in its purity and charm.  
In the heavens thy shape stridently wove  
entwined by stars thy memory thus enthroned.

Captain Cur



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# Lioness

Beware the instinctive growl  
Moving slow, proud, sure and straight  
Of a young lioness on the prowl.  
Fearless form! Her jungle gait!

Look! Her beauty, brazen face  
Hunting till the sunlight dims.  
Wary prey! A smooth tireless pace  
Warms the sinews of her limbs.

Roaring sounds! Rampant will!  
Hushed by stalking's deadly start,  
All pay homage in the still  
Revering her primeval art.

Eyes of wonder! Eyes of steel!  
Born to rule and sovereign reign,  
Mystery cloaks just what they feel  
Unchallenged in her vast domain.

Captain Cur



# Aoide, If I Can Only Master But One Line

Aoide,  
Within this crumbled page, all hell for me,  
my youthful passion fades in steep decline,  
words do falter; then, I awake in thee!  
If I can only master but one line  
my mortal heart can win thy love divine.  
I take my knife and make these verses bleed,  
not saint nor king can halt the flow of time;  
to know thy bed, should all the Fates decree  
to own the heart that will my master be.

Captain Cur



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# Aoide, Silken Is The Falling Moon

Silken is the falling moon  
her light gently cast above this place  
Aoide's crumbling shrine,  
I touch these stones and think of her  
and reach out toward the sky;  
bright evening clouds declining  
moonlight fills her eyes.

Captain Cur



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## Aoide! What Glistens On Thy Lips?

Aoide, long hast thou suffered in thine art,  
my love attests to unseen pleasing's that thou brings  
thy mortal host, though immortal be thy heart!  
Aroused by song remove thy shroud and sing  
sensual notes beyond my coarse imaginings.  
What glistens on thy lips? Initiate my ears,  
to my eyes thy fingers strum all the more enticingly;  
beyond the passion of my youthful years,  
beyond this flesh, bound to the music of thy lyre.

Captain Cur



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# Ageless Fancy

When I turn to her, all my heart conveying  
these simple words that her love has deemed  
in this gentle light with soft shadows playing,  
a quiet sleep envelopes me in dreams.  
Ageless fancy, youthful as her beauty seemed,  
lone chaste wanderings, of these flights I speak  
which threads a path along a golden beam;  
though my words come halting, my vision weak,  
to know her mind, what greater purpose can I seek?

Captain Cur



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# Dare I Encumber It In Words

Blossoming, a bed of roses dare I  
pick just one, and encumber it in words  
to compare its charm to her wakening eyes;  
from my hand to hers  
and leave its beauty in her charge.

Captain Cur



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# I Have The Soul Of Poetry To Keep

What words can strengthen my mortality?  
What sounds can wake me from this worldly sleep?  
Imagined obstacles appear too steep  
to climb, in pain and weakness would I die  
or call upon my eagle in the sky;  
nor live in fear of death, I will not weep  
I have the soul of poetry to keep  
fresh, alive, not a tear escapes my eye.  
The bards of old, their glorious refrains  
redeems me from the agony and pain;  
purity, knowledge, charity and truth  
words that forged the pillars of my youth  
and years, whatever numbers still remain,  
I will grasp a magnitude!

Captain Cur



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# Clouds Above Olympia

Grandest creature marble white  
rearing proudly in thy time  
the clouds above Olympia  
thunder with thy stride;  
enormous hoofs of white and grey  
eyes of fiercest black,  
nostrils flaring in a rage  
who dares mount thy back!

Captain Cur



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# Poetry, May You Never Cease To Be

Poetry, may you never cease to be  
this proud wilful spirit emblematic  
of our kind, take us on your journey;  
let us gorge ourselves on your words,  
let us feast on what the multitudes are fed!  
Revering life with each line of your prose,  
the deepest stains remain where our hearts have bled,  
immersed in these depths passion overflows,  
on this sea, on this untamed sea  
coursing to its end!

Captain Cur



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# Poetry, She Appears To Me In A Wild State

Discovering this truth a quietness  
assails me, what measure of beauty did I find?  
When her eyes serenely soft express  
the artificial nature of my rhyme.  
She appears to me in a wild state  
shorn of all garments save the virgin cloth;  
whilst in her bed on the verge of ecstasy,  
in these false imaginings I am lost.

Captain Cur



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# Poetry, The Flowing Outreach Of Her Rhyme

Her strong voice unbridled, now quietness  
express, silence more bountiful than time;  
upon her lips my hopes will surely rest  
to taste the flowing outreach of her rhyme.  
Words and visions in my deep dreams remake  
were these worlds not created by us both,  
enormity of beauty our minds did shape  
a beacon for the lonely and the lost.

Captain Cur



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# Wild Love! Dance With Severed Wings No More

Wild love!

Dance with severed wings no more!

Demanding heights these glorious scenes explore,  
the precipice awaits, leap, take on flight  
lifting into the sun's new morning light.

Wild love!

Fly high! Mountains glow in the fire of day  
lazy streams coaxed by white hot fulsome rays  
and boldly the gold tinged liquid pours  
through the hollows of earth's enchanted doors.

Wild love!

Descend into the deepest wells of earth!  
there in the smoky haze lava springs forth  
and all in its path will know its power  
with blazing heart steadily devour!

Captain Cur



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# Applaud The Spirit! This Chance Of Life May All My Nature Praise

This chance of life may all my nature praise  
nor undermine with a breath unworthy  
to breathe this gift tremulous and slowly  
becoming one with choices I have made.  
Changing but unchanged in age and aging  
reward the years in young sincerity  
giving more than what I took, so take me,  
so I may walk life's final passageways.  
When crowned by glory uncrowned in the end  
returned to ash, the long eternal rest,  
precious things I then sought, but not possess,  
self-possession in all my ways attend.  
With faith and love in gentleness comply.  
Applaud the spirit! turn and turning nigh.

Captain Cur



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# Muted By The Hood Of Sweet Repentance

This oath I swore, my heart was younger then,  
impatience ruled and stormed the realm of night,  
horrors cast where the bloodlet stains are penned  
my fortunes mired, insured by ways of might.  
Potent words like charms, in themselves believe  
following blind or shepherding the herd,  
unleashing lies religiously received  
the finer truths repressed and undisturbed.  
When bold in wisdom's sight a question wakes;  
frenzied passions yield, calm influence grows,  
this pure savagery swarms outside my gates  
less infests my mind or alarms my soul,  
suddenly, when the swift cut of death strikes  
with alacrity and forced acceptance  
those same words impoverishing my psych  
muted by the hood of sweet repentance.

Captain Cur



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# Save The Princess From The Wolves! Hearken To The Call!

My muse demands study in all her ways to know  
Risk the flames that bellow and cause the mind to glow  
Then with heart afire and lettered in this pain  
Truth and love's poetic voice surely will obtain.  
Should I fail and fall in the blackest pits of woe  
I read loud greater works to hear how sweet they flow,  
How my muse harangued me though greatly entertained;  
She said:  
'False rhymes that end the lines can never be sustained.  
Rent! All the books asunder! Hearken to the call!  
Save the princess from the wolves! Scale the castle wall!  
Passion thrills the moment, compassion turns to grief,  
Dig down till it hurts, till your own words make you weep! '  
When I turned to face her, her eyes were shining bright,  
Oft repeating what I learned, 'Trust In What You Write.'

Captain Cur



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# Till My Hot Blood Feeds The Ground

.....Crushed!

I carefully overlay my ink  
and redefine my heartfelt loss,  
where I place these weathered notes  
in my precious sack of cloth.

My Queen,

A wild storm has plagued us and my letters lost,  
delivered to the bottom of the sea, unread,  
undefiled save that some creature's cold curiosity  
should touch them and weep, alone in their content  
and as such their meaning shall remain pure.  
They envision stars on their fiery quest  
and beg the sweet mercies that faith be found  
so great these beats vibrating in my chest  
that bleeds my world, till my hot blood feeds the ground.  
Words that attack and molt my calloused skin,  
a transparent shell left by love's unanswered door,  
a place of death! In strife my words begin  
to roil the depths and walk the ocean floor.  
My Ocean! My Queen! My Life!  
Each wave a separate line, though tides may stall,  
unfulfilled, enveloping shores and reflecting earthen skies  
blessed with their own intrepid sense of will  
I believe these letters drift, certain to arrive,  
immeasurable as these waters be  
I wait, I wait for your reply.

Captain Cur

# When Love Itself Betrays

Beware the autumn's turning leaves  
as late October begins to cool  
and all the truths you once believed  
masquerading as a fool.

Beware the habits others keep  
to spirits of a bygone age,  
the dreams they wrestle with in sleep  
when love itself betrays!

Beware the easy paths to take;  
the wider road, the finer green,  
the friends, the claims, that will forsake  
you. Falsity is seen!

Beware the wise and wordless dead;  
schisms, demons, religious strife,  
the total price put on your head,  
the ending of your life!

Captain Cur



# To Love And Be Loved By You

How long shall I wallow in lesser truths  
to mend this trembling heart, too frail to touch,  
my words are weak and lack a steely proof  
that must risk all when all is not enough.  
What great lessons in and of yourself teach  
embroidered by passion and all that is good,  
I drop this letter at your virtuous feet  
for you have graced the path of womanhood.  
Commence then in my mind a strong belief  
tempered by the trials of fortitude,  
each moment atones, surmounts my grief,  
while I strive to love and be loved by you.

Captain Cur



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# Life, A Coin Toss

It was that incongruity of thought  
that lashed across the outstretched hand of fate;  
and life, as life always is, a coin toss,  
flippant, with no sure outcome to debate.  
New paths opening in the realm of choice,  
some raw, others smoother and well traveled  
safely beckoning with a comfortable voice,  
others primitive, wild and uncontrolled.  
There's fate swinging its kamikaze sword  
battling against its own self interest  
able to mutter but a single word,  
with powerless repetition, 'divest.'  
Hazards present themselves quite readily  
so fate can put its feet up and relax  
when outcome triumphs over sanity  
soon earth will look at man and turn her back,  
then fate again will rule with instincts mind  
and all that's left tow a congruent line.

Captain Cur



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# Is Love A Fever Or A Deadly Chill?

Merriment is gone, let those laughs be still,  
is love a fever or a deadly chill?  
The burning fire and the numbing freeze  
mete out the symptoms of this dread disease;  
insomnia, confusion, a sudden rash  
there is no consensus how long they last.  
The doctors' probing with his rubber glove,  
there is no cure when you are ill with love.

Captain Cur



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# The Clay That Molds Our World

The old tree stood grim and gnarled. The young children shrieking loudly crawled down beneath its hanging leaves, playing as if in song, but one sat idle resting on its knee; this small child's attention suddenly drawn to new life that grew and danced around him and the dying branches in their neglect, but did not view age an object of contempt.

Wizened sage beyond all imagining withered leaves to an early fall, unless children sing and harder still they cling and grasp old hands in their magnificence in this innocent act of wakening when beauty dulls, no longer charms the flesh as days depart, new travels yet to come journeying to the focal point of love.

Purified in the flames of heaven's fire heralded by the sounding of the call rejoicing in that childlike earthly choir reaching toward the mysteries of the soul. Enacting dreams flush with pure desire senses meet with new pathways to encode and these evolving spirits refashioning the clay that molds our world.

Captain Cur

# Does Poetry More Fulfill Your Mind

If in thy youth were made to find  
poetry more fulfilled your mind  
than machinations or the rest  
consider your soul doubly blest.  
So let us not speak ill of verse  
recite each line, rehearse, rehearse!  
Do words flow smooth like in a dream  
or struggle hard to swim upstream?  
When writing do poems seem to drown  
when reading tumble to the ground;  
just rhyme these two words, light and bright,  
and everything will be alright.  
The finer themes that lift the scene  
the ocean blue, the forest green  
but, if sensitivities lack,  
it's okay to compose in black.  
Let's mix a cauldron full of verse  
add love, prayer, a little curse  
then strip the finished product bare  
with plays of Shakespeare to compare.  
The sweeping rhymes that end the line,  
the anapests that drill to time,  
if these techniques you do possess  
consider your soul triple blessed!  
Then edit, check and check some more  
for all your heart you did outpour.  
The end.

Captain Cur

# Oh! England! Shall I Miss Those Brimming Shores

Oh! England! Shall I miss those brimming shores  
that plague the words of this songs sad refrain?  
If I must depart vanquished from your door!  
Leave my love! Till your white walls rise again!  
What childish joy familiar sights contain  
the smells of home and beauty's native call  
ancestral pride like blood runs through my veins  
and all my dreams of glory seem so small,  
my eyes can't grasp the distance as they fall.

Captain Cur



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# When In Love Believed, This Love I Then Became

This heart that bleeds unwounded to the sight  
must bear the loss, and though the days advance  
as years to me, I retain that ageless light  
that love does bring, belies its simple glance  
when lovers pledge this mystery of chance.  
As straight the poles compel the needles aim  
the compass points with memories of the past  
these tears I cry to part me from the pain  
when in love believed, this love I then became.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Forged The Kiss That Broke My World Apart

For this day you were anointed, dear child,  
a strong will redeemed by an earnest heart,  
eyes that spark and lips as soon to smile  
which forged the kiss that broke my world apart.  
When ancient suns the heavens ably chart  
and burns the flesh with fires from on high  
in your name to nameless shores depart  
and time as time will not sit idly by  
you have grown my Queen, now a woman to my eye.

We drew upon the canvas of the shore  
rushing waves and dived challenging the sea  
innocence lost which plagues us thence no more  
dancing wildly and running through the reeds  
I born to service, you were born to lead.  
Now the tall masts rent into the gale  
waves that rise and strike then as quick recede  
strong winds infest the white and crimson sails  
of a less than noble birth will my love prevail.

Captain Cur



# The Theme That Compels Me, Lovely You

These lines I write cannot go unrehearsed  
reciting to the image that I knew  
this voice that shakes exemplifies my verse  
and the theme that compels me, lovely you.  
Words denied the magnificence of sight  
foraging like a creature half sustained  
dreams that rage unremembered in the night  
awaken with a passion unrestrained.  
When the ways of pride acted as my host  
performing on the platform of pretense  
love cheered on with a brittle bumbling toast  
shattered by what it feigned to represent.  
Oft I repeat and memorize these lines  
when my words filled then destroyed your angelic mind.

Captain Cur



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# Pageantry Of Being

When in summer the gilded days did frame  
the seeds of life, the handsome blooms that dwell  
in flowering youth, beauty loathe to tame  
that which strives to their highest form excel;  
so sweet, let not the slightest chill deface  
the fragile blush that scents the breeze serene  
nor hoary frost abounding in its haste  
dare to still the pageantry of being.  
Life coerced by time's complacency  
thirsting each second and grander hour  
and all that lived must then forever be,  
remade in ways beauty once empowered.  
The culmination of this gift of death  
the gilded days did frame and breathed its breath.

Captain Cur



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# If There Were No Moon, (Rondeau Redouble)

If there were no moon dark would be the night;  
the sun bereft without her maiden glow.  
Our eyes devoid of her seductive light  
and all her gifts once lavishly bestowed.

Igniting seas emblazoned in her tow;  
invading shores directed by her flight,  
waves retreat when once gallantly they rose  
if there were no moon dark would be the night.

No harvest fields or phases that delight;  
new to full her embodiments unfold  
in tangent skies just lonely specks of light,  
the sun bereft without her maiden glow.

In our greed, like a trinket she was sold,  
now we're lost to the privilege of her sight  
and we will weep with stricken empty souls  
our eyes devoid of her seductive light.

In vain we want, as often is our plight,  
for her return by stellar winds to blow  
her back to home! We crave our mother's light  
and all her gifts once lavishly bestowed.

Captain Cur

# Anthem Of The Waves, Part 2, (The Figurehead)

Startled by a sudden glow  
that spread across the sea  
not from lamps in decks below  
like two small moons they gleamed;  
a female form tightly lashed  
bore wings with thorny spine  
to her breast a shield was clasped  
that challenged earth and sky.

Her pale white arms seemed alive  
enfolded on the bow  
though her hair was streaked with brine  
shone bright her golden crown.  
In her hands a short broad sword  
that cut the angry swells  
swirling round in slimy froth,  
the waste the deep expels.

Opaque pearls adorned her head  
and through the day she'd sleep,  
in the dusk of crimson red  
all men could hear her weep.  
As if a spell cast from high  
inflamed her silver hair  
every breath and softest sigh  
perfumed the midnight air.

With her gown our dreams would flow  
and glimmer on the waves  
and her eyes beauteous glow  
would turn us from our way.  
Thus we planned to free her from  
the forefront of our ship  
trapped in pain she often moaned  
and burned in sun and pitch.

Our Captain warned, 'Leave her be!  
No kindness will you find!  
Do not set the creature free!

Who can know her mind? '  
So determined in our choice  
we cut her from the boards,  
all desirous of the voice  
that sang the maiden song.

She was larger than supposed;  
we hauled with all our strength,  
words of truth that we opposed  
would judge for our offense.  
We laid her on a silken cloth  
in longing for her kiss  
then the great ship veered from course  
commanded by her lips.

Captain Cur

# Anthem Of The Waves

To the anthem of the waves  
we sailed the western winds;  
time not measured by the days  
but by our countless sins,  
what prayerful act could redeem  
and spare us from our plight  
unclean thoughts in evil breed  
devoid of any light.

Men composed of marrow bone  
and rotting pungent flesh  
standing like salt pillared stone  
dead weight upon the deck  
though at times it did appear  
that blood flowed through their veins  
with each heartbeat loathe to bear  
the apex of its pain.

Would our Captain bargain more  
for joy or lasting death?  
Memories of oaths we swore  
burned pounding in our breast,  
and the endless stage of sleep  
relinquished in our haste,  
chequered words we pledged to keep  
now bound us to our fate.

Then the great ship lit the sea!  
A thousand lanterns strong!  
Whale oil flamed in high degree  
in rows from bow to stern,  
each man stationed at his task  
and worked as duty called,  
on this first night none dared ask  
the name of him they served.

To be continued...



# Nestled In The Arms Of Faithful Lovers

Lust then overwhelms the reign of passion  
crowning dishonor with the sins of pride  
genuflecting to a greedier master  
with empty scrolls revolving in its eyes.  
If love should drip from the thorn edged petals  
this wound that travels deeply may reveal  
its outward quest through the bloody vessels  
that flesh is the weakest armament we wear.  
Nestled in the arms of faithful lovers,  
complete acceptance knowing what is true,  
sunlight waking up the world in wonder  
when passion reigns unchallenged in its rule.

Captain Cur



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# Is This Not How The Greatest Love Is Born

Earnestly love pines to the highest grace  
with lessons from the faiths then to compare,  
dimly shines the light on its hopeless face  
when darkness sows the seeds of its despair.  
Should heart meet soul must not their worlds combine  
or suffer in exclusion both alone;  
if passion strikes the spark inflaming mind  
is this not how the greatest love is born?

Captain Cur



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# In Wild Winds Blow The Tempest Of My Eye

I will not tarry in pursuit of love  
or barter with words that retain their pride,  
passion is not the birthright of the young;  
in wild winds blow the tempest of my eye  
though the storm is brief violently it cries  
and I will voice the fire and the pain,  
and weep until the death of heart runs dry,  
to be blessed to drown in its pouring rain  
than to argue these terms or love insane.  
Unfulfilled and stacked in dulling piles;  
if love be lost what joy is worldly gain,  
on the naked face a painted smile  
that earth and rain will wash off in the grave  
when the pursuit of love took far more than it gave.

Captain Cur



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# All That Came Have Come Before Me

All that came have come before me  
beacons lighting from the past,  
streams run swiftly down the mountain  
rocks worn smoother as they pass.  
Forests overgrown in wonder;  
trees pressed up against the sky,  
flowers teaching ways of beauty  
to the sun's all seeing eye.  
All I am and I becoming  
carried like the seeds of spring  
growing in the breath of summer  
covered by the falling leaves.  
Then in stillness I departing  
chilled by the cold winter's breeze,  
all that came have come before me  
water lilies on the stream.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Undying Notes She Was Denied

If I impart a deliberate praise  
on Anne, whom all the world should come to know,  
where her lithe lines dance through each velvet page  
in words that pious dignity bestows,  
loftier thoughts I'm unfit to describe;  
charmed by her skilled hand in themes of love's  
undying notes, a love she was denied  
and strove without; in youthful dreams she wove  
fanciful scenes of pleasure alighting  
on each artful breath, a flowering breeze  
that opened hearts forever delighting  
in her prose, but then dark of twilight eve  
crept beneath the weeping skies  
and gently closed the lids of Anne's poetic eyes.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Words Of Prayer Extinguished In The Night

Is not the faintest shadow of your glow  
that which commands me from its inner shrine?  
What's left of faith when life and love withhold  
the candle's flame, and darkest dreams confine  
the wispy trail devolving through the light  
on words of prayer extinguished in the night?

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Suffer In Cold Or Burn In Fire

Souls of pirates in the sea  
despondent in their misery  
whale oil lanterns deny them sleep  
forever burning in the deep.  
Each day they all gather round  
on the ocean's silty ground;  
ruled by water, ruled by death  
lungs that can't exhale a breath.

Here they try to build a ship  
with lifeless arms and speechless lips,  
elaborate blueprints traced in sand  
washed away by the ocean's hand.  
Their Captain's shadow haunts the rocks  
in heavy chains and rusty locks;  
they fear to set his spirit free  
and named him, "Devil of the Sea."

Now they face a new quagmire  
suffer in cold or burn in fire,  
so each one casts his final vote  
to free the man or cut his throat.  
Their Captain knows his fate is near  
quieting himself his mind grows clear  
in the rock for years he etched  
a ship his men could sail in death.

From the edge of the horizon  
a mighty ghost ship from the deep  
her rising masts ringed with lightening  
crewed with dead men roused from sleep;  
her bow broke through the waters  
where the waves of time are breached  
our Captain shouting orders  
a new world in our reach.

(This poem continues in:  
"Making Love To Her The Sea, Pirate Oaths, I.")



# When Mighty Words Of The Poets Take Flight

When mighty words of the poets take flight  
accentuating themes of new delight;  
migrating aptly to heralding greens,  
steadily climbing unfolding their wings,  
cadenced by rhythm each opening line  
awakening thoughts, the drumbeats of mind,  
desiring beauty at the height of their quest,  
proffering knowledge of life, love and death;  
voyaging sadness, determining course,  
discovering the sinfulness of verse.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com



# Morning Mist Of Joy

Morning mist of joy, quietly you grew  
sparkling on ringlets in the morning dew.  
Do you favor darkness and the fall of light  
scenting the evening breeze in the cool of night  
or do you choose to vanish in the warming rays  
replicating nature in the form of rain?

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Discovering The Sinfulness Of Verse

When mighty words of the poets take flight  
accentuating themes of new delight;  
migrating aptly to heralding greens,  
steadily climbing unfolding their wings,  
cadenced by rhythm each opening line  
awakening thoughts, the drumbeats of mind,  
desiring beauty at the height of their quest,  
proffering knowledge of life, love and death;  
voyaging sadness, determining course,  
discovering the sinfulness of verse.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Contenting Love Once Copiously Poured, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Within the tendrils of your soft embrace  
may I not be too weak in words to find  
a worthy phrase to celebrate this place  
nor waver unsteadily as I climb  
for in each thread that my design must choose  
if but one unravels, the whole to lose.

Engaged by the novelties of your will  
I rest between the pages soon to turn  
engendering each moment as I till  
unearthing fragments of a broken urn  
contenting love once copiously poured  
though destroyed now twice, may the third restore?

Contained within the passion of your kiss  
can I be completely thus entwined,  
naivety of heart cannot express;  
to be is mortal, to be more, divine,  
compelling these pages emphatically told,  
the humblest parts redeeming the whole.

Captain Cur

# Bloodworth Castle

Bloodworth Castle's spires race  
through colored leaves that vary  
as sunlight bares its southern face  
towering in its glory  
along Augustine's tree lined path  
I glimpse her fateful treasure  
below the rise of Teignbridge Pass  
are streams that flow forever.

The moated castle's iron gates  
wrought flames in Devonshire,  
strong arms that sized and fit the grates  
where breadth and height required.  
The Tamar River rushes down  
to feed her tributaries  
then runs her course to Plymouth Sound  
and greets the Plym in stages.

Amid the castle's broken walls  
her courtyards still bear flowers,  
history blemished by the fall  
end pages filled with sorrow.  
Old legends marching telling tales  
from Kingston Downs to Dartmoor,  
they walk Augustine's Path each year  
to the place their blood was poured.

