



Part One: Beginning the Voyage

There was and there wasn't a time when the future
was sold, cash collected, quickly spent, then squandered,
up in smoke, burned to a crisp, sewn with silk suture,
as a red Belgium donut through the sea wandered.

Uneaten, except by silver bacteria
and the soul's cockroaches, progressively worn down,
as the band played gold piano hysteria.
The tin soldiers dance as he grinned, the fat orange clown.



We will all be dead by then, they said, as the sea
rose and rose, glaciers melted, beautiful species
were lost. No bears were polar. The last manatee
starved in a plastic-filled ocean of man's feces.

They danced in yellows and green boughs. We will just build
our cities higher. Who needs hawks and bald eagles?
With Maine's mountains, we'll make swampy Florida filled.
Why birds? We have enough of them ugly seagulls.



Our hero's a Swedish girl, Far-seeing Greta.
A lion she was, although only youth believed,
and an old man, doddering, sailing the better
to keep carbon from the air, also, not deceived.

She had been saddened to learn that Japan had planned
to build seventeen foul, coal-burning power plants.
The young woman must sail far from her green, loved land
to fight against those who lined their pockets with grants.



She must sail on and on, through mists and foul monsters,
golden-coated, sharp nailed, pink tongued with fangs and spikes.
Blue windows waving, spiraling winds, not rock stars.
Forewarned and ignored, water overspills the dikes.

The mad, spinning lines will cross and arc, twist and spark.
We will land for fresh food and beg for bananas.
We'll crew the craft with rare animals, like an ark.
We will warn the young their future's not so glam'rous.



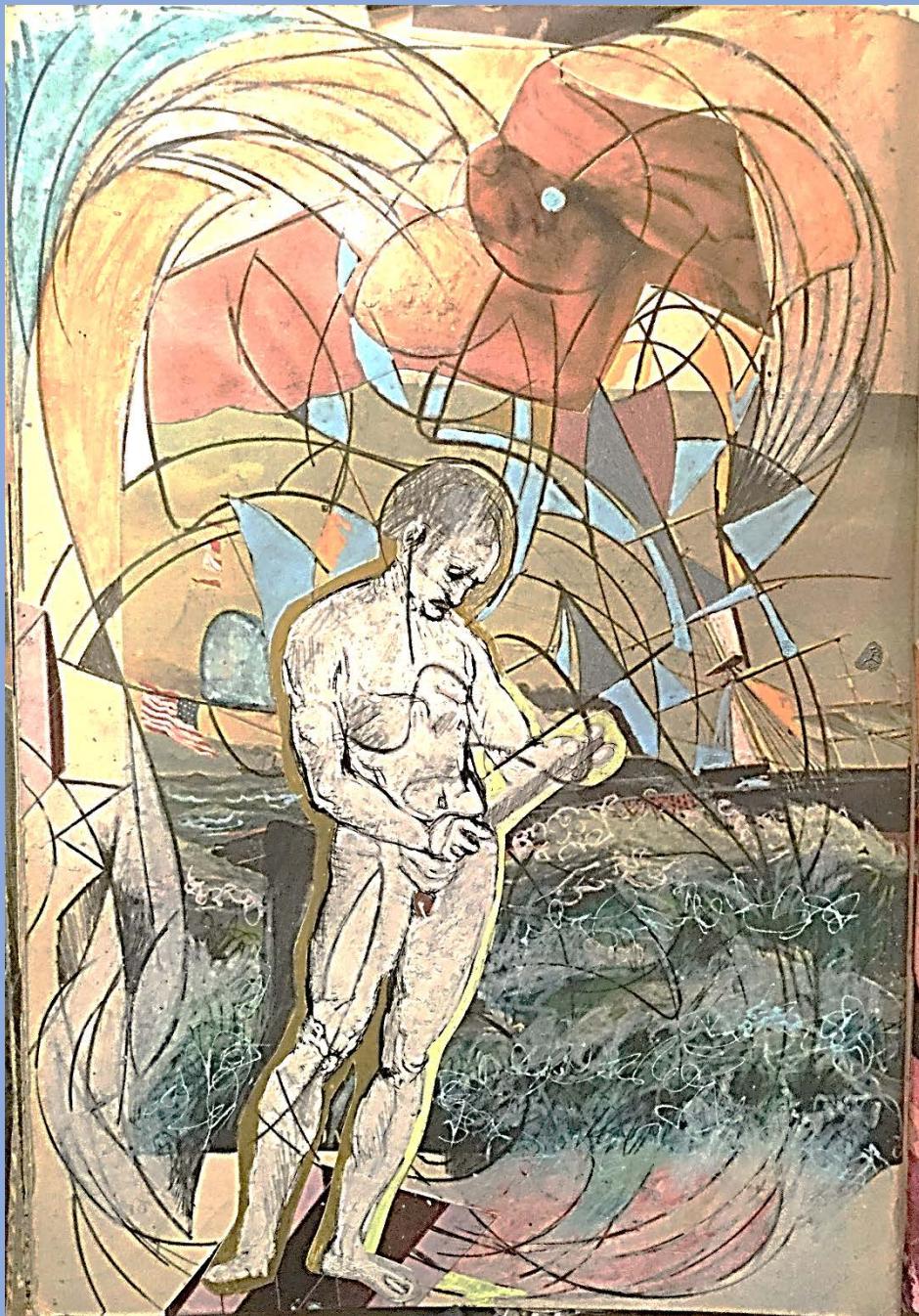
We will catch the sun's rays with our solar panels,
she told the daft old man who could only write code.
We will go around the Cape and wear bright flannels,
Pink pipes will flow to turbines to carry the load.