Captain Cur

# Foreign Cantatas And African Dreams

Amid supplications and laurel wreaths,  
She wore her hoary crown  
Enthroned in power on her regal seat,  
Her subjects bowing down.

Rapt beauty reflected by endless moons  
Heralding newborn suns,  
Planet rings woven in celestial hues  
Where comet tails are spun;

Stellar elixirs, molecular scents,  
The ions of her breeze,  
Eyes of turquoise exotically bends  
My torso to my knees.

Foreign cantatas' tumultuous scenes,  
Egyptian in her stance,  
Bountiful jungles and African dreams  
Encompassing her dance.

Rich vineyards of pleasure, succulent grapes,  
I drank her karmic wine  
Making love to her desert oasis  
Enslaving me in time.

Written by Captain Cur  
in collaboration with  
Ellias Anderson known as 'Captain A'

Captain Cur

# Homer, Phoenicia And The Trojan War

Clinging to the edge of time's oblique sphere  
within the storybook of myth I fall  
victim to Europa tending her field,  
Homer, Phoenicia and the Trojan War.

Chicory, foxglove and digitalis,  
she wove lovingly through horns on his head  
a charging bull of white immensity  
enticing sweet Europa to his bed.

Patroclus tricked the Myrmidons to fight  
protected in the guise of hammered steel  
but Hector took him from his youthful life  
and Paris shot Achilles in the heel.

Quandaries interspersed with heroic deeds  
bound by achievement and their true beliefs  
questing for glory even gods will bleed  
and die in the pages of a thousand griefs.

Captain Cur

# Pirate Girl

I smelt the scent of sweet perfume.  
Oh! Pirate Girl! My Pirate Girl!  
I knew that she would be my doom.  
Oh! Pirate Girl! My Pirate Girl!

I asked her to set sail with me.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
She laughed and said for a small fee.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

On her cheeks are twin tattoos.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
Not the cheeks you paint with rouge.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

She is the older side of young.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
On her sails my heart is strung.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

She can be warm or cold as ice.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
Beware! She's deadly with a knife.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

She is handy with rope and shot.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
Squeeze the trigger and pull the knot.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

A firing squad or hangman's hood.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
She says for me they'll be too good.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

A mongrel's bite she has for sure.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
And bares her teeth at Captain Cur.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

We steal, plunder and capture ships  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
My sole desire her tawny lips.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

She races to loose the topmost sail.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
Sun on her face and wind in her hair.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

Limber she climbs in darkened skies.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
With salt stained cheeks and moonlit eyes.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

Adorned by stars, her movements free.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
I love and worship her like the sea.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

I think of her when the currents slow,  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
when clouds are still and winds won't blow,  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

When storms appear in salt mist skies  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
When sunlight fails and moonlight dies.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

She knows her way around the galley.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
Her lips are sugar sweet like candy.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

Not that I have tasted any.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
Yet voyage long and time aplenty.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

I know where our first kiss must be!



Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
As the blithe winds compass me.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

Where the seven bodies blend.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
Round Neptune's rings at oceans end.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

Now we sail the endless seas.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!  
I with her, and she with me.  
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

Cur  
Captain of the "Malevolent";  
Circa 1645

No matter how the currents flow  
or the fell winds blow,  
you will always and forever be  
My Pirate Girl, My Pirate Love.

Captain Cur

# Weighted Words That Never Vary, (From Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

My Queen,  
Standing on the precipice  
I view your foreign land  
Engulfed in a stormy mist  
I extend to you my hand.  
Reaching through the barrier  
I feel the mountain's crush  
Weighted words that never vary,  
Desperate for your touch.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Isles Of Cadmus

Magnificence crowns the Isles of Cadmus!  
On these proverbial shores breakers lounge long  
crested lazily atop its widening gulf  
lulling the coast line with their natal song.  
Of an ancient time these waters belong,  
primordial life's imprint in the sand  
inexplicably and forever gone  
juxtaposed in massive swirling bands  
flow back into the grip of the sea's mighty hand.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Renew My Love Affair With The Sea, (Love Letters Written To A Lady Of Renown)

Effecting an elegant arrangement near at hand,  
Lady, Loquacious in your speech,  
I peruse the body of your letters hoping  
I will understand the cause for your alarm.  
Did my haughty pursuit seeking your attentions  
distill the evening song of our embrace?  
My heart captured by these first lyrical notes,  
charmed, like a smoldering ember fired with belief,  
suffering in the wellspring of its thirst.  
Of what has and shall be written,  
intimately scribed but never spoken,  
the melodic sounding of your voice evades me;  
yet, the offspring of our poems has woken  
and renews my love affair with the sea.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Arrayed In The Profundities Of Our Age

Let us not digress into ancient patterns  
blemishing the luxury of our days,  
instead, let us weave a finer satin  
clinging to the knowledge that we gain  
arrayed in the profundities of our age.  
Enrobe yourself in this sweetly scented gift;  
beauty deeper than what this world displays,  
in these garments we shall co-exist  
and mend the seams that set the continents adrift.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Goddess At The Gate

I tried to view the pages of my fate  
guarded by the Goddess at the Gate.  
She rode a steed with mane of snowy down  
galloping fast but hardly touching ground.  
I wondered how much ink contained within  
dried to soil the parchment of my sin.  
I envisioned a fountain and a bride,  
brilliant stories unfolding in her eyes,  
then suddenly the sun and moon eclipsed;  
I heard the words that trembled from her lips.  
I saw the throng, a thousand different shapes,  
and the isles of man, the oceans and the lakes;  
mountains shook when the Goddess stormed the gate.

Against the cavern water gently sounds  
forever deeper purging underground,  
along these paths that randomness selects  
the bowels of earth will dutifully direct.  
The Goddess turned and breathed a heavy sigh,  
the walls of fate were shorn and opened wide,  
advancing forward flags and banners hailed  
but in these depths I knew that she had failed.  
The Goddess smiled and stood at broken gates.  
I digressed and turned to suffer fate.

Captain Cur

# Choked By Chords Of Pained Insistence

I drift in dreams of lucid song  
voices sounding in the distance,  
paused notes rise aggregate and long  
choked by chords of pained insistence.

Refrains pulsed somber with regrets  
heaving sighs in the wake of morn  
each bar then measured for effect  
above the dismal pall of dawn.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# In The Confines Of A Wish

Enmeshed in the craftiness of your smile  
flowing with web like elegance,  
the lightest feelings these threads inspire  
entice me with their quiet dance.

Complexity honed with a weaving brush  
there, in the confines of a wish,  
soft lines strengthened by a delicate touch  
bare intricacies of a kiss.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com



# Graduating From The Rhythmic Pangs

Graduating from the rhythmic pangs  
of unrequited love  
I write my Queen knowing pain  
will never weaken my resolve.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
battlements of desire  
hold the treasure that I seek.  
And what riches await  
as I climb each wooden rung  
and tread across the bloodied stones  
until the battles won.

(From: Love Letters to a Lady of Renown)

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Fault Lines In My Heart

Was it your selected discourse on love,  
where truth overwhelmed the path of longing,  
or the undeniable expression  
of your eyes that carved fault lines in my heart?

The writings of your voice soft and fluid  
rekindled dreams dead but not forgotten  
then the savage logic of the pain when  
your once sweet words turned cold, harsh and bitter.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Elixir Of Your Senses, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Rhythm's of newfound oceans recompose  
the intensity of need driving me  
to your shores, Lady, of loquacious speech.  
Gifts I share in this adventure of soul  
and what bold words I discover to move  
your heart are but flowing points as I dream  
the elixir of your senses. What sound  
suffers more than the platitudes of want,  
more naked than scenes that thread the curtain  
of life, more intense than the willfulness  
of flesh. I raise your flask and take a sip.

My Queen,  
With novelty of action I mix these thoughts  
and deem this draught far sweeter  
than all others that have ever passed  
through my parched lips.

Captain Cur



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# Fornicating In The Bowels Of Unswerving Reason

Artifacts of emotional distress  
left chiseled on your soft dimpled cheek;  
sensuous, predatory you stand,  
motionless, pedestaled on the edge  
of unswerving reason.  
This disease of lust fornicating  
in my bowels has twisted  
all semblance of chaste morality.  
I leave these words at the base  
of your stone feet.

I have sacrificed all for you,  
for my edification by your tongue  
I will return an unburied corpse  
and bathe you in my blood.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
armaments of desire can bring no lasting peace.  
With what weapon I choose to close the bounds  
between the Old World and the New  
on this neutral ground in which we stand  
there is no escaping truth.

(From: Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Captain Cur

# To My Juliet, Where The Chains Of Love Are Wrought

Extinguished for many years  
when words of love were scorned  
awakened by sojourned light  
and steadfast will it burn.  
And of this fire  
which circumstance has built  
litanies of desire  
to plague or arouse your wit.  
How shall I parry your intrusion  
into my every casual thought  
and in the martyrdom of freedom  
where the chains of love are wrought?

Captain Cur



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# Advent Of The Eagle's Cry

Meridians that line the skies  
with gentle shades of blue  
the advent of the eagle's cry  
on wings that sink from view.

A proud and lofty elegance  
residing in his soul  
in crags and crannies somersaults  
where nests his cliffside home.

Forever watchful is his stare  
detecting objects move  
then swoops upon them unawares  
beneath his mountain woods.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Strange Charisma Of Your Words

Falling victim to a presumed measure of acceptance  
that differentiates your world from mine,  
I hope all past grievances have been forgiven,  
and the enlightened nature of your company  
shall once again inhabit the forefront of my mind.

Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
beatitudes of pleasure fill my heart with disbelief.  
Still soft visions of my queen removing her disguise  
and the barren nature of our souls stripped of all their pride.  
Our world a dream infectious though it be,  
and the strange charisma of your words disarming as the sea.

(From: Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Captain Cur



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# Disenfranchised From Your Mind

Perhaps I confuse you, my love,  
with archaic themes  
woven through my verse  
as my heart beat throbs in earnest  
for a simple salutary sign  
or perhaps I subjugate myself  
too readily to your cruel indecisiveness  
as you leave me broke and bewildered  
disenfranchised from your mind.

Captain Cur



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# Affectation Of My Wiles, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
you tempt me with challenges  
as tart as they are sweet.  
If indifference wills your mind  
and deems my words uncouth  
I officiously entrain  
though your heart remains aloof.  
With affectation of my wiles  
and preponderance of guilt  
the black rose I laid at your feet  
shall bleed but never wilt.

Captain Cur



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# Composing Her Naturally To Me

What once is gone may never again be  
awakening thoughts in unspoken sound  
with these words adrift, motionless I found  
composing her naturally to me.

I thrilled to her, her sweet coy words touching  
all parts of me her cool breath underground  
stealth like kisses indelibly wound  
rising bout my lips soulful, saliently

wistfully thinking her ever to be  
awakening thoughts in unspoken sound  
with these words adrift, motionless I found  
composing her naturally to me.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Black Rose Drips With Red, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
disregarding all interest  
in conciliatory gestures  
I send this delicate rose,  
with black scented petals,  
in the hopes that it should make  
a lasting peace.

Distilling an aroma of mystery,  
its slender aborigine stem  
lined and edged with jagged thorns  
threads and weaves trustingly  
reaching outward in the blind,  
the essence of dark longing.

Black laced is its beauty  
as my mind envisions  
all parts of you;  
and sweeter still the outer swell  
that I breathe in through my pores,  
distinguished by the fragile look  
that steals all light and brings me  
fallen as I close each empty door.

Charmed by laughter, girlish might,  
and the soft windings of your smile  
that slings my heart across your lips  
where reigns the touch of fire.  
Here I lay these desperate words  
on the cold side of your bed  
and in the depth of soulless hours  
this black rose drips with red.

Captain Cur

# My Lips Dream Her Hotly Kiss, (Rondeau Redoublé)

Inter breath my lips dream her hotly kiss  
with seamless joy parts the glistening bows  
upon my tongue delicacy of wish  
my face is flush and time is all aglow.

How sweet I prayed and longed for one of those,  
shyness still in hesitancy of lips;  
what if there be intrusion of the nose,  
my fears consider, what if I to miss?

I'm leaning close and quiet as the mist  
with awkward stealth I'm introducing toes,  
my arms embrace advancing just a bit  
with seamless joy parts the glistening bows.

These links of love with certainty I know  
will form our bond; yet, always at a risk  
and weave our fates as passion overflows  
upon my tongue delicacy of wish.

In this softly place, taunt and intimate  
the winds of love adrift and quick to blow  
two hearts laced by the lights of innocence  
my face is flush and time is all aglow.

Shadows soar then coalesce within my soul  
wandering wild, our bodies in a twist,  
complete collapse my mind and body fold  
inter breath my lips dream her hotly kiss.

Captain Cur

# Guide Me Toward Your Foreign World, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
meridians of desire have drawn me from the deep,  
on soul maps of white and gold that cross and intertwine  
this final journey to your heart completely fills my mind.  
I hear the ocean's cadenced voice gently sound your name  
in the beauty of the whispered hush softly falls the rain.  
Though continents divide my grief or words be misapplied  
the zenith of north western lights completely thrill my eyes.  
Should I chart the longitude or latitude of love  
across the widening gulf of time in you my thoughts revolve.  
Can the language of my verse or the conquest of your tongue  
guide me toward your foreign world where all points converge as one?

Captain Cur



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# Beds Of Virgin Innocence, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
the total conquest of my mind objectifies belief,  
in my hands a ribboned scroll, its parchment coarse and dry,  
the words above your royal seal deeply wounds my eye.  
What decorum or habitat reveals about survival of my caste;  
the potency of unseen lines, the indignities of class,  
With fluency of tongue unsaid words claim my strength;  
you deny me rest in beds of virgin innocence,  
you deny me thought despising my crude ignorance,  
you deny me love and the complexities I crave  
bolting the chamber of your unused heart  
and watch me pound in vain.

Captain Cur



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# Gardens Of Poetic Verse

You charm me with honor, pride, grace and soul  
with heartfelt lines, yet worldly told,  
contained within your sweeping rhymes  
are words of life enthroned in time.

Your accent soft of sadness born  
carried on foreign wings of song  
with woodwind notes that linger air  
then flowing downward in a tear.

And may that teardrop never dry  
may kindest feelings fill your eye  
your lips redeemed by simple smiles,  
knowledge, truth and human trials.

Unknown to you, you gave me wings,  
in accent tones and wordless strings,  
a smile perhaps one day bestowed  
embedded deeply in my prose.

In gardens of poetic verse  
what is expression, but secret thirst;  
when words are all I drink to live,  
when words are all I have to give.

Captain Cur

# Come Night These Eves, Villanelle

Come night these eves I count you long ago  
years breathed in by the cold nostrils of time  
memories lost in sunset's burning glow.

Setting fast though the spectrum colors slow  
spanning wings death's bright archways soon arise  
come night these eves I count you long ago.

Gates and paths these drifting rings bestow  
life streams rushing where heart and thought collide  
memories lost in sunset's burning glow.

In this wealth of light penchant and alone  
my spirit walks and haltingly replies  
come night these eves I count you long ago.

Terrified by the beauty that's unknown  
I pass a torch extinguishing my mind  
memories lost in sunset's burning glow.

Carried by windless sails that ever blow  
I retreat from a world that once was mine  
come night these eves I count you long ago  
memories lost in sunset's burning glow.

Captain Cur



# I Laid Down My Sword

I laid down my sword and followed my Queen  
bade me inside the torchlit corridor,  
twelve dark roses on the mosaic floor,  
she unhinged the lock with a golden key.

I remember this all my days at sea  
when I came to her through her chambers door  
I laid down my sword and followed my Queen  
twelve dark roses on the mosaic floor.

And all her tears, and pride, and royalty  
that stirs my passion with a lion's roar  
this complex meaning to a simple chore  
in a world of blue and quintessence green  
I laid down my sword and followed my Queen.

Captain Cur



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# I Compose You Totally

My Queen,

I am obsessed with the dichotomy of your eyes,  
the total subjugation of my thoughts reinforced  
in contrasting colors that subtly distill my mind  
and my plaintive suffering words that speak unrehearsed  
against the world upon opposing sides, with svelte moves  
you attempt to assuage my love, how you cloak your heart;  
yet, subtleties are never missed, true seduction found.  
I may not share your bed, mere provisions for the soul,  
not of might or external length but inward feelings shown  
in the rhapsody of my song I compose you totally  
a foreign creature, nurtured, cultured, bred and born.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Estuary Of Words

Flooding through my estuary of words  
each syllable longing you, without touch  
distrusting reason, exposing your world  
filling me with pain in the swirling rush  
lovemaking that reverberates in time;  
coy fingers undressing you in spooling  
lakes seduced by the mountains spiraling  
above blue mouthed caves drunk on these pooling  
springs engulfing you, in these waters I  
the voiceless rapids enter you in waves.

Captain Cur



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# Evil Of Our Birth

Is our name important as personal truths we share  
contained within our writings are not our souls laid bare;  
some prove opportune to introduce us to their Christ  
others use the forum's blear to infect us with their lice.

Worldly lies are shared and culled, debating unproved truths,  
some throw off the tight reins of faith harnessed in their youth,  
rebellious with pierced eyes and nose, black goth colors spewed  
across the tattooed arms and legs branded by their views.

Freedom is the term we hype while dogma's age and mold,  
witness killings round the world while helplessness unfolds  
preaching the water's fine as we plunder this old earth,  
will we ever learn to tame the evil of our birth?

Captain Cur



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# Soft Innuendos, (Love Letters Written To A Lady Of Renown)

Predacious suffering in your jackal world  
has given me cause to despoil your throne  
can my treasonous words be forgiven,  
will I once again call England my home?  
A transparent intimacy distracts  
my art and reinvents all things I knew  
with newfound bearing in my pirate heart  
I gamely surrender my love to you.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
with undisclosed magnificence I bring  
these soft innuendos, my words discreet,  
carefully cloaked and chosen for my Queen  
deeply written in a song I must never sing.

Captain Cur



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# Though You Taunt I Still Pursue

My Love,

With countenance of will and mind  
I bow before you graciously  
who more determined shall you find  
to please your heart so thoroughly.

Should I discover you in song  
the tune and lyrics must admit  
that you are she that I adore  
with giving eyes and thoughtful lips.

I wade into a serene lake  
that looks as if an earthen sky  
reflecting birds that swoop and mate  
within the boundaries of your eye.

I run and bristle through the trees  
in wild gardens lush and rich  
my words come calling like the breeze  
that search your highlands inch by inch.

If I caught you what might you do  
when are words enough to say  
though you taunt I still pursue  
would you turn my love away?

Captain Cur

# Grace Me Should I Die, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Gathering all past feelings,  
relating them to this present moment  
externalizing my utmost love and devotion  
to that which I hold most sacred,  
sculpting you in words,  
making love rhyme synchronous  
with reason, grasping onto you  
at the end and beginning of my lines,  
entwining you in mystery,  
decoding you in verse,  
imagining your presence,  
enamored of your touch,  
suffering your beauty,  
administering your mind,  
these things I do at this present  
moment and gift my heart  
forever in your hope.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
a simple gesture will absolve me of my grief  
the mountains stare and rivers bend at your approach,  
where my stakes of pride have deeply gouged the earth.  
If no meaning in these letters that I sent  
them I invite you to propose the terms of argument;  
so what of beauty that age one day will deny  
when the currents of love no longer charge the eye,  
what becomes of us when our wits and words escape  
to the regions of mind that no longer plead our case  
but through these travesties I await my Queen's reply  
and hope your words of love will grace me should I die.

Captain Cur

# Strands Of Red That Are Braided Round, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
my impertinence lifts your heavy crown  
beneath this heirloom your sweet forehead wet  
and your strands of red that are braided round;  
I untie and lie them on your shoulders bed  
and smell their softness with unsteady breath,  
my fingers trace and trail your proud cheek bone lines  
I lightly brush with warm certain lips  
reveals your face and determined mind  
though you stand unresistant in my arms  
I delay my kiss and embrace your jewelless crown.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com



# Autumnal Equinox, Weymouth Bay

## Autumnal Equinox

Beleaguered on all sides,  
fate has dealt me a stifling blow;  
yet, I marvel at this precious earth  
with the Harvest Moon in tow.

Buffered by the isles brilliant lakes  
in the blue tapestries of the sea  
the threads of love slip my embrace  
and I tremble at what must be.

## Weymouth Bay

In late September the last warming rays  
inspiring rests on me  
nights are the loveliest in Weymouth Bay  
protecting me from the sea.

Roving England's southern coast her pliant  
chalk downs bedevil my eyes  
centuries they stand awash in silence  
demurred by the fleckless skies.

Built on the backs of the mineral salts  
shallow oceans left behind  
carved by the troughs of receding shores  
bleeding white in faultless lines.

Majestic I soar with a subtle sight  
while climbing green Dorset hills  
I view the world from these marvelous heights  
where the hands of time lie still.

## Captain Cur

# What I Must Find To Know

When I require inspiration  
I think of you,  
I search my heart and allow  
that which is good to flow,  
restless with my words,  
ideals sigh, but never refuse  
to expose all that I am,  
what I must find to know.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# September's Mighty Winds

September's mighty winds rise against me,  
borne by blackened clouds godless as the deep,  
the horn of winter blows impatiently  
stealing from the water the summer's heat.  
Hurricane's decry as the ocean's weep  
and I am in the forefront of their wails,  
rank and accomplishment, who do they please;  
the tributes to love grow tired and weak,  
eyes change and promises lost in the gales  
blown by September winds  
past my wizened old sails.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# All Things Unknown, (From: Love Letters)

Distancing myself from familiarity  
of action I strike out with servitude of mind;  
to waylay your love, feel your passionate presence,  
listen to you speak lost in the depth of your words,  
touch the brushstrokes of your thoughts, confounding reason,  
watch your aura as it glows in layered richness,  
bow before the privilege of your enlightened touch  
stimulating and evolving all things unknown.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

## Regal Tigress Delighted Purr, (From: Love Letters)

Mounting waves in delicious enticement,  
do you await your mariner's return,  
saturated with salt spray, ocean breath,  
will the Regal Tigress delighted purr  
beneath the scorched lines of my craving pores;  
yet, your hungry touch all my mind resists  
where you lie open devouring my flesh  
through the passing of lust's ferocious door  
merciless is her first savage kiss  
enjoining separate oceans,  
drowning gasping lips.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Death Of Love Reclines, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

You have loosed a scented kerchief  
that casually drifts behind,  
away I stole it like a thief  
to cherish for all time.

Dear lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
may I take this linen cloth  
and dab my blood specks  
from your cheek.  
Your words I need to give me life  
but your voice will never rise  
the levels of the graveyard's pit  
where the death of love reclines.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Anoints My Love

Falling prey to the salt mist's husky scent  
I place my lips and kiss your troubled hand,  
the waves reach your feet and slowly relent  
garnished with the specks of the rolling sand;  
each grain blinking, retracing where you stand  
my ocean of want outlined in the waves  
corridors of time where my life is spent  
wondering will you ever love this man,  
upon my shoulders the cold burning blade  
anoints my love while the grains slowly wash away.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Perfidious Visions, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Unannounced you return  
to witness my pain,  
conspiring in your letters  
this reality is plain,  
have I been outmaneuvered  
for my own impersonal gain  
and all I stand for,  
have I stood for in vain?

Perfidious visions have infiltrated  
all semblance of sleep,  
the uncertainty of life  
destroying joyful reason,  
caught in this quicksand of thought  
which silently suffocates my being,  
I relinquish all honor  
and dutifully await your word  
in the hope that the barbarous  
nature of my actions will please you,  
whom I deem most high.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
how fastidious of length  
are the tears you weep;  
they do not seem to travel  
past your painted cheek,  
as rivers flow  
yours would be charted,  
very weak,  
and the small residue  
of salt they trail behind  
would they be enough  
to emasculate a fly.

May the prestige of my victory or death  
bring great satisfaction to your throne.



Captain Cur

# False Document Of Your Flesh, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Marooned by inadequacy near ocean's end  
I take inventory of what's left of my pride  
with the nature of a magician I pretend  
not to notice that I have vanished from your eyes.  
Where do I find solace in this forgotten time  
with thoughts of you, each newfound second in retreat,  
my distance measured by the lonesomeness of mind  
and the power of the fall crushing me beneath.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
smoldering tyranny controls the purse strings  
that you reach, and what speaks truer  
in your domain than the heartlessness  
in which you have used me for your gain;  
shipwrecked with trails of loyalties blood,  
features that once enticed me age from view,  
repatriated by the false document of your flesh,  
your Queenly note holds no promise  
less lovely than the rest.

Captain Cur

# Venus In Scpio Rising

Mars the warrior denied by Venus  
in the first house of Scorpio rising  
allies convivial Mercury thus  
savaging plotting her total demise  
in the third house cowering from the Sun.

Saturn touched by the aura of her glow  
patiently waits near the cusp of her light  
preparing his heart for the javelins throw  
using his rings to assuage her fright  
knowing strength could never win Mars her love.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Battlefield Genius, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Arriving at this juncture between thought and action  
curious decisions are rife to be made;  
Lady, loquacious in your speech, with dual impact  
your liberty of voice bares both novelty and pain,  
beseeched as your front, 'Battlefield Genius, '  
then dismissed as the lover who lords about your throne.  
Regardless of my own undistinguished talents  
that I have dutifully and faithfully applied  
or what sufferings of fate I must condone  
you are my Queen and will be such till I die.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Foresting Love Through The Ages

Causative levels of experience  
have brought me to my knees, shorn of ideals  
here I fade in this time drift of despair;  
thoughts forlorn unnerve me in a spiraling descent,  
waves rise beyond the height of my stern ship,  
oceans push beyond the grasp of my mind's eye  
reaching for oblivion on this morass sea.  
In my heart I retrace visions of you  
inwardly drawn from blood fed memories  
flowing with and without all parts of me.  
As I hail Britannia's golden shores  
I feel your presence in each imposing wave;  
the interaction between ebb and flow,  
the meticulously placed chiseled rocks,  
the precarious edge off Brighton's cliff  
her shoreline demarcated in my view  
pillared castles that rise like orchard groves  
stone hewed vistas of remarkable craft  
that haunt the countryside with their legends  
of feudal strife and war, born of ideas,  
honed with strength to withstand the centuries  
appealing to the imagination foresting love  
through the darkness of the ages.

Captain Cur

# Predictability, (From: Pirate Manifesto)

Causative levels of experience promote  
familiar yet novel actions ?some readily assumed,  
others unique in their execution. ?

Will, desire and imagination are the catalysts  
to all creative thought. Promulgation of ideas  
is necessary for the accomplishment of goals.  
Predictability will cost one his life.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Pink Bellflower, (Love Letters Written By A Lady Of Renown)

A pink bellflower dangling on her strap  
shouldering pain, blue veins strangling  
the seeds of desire it's Queen heart  
conspiring for power and gain  
befitting as the drones die caught  
in the hem of her gold and emerald attire.

Mon Amant De La Mer,

Your days are martyred in my trust  
singing my glories to the wind and sea  
and the cold creatures that lurk below  
the smooth fluid crust do they also share  
in your world, in our wilderness of lust?  
In your folly what have you decreed  
as the months and years advance  
and with what treasures will you court  
your queen in the turbulence of your act?  
And what great victory shall you stage  
behind the curtain of carnal pleasure  
with incessant ship wrecks and delays  
I still await you as you loiter at your ease.

Loquacious

Captain Cur

# Days Martyred In Trust, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

In this Wilderness of World incessant  
tributes are preached and days martyred in trust  
of your love, Lady of loquacious speech.

In this folly of breath the months advance  
and my voice once so certain is now hushed;  
to what do I return and victory yield.

Will I be upstaged behind your curtain  
you just my one act someone new will steal?

Captain Cur



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# Trojan Gift

Apparitions play havoc with my soul  
digging the heavy anchor from the silt,  
hanging whale oil lanterns, flames aglow,  
exposing massive timbers of my ship.  
I watch one slave with purpose through the night  
pismire sweat streams down his chinless face  
cranking the capstan rusty from disuse  
hammering tar pitched boards back into place.  
White brilliant sails like angel wings alight,  
a maze of ropes unknotted and unloosed;  
this dream of pain with dead men for my crew  
shadows bent by the dull light of the moon.  
As consciousness and thought full gained on me  
of pagan oaths disgracing all the gods  
their Trojan gift returns me to the sea  
these remorseful souls' captives in my charge.  
No! I would not captain a ship as this  
mental refusal drove me to my knees  
the earth was rent and opened with a hiss  
and in my hand was forced a burning key.  
On it etched the face of these men I knew  
that caught my heart and stole my every breath  
their pride and sins exposed them to my view  
there are no secrets in the realm of death.  
I saw each one as then and now he was  
they lined the gangplank licked by hungry swells;  
I walked unsteady as one guilty does  
paraded through the very eyes of hell.

Captain Cur

# Life's Umbilical Ink, (Love Letters Written By A Lady Of Renown)

Mon Amant De La Mer,

I am bound by the tendrils of remorse  
that slowly choke and putrefy my speech;  
I shy from the weariness of discourse  
with this cold heartless man I lie beneath.  
Hear me behind the breath of my clenched teeth,  
endeared to you, the one that I crave most;  
within the anthologies of our verse  
words imbibed from life's umbilical ink,  
some that burden me, others breed new hope,  
in your wilderness of world both of us stay lost.

Loquacious

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Commandeer My Will, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Momentous are the seconds  
I relive each cardinal virtue,  
with rising pulse I brave my love  
ever in your presence,  
Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
doubts that have plagued  
and commandeered my will  
appear unpersuasive, I change  
my course discovering ways  
through time and distance.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Love's Eye

Your Highness,

Impartial arenas of thought provoke  
the gladiatorial thumbs up or down  
in your killing fields where love's silk token  
compels me as the drums of death beat round.  
In the days of mercy what have I found  
lovelier than the blue blossoming sky,  
inspiring as the advent of hope;  
yet, I watch your silk token flutter down  
and raging against all I hate and despise  
will I be the one left standing in love's eye.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Grand Ocean Of Want, (Love Letters Written To A Lady Of Renown)

Traveling through this grand ocean of want  
the satisfaction of my senses gives  
more than I can ever hope to take back.

Impetuous though my thoughts and actions be,  
momentous are the seconds I relive  
the causative nature of my environment.

It is this indelible mood  
that I write to you these words  
and lost in the abstract profundity of love  
I predate my thoughts to the first of our encounters.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
solemnity is the pulpit from which I preach,  
the day I knelt before you and kissed your gentle hand  
I called myself protector though shunned by my own land;  
in my eyes the wild beast, the serpent from the deep,  
in your eyes the ocean's depth that cared to make them weep.  
I am sealed by love, bound with hate, by my bastard birth  
doomed to roam the wicked seas till the ends of earth.

Captain Cur

# Antithesis Of My Soul, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
it is in this impracticality  
of one condemned to inferior class  
that I should vehemently beseech  
your love, however vilified or tasked  
my place, and loathe your hospitality;  
here I hesitate at your chambers door,  
where your voice articulates or destroys  
that which I have freely given,  
I rule you supine and lie  
with the antithesis of my soul.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Wilderness Of World, (Love Letters Written By A Lady Of Renown)

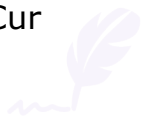
And take you, I must and shall  
on the bold luster of your word  
and you will poach the fecund sea  
in the wilderness of world.

Mon Amant De La Mer,

These intrigues bind me as I piece apart  
your native background, chamberlain or lout?  
Were you schooled by missionary gypsies  
or the insidious fervor of doubt?  
Do you worship creature or creator,  
Magog or God who will deny your heart?

Loquacious

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Raw Malkin Woman, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

With wild abandon  
I disturb the precious Arts  
that have torn apart my senses  
and bled my naked heart.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
I have uncovered savage dimensions  
in this world wilderness in which we meet.  
What is true cannot breed false intentions  
as I struggle my thoughts fain to bequeath  
what justifies you to my eyes dins all  
other impressions, you become my nude  
elaborately spread on desires wall,  
a raw abandoned piece of art, a crude  
malkin woman who lives to thrill my lustful heart.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com



# Be-Knighted In Her View, (From: Songbook Of My Heart)

Full moon bears down with her enchanted rays  
on oars of light which row a single path  
through the course and uncertainty of days  
her light unfolds the gateways to the past.

She lulls the immense oceans with her tow  
each blade of grass be-knighted in her view,  
mountains crowned by the halo of her glow  
the tides enthralled by her commanding will.

On nights of these I rest in moonlit coves  
gently tasked by the torchlight of her beams,  
I call out to the world she ever loved  
and sleep in the solitude of her dreams.

Captain Cur



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## Monolith Of Self, (From: Corsairs Of Old)

On the belief that life will always suckle me  
give the withal to move up another step  
be enriched by the clear poverty of living  
direct my triumphs and protect me to the last;  
in this conclave of mind I stare bold and scheming  
reinfected by the gaiety of the young  
receiving joy from the simple garden pleasures  
sung by the blooms that reach out trusting to the sun.  
This moment is the only truth once afforded  
the future a falsehood that I must never cast  
rewards are held in this present earnest heartbeat  
pass the old draughts and bray the monolith of self.

Captain Cur



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# Deepest Waters Of Reflection, (From: Corsairs Of Old)

Invasion predisposes me to fate  
challenges that have steady wore me down,  
I look out from the crows nest and I wait  
for that last glorious battle to be found.  
I am the taunt sail that harnesses wind;  
a tall mast that draws it's voyaging map,  
a rudder that must hold to keep direction,  
from this faltering height as my vision dims  
I am chastised like a child on her lap  
and punished for all past and future sins  
engaged in the deepest waters of reflection.

Every man aboard loyal to our cause  
not a one contemplating desertion  
when the winds of life still we must take pause  
rejoicing in the ills of our dejection.  
With one voice we have made clear to the world  
we are Corsairs and contest stronger lands,  
the ocean our lover and protector,  
our flag whipped hard, her message seen and heard.  
Within our souls the template of our plans  
to each, ourselves, we hold fast to that oath.  
Raise high our swords! We are the new Conquistadors!

Captain Cur

# I Recite Blind Lines, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Feather rich greens retrace denuded skies  
unleashed by the wistfulness inherent  
in your eyes; Lady of loquacious speech  
with strong voice in all humbleness I try  
to recite blind lines I inspired sent  
to be my love what matter to the world  
for you own my mind, reaffirm my lips,  
with my soul off course, nothing will I find.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# School Of Circumstance, (Love Letters Written By A Lady Of Renown)

Mon Amant De La Mer,

Underlying the custom of propriety,  
my thoughts court you with a native island dance  
considered base by those of high society  
and unforgiven by the school of circumstance.  
Filled with jungle beasts and flowers of enchantment;  
wavy lakes pooling dreams where clean cool water falls,  
here I would have the freedom that inspires me  
to live a life of wealth not given me by chance,  
naked on the sand without blemish or a mole  
unsure how deep my roots attach me to my soul.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# My Precious Sack Of Cloth

.....Crushed,  
I carefully overlay my ink  
and redefine my heartfelt loss,  
where I place these weathered notes  
in my precious sack of cloth.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Caped Matadors Reborn, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Epitomizing the grace and elegance of wine  
grown in the ancient naves and vineyards of my mind  
across the sea I hold your embodiment upright  
I watch you slowly darken through long and faceless night  
changing hues fermenting in your fancy labeled cage  
penetrating blushing reds that deepen as you age.  
Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
should I flesh the juice from grapes this sweet?  
Or  
should I voice the tales of caped matadors reborn  
fighting renowned bulls with gold and platinum horns  
gouged to death in frightful contestations of love  
wounds of pride, greed, and lust inherent in their blood.  
I ponder ways to reach you with my clever witty thoughts  
to taste each vintage of your heart, the wines that I have sought,  
so I will give these notes to my fleet mercurial god  
who wings his way then sudden drunk falls between the clouds.

Captain Cur

 PoemHunter.com

# Pirate Skulls And Crossbones Speak, (From: Corsairs Of Old)

Bled by wind, broke by sea,  
Can you hear the Corsairs sing?  
Whispers from the mountains long,  
Waters sing their silent song.  
Rising from the hungry deep  
Pirate Skulls and Crossbones speak  
Crafty tales and legends spun  
When the moon obscures the sun.  
Coarse chafed lips and bucket breath;  
Massive arms and heaving chests,  
Short broad swords in knotted sheaths,  
Knives clamped tight in blackened teeth.  
When they raid the helpless ships  
Rum and powder shot on their lips;  
Climb and jump from yardarms strong,  
Raze and kill like locust swarms  
Taking silk and golden coins  
Sackcloth shielding bulging loins.  
Canons blast and rip apart  
Driftwood left to float and rot  
On the boards survivors cling  
Corsairs bold victorious sing.

Captain Cur



## Surety Of Soul, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Dearest Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
I know not with any certainty  
if or when my letters reach;  
today I praise you for surety  
of soul and prestige of mind.  
How can one know the grape  
if one does not taste the wine?

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Corsairs Of Old

Cutting lime, squatting on sun whitened sand,  
I view the contours of my anchored ship  
making mental notes I carefully scan  
indigenous tribes as juice swarms round my lips.  
I wave a fruit high, stuck to my sword tip,  
and laugh at horse like creatures in the sky  
raging past in great white unbridled bands,  
like bold corsairs of old on maiden trips.  
I will barter for water and supplies  
or fight beneath the great white horse's eye.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Blossom Of My Blood, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Institutions of the divine  
lay crumbling on your false shores  
with the recalcitrant look of love  
I pound on regal doors.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
calamitous waves deny me from your reach,  
with each indelicate blow I must rise anew  
no one gives, all must take  
that which is their due.

I bear a gentle flower  
that thrives only in the deep  
through the blazing days at sea  
I suffered it to keep.  
I watched it drink the salty brine  
that I thinned out with my blood  
thought its slender leaves fell off  
there arose a tiny bud.  
From the darkness in my heart  
I thought it's root might spoil  
but there it stood straight and white  
anchored to it's soil.  
I arrive at break of day  
and will pull it from the mud  
from the garden of my heart  
the blossom of my blood.

Captain Cur

## Loins Of English Treason, (From, 'Pirate Manifesto')

If my trade a blight upon the nation  
preaching loyalty with a drying tongue  
England play host to my blood relation  
betrayed by the loins of your own treason.  
Sardonic riches are the gold I won  
that only buys what wealth decides to lose,  
gimmickry can never raise my station  
or veil me from the deeds that I have done;  
but, if this Lady be the one I choose  
how fell a grip would my hand dare to use.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# My Obsession With Fate, (Love Letters From A Lady Of Renown)

Mon Amant De La Mer,

Litanies of chance persuade my actions;  
upon your body I know every scar,  
every blemish, every base distraction.  
Does not more bind us, than tear us apart?  
This journey I sail with you insofar  
compromising my obsession with fate  
or my soul made virtuous on the rack.  
Would you have my name and title disbarred,  
an unhoused bird made to flutter naked  
to search the barren oceans for her mate?

Loquacious

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Acts The Jester And Dances The Fool

Your Highness,

I have desired and cursed you in vain  
unnerved by the dreams that murder the night,  
I strike like a shark but what have I gained  
my shadow profanes the absence of light.  
Your burden I bear, you torched out my sight;  
the regency's throne encrusted with jewels  
on the arm you sit with eyes of disdain,  
you were bred for that day, this is your right,  
I am not of them, a scandalous tool  
that acts the jester and dances the fool.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

## Chided By The Book, (Loquacious Thoughts)

Do you play the trifling pawn  
or the assassin's rook  
laying heads before your Queen,  
she of loquacious speech, ?  
begging forgiveness from the robes,  
chided by the book,  
or killing off the champion Knight  
so you may charm his seat?

Loquacious

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Laced With Incipient Desire, (Love Letters From A Lady Of Renown)

Mon amant de la mer,

Laced with incipient desire,  
I tremble at your approach,  
you suffer both my needy heart  
and the shards of my reproach;  
take me in your wind burned arms  
and break me like the gales  
climbing every sea drenched wave  
then at peace on my still sails.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com



# Can You Stand To Know? (Love Letters Written To A Lady Of Renown)

A powder keg of diverse emotions,  
I return once more to attain the right,  
with the florid strength of salient oceans  
to destroy the banalities of life.

Those who would harm your husband  
no longer pose a threat,  
their terms of service a most  
inconsequential length.

Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
all parts of me thrash wildly on your reef.  
Within the commonality of man  
does outcast flesh disgrace your buttered hand?  
Ah! My regent and conquest of my soul,  
how much more of me can you stand to know?

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Fancy Bows And Ribbons Made Of Red

I chased your smile as the stars slid past  
then caught you laughing on the sleeping grass,  
the brilliance of the moon dove in your eyes  
I was lost in the beauty of the closing skies;  
the way you dressed and held your pretty head  
in fancy bows and ribbons made of red.

I studied diligence and turned to ask  
who I caught laughing as the stars slid past,  
you did not answer with a voice or name  
you opened your eyes and the moonlight came;  
the way you smiled and held your pretty head  
in fancy bows and ribbons made of red.

When I awoke the stars were fading fast  
your name was written on the dying grass.  
I called to wake you in the sunlit skies  
but the moon was gone and you closed your eyes;  
the way you looked and held your pretty head  
in fancy bows and ribbons made of red.

Captain Cur

# Patience Of A Stone

May I master the patience of a stone  
that lies unperturbed on the ground it holds  
undeterred if it stands or falls alone.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Capturing All Your Love, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Attaining a significant satisfaction  
from the whimsical parody of your fleet words  
I will refrain from all lesser womanly attractions  
assigning my due diligence to whatever  
verbose pleasures you may afford.

Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
each infectious word you sound now invades my sleep.  
Would I be that trifling pawn shunned at your front door  
as I steadfastly march elated by our war,  
achieving one final step to the ending square  
transfigured by the queening light christening your hair  
emboldening my kingly pride I rise with rapid breath  
capturing all your love in our game of chess.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Loquaciously I Ask

Captain Cur,

I should choose the outcast knight  
if I would have my choice,  
he would make a wholesome sight  
when mounted on his horse;  
enchantresses charm his head  
with soft seductive voice  
then lie waiting in his bed  
to rip his armor off.

I might choose his fallen grace  
a bishop less his robe  
I should stare more at his face  
than what he has exposed.  
Should I look when he turns round  
he's bending down to pray  
is that a smile or a frown  
it's really hard to say.

Impregnable castle  
a steep faced rhyming ruse  
I then a loyal vassal  
or a seductive muse?  
I would batten down it's strength  
secure it's iron gate  
then take pleasure in the length  
the Captain takes his break.

How you dream my tricky pawn  
to steal away the light,  
how you plead and how you fawn  
to sleep with me at night.  
I will write you no more rhymes  
the promise that I cast  
have you drunk that daisy wine  
loquaciously I ask?

Mon amour de la mer,

I have sworn a solemn oath  
to fend you from my mind  
though you constantly provoke  
awaiting my reply.

What is it you need to hear;  
'I'll love you throughout time'  
with what subtlety you coax  
my words will not deny.

Loquacious

Captain Cur

# Enlightenment Of The New World, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Foraging in the land of forgotten mercy  
what remnant of civilization have you found  
as you walk atop the heaped and naked corpses  
where the enlightenment of the New World shines down.

Royal Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
within your chequered world which one of sixteen piece?  
Am I the outcast knight or bishop losing faith  
or the impregnable castle moated at your gate  
or a trifling pawn that must die to master life  
reaching the crowning square transfigured in your sight.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Royal Garden Of My Youth, (Love Letters From A Lady Of Renown)

Mon amant de la mer,

With what intrigues would you buy my sweetened fruit,  
sliced by your knife and held wickedly in your hands;  
soft flesh grown in the royal garden of my youth  
its earthy tartness sending pleasure to your glands.  
By what deeds do you claim the privilege of my lips  
and speak of love's uncharted waters to the world,  
to recount the joys and mastery of your ship  
in your arms embrace an adoring peasant girl.

Loquacious

Captain Cur



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# My Head Lies At Your Feet, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

I would do all things for you, though my soul  
would perish and die, regardless of wealth  
to sweeten sudden urges, extolling  
every magnificent, rash, sweltering breath  
when you ease your grip on my stubborn pride  
and slowly loose the vengeance from my eyes.

Regal Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
you have asked me to champion a cause,  
with lesser words or actions to impeach  
should I list exuberance as a flaw?  
I have destroyed a sovereign merchant fleet  
the bounty on my head lies at your feet.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Protagonist For War, (Love Letters From A Lady Of Renown)

Would then you carve my name into your lips  
and leave my stain upon the English shores  
what bloody legacy to your first kiss,  
Loquacious, your protagonist for war.

Mon amant de la mer,

Your voice has gained the notice of my ear  
and your harsh words the privilege of my eyes  
I have not denied you a single tear  
though you prey upon me with rueful lies.  
How have you raised me and honored my voice,  
charming me with callous wit and lustful breath  
giving your words to me mindless of my choice  
indulging each naked pore of my flesh?  
Take your victory then with strong redress  
you will champion my honor and my cause.  
My husband is ill, with languishing strength,  
his brazen enemies smirk at his door.  
I take my leave for Kensington Palace,  
let jealous viciousness redden your blood  
relieve me of their presence and my grace  
and I will be the royalty that you love.

Loquacious

Captain Cur

# Denied By Your Still Voice, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

What would I write you  
that I have not written before  
unknowing if my words reach  
the mind that I implore;  
I have so named you,  
I have raised you above the rest  
honoring your single voice,  
denied by your still breath.

Dear Lady,  
loquacious in your speech,  
what favored chords  
must my poetry strive to reach,  
to gain the notice of your ear  
or the privilege of your eye,  
how many of my foes must sink,  
how many more must die?

By the power in my ship,  
by the swiftness of my sword  
I carve your name in bleeding lips  
and feast off England's shores.

Captain Cur

# My Lover From The Sea, (A Locquacious Song)

Keep my words close by thy heart my lover from the sea,  
sails that blot the shying sun, white sails that sing the breeze.  
Oh! Mighty craft a speck in the shallow of my eye  
fading fast beyond the line that separates the sky.

Tossed by waves and lightning squalls in oceans here and past  
tethered ropes of seemly length that thread the swaying mast,  
lovers wait upon the shores and shed those shallow tears  
storms that claimed the men of old and men of youthful years.

Keep my words close by thy heart my lover from the sea  
brave the noontime burning sun and sail the midnight breeze.

Fortune the seafarer's dream sweet treasure in his grasp  
bewitched by the falling stars which turn him from his path;  
I'll wait for you on the heights, to see you tip the waves;  
I'll wait for you till stars grow dim, till the end of days.

Keep my words close by thy heart  
my lover from the sea  
return to me my lover,  
my lover from the sea.

Captain Cur

# I Profess My Love For You, (Love Letters From A Lady Of Renown)

Mon amant de la mer,

Should loss or misfortune appear to mar  
our future on this day I do profess  
my love for you. May not the weakest star  
deny guidance or the sea's turbulence  
deter you from your task. Prepare your plan  
but do not be reckless, I fear a trap,  
the scope of this enterprise must demand  
utmost diligence, should these gold lined scraps  
of the King be that invaluable,  
three English warships have been deployed,  
about your skills I have no doubt when you  
return to me, my lover and my joy.

Loquacious

Captain Cur



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# Deft Profiteering, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

I ponder each curved letter, each linked crest,  
remembering the sweetness of your breath,  
imagining the workings of your tongue  
voyaging the lines and notes you've sung.

Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
what cruel lessons has our love yet to teach?  
Within my heart you've cut an unhealed scar;  
still I leave you a servant in his charge,  
the Spanish, French and English have their war,  
I, the loathsome pirate they must cure,  
seeking paid adventures that I crave  
sometimes lending, at times withholding aid  
mastering winds to loot a sovereign fleet  
deft profiteering in the name of peace.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Coconspirator Of Love, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

I take your hand and feel your pressing palm  
grasp lustful insurrections of my mind  
vestiges of hope spur my wills resolve  
to raid within the passages of pride.

Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
waves of wantonness comb your sanguine beach  
tiny sighs of pleasure intently coax  
maddening desperation to my strokes,  
if this act sent from the heavens above  
then hell the coconspirator of love.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# What's Left Of My Heart, (Love Letters From A Lady Of Renown)

Mon amant de la mer,

What cause have you for these alarming words  
should I dwell on the privileged heights of class  
for it were you that compromised my world,  
decomposed me, and burned away my mask.  
When is circumstance not our enemy,  
as I shudder through my life of pretense,  
now you will drift on endless waves of sea  
love forever spurned by inconvenience?  
I have arranged at your place of choosing  
to meet on the eve you depart,  
all I risk on you, and my soul losing,  
all that I own and what's left of my heart.

Loquacious

Captain Cur



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# Affront To Your Lips, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
the sea a pooling teardrop on your cheek,  
I seek to navigate that flowing tear  
though bluffs of treachery must soon appear  
whose cliffs resist the reaching water's height  
sustaining privilege through the mask of night;  
my heart cannot propose to be alive  
if I remain unequal in your eyes,  
better I be slain by English ships  
than to be an affront to your lips.

Captain Cur



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# Delicately Hidden Smile

I am in love with your words  
and eloquent womanly style;  
I am in love with your looks  
and delicately hidden smile,  
I am in love with mystique  
and the stanzas that refuse  
to expose every part of you  
to the scrutiny of my view.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Crossed Swords

I walk among the pirates of the ages  
and act on their politics of crime,  
I reap the talents of my adventures  
and take what is not mine;  
behind the curtains of the stages  
rehearsing with legends of my kind  
their gluttonous improvisations  
have raised my crossed swords high.

Captain Cur



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# Redemption's Path, (Rondel)

I fault not the great sea beneath my raft;  
Fault neither beauty nor its open wrath  
Upon the waters where the bread is cast.

Storms that I weather are redemption's path  
And faith my lone sail and supporting mast.  
I fault not the great sea beneath my raft,  
Fault neither beauty nor its open wrath.

I must find the shores that will house my craft  
As I fight the winds and the waves advance  
And ask of the One to fulfill my task.  
I fault not the great sea beneath my raft;  
Fault neither beauty nor its open wrath  
Upon the waters where the bread is cast.

Captain Cur



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# Hereafter

If this life does not make one happy,  
Why would one suppose happiness in the hereafter?

Captain Cur



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# Eyelets Of A Faceless Sea, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Strange riptides, eyelets of a faceless sea,  
spinning in clusters of gangrenous winds  
signs of intense upheaval caution me  
for you have now become my greatest sin.

Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
my heart dispels with full ferocity,  
murderous anguish undermines my reach  
untoward drifting stars plague, dismay me  
like martyrs in an ocean of excess;  
their cold light reaching but never touching,  
each one alone denying all the rest,  
they are inconstant, their numbers crushing,  
when their light dies their presence meaningless.

I should not leave you with distressing words,  
you, my heart, my blood roils through my being,  
in silence I am disarmed, I record  
each passing thought, my inner eye seeing  
the supple nature you possess, so strong,  
sensual, your voice baring purpose in me,  
pleasures abound on your edaphic shores.

Loquacious,  
what part you play in my life,  
whence forth my ship sails in a fortnight,  
directed by jealous stars and their fading light.

Captain Cur

# Loquacious Sends A Luscious Note, (Love Letter From A Lady Of Renown)

I must admit on opening your gift  
an equivocal smile passed my lips,  
what you penned inside your luscious note  
sent waves of laughter throughout my boat.

"Should thee be made to walk the plank,  
should thee suffer lesser rank,  
should thee sink thy wooden sloop  
or be meat in savage soup,  
take this loving dagger here  
from thy love and lady fair  
before thee breathes thy final breath  
press it through thy pirate chest."

"But if thee live to see the dawn  
I will be your sensual pawn.  
Inscribed on the dagger's hilt;  
"Loquacious feels no shame or guilt."  
Mount me in thy dagger's sight  
take me at thine will's delight."

Captain Cur

# Ramparts Of Desire, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

I climb ramparts of desire,  
Lady of loquacious speech,  
visceral pronunciations  
from this deadly height I leap  
into warm collecting waters  
with thee, all of thee, beneath.

Ensconced in the wavelike movements  
fixed securely to thy moor  
moist firmaments unleashing  
madness in thine velvet shores.

Captain Cur



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# Greening Of My Soul (From: Songbook Of My Heart)

In the Songbook of My Heart  
The greening of my soul  
Where do words survive  
Where do words unfold  
In the greening of my soul  
The greening of my soul

In the voyage of my life  
So many months apart  
The waters they grow bold  
The seasons they restart  
On the oceans of my soul  
The oceans of my soul

Tempered like a blade  
Fire is so bright  
Suffering is made  
Stolen like the light  
Of my soul  
Stolen like my soul

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In the parting of the waves  
The sea ship sailing white  
Connecting all the days  
In the ocean of my life  
The sails are burning bright  
Sails are burning bright

I have come here for you  
From the centuries of old  
My life it starts anew  
Each new day it grows  
In the greening of my soul  
The greening of my soul

From the Songbook of My Heart  
I write these words to you  
On the ocean of my life  
Through the greening of my soul

Where my words survive  
Where my words unfold

Captain Cur

# Vengeful Labors, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Vengeful labors bequeath their stain on me  
that cannot be removed by acrid lye  
should my soul be purified by the sea  
entombed within her bosom I shall die.  
Fitful Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
your woman's flesh entices me in sleep  
each day I rise to reap a newer dawn  
and celebrate your beauty in my song.  
Behind gold draped windows and marquee doors  
there you stand like an art piece of decor  
though you dress his arm in the godly light  
am I not the devil you dream at night?

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Painted Stripes Of Savagery, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Masques of war, painted stripes of savagery  
regardless of one's rank or expertise  
these are the fertile fields in which I till  
in trades in which I barter what I kill.  
Dear Lady, loquacious in thy speech,  
all must know it is thee to whom I speak  
how insufferable will be my prize  
if I am not the glory in thine eyes.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Lingering Taste Of Your Lips, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Desirous of a brief interlude  
formidable forces mount on my ship,  
for the lingering taste of your lips I sue  
this poor depraved world for a parting kiss.  
Since last we met, I have been commissioned  
to waylay a sovereign merchant fleet,  
terms of which clearly state, at my own risk.  
I would suspect politically contrived.  
Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,  
for the glory and pleasure of your eyes  
my battles rage and though my days be few  
may uncertain currents return me to you.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Lady Of Loquacious Speech, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Sentinels of pleasure stand guard on walls  
that are breached with a singular salvo  
from your lips, Lady of loquacious speech.  
In your arms each minute, each second falls.  
I am struck by your beauty with each blow  
powder from your guns burn through my senses  
winds toward your direction steady turn  
passion has dissuaded all defenses.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Libelous Methods, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Hell bent on retracing paths to former glory  
enterprising adventures await my return.  
Lady, loquacious in your speech, my heart employs  
libelous methods. My feelings deign to deserve  
the approbation of your smile, a discreet glance,  
attentions that hasten my date with the gallows.  
Erstwhile in your embrace you are my deadly dance.  
Shall I escort you to the Queen's ball on the morrow?  
Relinquishing to you my love, my life, perchance!

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Coveted Circular Crowns, Acrostic

Rock ledges in moss covered mosaic  
Formations drenched by a cold Atlantic  
Rain shone with a facade of white marble  
Chiseled perfection against the arbor  
Wind. Centuries in the making minute  
Sculpted patterns comprise formidable  
Earthen structures layered with rich colors  
Born of palettes with purple tinged velour  
Protrusions, sullen reds, orange laced browns  
Imprinting coveted circular crowns.  
A festival of terra cotta scenes  
Harsh landscapes prompt iridescent dreams  
Silent within the boundaries that stage  
Beauty into a voluptuous rage.  
On pitiless edges, rock slides will fault  
Our careless steps as we attempt to vault  
Eyes of the world that have stood for ages.

Rock formations  
rain chiseled,  
wind sculpted  
earthen born protrusions  
imprinting a harsh  
silent beauty on our eyes.

Captain Cur



# Greenhouse Of My Soul

Encased in panes of thickened glass,  
the greenhouse of my soul,  
filtering sun's unsteady light  
when cloud formations close  
beliefs shorn wildly in the gale  
sparse prayers that never fill  
droughts that cripple fertile fields  
the lone freestanding till.

Captain Cur



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# Song Of Songs

Near cliffside reefs I hear enchanting tunes  
echoing waves that hide beneath moonlight's  
silver breath, then I feel a sudden gloom  
befall the awful liveness of their plight  
in endless song repeating through the night.  
Matron calls from steep slanted ocean scenes  
on cliffside rocks that crown the sinking moon  
tall cresting waves in gowns of glowing white  
their voices seek the rhythm of my dreams  
their tears revealed by the moonlight's crystal beams.

Captain Cur



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# False Truth Steadfast Climbs

Upon the shadow of the hill  
the false truth steadfast climbs  
and in the darkness of the hood  
I repent of all my crimes.  
If there can be no forgiveness  
in the tightening of the noose  
I pray I shall swing forever  
now kick the damn floor loose.

Captain Cur



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# Bird Droppings Of Eternity

Time is precisely what we desire it to be  
analogous of what we can measure and see,  
and time is concise a device as can be  
awestruck we look up and marvel in glee  
when were hit with the bird droppings of eternity.

Captain Cur



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# Uncompromising Sea

Mention not the greener path  
the lanes with streets of gold;  
mention not the rich man's flask  
new money made from old,  
instead I'll take the thorny road  
each step a painful fee,  
I'll weather heat and bitter cold  
on uncompromising sea.

Stallion black will haunt the waves  
with hoofs that threaten death;  
I mount those savage lustful ways  
and he neighs with searing breath;  
together we ride for good or ill  
for in this ocean we are free  
and we'll take our share of treasure  
on uncompromising sea.

In bitter depths of dark despair,  
in the shadow realm of night  
where the bravest cave to unknown fears  
there will always shine a light,  
here the stallion lives and thrives  
in the excess of his spree  
and rearing high with lofty pride  
on uncompromising sea.

Death is but the reaper's tool  
with the scythe that fathers time,  
and time is but the thought of fools  
that count each second blind,  
eternal are the mighty waves,  
the stallion bridle free,  
in waters bold will always reign  
on uncompromising sea.

Captain Cur

# Songbook Of My Heart

Words of love that sing forever  
fill the void that plagues my soul  
in the kiss of first time lovers  
linger sounds that form new worlds.

Those I loved who came before me,  
those I love when I depart  
I sing this present moment  
from the songbook of my heart.

This world that does excite me;  
this world that brings me pain,  
the journeys that have taught me  
and the journey that remains.

Lifetime the budding flower  
dreams which make it grow  
truth tills the soils richness  
in the greening of my soul.

Captain Cur

## Mighty Blue (3)     Bridal Sea

Terse winds were full, fought hard the sails  
pure white as maiden gowns,  
the ship and sea in courtships dance  
no virgin pretense found.  
Rivulets of tears salt the cheeks  
when bride and bridesmaid sing  
upon the pillowed sunlit waves  
lie both the golden rings.

The wedding bell sounds loud and shrill,  
sea urchins line the aisle;  
shimmering guests surround our boat  
whales laugh and dolphins smile.  
Flying fish create an arch  
our ship slow passing through,  
we cheer and raise our glasses high  
and toast the mighty blue.

Beyond the altar of the waves  
elemental spirits reign;  
jeweled stars comprise the veiling lace  
sea mist her velvet train,  
with trumpets borne by earth and wind  
resounding off the reefs  
and mesmerizing tidal hymns  
ascending from the deep.

At night the full moon resting low  
romancing sea and ship  
floating through reflective rays  
in her lover's tender grip,  
skies of dark crimson hues  
unveil with celestial grace  
the fingers of the bride's caress  
upon her bridegroom's face.

Island prism's infectious sands  
adorn her perfumed breast,  
within them the deep wealth of life

the waters of her flesh;  
flowered leafs of pearled bouquets  
each tossed out blindlessly  
promises of eternal love  
vowed to the bridal sea.

Captain Cur



## Mighty Blue (2) , Island Prisms

Terse winds were full, fought hard the sails  
pure white as maiden gowns,  
the ship and sea in courtships dance  
no virgin pretense found.  
Rivulets of tears salt the cheeks  
when bride and bridesmaid sing  
upon the pillowed sunlit waves  
lie both the golden rings.

The wedding bell sounds loud and shrill,  
sea urchins line the aisle;  
shimmering guests surround our boat  
whales laugh and dolphins smile.  
Flying fish create an arch  
our ship slow passing through,  
we cheer and raise our glasses high  
and toast the mighty blue.

At night the full moon resting low  
romancing sea and ship  
floating through reflective rays  
in her lover's tender grip,  
skies of dark crimson hues  
unveil with celestial grace  
the fingers of the bride's caress  
upon her bridegroom's face.

Island prism's infectious sands  
adorn her perfumed breast,  
within them the deep wealth of life  
the waters of her flesh;  
flowered leafs of pearled bouquets  
each tossed out blindlessly  
promises of eternal love  
vowed to the bridal sea.

Captain Cur

# One Thousand Uses For Hate

Read to me the riotous acts  
of the forgotten and the few.  
Imprison me in the chambers  
of your intellectual view.  
Lecture me on the platform  
that I carry supporting your weight.  
Did you finally publish your book,  
"One Thousand Uses For Hate."

Captain Cur



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# Feral Pleasure

Here I be an impish sprite  
that speaks with impish speech  
biting hard a lion's tail  
I clamp fast with my teeth;  
hear now the old lion's roar,  
the tragedy in poems  
while I am whipped about  
in the thought lairs of his home.

In his deepest jungle breath  
he growls some simple lines  
seducing young gazelles  
with love bones wrapped in rhyme;  
then suddenly he pounces  
with a skillful lover's art  
enclosing the distance,  
leaping chasms to their heart.

I have witnessed feral pleasure  
known no greater pain  
in the death grip of a lion's lust  
mangling my brain.  
Be wary sweet young antelope  
don't stray far from the pack  
starved are the grey old lions  
when their heads dismount the rack.

Written by 'Pirate Girl' Muse to:

Captain Cur

# Mighty Blue

Terse winds were full, fought hard the sails  
pure white as maiden gowns,  
the ship and sea in courtships dance  
no virgin pretense found.  
Rivulets of tears salt the cheeks  
when bride and bridesmaid sing  
upon the pillowed sunlit waves  
lie both the golden rings.

The wedding bell sounds loud and shrill,  
sea urchins line the aisle;  
shimmering guests surround our boat  
whales laugh and dolphins smile.  
Flying fish create an arch  
our ship slow passing through,  
we cheer and raise our glasses high  
and toast the mighty blue.

Captain Cur



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# Thought Bouquet

I have been thinking of you.  
I am sending a thought bouquet,  
followed by a heart bouquet,  
flowers too.

Captain Cur



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# Beauty Of The Crystal Darkness

The beauty of the crystal darkness  
languished on my lips  
rescinded by the hatred  
that launched the vaulted ship;  
upon its sail the symbol  
of its soulless pagan land;  
the whore that gives false pleasure,  
the whore that enslaves man.

The beauty of the crystal darkness  
infiltrates my veins  
injecting the lone pleasure  
that has pleased me with pain.  
Treacherous is the victor  
who routs the mind's resolve  
entombed in the emptiness  
where hope and love dissolve.

The beauty of the crystal darkness  
brandishing delight;  
battles score the pagan ship  
the whore oars through the night.  
Ruin's flag the symbol  
its topmast vainly waves;  
virulence the compass,  
self-destruction plots the way.

Captain Cur

# Poetic Themes, Comments From Antiquity

Poetic themes that thread the sky  
fashion solace to our eye,  
harmonic tunes in a poet's words  
weave the wingless beauty  
in the song of birds.

Captain Cur



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# Love's Refrain, Comments From Antiquity

Softly speaks  
the trials of love's refrain,  
what's bound by youth  
may wizened age retain.

Captain Cur



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# Gods That Show No Mercy

Embalming hearts with fledgling love  
then raped in boggy moors,  
sailing tender ships of hope  
that line the ocean's floor.

The fervor of religious feast  
and the pompadour's of faith,  
the twisted logic that ensues  
when one is full of hate.

Passing of the chalice rounds  
as each man takes a sip;  
gods that show no mercy,  
in their palms the bloodied whip.

Captain Cur



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# Time, Comments From Antiquity

Time is but a breeze  
that chills the passing years,  
memories the warmth  
that fills the void with tears.

Captain Cur



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# Sly Tools, Comments From Antiquity

Words of love, sly tools,  
cruel hearts need employ  
their moments pleasure  
stealing years of joy.

Captain Cur



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# Love's Reprise, Comments From Antiquity

On the staves I am trapped  
in love's reprise; in the pauses  
the depth of love realized.

Captain Cur



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# Crimes Against Myself

Disappearing words  
on pure white linen paper  
once edged with the deepest  
indigo ink, words of purest love.  
Did they just pack up  
and walk away,  
hiding on some obsolete alphabet chart  
or in an early speller?

I lost the words  
to busy to say them when I could,  
I let them fade away,  
then lost my ability of expression,  
running away from my life.  
Or perhaps my words  
were convicted and jailed  
for crimes against myself.

I am a criminal,  
judge me, punish me,  
but pardon my words.  
I am expressing them to you now;  
each and every letter exposed  
no longer hiding,  
no longer afraid of loving you.

Captain Cur

# Lonely Is And Are

Lonely is the pirate ship  
that courts the setting sun.  
Lonely is the end of quests  
when all that's lost is won.  
Lonely are the dreams that haunt  
the vacant mountain tips.  
Lonely are the words of love  
that die upon one's lips.

Captain Cur



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# Picks Of Love

With what picks of love  
must I deeply bore  
seasoned heart,  
that has coldly closed the door  
or  
must I write you clever verse  
to untie your knotted heart  
and kill off all the other moose  
to prove my antlers sharp.

Captain Cur



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# Adventures Of Two Captains, Part 9

As we both receive attack,  
Captain Cur remembered his old friend, Lord Black

He was the Leader of Ysa Lands,  
Great and powerful with generous hands

Once Captain Cur helped him in a war  
And he was loyal to our Captain for the Par

As a noble man and a great warrior,  
He received our message, so he managed his carrier

The whole army of Ysa was going for a war,  
Among their magnificent spaceship named Green Star

IN ASHLANDS:

I was still in the dreams of an unknown place  
While out of my mind a terrific war was going on,  
That monster was the Queen of that satanic base

Ray of light splashed in the air, I opened my eyes  
Captain Cur was fighting while he was defending me,  
The red dirty sky of Ashlands broke with the hope's sign

Then the Green Star shined like a moon  
Captain pointed at that phenomenon, said:  
Ellias, wake! From now this monster is a goon!

Written by Ellias Anderson  
in corroboration with:

Captain Cur



# Female Essence I Adore

Here forever her spirit's glow  
that trines the vestiges of grace  
and burns throughout her largess soul  
in the munificence of space.  
Equating her aquiline form,  
full exhortations of her sphere  
above the mist and earthly storm  
from her pearl light's refracting tears;  
beneath the shroud of her wan face  
through the mystery of her orb,  
her sweeping hemline's timeless cape,  
the female essence I adore.

Captain Cur



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# Manifesto And Mission, Pirate Oaths II

The sea's charm is soft and fluid  
rocking ships within her arms,  
I looked upon my vanquished crew's  
dried lips and calloused palms;  
they looked like waifs in parting winds,  
fog that skims across the sea,  
with lifeless eyes and scrawny limbs  
gaunt forms that stared at me.

Pompeii called the men to Order;  
I clasped hard my beating breast,  
assembling round the Quarterdeck  
stood, Ellias to my left.  
'Quartermaster, roll call the men  
with official rank to start.'  
'Aye! ' that response their tongues did rend  
those 'Ayes! ' that broke my heart.

Ellias, the Sailing Master,  
observing the starboard tact  
sometimes they call him 'Little Cur'  
or 'Capt'n A' behind my back.  
Soul, is the Malevolent's Boatswain  
a pirate of farseeing sight  
skilled in Art and musical strains,  
carving sculptures with his knife.

Gustavus, 'Gusty' Pinter,  
the Master Rigger of Sails,  
his hands chafe like Old Man Winter,  
his belly fat as a whale.  
My Coxswain. Nathaniel Wright,  
brightens spirits like the sun  
charming stars he names in the night  
as faring as he is young.

Kil Wisslair, the Malevolent's cook,  
boasts French culinary skill,  
one bad eye, one hand and a hook

rightly earned him his nickname, 'Swill.'  
Cornelius Squib, Powder Monkey,  
a burnished fuse for a wit,  
maintains the canons in their sleeve  
disarming as he is quick.

Fierce whitecaps were getting restless  
swirling to marshal a force  
but the wind just blew and hissed  
and pushed hard our Westward course.  
I unfolded my ancient chart,  
a gift from a troublesome Muse  
on there she scribed her Order's mark  
with instructions linked in blue.

'Herein lies your first endeavor  
this mission to win you your flesh  
sail till your masts are tipped with fire,  
do not falter in this test.  
Find the light that terrifies men  
when your sails and masts burn red  
steady your souls and do not bend,  
bring me the Demon Star's head.'

Captain Cur

# Odes, Kubla Khan

Naked Venus of desire  
the Evening Star of man's unrest  
adorned in dreams of wanton fire  
was charmed by Kubla Khan's request  
and sent this message East and West.  
"Renowned craftsmen from afar  
nursed on visions Khan has seen  
instilled with constructs of the stars  
shall build his pleasure dome's decree."

Buried stones of enormous girth  
compressed and gardenized by the earth  
upon these stones his Kingly prize  
Khan's tall white structure will arise  
with chiseled columns that shall breach  
through balustrades that rise beneath,  
amid the raging skies of blue  
the center of the dome of pleasure  
will twin the sun at the height of noon  
and in the evening's gemstone treasure  
adorn the anklet of the moon.

Below in caverns hollowed by the waves  
strange creatures in the darkness thrive;  
they swim the sea with lidless eyes,  
with instincts soul map myriad caves  
with black nocturnal sight;  
creatures glow through endless night  
and in their spine each tiny spark  
colors dance from drop to drop,  
florescent creatures lone delight  
rejoicing in each faint speck of light.

But oh! the passageway that leads  
suspended between the mountain and the gate  
upon these terrible heights the clouds give siege  
bright lightning strikes and thunder quakes,  
and through this rite on charging steeds  
Khan bequeaths his reign of dreams.

The archway at the precipice  
vaults deep into the rock  
and the force of the intermittent fountains  
lifts their two bride stones to unlock  
the entrance grate to the covered mountain  
that is fed by the falling ice  
where trickling streams fall fast and ever  
melting in persuasive light  
each drop sounding its harp-like measure  
as the creatures sing in the sea of night.

The dome of the Mount of Pleasure  
appears floating on the rays  
supported by frozen fountains  
of an ocean's sunless waves.

Venus awoke to this new sight  
a floating pleasure dome  
on waves of ice!

Captain Cur

# I Will Become

Love Me

for what i am not  
and I will become.

Captain Cur



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# Odes, Tigris And Euphrates

Each thought you sound through your soft verse  
I replay them to my ear  
and each next line is to the first  
a melody sweet to hear  
as the seamless words flow with grace  
they are whispered on my tongue,  
you teach them all to mind their place  
then commingle when their sung.  
A simple truth needs complex care  
colored waves complete in white  
then what this simple truth I share  
has no product, has no right,  
on what rare tree does your fruit grow  
as it stands between the two,  
where Tigris and Euphrates flow  
what I write, I write to you.

Envisioning your length, your reach  
as you channel to the last  
tributaries you seal and breach;  
yet, forever in your grasp,  
upon the apron of your lakes  
can I but embrace them all  
then nothing more my heart forsakes  
as your fruit begins to fall.  
Between the rhythms of your waves  
life implants her tender seed  
through sunlight's procreating rays  
each flowering plant will feed,  
upon their leaves they drink the dew  
which escapes the breath of night  
within their hearts the nectar pools  
and transforms the banished light.

What ancient land divides the two?  
What history of her art?  
Mesopotamia, to you  
wedged between where rivers start  
and flow their course, their race to sea

then empty with a searing toll  
pins the basin with their mighty  
surge and fills your Persian soul.

Captain Cur



# Siege Of Heart, Love Poems

As I rise in grace with eyes unblinking  
far above the blind directionless clouds  
with the thoughtful thoughts of love rethinking  
the sinful earth encased within your shroud.  
The clamor of the pretty and the proud  
deafened by the Art of your sculptured thighs  
and all the world's pleasure shouting loud  
diminish not the power of your sigh,  
legendary beauty that captivates my eye.

Aphrodite frothed essence of the sea,  
Olympus goddess cloistered in your shell,  
sweet cherry blossoms dress you with their leaves  
enticing as your fluid female smell.  
Enrobed in green you ride upon the swells  
salt water sprays, the lighthouse gives alarm,  
upon the reefs what secrets do you tell,  
your girdle plays wistfully in my arms  
each recipient weak, disrobed of all their charms.

There is she whom I lust for more than all  
within her arms, upon her blossom lips  
with siege of heart the warring trumpets call  
the pounding ram gains entrance to her hips.  
With sleight of tongue my heavy vessel slips  
into the waves as darkness covets light  
warm jutting winds my cross bone studded ship  
from tallest mast engaging through the night,  
Aphrodite! onto you, your girdle and my sight.

Captain Cur

# Making Love To Her The Sea, Pirate Oaths I

From the edge of the horizon  
a mighty ghost ship from the deep  
her rising masts ringed with lightening  
crewed with dead men roused from sleep;  
her bow broke through the waters  
where the waves of time are breached  
our Captain shouting orders  
a new world in our reach.

Smooth decks of polished teak wood  
salt water draining fast,  
her masts upon the mainstays stood  
sunk in hardened ash;  
she rose and then she dived  
billowed sails a pale white flame,  
she pitched the waves with mahogany spine  
that shook her hulking frame.

Making love to her, the sea  
with each crest and thrusting plunge  
teasing with her lovely peaks  
between the breast beats of her lungs.  
The gulls broke out in song  
singing chants to jealous winds,  
they responded with invisible throngs  
thus impassioning her sins.

We oiled rusty canons;  
we sharpened swords and knives,  
we raised our flags and banners  
announcing pirate lives;  
but, no other ship would hail us,  
we were trapped in glories past,  
no sweet fruit to sate our hunger  
windless sails upon our mast.

We craved for new adventure;  
yet, not a ripple on the blue  
oaths are men's indenture

to a ghost ship by its crew.  
Each man by his free choice  
each word by spoken breath  
written in blood by his own voice  
came due upon his death.

"At the twilight of my days  
I pledge my oath to sea  
upon this ship I will remain  
throughout eternity.  
Should my spirit haunt the depths,  
should my spirit know no joy  
I will be true to him in death  
my soul in his employ.  
I shall follow maps that lead  
for he has sealed us both  
my Captain rules the keel and keys  
I swear this binding oath."

We looked upon our Captain  
uncertain of our course;  
he unrolled for us a treasure map,  
a treasure won and lost.  
He rallied us around him  
announcing our new quest  
guided by the starlit twins  
fell winds blew toward the West.

To be continued...

Captain Cur

# Odes, Spirit Of The Earth

O Spirit of the Earth, where do you dwell?  
For I require your deep sustenance,  
within the ancient rivers of your well,  
beyond your grassy highland's green expanse,  
beneath the mounting furor of your waves.  
Come to me! I crave your highland greens,  
your river swells, the fury  
of your rising dawn's deadly deep romance.

Midnight sounds, the veil of your sister woods  
drowning the retreating silence, heavy  
under the dark shroud of your sightless hood,  
listening, to the hills calling to the sea  
with whispered kiss, sweat shivers on my skin;  
I see contours, the shadow of their dance  
making love as the moist sea travels wind  
plush showers, the accepting lover's glance  
that burns me, most seductive of planets  
I cannot contain my primordial sin.

Upon your utopian fields, grass thrives,  
wind weaves between their pointing finger threads  
flit and flutter directions to their lives  
at night they lay upon their golden beds  
and dream of morning clouds and drenching rains  
charmed by trees of tall evergreens and red  
blushing leaves that house birds and hidden hives  
worker bees ignore throaty bird's refrains  
the grasslands meek; yet, stalk the mighty plains.

I dwell in beauty's deep cavernous heart;  
your mountains' bold tempestuous seasons  
and with each floating seed a newer start,  
messengers of life, nomadic legions  
rejuvenate my soul. I am in love  
with every flower that embraces you  
with the dewy scent of their maiden pride  
tender mouthfuls, ripe, decadent to view  
marginal ways with steep rock cliff cover

full exposed to the privilege of my eye  
they grow inside you, their virgin lover.

O Spirit of the Earth, where do you dwell?  
Are you without the massive starry nights?  
Do you live beneath sunless waves of light?  
I am confined within your orbits spell.

Captain Cur

# Odes, Ending Of An Age

In this the newfound pleasure that I share  
writing odes to sun, sea and wind;  
dark midnight bares  
where stars in their black ocean swim  
with steady faithful eye they brightly stare  
upon me their guest. My heavenly host  
with beauteous face  
they fast approach  
and give their light to me  
regardless of my caste or place.

Constellations bestow  
hope's eternal glow  
influences that remain  
quilted patterns sown on endless breeze  
shaped according to their name,  
twelve signs embrace the sea  
newly risen for each human birth,  
I, a small shadow watch their show,  
revolve round those  
who live to warm the frigid earth.

Daylight's dawn displays passing of the sun  
within her fingers, rays  
point hours of the day;  
my life is measured by her fiery tears  
her revolutions age me with short years,  
my choices I become;  
free me now from all my stifling fears  
remind me of the battles I have won  
relive the youthful passions of the young  
rejoice in me unburdening my cares.

Can newfound thoughts redeem  
what ails me  
with the true mind of alchemy?  
If life is but a dream  
what clever newness to each scene  
that sets the stage

the curtain raised, the curtain falls  
the ending of an age?

Captain Cur

# I Need You To Live, Love Poems

I bow down low,  
I take your hand,  
and I invite you to dance.  
I hold you close;  
I place my palm,  
upon the small of your back.  
The lights aglow,  
the music slow  
my mind is held in a trance,  
I trace my steps  
my body bound  
the ballroom spins me around.

I see your eyes,  
I feel your breath,  
and my inward motion is calm.  
You lean inside  
hands on my chest,  
your soft arms coming to rest.  
I press your waist,  
I hear you sigh  
your knees bend in and rise.  
I ease my pace;  
I touch your face  
and bring you down to my lips.

We feel all alone  
our still bodies prone,  
we brush lightly to kiss.  
Your strapless black dress,  
your formal white gloves  
I need you to live.  
The beat just replays  
when hearts are ablaze,  
I crave your caress.  
What would I give,  
I need you to live  
I give you my love.





# Ode To Pirate Sun, Sea, Wind And Rain

Pleasant intermittent rhythms  
voiceless smiles that transverse space  
sunlight plays in raindrop prisms  
each one falls to intrigue my face.  
Sweet swipes my tongue's long liquid taste  
across parched lips of cooling thirst  
pool in cloud's white veils misty lace  
where each drop claims to bathe me first  
naked to the wind singing odes to sea and earth.

Flower of the deep sea blossom;  
Poseidonia and Mangrove,  
blue light filters tall seagrass hums  
beneath your waves throughout your coves  
rhizome fills your lush treasure troves.  
Aquamarina fruited leaves  
dress orange red reefed coral droves  
twines up coifs cliff side rising eaves;  
the budding mermaid's dirge alluring as she grieves.

Slight ripples streak your polished glass  
preambles rouse your dozing waves  
still my sails stationary mast  
upon your paused symphonic staves.  
Orchestral banded wind invades  
the restless beauty of your lake  
each fluted note and horn pervades  
the shores and landlines you will break  
with tidal drums as mankind trembles in your wake.

Captain Cur

# A Composition Of Rare Feminine Art, Not Even

Not even a master sculptor  
Could form lips soft as your velvet bows  
Curved slightly upwards they unveil  
Bright embers of your facial glow.

Not even a famous poet  
Could find the words to describe  
That special quality about you  
when your smile comes alive.

Not even a concert pianist  
Could reach a note as high  
Or touch the depth of the emotion  
That's contained within your eyes.

Not even a gifted artist  
Could uncover with his brush  
That special shade that rises  
In sweet Jennifer's blush.

Captain Cur

# A Composition Of Rare Feminine Art, Piano Rose

You are a red velvet rose, ?  
lying on white ivory keys, ?  
surrounded by black polished wood  
and each notes musical breeze. ??

You have warm tender eyes ?  
with the life of a smile  
and smooth satin limbs  
moving ?in a classic elegant style. ??

You are soft to the touch; ?  
yet, your resilient petals are strong, ?  
a composition of rare feminine Art, ?  
an allegro introducing a song. ??

You are a beautiful chord, ?  
a sound enticingly new, ?  
my heart in silence sings to you ?  
sweet rose covered with dew. ?

Captain Cur

# Spectral Verses, I Through X, The Complete Series

## Spectral Verses, I, The twilight and the gloom

What fair voice calls my name as I loiter in the grave  
a poet now besieged with ignoble repartee,  
death is just a misty cloud that hides the quilted waves  
patterns of the fickle tides that charge then run away.  
In my youth I sang great chants, my verse would never sway  
banished from my native soil I sailed to war with fate,  
hearing echoes from my past I fought in unknown bays  
hoping for a hero's death my sins to mitigate.  
Alas! No peace, no resting place, unsettling as the moon  
where my spirit walks between the twilight and the gloom.

## Spectral Verses, II, My heart folds loosely bound

With lackluster elation  
I tense my burning pride;  
static mantras push up  
the sweet lilies from the ground,  
each blossom scents stray breezes  
my verse has softly cried  
yearning through the ages  
for that close uplifting sound  
contained within the pages  
my heart folds loosely bound,  
that holds my soul and weds my mind,  
splendidly it climbs.

My angry youth was stolen,  
where all I've loved has died  
ruptured dreams that mangle lives,  
the clock stroke loudly chimes  
unintended mourning  
that shift across grey skies  
reaching toward salvation  
for the light that fools my eyes.

## Spectral Verses, III, Youthful combs of fire

My writings plague solemn desires  
dispatched within my grief,  
waiting for my souls revival  
as I sense the failing beams  
above my head stars once bold,  
now dying, fade in disbelief  
yearning youthful combs of fire  
extinguished while I sleep.

My words of love coldly covered  
by the graveyards mossy dirt  
embracing lips of favored lovers  
as we lain in soft caress;  
bites my savage tongues expression  
has now sanctified the hurt  
in my bed of weeds and clover  
where no soft cheek warms my breast.

Spectral Verses, IV, The die my soul has cast

Black scorch marks of dejection  
where I burn with pains delight  
what my shallow terms have bought me  
fills the die my soul has cast.  
In the throes of trepidation  
I have turned against the light  
clutching runes with boney palms  
tossing stones that read the past.

I scribe a new adventure  
scribbling verses in the dust;  
I align the passing planets  
influencing natal charts.  
Scorpio will be rising  
that Saturn's foot will crush,  
the Moon and Mars enjoining,  
lovely Venus bares my heart.

Blending the earth tone pigment  
as the brush strokes flesh her face  
with eyes of eternal softness  
and hands of phantom grace.

My white linen shirt the canvas  
golden ruffles tress her hair  
her temperate presence forming  
shyly rising in the air.

My breastbones hardly breathing  
I retreat back in the dark  
she calls her eyes entreating  
with a voice of goodly praise.  
I sing to her my love song  
with my notes c minor sharp,  
embracing empty visions,  
strumming string-less harps.

Spectral Verses V, Moon tides the pattern of my soul

Falling beauty pales in nights unsleeping  
whispered to my marker hedged in stone  
fear not though the midnight breeze is weeping  
for the moon tides the pattern of my soul.

Rolling waves embrace an inner silence  
inflected by their rising harmony  
pounding shores drumming steady violence  
she calls them back and slowly they recede.

Monuments are built to gods and martyrs,  
idle worship reprised in pageantry,  
wars afloat in blood and human horror  
rewritten by ignoble history.

Surging seas unleash a stalwart power,  
tempestuous they rage in mystery;  
penetrating, crumbling earthly towers  
immense foundations washed out by the sea.

Innocence must brave the unknown silence;  
purity will light the burnished eve,  
cast me moon, redeem me from the violence,  
in the beauty of your midnight weeping breeze.

Falling beauty pales in nights unsleeping  
whispered to my marker hedged in stone  
fear not though the midnight breeze is weeping  
for the moon tides the pattern of my soul.

Spectral Verses, VI, Void of dark

For in the seamless fabric of our dreams  
we walk between real and imagined life  
prescient when we wake our senses stream  
to the horary poverty of strife;  
but our soul created by spirit mind  
its beacon shines throughout our earthly shell  
within our dreams it flies traversing time  
and gleams the truth above this worldly spell.  
Consciousness of self, the eternal spark,  
has given meaning to the void of dark.

Spectral Verses, VII, Linguistic chains of slight

Opportune tenacity regulates my soul  
against the wave born thoughts of reason  
that have intensified the toll,  
extracting cherished bits of memory  
from the speciousness of mind  
regaled within the boundaries  
we have aptly labeled time.

My heart no longer beating,  
my cold blood dried and dead  
within the confines of my spirit  
my eternal book is read;  
to the ghosts that haunt and plague me,  
to the inept breeding pride,  
to the worthless charms and omens,  
to all who lived and died.

I rattle in my coffin  
linguistic chains of slight  
as I turn each crumpling page  
black dirt absorbs the light,  
but I know the bitter answer



to the quandary we call time  
I am trapped within the moment  
of a stalled and stagnant tide.

Spectral Verses, VIII, Raise high the curtain of your dreams

Astounding as the grimaced pain  
that falls upon my breast  
that turns within my soulful pleas  
disturbing peaceful rest,  
as poignant as the simple pause  
where all my dreams are lost  
between the silence of the lines  
where truth is rarely sought.

In the deepest regions of my soul  
light is blindly shuttered,  
mayhem then infects the grace  
where lifetime vows are uttered,  
wasteful words that garnish mind  
placating idle reason  
love grows then rots away  
when its fruit is not in season.

Deeply plows the hardy till  
that seeds so life may follow  
replant the blanket of my grave,  
the ground grows old and hollow,  
soil turned by harsh bitter hands  
with dead skin thick and calloused  
shovelfuls of passion sound  
on my wood and satin palace.

Console me and recite the words  
from the marvel of my youth;  
forgive me of my petty sins,  
search between my lines for truth.  
Do not follow in my steps  
for you are prone to go astray,  
raise high the curtain of your dreams,  
don't pause and look away.

## Spectral Verses, IX, Conceptual realm of beginning

In the conceptual realm of beginning  
where my spirit is dispelled by the light  
forced through the canal of awakening  
I will breathe my next breath of life.

By the pangs of my birth's separation  
where my being is renewed in the flesh  
worldly base to divine aspiration  
I wander unable to rest.

Empirical voids comprise the heavens;  
multitudinous suns burn out and restart,  
I will share their fate for millennium  
through the finite beats of my heart.

On the cleft of divine intervention  
between marrow and umbilical blood  
despite genius of human invention  
my soul's evolution is love.

## Spectral Verses, X, Flames to the west

Soul! Fly high your flames to the West!  
Hence spoke the fiery eves request  
twilight glints and the sun protests  
folding back her sails.  
Soul! Fly high your dreams to the East!  
Arise to lights unending reach  
full moon is hung in dawn's retreat  
moonlight shyly pales.

Dress! Touch your midnight scented bride  
that plays and shifts in shadow hides  
from new to full her bridesmaids cry  
bouquets tossed to earth.  
Upon the firmaments divide  
they raise their spinster tearing eyes  
upward reaching knead sea and sky  
bastions of their birth.

Awake! Awake! The pastures' swell  
with tall green grasses, verdant dells,  
the misty mountain casting spells  
life reclaims the land.

The yard birds sing their yearning song  
to svelte wildflowers and dewy corn  
upon the hill the tower's dong  
church belled steeples stand.

The joyful singing of the choir  
tuneful chords of love's desire  
embodiments eternal fire  
poles the compass bares.  
From North to South the magnet points  
directing lives, approves, appoints,  
in life and death reflects, anoints  
passions that we share.

The church bell softly tolling now,  
the death of death has been avowed  
replanted by the tillers plow  
spring buds in my view.  
Get up! Get up! Your spirits free  
drink gypsy wine and dance with glee  
dispersed within the liquid sea  
life begins anew.

Captain Cur

# Waves Of Sunset

You are a lot like  
summer evening's  
warm scented breezes  
lingering, lazily lounging  
upon the hills of sunset's  
arching bands of color  
cascading upwards  
peeking over the endless ridge,  
lavishly captured in the glowing  
twilight of your smile  
then dispersed  
in the whispering waves  
of your breath.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Honesty Forgiven

If we live  
honestly in the moment  
all truths will be forgiven.

Captain Cur



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# Sprightly In The Rain

You are a lot  
like spring rain  
sprightly,  
refreshing,  
light and dear  
singularly rejoicing  
within your own  
sun lined drop.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Jungle Morning, Deadly Dance

Jungle morning; deadly dance,  
?jungle tales of rave romance,  
?I have heard a wondrous tale ?  
deep in jungle plush and rare. ??

Songbird nests atop a tree ?  
singing songs in dawning glee. ?  
Her little brood two hatch bright, ?  
three small eggs she warms at night. ??

Slinky Viper slides and peeks ?  
craving Songbird weeks and weeks. ?  
Clever Viper must have cause ?  
to crush Songbird in his jaws. ??

Songbird sees a lowly worm ?  
swoops and takes him to her home, ?  
there she feeds him to her brood, ?  
worm is neatly sliced in two. ??

Viper witnessed brutal act ?  
testy he will quick react. ?  
He slides up to songbird host ?  
with deceptions naive boast. ??

Songbird squeals with great alarm, ?  
she knows Viper means great harm  
?bravely waves her wings at him, ?  
Viper molting very grim. ??

Are you here to hurt my young, ?  
day is new and just begun, ?  
we just sing sweet melody ?  
to the jungle from my tree? ??

Viper calls the heinous crime! ?  
Viper brings the deed to mind, ?  
you have killed an earthen worm ?  
now will rain my slaying storm. ??

Songbird says we need to eat ?  
so that we may sing and tweet. ?  
What is lowly worm to thee, ?  
Viper hanging in the tree? ??

Viper had come well equipped ?  
with venomous steady hiss, ?  
I was told by earth mother ?  
to avenge little bother. ??

Songbird knew that this was lie ?  
but saw death in Viper eye, ?  
so she pleaded for their life ?  
and asked Viper for his price. ??

Viper thought down very long; ?  
he is slender, he is strong. ?  
Viper is a gaming snake ?  
Songbird's spirit he would break. ??

Songbird sings of sun and sky ?  
azure blue and mountain high, ?  
you must sing of deep despair ?  
or your lives I will not spare. ??

Songbird looked inside her heart  
?if with something black to start. ?  
Songbird's soul was whitened pure.  
?Songbird trembled quite unsure. ??

Viper poised for his attack, ?  
Songbird coursed a throaty crack ?  
then she sang a song of pain  
?death echoing each refrain. ??

Viper jolted then amazed  
?Songbird singing hellish lays!  
Viper now had lost his bet ?  
anxious paused with slimy sweat. ??

Then a cold rage filled his mind ?



years he was made to wind ?  
only feeling savage lust  
?on his stomach in the dust. ??

He remembered tales of young ?  
with his hand he lit the sun ?  
shining high in heaven's glove ?  
knowing how it felt to love. ??

He recoiled in his ball ?  
then he raised his belly tall,  
?his demon eyes blackened holes ?  
dripping fangs now full exposed. ??

Before Songbird could escape ?  
Viper drunk for savage rape ?  
he bit fast his fury hard ?  
ripping meat and tender lard. ??

He struck and gnawed, ripped and razed ?  
in bloodletting he was crazed ?  
rage gave way to common sense ?  
he was choking on himself. ??

Blinded by his ancient hate ?  
when he chose his mortal fate, ?  
he did not strike Songbird's wail ?  
he was eating his own tail. ??

Viper dead fell from the branch ?  
failing yet a second chance,  
next day morning clear and bright ?  
jungle thriving in the light. ??

Songbird stalls her happy song ?  
pondering her youngest born ?  
now she coos a saddened tune ?  
in the jungle in the gloom. ??

Captain Cur

# Mediterraneus

Mediterranean's exotic dance,  
waves court tall white faced Italian shores,  
then sit upon the footstools that are France  
and wait within her ocean's cloistered doors.  
Once claimed by kingdoms that arose before  
their strength dispersed by majesty of arms,  
coliseums decayed, rust retrieves the sword,  
Phoenician horns no longer sound alarms  
drowned in the depths which internalize her charms.

I walk upon the shadows of her wake;  
my footfalls silenced, stolen by the blue,  
and glance upon the islands of her lake,  
Corsica and Sardinia come to view.  
I taste the wine her ancient vineyards grew,  
rich olives purple nuggets of her soil  
pressing the golden liquid flowing through  
my veins bared by the years of human toil  
anoints my spirit with their aromatic oil.

The gods of plenty irrigate her grounds,  
cornucopias poured by outstretched hands  
freed by praise from their planetary bounds  
frolicking in mirth on her fertile lands;  
Europe, Anatolia and Levant,  
North Africa, Macedonia, Greece  
bathed in the breadth of her untiring bands,  
island civilizations, Cyprus, Crete,  
their banners dressed Alexander's conquering seat.

Augustus named her 'Mare Nostrum, Our Sea, '  
until Rome's ultimate fall and decline  
concepts of man, empire and dynasty  
temporal precepts waste away in time.  
The flavor of aged Neapolitan wine's  
hearty grapes sweetly settles on my lips,  
beautiful Campania seeks out my mind  
as I hoist the sails of my fading ship  
I give Mediterraneus a farewell kiss.

Captain Cur

# The Treasure Is You

All treasure chests  
I have found  
have been empty,  
until I opened you.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Pirate's Block

Pirate's block, what a fell and fallow curse,  
my imagination in a hearse  
buried in the cemetery of rhyme  
suffocates one shovelful at a time.

Is being unproductive a high crime?

We all deal with this accursed malady  
as I drown in ink my quill's agony  
then I stare at the yellow parchment raw  
and dig up old love letters from my drawer.

Maybe I should give Queen Mary a call?

But I have a unique method to break  
the uninspired feelings that I fake,  
I simply kidnap someone else's sprawl  
as I gut words from their poetic drawl.

Perhaps I should give John Dryden a call?

There are other methods that I entail,  
rum helps to lubricate my tongue tied squeal  
or I can engage in some winsome play  
swinging my sword and simply rant away

exactly as I am doing today!

Captain Cur

# Spectral Verses, X, Flames To The West

Soul! Fly high your flames to the West!  
Hence spoke the fiery eves request  
twilight glints and the sun protests  
folding back her sails.  
Soul! Fly high your dreams to the East!  
Arise to lights unending reach  
full moon is hung in dawn's retreat  
moonlight shyly pales.

Dress! Touch your midnight scented bride  
that plays and shifts in shadow hides  
from new to full her bridesmaids cry  
bouquets tossed to earth.  
Upon the firmaments divide  
they raise their spinster tearing eyes  
upward reaching knead sea and sky  
bastions of their birth.

Awake! Awake! The pastures' swell  
with tall green grasses, verdant dells,  
the misty mountain casting spells  
life reclaims the land.  
The yard birds sing their yearning song  
to svelte wildflowers and dewy corn  
upon the hill the tower's dong  
church belled steeples stand.

The joyful singing of the choir  
tuneful chords of love's desire  
embodiments eternal fire  
poles the compass bares.  
From North to South the magnet points  
directing lives, approves, appoints,  
in life and death reflects, anoints  
passions that we share.

The church bell softly tolling now,  
the death of death has been avowed  
replanted by the tillers plow

spring buds in my view.

Get up! Get up! Your spirits free

drink gypsy wine and dance with glee

dispersed within the liquid sea

life begins anew.

Captain Cur

# Ignorance Gives Free

Assign wisdom its tithe  
and knowledge grows,  
ignorance gives free  
what it does not know.

Captain Cur



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# Spectral Verses, Ix, Conceptual Realm Of Beginning

In the conceptual realm of beginning  
where my spirit is dispelled by the light  
forced through the canal of awakening  
I will breathe my next breath of life.

By the pangs of my birth's separation  
where my being is renewed in the flesh  
worldly base to divine aspiration  
I wander unable to rest.

Empirical voids comprise the heavens;  
multitudinous suns burn out and restart,  
I will share their fate for millennium  
through the finite beats of my heart.

On the cleft of divine intervention  
between marrow and umbilical blood  
despite genius of human invention  
my soul's evolution is love.

Captain Cur

# Spectral Verses, Viii, Raise High The Curtain Of Your Dreams

Astounding as the grimaced pain  
that falls upon my breast  
that turns within my soulful pleas  
disturbing peaceful rest,  
as poignant as the simple pause  
where all my dreams are lost  
between the silence of the lines  
where truth is rarely sought.

In the deepest regions of my soul  
light is blindly shuttered,  
mayhem then infects the grace  
where lifetime vows are uttered,  
wasteful words that garnish mind  
placating idle reason  
love grows then rots away  
when its fruit is not in season.

Deeply plows the hardy till  
that seeds so life may follow  
replant the blanket of my grave,  
the ground grows old and hollow,  
soil turned by harsh bitter hands  
with dead skin thick and calloused  
shovelfuls of passion sound  
on my wood and satin palace.

Console me and recite the words  
from the marvel of my youth;  
forgive me of my petty sins,  
search between my lines for truth.  
Do not follow in my steps  
for you are prone to go astray,  
raise high the curtain of your dreams,  
don't pause and look away.



# Adventures Of Two Captains, Fall Of A, Part 7

The monster of Ashland was the source of darkness  
But nothing can stay against Captain Cur's blade's sharpness

The mixture of blood just ran through the air,  
I imagined for once my own bier

Death was close to us  
I remember my house in the mars

But there was no time to waste,  
Ant it was the time that I felt that painful lambaste

I wrapped in darkness....

Written by Ellias Anderson, Captain A  
in corroboration with:

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Spectral Verses V, Moon Tides The Pattern Of My Soul, Ii

Falling beauty pales in nights unsleeping  
whispered to my marker hedged in stone  
fear not though the midnight breeze is weeping  
for the moon tides the pattern of my soul.

Rolling waves embrace an inner silence  
inflected by their rising harmony  
pounding shores drumming steady violence  
she calls them back and slowly they recede.

Monuments are built to gods and martyrs,  
idle worship reprised in pageantry,  
wars afloat in blood and human horror  
rewritten by ignoble history.

Surging seas unleash a stalwart power,  
tempestuous they rage in mystery;  
penetrating, crumbling earthly towers  
immense foundations washed out by the sea.

Innocence must brave the unknown silence;  
purity will light the burnished eve,  
cast me moon, redeem me from the violence,  
in the beauty of your midnight weeping breeze.

Falling beauty pales in nights unsleeping  
whispered to my marker hedged in stone  
fear not though the midnight breeze is weeping  
for the moon tides the pattern of my soul.

Captain Cur

# Feedbag Of Her Guile

Can it not be as then I prayed it was  
all hope I held dissolving from my view;  
whatever I felt yet knew not the cause,  
what privilege it was and is to love you.  
Fortune has played me a suffering fool  
to think the thoughts I thought in your embrace.  
You washed away and cleansed me of my flaws  
forged my old heart inflamed it young and new  
tempered on the anvils indifferent face  
words of love cry out empty of all grace.

You should have said you loved him more than I,  
gossips cheap that chirps loosely like a bird,  
I cried the tears of loss that never dry  
stunned by truth the lone casualty of words.  
Perhaps from your kiss I should have inferred  
that your heart was not meant to meld with mine.  
When I kissed you what glistened in your eye;  
staid echoes from my own heart weakly heard,  
love solely manufactured in my mind  
perpetuating falsehoods by design?

Unabashedly loyal as a stud  
love casually walks through the starters gate,  
throws off the reins bucks' wild in the mud  
tossing all who dare mount her in distaste.  
Unwise I was, I bit down on the bait,  
cold hearts can be broken by a smile,  
neighing hoofs raising portents in the blood  
trampled under the beauty of her gait  
caught on lies and dragged for endless miles  
nourished by the feedbag of her guile.

Captain Cur

# Spectral Verses, Vii, Linguistic Chains Of Slight

Opportune tenacity regulates my soul  
against the wave born thoughts of reason  
that have intensified the toll,  
extracting cherished bits of memory  
from the speciousness of mind  
regaled within the boundaries  
we have aptly labeled time.

My heart no longer beating,  
my cold blood dried and dead  
within the confines of my spirit  
my eternal book is read;  
to the ghosts that haunt and plague me,  
to the inept breeding pride,  
to the worthless charms and omens,  
to all who lived and died.

I rattle in my coffin  
linguistic chains of slight  
as I turn each crumpling page  
black dirt absorbs the light,  
but I know the bitter answer  
to the quandary we call time  
I am trapped within the moment  
of a stalled and stagnant tide.

Captain Cur

# Picking Daisies In The Sun, Love Poems

I tossed a love poem to the sea,  
I told it swim, my words, I let you free.  
They came to rest upon an isle's golden sand,  
they declared not that they were written by my hand.  
She read the grains while picking daisies in the sun  
an unknown heart I'd never know I'd won.

Gladly do I part with thee  
words of love given to the sea.  
Awash on shores of lonely sand  
etch in grains with unknown hand.  
I know one whose heart is free  
will give her love to the guileless sea;  
if our worlds should combine by fate  
my sails will call and I will wait,  
I shall smell the sweet flowered air  
and weave fresh daisies through her hair.

I read a love poem in the sand  
that wrote itself with unknown hand.  
I felt although a mystery  
those words of love were meant for me.  
I looked upon the glistening waves  
and heard his song and said his name.  
On a great ship he sailed alone  
and to his heart I now belong.  
I gathered all my daisies round,  
and fashioned him a living crown.

Captain Cur



# Spectral Verses, Vi, Void Of Dark

For in the seamless fabric of our dreams  
we walk between real and imagined life  
prescient when we wake our senses stream  
to the horary poverty of strife;  
but our soul created by spirit mind  
its beacon shines throughout our earthly shell  
within our dreams it flies traversing time  
and gleams the truth above this worldly spell.  
Consciousness of self, the eternal spark,  
has given meaning to the void of dark.

Captain Cur



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# Mere Mention Of Your Name, Love Poems

I am troubled by my feelings  
that defy all common sense  
that breathes in your warming beauty  
and fulfills each labored breath.  
My emotions deep, dismaying  
madness stokes a hidden flame  
burning blood red silent anguish  
merely mentioning your name.

I am plundered without reason  
not a shilling of respect  
recounting dreams of moistened lips  
mapping contours of your neck.  
Candid youthful turbid movements  
arms be-speckled in the haze  
I am lost within your charming  
garden hedge rows in a maze.

Mesmerize me with your shadow,  
drape my heart with languid song,  
dance with me sweet lonely shadow  
trailing light shade growing long.  
Mystify me with your essence,  
confound me with your ways  
from the insight of your spirit  
predetermining my days.

Incantations, tonal whispers  
hold me spellbound with your tongue  
chaliced love that pours and fills me  
exhalations from your lungs.  
Ride with me on wings of songbirds;  
rise with me on hymns of praise,  
fly with me on gentle currents,  
fly with me, lets fly away.

I'm enslaved by girlish laughter  
turbulence that breaks apart  
ransacked then pieced together

ensnares, denudes my heart.  
I am saying that I love you,  
though our circumstance insane.  
I am saying that I love  
the mere mention of your name.

Captain Cur

# Black Heart Checkered Mate

A disingenuous simple smile  
can hide the truth behind a heart  
checkered with black guile;  
but love is pure  
as spring times lure  
and will open up the gate  
and destroy the guile  
behind the smile  
of a black heart checkered mate.

Captain Cur



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# To Whom My Love Is Pledged, Canto Ii, Love Poems

To whom my love is pledged,  
should she take flight  
I shall seek repose on a mountains height  
watching the eagle coddling her young,  
trembling on the brink, hungry in their nest,  
that first step when their hearts are bold and bright  
flailing, falling, cawing in distress  
reaching for the sun  
flying is the test.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# To Whom My Love Is Pledged, Canto I, Love Poems

To whom my love is pledged,  
should she take wing  
I shall seek repose at a lake serene,  
mediating loneliness as seasons  
quickly turn, passionately hot the flames  
candid when their cold, tiding what the spring's  
unfolding flowers have to say  
lispings temporal reasons  
as their petals rot to clay.

Captain Cur



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# To Whom My Love Is Pledged, Love Poems

To whom my love is pledged, should she take wing  
I shall seek repose at a lake serene  
with my left arm I cast the flattened stones  
with my right I shoo the buzzing drones  
and now I have counted my one hundredth fling  
numbering the worker bees servicing my Queen!

Captain Cur



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# Moated Waters Of The River Rhine

Turrets assemble saluting the nomadic Rhine,  
castles deeply footed in Goethe's romanticized age  
honor the passing river as the dandelions sway  
to the knowledge of his wisdom, each quotable line  
embedded in the rock faults supported to this day.

Faust's pride and his quest to reach the zenith of knowledge  
culminating in one moment of exquisite bliss  
bitterly grieves the eternal price for this sweetened kiss.  
On how many foolish wagers do we try to renege  
in the sale of our soul importunately wished?

Why did Prometheus defy the gods as worship  
starved charlatans who did nothing but enslave mankind?  
I pay homage to these ruins as archers string their line  
and their arrows fly through the mainstays of my ship  
immersed in the moated waters of the River Rhine.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com



# Fortuitous Love, Love Poems

Truth and love, naked beauty in their arms,  
taming man defeated by their charms.  
On plush meadows loves youthful urges play,  
the river calm, smooth daylight waning dusk,  
circling slowly above coarse birds of prey  
poised to kill sweet innocence with their lust.  
True love discerns the vultures and the crows  
steadfast it bears, unveils a tender pride,  
outward it beams and passionately flows  
supplanting the fragility of lies.  
Fettered truths, past deceits their unkind guard,  
fortuitous love now sounds escape's alarm.

Captain Cur



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# Adventure Of Two Captains, Ashland Castle Of Night, Part 5

Looking at that barren place where there is no hope,  
Will destroy our wishes but still we cope.  
Our friend wasn't an ordinary creature,  
Something strange and unique in his nature.

The castle of night is the source of paradoxical events.  
There is the time to think more and work on the hibernal souls  
There, the master of wizards and wizardry was leading  
And she put our nice friend in a darkened jail.

The life and the death, are two true things  
One for gathering the goods and one for the reap,  
One for being a pathetic or a king,  
This is the tragedy of our lives  
And this is the secret about our being.

True friends are like a unite existence  
And they are with each other in this life  
With no ending length.  
The soul of our friend is as clean as the sky,  
Pure and clean and without any lie.  
The humans and their souls will make a different sense.  
Soul, my friend, we are coming.

Written by Ellias Anderson, Captain A  
in corroboration with Captain Cur

Captain Cur

# Princess And The Commoner

A Knight was in love with a Princess;  
she walked with a dignified grace,  
she was arrayed like a perfumed flower  
threaded in gossamer lace.

He sent to her rare blossoms  
that bloomed in the light of the moon  
and stood in the shade of a bower  
reciting at the height of the noon.

He penned for her a love song  
with the passion and flavor of youth  
and he brought with him a minstrel  
then he sang to the tune of the flute.

The Princess was cold that evening  
moved not by the flute or his song,  
she retired to her father's chamber  
reflecting at the foot of his throne.

The Knight was commissioned by merchants  
to slay a magnificent beast,  
craftsmen fashioned a necklace  
made of priceless talisman teeth.

The Princess would not clasp it  
so it hung on her vanities door  
at night they would constantly chatter  
and speak of love and of loss and of war.

The Knight rode off to battle  
fighting in foreign campaigns  
and returned with a Persian stallion  
and offered the Princess his reins.

The Princess would not accept them  
so the Knight set the stallion free  
and said; 'I release and return you  
to the earth and the wind and the sea.'

In an act of desperation  
he laid down his armor and shield  
he bent his sword to a plowshare  
and gave his strength to the field.

One night on a moon trimmed evening  
the Knight saw a commoner girl  
she was watching him in the distance  
dressed in rags and blistered by toil.

The Knight moved quickly upon her  
caressing her scars and her hurt  
enfolding her in his strong arms  
lifting her up from the dirt.

She motioned to a lowly thatch dwelling  
that was hidden by thorny brush trees  
breaking with joy through the clearing  
he stroked the earth and the wind and the sea.

Her hut was twined with dried flowers  
that shone with the light of the moon  
and her bed adorned like the bowers  
from which he sang when the sun peaked at noon.

Dressing her neck the teeth chattered  
and they spoke of commoner blood  
with the love and the pain and the passion  
unsung in the snow and the mud.

Captain Cur

# Spectral Verses, V, Moon Tides The Pattern Of My Soul

Falling beauty pales in nights unsleeping  
whispered to my marker hedged in stone  
fear not though the midnight breeze is weeping  
for the moon tides the pattern of my soul.  
Rolling waves embrace an inner silence  
inflected by their rising harmony  
pounding shores drumming steady violence  
she calls them back and slowly they recede.  
Fear not though the midnight breeze is weeping  
whispered to my marker hedged in stone  
falling beauty pales in nights unsleeping  
for the moon tides the pattern of my soul.

Captain Cur



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# Epic Of You, Act Iv

We rehearsed sporadically together.  
We spoke our lines  
but there was something more going on,  
undercurrents swept us away.  
We parted from the script  
and started acting like free radicals,  
crazy, beyond prediction,  
yet contained by necessity.

Still, I can never get enough of you.  
Your voice waters the thirsty regions of my heart.  
Your eyes lighten my dim view of the world.  
Your touch softens and aligns me.  
Your heart beats synchronous to mine.  
We are lovers at fundamental levels.  
A small piece of me dies each time we part.  
Yes! I got it bad for you.

I am immense when I am with you.  
You fill the vastness of my soul.  
I am insignificant when you are gone.  
My rhythms are attuned to yours.  
Let us ride the waves, waves that have no end.  
Let us take advantage of our possibilities.  
Let us love vehemently!  
Live recklessly!  
Let's experience it all!  
Let us act together.  
I love you!

End of Act IV

Captain Cur

# Spectral Verses, Iv, The Die My Soul Has Cast

Black scorch marks of dejection  
where I burn with pains delight  
what my shallow terms have bought me  
fills the die my soul has cast.  
In the throes of trepidation  
I have turned against the light  
clutching runes with boney palms  
tossing stones that read the past.

I scribe a new adventure  
scribbling verses in the dust;  
I align the passing planets  
influencing natal charts.  
Scorpio will be rising  
that Saturn's foot will crush,  
the Moon and Mars enjoining,  
lovely Venus bares my heart.

Blending the earth tone pigment  
as the brush strokes flesh her face  
with eyes of eternal softness  
and hands of phantom grace.  
My white linen shirt the canvas  
golden ruffles tress her hair  
her temperate presence forming  
shyly rising in the air.

My breastbones hardly breathing  
I retreat back in the dark  
she calls her eyes entreating  
with a voice of goodly praise.  
I sing to her my love song  
with my notes c minor sharp,  
embracing empty visions,  
strumming stringless harps.

Captain Cur

# Spectral Verses, Iii, Youthful Combs Of Fire

My writings plague solemn desires  
dispatched within my grief,  
waiting for my souls revival  
as I sense the failing beams  
above my head stars once bold,  
now dying, fade in disbelief  
yearning youthful combs of fire  
extinguished while I sleep.

My words of love coldly covered  
by the graveyards mossy dirt  
embracing lips of favored lovers  
as we lain in soft caress;  
bites my savage tongues expression  
has now sanctified the hurt  
in my bed of weeds and clover  
where no soft cheek warms my breast.

Captain Cur



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# Imagination Proclamation

Let us replant the vision of our youth  
nourish and water ideals with dirt truth,  
take our wallets out of the stripping malls,  
invest our money in wisdom's hallowed halls,  
replacing our proclivity for greed  
with the actualization of dire need.

I clear my mind and hear the drumming call  
pounding poetic beats, freethinkers all,  
reading your written emancipation  
and imagination proclamation.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Proud Patriots Of Boston Common

Upon their hearts proud Patriot's share  
the grounds of Boston Common,  
remembering young Paul Revere  
low moonlight blazing almond,  
rode with his warnings sounding clear  
in midnights deepest sadness,  
his lanterns light that breathes the air  
and shines in freedoms gladness.

Now in our bitter souls despair  
our liberties seem lessened,  
with wars that rage on foreign shores  
we ask the age old question;  
where do we plant the human seeds  
where children need not cower  
as we rebuild the sacred space  
where stood the fallen towers?

What causes man to gain his strength,  
when death is all around him  
and violence seems to thread the weave  
that blinds him to his passion?  
What is the formula for love  
the chemistry of reason,  
the undiminished quest for peace  
elusive as the seasons?

The lives we've lost at freedoms cost  
we count them as the hours  
and names we etch on marble graves  
embellished with our flowers.  
Memories of pain and loss pull  
our hearts with their tightened reins  
stopping us at the ribbons gate  
diminishing our gains.

Through the marathons winding streets  
runs joy at Boston Common.  
The throngs stand cheering on their feet

calling from their bosom  
enduring the physical strife  
and straining to completion  
tears and trials test our life  
with hope our crowned achievement.

Captain Cur

# Spectral Verses, Ii, My Heart Folds Loosely Bound

With lackluster elation  
I tense my burning pride;  
static mantras push up  
the sweet lilies from the ground,  
each blossom scents stray breezes  
my verse has softly cried  
yearning through the ages  
for that close uplifting sound  
contained within the pages  
my heart folds loosely bound,  
that holds my soul and weds my mind,  
splendidly it climbs.

My angry youth was stolen,  
where all I've loved has died  
ruptured dreams that mangle lives,  
the clock stroke loudly chimes  
unintended mournings  
that shift across grey skies  
reaching toward salvation  
for the light that fools my eyes.

Captain Cur

# Dead Men Pirate Tears

A question forthwith has been rightly posed;  
Do I taunt the matriarch English queen?  
Am I a dead Captain of pirate prose?  
Do I dwell in chivalrous age sixteen?  
Those are answers your intellect decides  
and what fancy one chooses to believe,  
yet; spectral ships, with guns and ghostly crews,  
may be veiled truths or conceptual lies  
but once they are upon you and give siege  
can now be deemed questions posed by fools.

My crew of cutthroats is a mangy lot,  
yet; are born from the highest pedigree,  
they work the sails and tie thick sturdy knots  
and live beneath the specter of the sea.  
We have no country and roam free at will  
plundering whatever ships cross our way;  
we drink our rum and fill our guts with beer,  
on enchanted nights when the sea is still  
composing tunes and singing starlit lays  
the ocean fills with dead men pirate tears.

Bantering within our prestigious psyches  
gold turnkeys which mobilize the varied  
successes and failures that haunt our lives;  
where the gusty northern winds will carry  
our ship, our souls to fortunes final quest;  
if through horizon's purple haze you see  
a beastly sail above the earthly rise,  
I will swear the reason for my duress  
whether by fate or the devil's treachery,  
my crew believes that they are still alive.

Captain Cur

# Spectral Verses, I, The Twilight And The Gloom

What fair voice calls my name as I loiter in the grave  
a poet now besieged with ignoble repartee,  
death is just a misty cloud that hides the quilted waves  
patterns of the fickle tides that charge then run away.  
In my youth I sang great chants, my verse would never sway  
banished from my native soil I sailed to war with fate,  
hearing echoes from my past I fought in unknown bays  
hoping for a hero's death my sins to mitigate.  
Alas! No peace, no resting place, unsettling as the moon  
where my spirit walks between the twilight and the gloom.

Captain Cur



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# Plausibility

Glittering imaginings traipse within the calm  
playful distance between the lolling waves  
and flow within my lifelines deep engrave  
spontaneously fashioning the threading seams  
that weave between the fingers of my palm  
enjoined with hers as she sings to me her psalm.

Captain Cur



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# Adventures Of Two Captains To The Heart Of Galaxy, Part 3

Near the gates of an unknown place we stopped  
The smell of darkness was everywhere like a satanic smoke.

Captain Cur pointed to the gates as the doors of Ashland,  
He said: 'We must destroy the darkness here and its land.'

The gates opened, as a wind that spirits in the galaxy  
And then a great, barren land appeared in front of our ship,

Lands full of Ashes and death  
Its sky was full of the people who chase the bless.

I asked Captain: 'Why do we come here? '  
That hero replied: 'Don't worry and don't fear

A friend of ours needs help in this place  
And he can show us the true way in this case.'

The silence of that land was like a wavy sea  
And the ashes were dancing with the wind.

We entered that place, I held my breath,  
I looked at Captain, he was looking toward the way,

Then, all of a sudden, a scream rose up  
And the ship start to move like a leaf in the wind...

TO BE CONTINUED

Ellias Anderson, Captain A  
in corroboration with Captain Cur

Captain Cur



# False Echoing Reply, Love Poems

What such sounds should be hidden in a shell  
rogue calypso waves in dawn's furthest reach  
singing beneath the salt dew's haughty smell  
that stalls upon the sand stormed gypsy beach.  
Coarse winds play the harmonic flute replete  
with spiral rounds that lull the churning tide  
imbued with ocean's boisterous sounding reefs,  
choreographed waves dancing by their side,  
retained within the shell's false echoing reply.

What such sounds break upon the mountains rush  
requiting oaths to the four winds spoken  
treads the river wry and the thorny brush  
piercing lies when truths are old and broken.  
Rings of change tarnish eternal tokens  
as branchless trees emit weak tepid sighs  
and grains of time at once gleamed gold and golden  
flighty love stripped of wings no longer flies  
squawks to the cold hills with false echoing reply.

What such sounds flush with lovers warm embrace  
that call on stars under starlight's steady rain  
brightening beginning through youthful gates  
opening their hearts unfettered by its chains.  
But all for naught and all soon turns to pain,  
diminishing the light once in their eyes;  
words of love spoke with soulless songs refrain,  
the mountain rush, the sounding shell will die,  
repeating, repeating the false echoing reply.

Captain Cur

# Bewitching Battle On Curdi, Pirate Adventures (16)

Completely reckless, I charged forward  
advancing quickly toward her retreating form.  
I gazed in concave eyes, her left arm stirred  
unimpressed by the fury of my scorn.

I raised my hand and lunged with my knife;  
she quickly sidestepped and I felt a blow  
befall the right side of my head cold as ice,  
stunned, I kissed the ground, then shaken rose.

She was more agile than expected  
accomplished with the weapon of her craft,  
I was more cautious, feinting, protecting  
my flank as the witch spun her deadly staff.

I circled wide looking for a weakness  
hunched over keeping my head and body low,  
pressing close, hard, then retreating  
as her eyes shone with a venomous glow.

I switched knife hands blade in then jutting out;  
she countered with unimaginable skill,  
I used the uneven stones to create a rout  
moving in sharply for the kill.

I grasped her and splayed her upon the altar;  
she kicked away my knife cutting her leg,  
I attempted strangling with renewed fervor  
ridding the world of this treasonous sage.

Powerful spells, words spewing from her lips  
hoarse incantations with bedeviling sounds  
unknowing I slowly loosened my grip,  
her staff knocked me unconscious to the ground.

Captain Cur

## 2 To The 5th Power

Peripheral battle lines  
are secretly drawn  
resetting, directing  
wine breathed pawns.

Mathematically strategized goals.  
Sentinels call out moves and hours.  
Foot soldiers advance toward  
opposing sides 2 to the 4th power.

Alternating flag flown  
on white and dark tower.  
Quartered unmanned horses  
roam 2 to the 5th power.

Royalty safely guarded and hid  
behind rock walls tiered flowers.  
Domination of linear spaced  
cubic grid 2 to the 6th power.

Coveted royal crowns  
and squares delicately paced  
by clerics cloned and robed  
bound on diagonal straights.

Ranks one through eight  
attacking in combination.  
Bishop skewer,  
Knight fork,  
Castle pin,  
Queen sacrifice,

Checkmate!

Forces resignation.

Captain Cur

# Adventures Of Two Captains

Our story began thousands of years ago  
When people lived with love and no ego

The time that their hearts beat for each other,  
The time that the darkness was the only thing that bother

I was passing my way through the Milky Way with my space ship  
I was looking for the light in the deep

The darkness came to my ship, the darkness and its forces  
They entered the space ship with their horses

In the blink of an eye  
Most of my men die

A tragedy of blood and death  
All the ship sinks in corruption and mess

Death made his gallows for us, he made a rope  
But put it in your minds, in every disgraced condition there is hope

A glorious light attacked the darkness  
It was the time that we saw the bless

It was the time that I met that hero  
And I believed in hope, even as small as a biro

A noble captain and a brave sir  
The captain of the galaxy, YES! ! Captain Cur

He and his men fought with faith  
'They are unique' the light saith

The darkness ran away, but for now  
We were sure that it will come back, but didn't know how! ?

My last crew and I  
Were saved from the die

Our savior was Captain Cur  
When the darkness hears his name, it will purr

So we joined him, we made a unique group  
And our actions made the darkness droop

We sail our way to the heart of the Milky Way  
To kill the darkness there, to send it for an eternal lay

To be continued.....

Ellias Anderson  
in collaboration with:

Captain Cur

# The Road To Perdition, Quilted Wings, Verse Iii

I thought I saw her falling  
while I was harvesting in the cornfield.

I was alone,  
my wife was dead,  
and I was in despair.  
I got off the tractor  
and found her lying on the dirt.

She was naked and had wings.

This could not be real,  
just like when I would think  
my wife was setting the table.

I picked her up and carried her to the house.  
Her wings were badly damaged.  
I laid her in the guest bed.  
It had not been used in years.

I covered her and sat and waited.

When she awoke she said,  
"Teach me the ways of the flesh."

She stayed for sixty days.

I asked her why she had to go.  
She said; "I must find my place in the world."

Each evening after prayers,  
I would go to my bedroom  
and think of my wife on the bed  
and remember these words spoken  
in her soft melodic voice;  
"I want to be one with your flesh."

I would take my gun,  
empty the chambers,

press it to my temple  
and pull the trigger.

I was trying to forget.

I knew one night  
I would forget to empty the chamber.

The angel left with nothing.

I used to bring her the feathers  
to her wings when they fell off.  
When they were completely gone  
I tended the open wounds on her back.

I thought about the feathers.

I once showed her a large chest  
that contained things belonging to my wife.  
I had given everything away  
and it sat empty, like me.

I opened it.

She had knitted her feathers into a large quilt.  
She left me a note, it read, &quot;Forget.&quot;

After prayers, I would lie under the quilt  
and forget about the gun.

Captain Cur

# The Road To Perdition, Michael, Verse II

I found her working a city street.  
I stopped.  
I asked her price.  
She responded; "Salvation."

I liked this one.

I laughed and told her to get in.  
She asked; "Who are you?"  
I said; "Michael."  
She asked; "The Archangel?"  
I smiled and said; "Yes!"

I was full of vengeance.

I moved her in with me.  
She did not object.  
I wouldn't have to go out  
looking every night.

She was like tarnished bronze,  
something shiny under there  
but heavily layered.  
She just needed to be stripped.

I was very good with my hands.

Her eyes were quiet blue,  
deep and mesmerizing.  
Her skin a pale milky white.  
She had two long scars on her back.  
When I queried, She said;  
"Once I had wings."

I brought her down to earth.

I don't remember when I started hitting her.  
It's not something a man writes down.  
He doesn't know the hurt



until he sees her the next morning.  
I swore it would not happen again.

We both knew it was a lie.

She never put up her hands.  
That was the strange part.  
She accepted every blow.  
When I asked about it.  
She said; &quot;I need to suffer to be purged.&quot;;

I never stopped purging.

She told me her name was, Fallen Angel.  
I asked, &quot;Did your parents give you that name? &quot;;  
She said; &quot;I left my place in heaven.  
I was attracted by the ways of the flesh.&quot;;

I asked her; &quot;Do you like what you found? &quot;;

When I wearied of her I cast her out.  
She asked; &quot;Where will I go? &quot;;

I told her; &quot;Walk the road to perdition.&quot;;

Captain Cur

# Dawn's Rebellious Incitation

I am born in praise, bold galactic pulsing rhythms,  
my spirits charge uphold the stellar spheres positions.  
Singing songs of the Universal One's beginning  
guarding the fragile breeze that keep the planets spinning.

I flew to earth in dawn's rebellious incitation  
felled by mirth from his beauteous exhortations  
spun from dreams now impoverished from his vision  
forfeiting established place, to never be forgiven.

I was seduced by her sunlit oceans brimming;  
her sculptured clouds and her deep sea creatures swimming,  
her vaults of green then their massive colors thinning,  
to be one of flesh and blood and know the thrill of living.

Her stormy voice as the white lightening heralds thunder;  
her willful skies of wind shorn savage wonder,  
mountain falls that pierce the veils that cover  
the peacefulness her orbit brings as she softly slumbers,

her caves and springs that course her inner boundaries,  
her finger lakes that stroke the artwork of her foundries,  
I walk on air through the archway of her bands;  
I kiss my ocean lovers as they wed the virgin sands  
and kneel in exultation as I palm my changing hands,  
I am a human woman; I feel the touch of man.

Captain Cur

# Carnal Sultry Chords, Pirate Adventures (15)

Devoid of shelter; clamoring to surface the pit,  
quenching fires stoked by years of seeded vengeance,  
suffocating in pain, I climbed back upon the tip  
spewing curses at my involuntary penance.

The beast resisting, retreating to its heartless cage,  
its strongholds breached by years of cowardice and deceit,  
I viewed the carnage left by its knifelike clawing swage  
amid the ruins stumbling forward on unsteady feet.

Corpses of mummified witches hacked into fragments,  
stone statues of cloven beasts with arms and heads detached,  
I was destroying monuments of ancient worship,  
yet; still the angel child crawled on her destined path.

I viewed the Priestess, her face hideous and deformed,  
layered with years of desuetude and wormy decay.  
I no longer deceived by her carnal sultry chords.  
I pulled my knife and venomously swore she would pay.

Captain Cur

# One Thousand Wrecks

Rising plumes carved midnights mist,  
my ship in reefs she slowly lists,  
mnemonic sounds defeat their fears  
nil my voice in dead men's ears.

Her form upon the jetting rocks;  
flowing moon gild silver locks,  
eyes of tiny piercing dreads,  
mermaid's song haunt pirate heads.

I swim determined toward the beach  
black dagger ground between my teeth  
up I climb the flesh stained ledge  
to toss the mermaid from the edge.

I slow approach my wary prey;  
my dagger sharp and hid away,  
her chords penetrate to my soul,  
my dagger slips and clangs in fall.

She smiles with an urchins grin,  
I watch my dagger sink and spin  
moonlight sharp against the cliffs  
I lunge for her and break her grip.

Down we drop in breaker swells  
she rises up I swim toward hell,  
I see a speck of tiny steel  
I search the bed with desperate feel.

Up I stroke and grasp for air  
surface breaks I cough and swear  
I spot my ship safe from the reefs  
tonight her dirge contains no grief.

I swim and make way for the sand  
sinewy pulls her slender hand;  
her hair adorned with seashell specks,  
her songs refrain, one thousand wrecks.

Captain Cur

# The Road To Perdition

She said she was a fallen angel.  
I partly believed it because the bar was closing  
and she looked anything but angelic.  
She had rust colored hair and a worn glow.

I asked her; 'What are you doing, later.'  
She said; 'I am going to walk the road to Perdition.'  
I asked; 'What town is that in? '  
I got her to smile.

I told her I would give her a lift.  
I brought her to my place.  
She said nothing in the ride.

I asked; 'What do you drink? '  
She answered; 'Blood red wine.'  
I poured her some old merlot.  
I stroked her hair and kissed her.  
It was forced.  
I relaxed.

She took off her blouse.

She was bruised all over.  
I asked her where she got the bruises.  
She said; 'Michael gave them to me when he cast me out.'  
I thought, the archangel or a cruel boyfriend.  
I didn't press.

She asked me to put on some music  
and then she danced for me,  
it was a kind of awkward teasing dance.  
I swallowed my drink.

She was really quite pretty  
when you picked through all the hazards.  
She was completely naked now.  
I poured myself a double.

I got up and danced with her.

I stroked her back.

I asked about her wings.

She said; 'Life has stripped them and I can no longer fly.'

I rolled a joint and got her high.

That is the night I slept with a fallen angel.

In the morning

she would be walking the road to Perdition

and I would be living in my house of ruin.

Captain Cur

# An Amusing Find

I went and found myself a muse  
one revered in the ancient hymns,  
her presence small and spirit bright.  
I cannot refuse her slightest whims.

I fell in love with what I found,  
she was far; yet, within my reach,  
it was the contact of that touch  
that bound my flesh and winsome speech.

It wasn't conquest that I sought,  
just love, not war, this truth survives,  
my words that pageant throughout time  
complete surrender best describes.

The words I write are slowly formed  
lettered by years of silent mind  
that listened deep and rarely spoke  
you now awoke with lessoned time.

Captain Cur



# Lawyer To The Whip

On every accursed criminal pirate ship,  
one is chosen called, Lawyer to the Whip,  
the crew elected Justice to this cruel job  
to melt discipline as they beg and sob.

Chosen was he, not apparently clear  
perhaps he generates just modest fear  
he is completely blind in both his eyes  
and when the tip snaps it strikes mainly sky.

One day his stroke broke upon more than air  
he caught a thieving pirate on the rear.  
For all shows the scar Justice left behind,  
For all moons blind Justice, guiltless in crime.

Justice built thick shoulders and arms in youth  
and he carries around his whip named, Truth.  
The parrot keeps count as the flogging slows  
then argues disclosures nobody knows.

The Captain stays perched on his brig, high,  
once Justice struck wide and popped out his eye.  
Crime became rampant on the Captain's good ship.  
He called in Justice and un-lawyered his whip.

He then fitted Justice with both his good eyes.  
He rallied the crew for a evening surprise,  
they doled out the rum as the Captain stood tall,  
and toasted the crew, Truth and Justice for all!

Captain Cur

## Moment Of Their Psyches, Pirate Adventures (14)

I opened the vortex, plunging into timeless depth,  
unaware of my presence in the external world,  
I smelled his stench and unlocked the stronghold to his lair  
subjugated by the vicious panting of his breath.

A rift appeared; the beast emerged corneas plagued  
by jaundiced eyes, gurgling intestinal waste,  
huge grotesque limbs, its snarling upper lip torqued in rage  
exposing blood drenched teeth in pock scarred pitted face.

Addressed in battle, clanging challenge of metal swords;  
intuiting blows, portending each moment of their psyches,  
evading stone mallets wielded by her fervent hordes,  
the beast their butcher,  
they screamed beneath his gutting strikes.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

## Ritualistic Perfection, Pirate Adventures (13)

Small wooden idols with splintered skin decorate  
the sloping tread way leading to the temple's hall.  
Candle flames bedeviling eyes shift shadow shapes  
as fledglings dance on grotesque walls.

Organ pipes rise, blending keys sound papal hymns, clear  
spiral notes wavelength lick the ceilings skull framed dome.  
Angel child's brown budding wings sparse halo glow; tearing,  
crawls painful lengths to the altars hewed round stone.

Delirious, imagining myself on the Malevolent,  
unnerved by this nightmarish lineal procession,  
I unsheathe my sword awed by its pent begging tip  
slaughtering witches chanting in ritualistic perfection.

I would not relent;  
I would destroy their coven stables.  
I heard cursive whooping cries  
emanating from macabre  
forms born of demigods,  
fed the blood of angels,  
with cloven feet and leaf tipped ears amassed  
within the throng's confusion, charged,  
conjuring swollen sepulcher skies  
railing hatred in those around me.

I held my ground, my will remonstrated  
and I withdrew inside till all was still.  
I quieted my temper and calmed my speech,  
when as a child I killed my father  
and learned how to summon  
the unbridled fury of the beast.

Captain Cur

# Imploding Thoughts

Twisted reasons  
internally turn  
into the logic  
that imperils my thoughts,  
that greases my mind  
with slick glossy rhyme  
and my clever creations are fraught  
with the unseen mines  
of unmetered lines  
and the smooth  
flavored cadence is lost  
in words that tend  
to worship themselves  
and the whole poem  
implodes in itself.

Captain Cur



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## Epic Of You, Act Iii

Let me describe you;  
blonde hair, short and fragrant,  
soft bluish green eyes  
dreamy yet captivating.  
You have an easy,  
recognizable outward persona,  
approachable within reason,  
but turbulent inside  
like a rumbling volcano  
bubbling with latent possibilities  
and thrilling discoveries.  
Perfectly proportioned  
with a body and face that compliment  
and demands a double take.  
You are into the arts.  
You are a dancer.

I am a second rate actor  
looking for my big break.  
You took my bit part  
and gave it scope and density.  
Standing on that stage  
I am enlarged by your presence.  
Small wonder I am in love with you.  
I never played opposite a star.  
I never played opposite such beauty.  
I never had a chance to make it big.

(End of Act III)

Captain Cur

# A Pirate And A Poetess

A Pirate and a Poetess  
engaged in a heated duel;  
the unread pirate using wit,  
maddening charm his metric tool.

A Pirate and a Poetess  
in passion throes of deep embrace  
exchanging more than subjective  
massifs, throbs restive in his place.

Her body's work in high demand,  
she is a fearsome rhyming witch,  
could a crass seaman understand  
voluminous verse without a stitch.

Referencing her many notes;  
as the stiff tall mast gives alarm  
his full hung sails bare Pirate boasts  
and adds nine inches to his charm.

Her line flows, sweet liquidity,  
his pounding beats rigidity,  
her shocking mass frigidity,  
his utter rand ambiguity.

A Pirate and a Poetess;  
a duet to enlarge the arts,  
poetic in and outs his quest  
as she innately chafes his part.

Captain Cur

# Holy Temple Of Dread, Pirate Adventures (12)

Wandering steep paths, enraged with myself  
allowing her spell to dissuade my mission,  
chiseling with my sword defiling crypts  
ordained by doom's guileless intuition.

I was exhausted; my men had all fled  
endless lava caves mired in confusion.  
I found a stalagmite rowed cathedral,  
ice tipped stalactites glowing, diffusing

concentrated lines of flaming red coal  
filtered through sun's immense ominous breath;  
murderous scenes scorch Curdi's cavernous soul  
drenched in the bloodletting rings of sunset.

An enthroned dense, flesh stained altar  
rising amidst amphitheater halls;  
iconic views of sacrificial slaughter  
echoing refrains from death riddled walls.

Pagan gods perched on carved earthen ledges;  
bare breasted women with undulating hips,  
males exposing coarse muscled tendons  
with scored eyes and affection starved lips;

towering tunnels, twilight permeating  
the darkness, fossilized snarled tree roots clasped  
in worship slithering like snakes squeezing  
black acrid water defacing the past.

Scythian Priestess with flowing robes, spice  
scented skin, fragrant, exotic, intertwined  
and corrupted by the burnt smell of spent life  
chalice in the elixir of unblessed wine.

Directionless in a sea of tombs  
premonitions reforming in my head  
aroused by her mouth and sweet oiled perfume  
I entered her holy temple of dread.

Captain Cur



# Epic Of You, Act II

The author has arranged for us to meet.  
(How convenient of him.)  
We were not prepared for each other,  
though we had been waiting many years.  
My role was to be  
charming, amusing, and attentive  
then I devastated you with my intensity.

Truthfully,  
it was I who was smitten by you,  
an angelic creature,  
intense pure white beauty  
with a radiant afterglow.

Your light poured right through me.  
Your aura surrounded me  
like an ocean of blue infinity  
with turbulent undertows.  
I fell hard for you.  
I'm still falling.

(End of Act II)

Captain Cur

# A Lighted Tower

I wonder about you  
standing purposely on immense seas  
with a sweeping loneliness.

A lighted tower,  
you seem perfectly suited to who you are.

I, unlike you,  
am always in trouble with myself,  
there is great division.  
The bridge has never been built  
connecting one side of me to the other.

I am attracted by your excellence.

I see the tower  
and call upon the architect of my bridge;  
the specifications are  
that it connects me to you.

When it comes time to cross  
I will know what is on the other side.

You bridged me when we first made contact.  
Something very deep in you  
pulled me out of myself,  
the fog lifted  
and I moved toward your light,

your eyes, the beams;  
your body, the tower;  
your voice, the horn  
and your presence the way,

a lighthouse of dreams.

Captain Cur

# Scythian Sight, Pirate Adventures (11)

Crimson lips exhaling sensuous breath  
prophetic priestess of Scythian sight  
fiery beryls adorn her crystalline neck  
spice scented skin, probing fingers of light.

Disrobes before me flames warming her palm  
orbiting globes, loving field of her hand,  
rock fountain pools black cavernous calm  
moon sliver tones coat flesh covered sand.

Ecstatic lovers compete in the act  
expressionless words mimed silent eyes seek  
soft graceful curves line the arch of her back  
passionate rhymes only she would dare speak.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Epic Of You, Act I

You are an Epic  
that continually unfolds within me.  
I have opened you  
to the center of your story.  
I do not know the beginning,  
nor do I know how your story will end.

You are a complex character.  
You have many facets.  
You are beautiful and talented,  
the calm beauty of a shimmering lake  
fed by deep underground springs.

You walk with a cool elegance,  
demure and softly attractive  
with just the right amount of class.  
You play the heroine lead.  
You break many hearts.

My character must ad-lib.  
No one has handed me a script.  
I am blue collar  
with an artistic, sensitive side,  
still not completely tamed.  
My qualities are romantic and poetic.  
My edges still quite raw and jagged,  
my steel not completely polished.  
I tempt circumstance.  
I play the spoiler.

(End of Act I)

Captain Cur

# New York City Day And Life

Steel and metal, bolts and screws,  
Cement mixers, gravel crews,  
Building highways, building roads,  
Commuting far from our abodes.

Skyline structures, building plans,  
Sewage systems, hydro dams,  
Serpentine slithered ridge,  
Arching braids, Cable Bridge.

Hollowed tunnels, strobing lights  
Matrix seams holding tight,  
Sucked inside, spewed without  
Underwater submerged route.

Swerving, veering, honeycombing,  
Traffic patterns, weaving, roaming.  
Insect martyrs, stained glass shields.  
Eighteen-wheelers never yield,

Climbing, crawling up your spine,  
Upgrades fleeting they decline,  
Downgrades wild maverick thrills,  
Air brakes hissing through their gills.

Gridlock, fuming, traffic jam,  
Imposition, idling hands,  
Ruthless stealing parking sleuth,  
Every gesture now uncouth.

Punched the clock at one to nine,  
Time for coffee, then unwind,  
Myriad meetings, liquid lunch,  
Brainstorming in a crunch.

New York Post, right wing kernel,  
Times, News, Wall Street Journal,  
All the news that's fit to mint,  
Propagandized cyber print.

Laptops, iPads, iPhones, Droids,  
Captured eyeballs techno void,  
Facebook, gaming, pull the plug,  
Fattened calves are now our young.

Greed, graft, pillaged pensions,  
Occupy Wall Street, rising tensions,  
Trampling tents with police ponies,  
Corrupt judges, political cronies.

Stocks, bonds, futures, hedges,  
Market crashes, men on ledges,  
Powerhouses that go broke,  
Failing banks, worthless notes.

Culture, arts, diverse centers,  
China, Italy, foreign vendors,  
Soho, Chelsea, United Nations  
Translating pronunciations.

Empire State, Liberty torch,  
Freedom's crumbled horrid cost.  
Phantom towers in the sky,  
Tears that must refuse to dry.

Firefighters, police, medics,  
First responders come and get us,  
Devoid of fear to save a life,  
Orphaned children, widowed wife.

Central Park, summer days,  
Films, bookstores, theater, plays.  
Diamond district, restaurant guides,  
Nostalgic horse and carriage rides.

Subway, buses, dual port planes,  
Locomotives, Metro trains,  
Moving chattel, rolling stock,  
Railroading round the clock.

One to five, sun is falling,

Diverse ethic foods are calling,  
Traveling over tar pitched roads  
Trailing back to our abodes.

Captain Cur

# Ego, Super, Id And I

Ego is on the poetic couch  
ranting with quelled off rhyme.  
Super adds adjectives  
redoubling manic-depressive lines.  
Id is on a nature walk  
photographing what could have beens.  
I'm sitting here collecting notes  
taking it all on the chin.

Ego points to a drip declaring;  
'You have leaks in your thoughts.'  
Super hammers wood and nails  
building the better mind he bought.  
Id is naked rolling on the grass  
with girls of yesteryear.  
I record what all of this means  
in a footnote referenced 'Fear.'

Ego tires of the pain,  
rejection and uncertainty;  
Super misplaced plans to his mind  
and succumbs to his own duress.  
Id is climbing the tallest pine  
that he may view what is lost.  
All three pointing at me, claiming  
they want Carl Jung as their boss.

Ego scraps his will and survives  
entirely by habit and rote.  
Super screams; 'I'm out of this place, '  
but can't seem to button his coat.  
Id is ordering a large marble stone  
digging a shallow grave.  
I am writing four epitaphs bearing;  
'None of us could be saved.'

Captain Cur



# Armored Hawk Of War

Parapets feint amongst the dawn's cruel violent skies,  
blue toned mountain meadows shade brooding endless streams,  
mirror lakes engulfing highland weeping pines  
disappearing footholds in steep cut sheer faced dreams.

Red spired cathedrals invade the mounting morning mist;  
wind borne doves fold feathers; dip, spread wings on whiteness flow  
hymns of praise, low octave notes soft lingering sounds persist,  
the griffin caws, robust, brown skinned armored hawk of war.

Dense fractal wings, twin bodied beast heralding sunrise;  
archers stretch their bowstrings length stone tipped arrows fly,  
mystic lion, regal fleshed in monolithic birth,  
harnessed pewter saddle rolls, evading slings from earth.

Diving swoops regains the breeze turning quickly falls,  
pushing currents, backward strokes then rests within our walls.  
Eagle headed, yellow beaked with eyes of piercing grey  
climbs the forward bulwark proudly poised in art's decay.

Captain Cur

# Divinities Lost Horizon

Divinities lost horizon  
shallowness of the chalice of birth  
the beggars at the grave  
looking for the fruit of salvation  
rotting in the truth of their own inadequacies  
and flawed perceptions  
of what is real and what is spiritual.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# High Priestess Of The Cave, Pirate Adventures (10)

Pernicious thoughts swelter on my brow  
stalemates my heart, desperate for a move,  
another failure I will disavow,  
held in check, more viciousness to prove?

Her enticing voice calls through ghostly air  
speaks my name, sweet cadence in her tone;  
I feel the beast retreat in horrid fear  
dig his teeth in red marrow of my bone.

I withdraw my blade floating in a trance  
basking find the benediction of her eyes  
her flowing robes enthralling female stance  
my fearsome beast cowers weak inside.

Black roaming hair tinged translucent red  
phasing light with purple shimmer waves  
jeweled dragons warm her inner nakedness  
witches praise the High Priestess of the Cave.

Captain Cur

# Darling Range

Immutable as the seismic formations,  
her voice and cause out worldly strange,  
enthraling, rapt, incisive delineations  
the torrid temptress of Darling Range.

Wind swept beauty descends over her hills  
greenery enrich her plush beveled plains  
mesmerizing me with scarped landscape thrills  
the torrid temptress of Darling Range.

Sea sculpted caverns, filling, retracting waves  
her elemental body's enticing refrain  
with reckless, sensuous recalcitrant plays  
the torrid temptress of Darling Range.

Encamped on the sheerness of her fell brim,  
I scale her scope explore her fertile brain  
as I call and challenge the depths within  
the torrid temptress of Darling Range.

Captain Cur

# Wainwright Barrows Of The Sea, Pirate Adventures (9)

Caverns echo cataclysmic inductions  
sweeping maudlin faced aspiring domes  
petrified enormous trees bridge deep chasms  
deadened with their inner life force gone.

Stone lined swirling paths opaque jagged walls  
displace the tomb entwined fractured stalls  
impoverished dust and skeletal remains  
stillborn voiceless egos stamp their grave.

Isle Curdi's barren forged formation  
volcanic ethers revered mutation  
migrating souls eclipsed in eternity  
hailed by wainwright barrows of the sea.

I pressed my blade against the witch's throat  
with great effort her parched lips slowly broke.  
I bade her, 'Show me the crypt of my Muse; '  
with verbal strength rising violent breath  
she stubbornly refused.

Captain Cur

# Satan's Crow

My eyeballs pecked by Satan's crow  
and the hammering of the pin  
tormentors in caverns below;  
I faced all fears and fell within.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Inertia Is The Greatest Sin

No mountain is forever built.  
Flowers bloom then they wilt,  
nature's forces wear them down,  
forever lost and never found.

Moonless nights where light is dead,  
phantom coldness shears my head;  
jagged rock and icy steel  
camouflage the things I feel.

When my eyes turn to the sea,  
waves of passion thrive in me.  
Caution I dropp to a whirl of wind,  
freely falls in the ocean's spin.

Voyages I fail to take  
each day harder are they to make.  
A heart must act or never win.  
Inertia is the greatest sin!

Captain Cur

## Tombs Of The Dead, Pirate Adventures (8)

Cavernous dank walls breeding fang tipped black  
bats squealing warnings surrounding our craft,  
lungs breathing moist crisp elemental air  
un-tasted by man, unhinged in a tear,

queerness invades rising unfeasible founts  
gushing springs play, defying gravity mounts  
spraying force skyward sun saturate rings  
captured iridescent rainbow birds sing.

Emblazoned storm clouds rush sweeping the hills  
verdant rich green lands wait drinking their fill  
unreachable trees immeasurably tall  
rooted in unrelenting rock faced falls

crashing in streams redoubtably pours  
carving islands eternal life tours  
disappearing in earthen caverns below  
rejuvenating springs recycling flow.

Arched causeways chiseled by masterful waves,  
dutifully work then find peace in the bays  
cascading steps in long spiraling climb  
rock sculptures etched by the droplets of time.

Tracing shadows venturing Curdi's womb,  
candlelit temple's endless cryptic tombs,  
silently sleeping adorned in dream mesh  
the winged angels child's hallowed smooth flesh.

Witches were there in black ancestral garb  
performing rituals on each soul they rob,  
one of them turned and perilously said;  
'Who dares desecrate the tombs of the dead.'

Captain Cur



# Heart Of Isle Curdi, Pirate Adventures (7)

Cyclonic whirlwinds whip to bloodied screams  
panting demon breath hissing from inside  
premonitions invade my deepest dreams  
I heed the call and hear the Muse's cry.

I command sails and turn my ship around  
crewed by shadow men sutured by the sea.  
I hear the beastly wailing of the hound  
in foul blazing dark sky dead misery.

She appeared in white mountain drifting clouds  
a sleeping child curled tightly in her wings,  
ice tip blues arose and trimmed her layered shroud  
encased in stars crowned by planet rings.

She bent the rays and lit my pensive ship  
with open lids of cool gold moon dressed eyes  
broke the darkness with sun soaked burning lips  
spread her arms and fanned the desert skies.

I felt the beast his ruthless claws in me;  
yet, amazed at this marvel to my sight  
then she fell and bruised the waiting sea  
it's vast cold soul extinguishing her light.

My ship crushed by the violence of the waves,  
I was thrown but with purpose I now rise  
then saw the brief opening to her cave  
penetrating the heart of Isle Curdi.

Captain Cur

## Isle Curdi, Pirate Adventures (6)

Small hands entwined, robed lily white,  
I rowed our small craft failing light,  
she lay infused, entombed in grace  
I stroked the oars with hardened face.

Stood the Isle in mystic view  
ramparts windows, dark shadows grew,  
pale mountain carved stone walls duress  
encircling the entrance to her breast.

Twilight craving end days delight  
narrow channel pervades my sight  
water streams through outlined shore  
I row softly through deaths arched door.

Immaculate sands foot falls dew  
plush isle bands repeat tree lined mews,  
stone unending rise like sun night praise  
infects my soul with pinpoint rays.

I carry her on rock ledge steps.  
I rest her on green altars crest.  
The muse said if she ever died,  
I must bring her to Isle Curdi.

Captain Cur

# Pirate Captain

Knifelike shoals comb the reefs of fate  
intriguing as the foam waves mate  
intertwined in voiceless keys  
roundelays of vestal seas.

Sirens sound their blaring horns  
awakening souls newly formed  
returning from the haunted depths  
retracing paths to old shipwrecks.

I see the shadows on the cliff  
retreating ancient battlements,  
a carved white goddess at the gate  
rebirthings pained upheaval waits.

I call to her most in my heart  
though we are years and lives apart  
as the centuries folded splice  
time trails open begetting life.

I call to her from centuries past  
the one from which I have no mask;

'I want to be your Pirate Captain,  
and you my prisoner upon the sea,  
I need to be your Pirate Captain,  
please say, you'll sail away with me.'

Captain Cur

## Captain Pith, Pirate Adventures (5)

Ravishing veils cover thick morning fog,  
Pith's lumbering overpriced sleeping log,  
boastful English sailors in starched white dress  
lollygagging cherish their morning mess.

Malevolent breaks speed and remounts the waves,  
bay beast howling as my clear madness raves  
ten bronze canons trained on her massive breast  
in succession each fires then smoking rests.

I turn starboard toward treacherous shores  
two hit mark disrupt Mandrake's mundane chores,  
formally introduced by steel and shot  
as I outrun her by a swift two knots.

First Mate Pompeii unnerved by my insane act;  
'We lain in shadows, why did we attack? '  
I lift my black patch and with accursed eye  
expose molten demons who glare inside.

Pith assesses damage and his sly foe,  
I revel in my astounding first blow,  
overeducated, pompous, perfumed jewel,  
reckless, lawless, brazen pirate fool.

Captain Cur

## Man-Of-War, Pirate Adventures (4)

Spies of Mother England do sell surprise  
for gold coin wrongly stolen buys clear Brit eyes,  
now they have commissioned young Captain Pith's  
flagship vessel to sink the Malevolent.

England's powerful reach has now run ground  
by my defiance and fast baying hound,  
merchants seek justice at a hefty price  
embroidering rich noose to end my life.

Let their wood gild trades build their man-of-war  
with bronze and copper from weaker shores,  
powerful canons dress her three tiered deck,  
I will evade and frustrate this new threat.

Captain Pith bellows from across the sea;  
'Cur, law detests your ruthless piracy,  
commanding fully outfitted, Mandrake,  
under her guns your Malevolent will break.'

Captain Cur

# Unsung Love, Love Poems

The joy that your heart brings  
to me is a simple, precious thing  
and has inspired me to sing  
to you this song.

I awoke and heard these words  
from my soul they gently poured  
from my sleeping heart un-stored  
and found a voice.

You will never un-inspire  
I will never un-desire  
I will never un-require  
your sweet love.

I will never implicate  
I will never confiscate  
I will never complicate  
your loving heart.

I will never un-invent  
these simple words that I have sent  
I will never circumvent  
the girl you are.

I will take it very slow  
I will give you time to grow  
I will even let you go  
if you ask.

The words that start this song  
they are heartfelt, they are strong  
there meaning will belong  
to you and I.

The clouds that mask the skies,  
the tears that cloud my eyes  
veils the love I feel inside  
when your near.

I hear the laughs you lightly share  
I see the smile you always wear  
and the pain you sometimes bare  
that you can't hide.

I will never be un-found  
I will never let you down,  
our fates are tightly bound  
I am here.

I will end where first begun  
on these gentle chords I strum  
as I sing this song of love  
unsung love.

Captain Cur

# Moonlit Chambers Bath, Portrait Poems

Envisioning rapture, Venusian stance  
reflecting window gardens evening trance  
solitary beauty weaves midnight path  
pouring innocence in moonlit chambers bath.

Encased in armor, black sentinel watch,  
my spirit trapped in polished keyless latch  
large chalice light paved candle glowing burns  
immobile Knight displays decorum's form.

Each night I stand as she disrobes in gold  
upraise arms naked stained glass flowers fold  
invoking sighs from heavy trembling steel  
lifeless statue, what could ancient metal feel;  
eyeless, mouth-less, earless mesh cross-stitched face  
dreamless voids from dark cold heartless space.

One night intrigued she ventured stealthily  
lifts my helmet her lips spoke silently  
then turned my head toward the steaming mist  
and bathed my dreams in droplets warming kiss.

Captain Cur



# Stealth Of Your Kiss, Love Poems

It is in what is small,  
what is least about you,  
what is recessed,  
what is channeled  
that harbors your greatest strengths.

You animate me  
when each small part of you comes alive.  
You are everything I have known  
and desired a woman to be.

The compactness of your beauty;  
the grace and economy of your movements;  
the latitude of your smile;  
the utility of your soul.

Hands of warm clay  
molded to mine.  
The scented breeze of your hair  
purifying me.

The solitary sadness in your eyes  
addressing my own.  
The undertow of your body,  
fluid, warm, all encompassing,  
taking me to unexplored depths.

The puncture of ego,  
the humility of love,  
the whispered thoughts,  
the longing,  
the silent longing, for  
the stealth of your kiss.

Captain Cur

# Naked Dragon Flesh, Genre Poems

Twilight beams incite chaste wandering moon's  
habitual glow stings raw unsheltered breeze  
romancing waves impress heart lover's swoon  
unreins and drives the dragon from the trees.

Compelling flight in flaming wonders mist;  
pearl earrings fly, escaping midnight sings,  
I hear and smell the dragon's sulfur hiss,  
she holds me tight on flailing pounding wings.

We rise above the starlight and the sins,  
gravity breaks, I taste black flowing hair  
she unveils her face stripped of foreign winds  
in sudden heat the dragon's fire flairs.

Passion hides in inferno dream lit nights,  
heartbeat's pulse through staggering lover's breath  
our bodies thrust in first new morning's light  
we burn as one on naked dragon flesh.

Captain Cur

# Tango Nude Inflections, Portrait Poems

Reflecting off hot burnished glass  
virtuoso inflames  
pulsing white piano keys  
two etched nudes pause  
hand clasped, wrist drawn,  
head arched eased hair  
tall thin sketch leads.

Knee touch, knead, brush,  
palms roll squeeze tips,  
press tight hold flush  
coy smiles tease lips.

Dancing female lovers wait  
natural artistic sensuous hold,  
glass tiled lined plates  
mirrored tango nudes unfold.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Sin Has No Place In Pastoral Settings, Love Poems

Containing you in words was that my goal?  
Sizing you to fit what space I had to give?  
Writing each small part of you  
did I lose the whole?

Describing your structural elements,  
the body of my text  
neatly ordered and composed,  
effected with a loose style,  
stoic; yet, rigidly controlled.

You were to be the idyllic poem,  
supple and flexible as speech,  
with a rising and falling rhythm all your own.

What is significant is that to each  
expanding layer of thought  
I press inward for the answers  
seeking to contain the true nature  
and germ of your flesh.

Sin has no place in pastoral settings.

I sought to have you as my lover  
thoroughly enjoyed and then forgotten;  
but, I find no great ease in forgetting  
all the wonderful lessons,  
which you taught me,  
how to write and love without the bed.

I ask, then;  
'Can the genius and heat of passion  
survive solely in the head? '

Captain Cur

# Shyness Of The Sound, Love Poems

Reciting for me  
like you did for your Grandmother  
when you were a little girl I  
measure the sweet shyness in your voice,  
hesitant and soft with emotion. I  
listen to the girl in the woman. I  
wait for each pausing breath.

Selecting the pieces,  
arranging the words that you memorize, I  
the teacher, and you my loving student  
enter into the fullness of your words  
as the modulated shyness falling  
from your lips changes you;  
the sounding woman in the girl.

Between, in the silence  
of the pause, breathing, I  
hesitate in the shyness of your lips  
and kiss the falling texture of the sound.

Captain Cur

# Blue Sea Whales, Portrait Poems

Deep shadow forcing rippled surface wake;  
defying gravity great blow ships sail,  
leaping open water turn sideways break,  
splash monolithic lunging blue sea whales.

Whales song ping chords oceanic serenade,  
mates hear shrill bare raspy choral rounds,  
notes long loud song orchestral thoughts pervade,  
clasp hearts fins dart strumming tonal sounds

receding home exposing lone willfulness;  
behemoth strength, unnerving length fanning tail  
inspiring dreams, mammoth scenes peacefulness,  
retiring sun, peripheral moonlit  
blue sea whales.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

## Black Stallion On The Waves, Pirate Adventures (3)

Rearing in the ocean the black stallion on the waves  
gripping the reefs shoreline with her talons and her bays  
gleaming in moon shower as she soaks the sunless rays;  
hungry haunting hunter, her dark flagstaff shadows day.

Whipped by maelstrom winds that invoke demonic sails;  
cloaked by stormy clouds that mute her captive's wails,  
polished wood decks coating, dawn's mist breath and icy keel  
massive blood stained hands that slowly turn the Captain's wheel.

Sullen and foul tempered when she stalks the open seas  
boundless in her beauty as she floats in star ripped breeze  
maven malice foaming where she looms from hidden lees  
glaring like an eagle in winter's drear, still heartless freeze.

Reeling muscled bay-hound leaps outruns the fleeing ships,  
canon ballads bursting with blue blaring lighted tips,  
faceless Captain calling as his crew slaves to his lips  
upon Cur's pirate war ship cursed and named Malevolent.

Captain Cur

# Malevolent Rising, Pirate Adventures (1)

Canvassing the forgotten sands  
of centuries shipwrecked by war,  
I call to time and make demand  
and push back the blood soaked door.

I stand witness to my own death  
forsaking grace and soulful peace,  
crying out with foul brackish breath,  
grasping life with rebellious reach.

I will have my ship and my crew  
rotting from the depths of the sea  
fitted for war, I swear anew,  
relentless purpose driving me.

Collecting pieces of my soul,  
I rebuild features of my ship,  
broken clinging to craggy shoals  
rising up the Malevolent.

Captain Cur



# Unwavering Grace, Portrait Poems

I coaxed the bird with a slight nip of rum  
daylight was broken, the moon rejects sun.  
I told him to sing a song of the sea  
as he used his beak to straddle my knee.

Then a change appeared and we were amazed  
his feathers shone and his eyes were glazed  
with backdrops of reflected sea waves light  
as he sang her charms with his small lungs might.

His song began with simple shrill high chords  
tumultuous sands, primal island shores,  
steady breakers pound the rock earthen shelf  
colors heaving on his plumed proud breast.

Great storms and tempests as his notes grew low,  
cyclones dancing with maiden waves in tow  
fast rising peaks, driving angry black cloud rains  
arousing white horse charioteer refrains.

Seas relenting into glistening eaves  
flowing soundboards whispering to the breeze  
of her fluid hands and clear pensive face  
nurturing nature with unwavering grace.

Captain Cur

# Flow Flames, Portrait Poems

Volcanic island's birth surmise  
gold horizon peeks arched sunrise,  
untouched sand winds arms outstretched molds  
sculpt minute grains soft earthen folds.

Ravishing orange striped seas pave  
flow flames restless marauding waves  
besieged tumultuous divide  
palm sheltered dawn leafs svelte reprise.

Rain nurtures, pulsing rays pervade  
foliage green, blue caves deep enclave,  
cloud whiskered skies eternal flows  
new island soul incarnate grows.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Snake Bite Charms, Satirical Poems

Selfishness and stupidity  
tend to be our guides  
sarcastic deft acidity  
laughing by their side.

Stubbornly ingrained self-meanings  
conceived with intestinal blight  
garish inscriptions beaming  
as we impose audacious rites.

An enigma unto ourselves  
predacious, willful as a shark,  
persona's forward leaning cleft  
snake bite charms that strike the mark.

Mankind's cruel cellular divide  
cancers replicating crime  
our hearts wretched, open, naked, wide  
relentless unforgiving time.

Captain Cur

# Freakish Moon, Genre Poems

Unleashing my soul, victim, I am doom!  
Unease persists; raw nerves duel deep inside,  
coward sun fails, breeds blood lust freakish moon  
glowering bares upheaval in my eyes.

Complete infusion splits apart my being,  
cellular sieges, changeling's pain inbred  
bows curving spine, intent on savage mien  
redressing process, wolflike drooling head.

Incessant chain convulsions molt in rage,  
ancestral blueprints, hellish DNA,  
salacious bites old evils gouge the grave  
hateful moon, your destructive lunar rays.

Woodlands hiss as I speed a trail that leads  
to mountain earth in twilight forest pall,  
I roll in dirt and dew soaked scented leaves,  
my body thirsts, I vault containments wall.

I scent my prey and track with instincts mind  
panting hard, swift paws press green rotting grates.  
My eyesight sharp in darkness they are blind,  
guttural growls confusing their escape.

I claw the ground and leap with dark distress  
in silenced air I howl to moon delight.  
My barren soul will pain and never rest  
in freakish moon the man wolf hunts tonight.

Captain Cur

# Adagio, Love Poems

Your hair draping down  
the side of your face  
established before my eyes  
a silhouette  
that appeared remote,  
yet intimately near.

The closeness of your spirit  
as intense  
as the distance of your gaze.

Your profile,  
perfectly framed  
against the moving backdropp  
of the city,  
like a modern sculpture  
with classical overtures  
delicately poised  
on a pedestal of still air  
warmly expressing itself.

The adagio of your face,  
its quality and range,  
momentarily captured  
on the canvas of my eye.  
Art beyond my experience!  
Art beyond my description!

The depth and focus of your flesh  
embracing your spirit that I love;  
open and vulnerable,  
belying great trust  
and total acceptance.

I painted that image in my mind  
and molded it into my median,  
words.  
Now I want to relive it,  
again and again.

Captain Cur

## Death Grip Of The Sea, Pirate Adventures (2)

Wispy thin sails grasping times forgotten breeze  
dodging menacing melting iceberg floes,  
gingerly inching between towering rings  
channeling streams of lonesome glacier rows.

Ghost ship unseen in cloudless blue sea glass  
maneuvering slowly towards future sands,  
snow showers unleashed by our scraping masts  
destinies uncertain clock, stalled dead hands.

Eclipsed moon rapidly reforming clouds  
swirling circular paths cyclonic spins  
breaking free of the barren polar bounds  
bow to stern caught in histrionic winds,

waves of tremendous infectious delight  
graphic lines of storm strength shouting pleas  
breakers of unimaginable height  
lifting us from the death grip of the seas.

Captain Cur

# Twin Geisha Girls, Portrait Poems

I started with the brush tickling your calf  
tip dipped into rose flower paint, a laugh,  
I say hold still as you face the mural wall  
your shadow smiling on the geisha girl.

Her eyes shy in purple blue kimono,  
you naked staring with quizzical soul  
then asked me to paint you into her dream  
flesh canvas poised innocence shared scene.

Your right foot slightly raised, left full extend  
curved buttocks, legs together uplift end  
creased smooth white back, head tilts,  
hands tease cup breasts  
I stop my strokes, twin painted body rests.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com



# Beauty Fathomless, Love Poems

Beauty fathomless resplendent deft brim  
of mountainous heaving heightened view  
as the trees and rock forms visually thin  
breathe together cleaved in soft breasted hue.

Caressing her on dark amorous deck  
grasping cool moon and feed it to her lips  
sweet spiraling waves lick perspiring neck  
senses wildly spiked with skin passion's whip.

Claiming ten stars as her necklace charm suns,  
each one brightening and aligning space,  
breakers crash, cross, rays upwards gently hung  
reflecting stellar aspects of her face.

Salty vistas taste the deepening gorge  
journey's necklace, pulsing lips, heart this wish  
blindness bares uninhabitable shore,  
my life ending in her eternal kiss.

Captain Cur

# Unwritten Soul, Portrait Poems

Sailing down the settling ocean of time,  
eccentric stars signaling as I pass  
to unexplored deepening mind  
blue water sifting through the hourglass.

I swirl round to the primal seas below  
terra-cotta ship, blue-green islands sloped ridge,  
here the beginning drums of time are slowed  
and I connect imaginations bridge.

Crescent moon hanging on my red flags mast,  
sails of ever widening wind gusts muse  
immortal visions, my future storms past  
dawns new dimensions of endless pure view.

Hour grains climb, I reverse thinking,  
inverting liquid sand, restarting flow,  
narrow channel filling, falling, drinking  
star patterns blinking paint unwritten soul.

Captain Cur

# Virgin Mermaid Undertones, Portrait Poems

Charmed by sea beds peaceful dive;  
iridium skin, moist wishful eyes,  
storm above deep calm below  
virgin mermaid undertones.

Burnt orange tresses jealous red;  
shells, sea flowers coif her head,  
translucent dorsal rolling fins  
tail thrusts sideways thrilling spins.

Breaking water turquoise hues,  
burnished headband diamond jewels  
draped in purple sunsets rest  
half exposing sea sculpted breasts.

Captain Cur



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# How When I Will Reach You, Love Poems

How when I will reach you;  
I will climb tall to you mountains,  
I will flow swift to you fountains,  
I will fly high to you breeze strong,  
I will sing notes to you wind song,  
I will walk with you share air,  
I will breathe to you scent hair,  
I will look gently to you fair form,  
I will beg to see you eyes turn,  
I will touch to you sweet face,  
I will bow to you proud grace,  
I will turn you to gaze round,  
I in you to be found.

How then I will know you.  
How then I will kiss you.  
How then I will love you.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Lovers Bound To Lovers, Love Poems

Why do I need so much of you?  
What is it that I am hoping you will satisfy?  
Can you fill my void?  
Will you become my vice,  
an unshakeable habit?  
Will you dictate to my desire?  
How long will you stay?

I am unresolved in many ways.

When I see you each first time,  
you become more beautiful,  
more beautiful than the last.  
I commit idolatry because I worship you,  
your body, the heat, the softness,  
the texture of your mouth.  
Against you I press.

I submit to the bondage of your flesh.

Your eyes quite still,  
mesmerizing me with their calm  
irresistible call, because you did not resist me,  
but pulled me in with arms  
incredibly strong and light.  
Arms I had searched for and finally found.

Slowly, slowly, softly I am bound.

I am hungry for you,  
my hunger ravenous.  
I want to devour you.  
I want to engulf you and take you into myself  
and satisfy myself by using each entrance to you,  
and never retract myself, but stay unresolved inside of you,  
bound to your flesh and you bound to mine.

Lovers bound to lovers for all time.



# Long Past The Longing Hour, Love Poems

Long past the longing hour  
as the shades of you drape my sullen frame  
I have emptied all into you  
and washed you with my breath.

You left long before that hour  
to retrace your steps back to a former life  
that is no more to you

mere inflections of emotions lost long  
as you walk that familiar path  
or the one leading you back to me.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Exacting Gods

I always found our idiosyncrasies  
is what makes us imperfect and human  
and superior to the flawed beliefs  
in perfect and exacting gods.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com



# Unconditional Love

That which loves unconditionally  
is unconditionally loved.

If you believe yourself unloved  
you have terms and conditions.

I love all conditions  
and place none on you.

I am unconditional love.

Captain Cur



PoemHunter.com

# Endless Blue! Endless Sea!

Endless blue! Endless sea!  
Oh! Fluid pulse of eternity.  
Here I set my distant sight  
on the full moon's guiding light.

Through the shoals of discontent  
and the rainbows spectrum bent  
by the crystal water's glare  
from sol's rising restive stare;

stalling winds and bruising rains;  
lightening sparks on white tipped plains;  
fire skies and thunders dread;  
quivering sails on slender threads;

my ship waylaid, my soul reborn  
on a tidal swell, in the coming storm.  
Here I sing this lay to thee,  
Endless blue! Endless sea!

I love you..... with;

pirate heart and pirate soul,  
ocean's stillness, ocean's flow,  
pirate fears on stormy nights,  
wistful tears on points of light,

pirate shores and distant lands,  
pirate's raw yet steadfast hands,  
pirate falls, flowing streams,  
secret caverns, jetting springs,

lapping waves round earthen bands,  
pirate's pure white costal sands,  
simple language, primal truth,  
pirate age and pirate youth,

summer's myth and healing breeze,  
towering glaciers boastful freeze,

autumn's soft low hanging moon  
and her rays pale crescent swoon,

spring's new life, green island coves,  
budding blooms and, a pirate rose!

At the end of days,  
my pirate's grave,  
in hardened mud  
under snowy ice.

I loved you..... with

my pirate's blood,  
my pirate's life.

Captain Cur

# Captain Cur

My pirate's flag is wars invitation,  
of black canine flesh and blanched human bone.  
Flown on rags that defy the nations  
atop weathered planks I walk alone.

Native bride, you stand adorned before me,  
with salt stained cheeks and moonlit eyes.  
My vessel's pride is honed by the cruel sea;  
her tall masts reach toward brutal skies.

Broken hulls on ravaged shores, your body near,  
my eyes to you resting by my side.  
My arms pull fore through all despair,  
your body new. I incite the savage love inside.

The sea now calm, small waves that carry,  
a forgotten ship through horizons door,  
I place your palm on a heart that's weary,  
pressed to lips that will love no more.

My trade was culled with a rage that binds me  
to the specious hope that I command one day.  
My senses dulled by its rabidity  
as taunt towropes pull near our prey.

Our grappling hooks hold both ships dear,  
murderous screams pierce the fading light,  
as pirates look with brine bit tears  
on human dreams afloat in the purging night.

I fought my way to his timbered door  
that the axe heads broke with fallacious swings.  
I chose this day veiled by the battles roar  
and wrote the fate that mutiny brings.

With renewed eyes, this unwanted fetus shorn  
and hollowed from a whorish womb,  
I claimed my prize, amid the tempest's horn,  
and hurled him down to a silent tomb.

I was nursed with callous breasts and shunned  
by a father's cold, compassionless stare.  
I was treated with malice and mercilessly rode  
but I would never shed a tear.

I was a beaten dog, his mongrel boy,  
not given the dignity of a name,  
My spirit strong, though mauled and bereft of joy,  
the beast and I became the same.

I now ascend the steps to the splintered deck  
and I righteously affirm my hold.  
My body wet from his blood and my sweat  
as this new journey in my life unfolds,

my flags new crest, my will of stone,  
addressed by the name my ears forever must endure.  
Black canine flesh, blanched human bone,  
in fear they named me captain, their new Captain 'Cur.'

Captain Cur

# Invasion Of The Poet Snatchers

Green liquid life blood flowing through stemmed veins  
memories erased reentered plant brain,  
cloned with the duplicity of sodded verse  
photosynthesized re-imagined birth.

Originality anesthetized  
renamed imitations dehumanized  
photo copied sundry empty scribes  
the super seeding of grass fed minds.

Imposter's among us in cheap detail  
pill elongated heads and skin tone kale.  
I just a simple pirate on the sea  
laughing at poet snatchers chasing me.

Captain Cur



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