Back, they said, though you be far-seeing Joan of Arc.
The elders will restrain you, tie you to a stake.
All they will need is some tinder, wood and a spark,
and you will not stand in their way, those on the take.



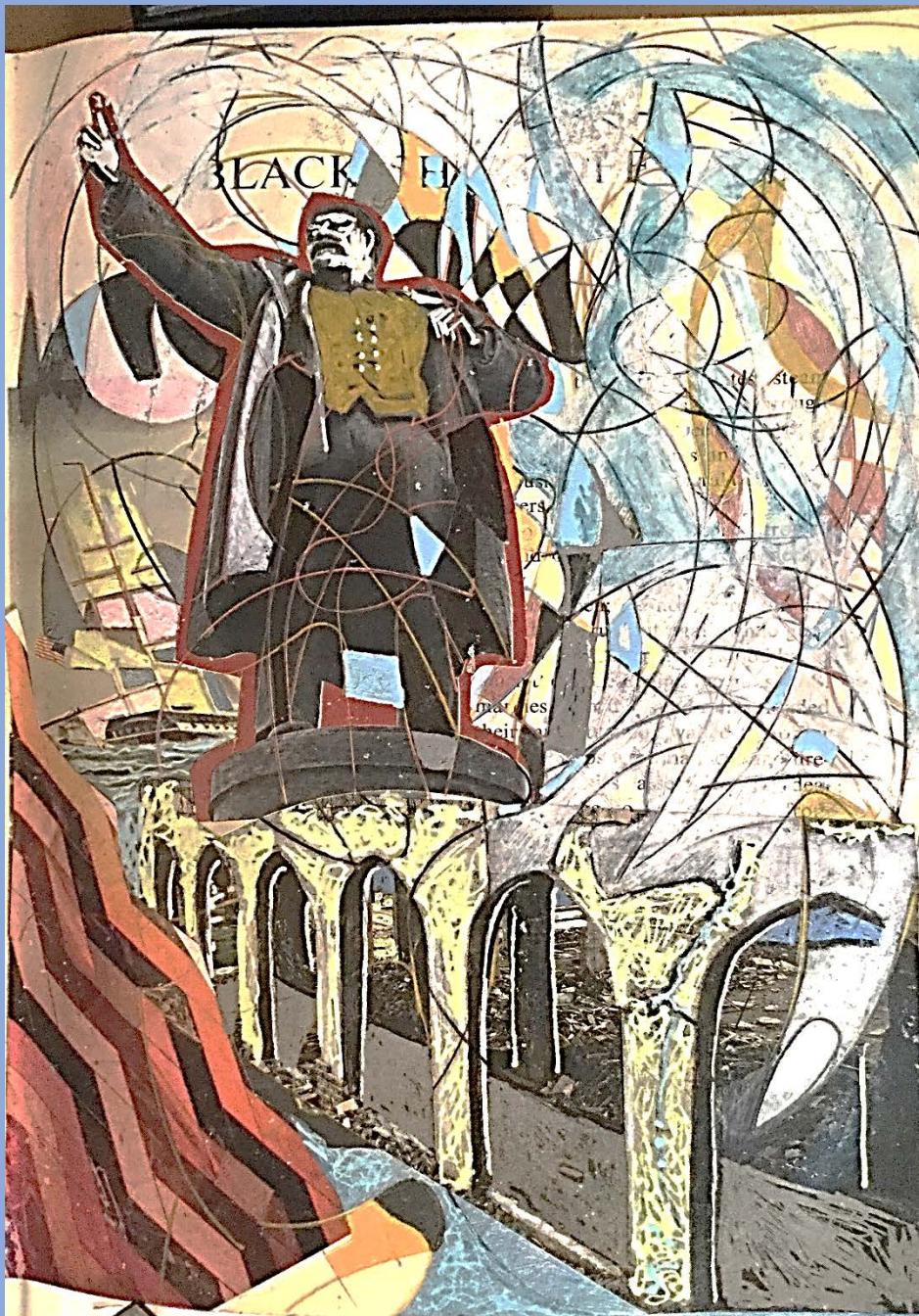
Let them smoke their pink opium, drill and practice.
Our hands will spin the blue-grey, spiraled nautilus,
until fate brings an end to our quest for fractious
futures unleashed, when a jagged storm can't kill us.

What weak country is this that raises stripes with stars,
yet, crushes Arctic tundra with speculation?
What country is led by men in hungry black cars,
who rob their children of truth and information?



Unclothed, the old man took his first theodolite,
measured the churning blue heavens and computed,
forty days and forty nights will put poor us quite
near the blue-eyed Cape vortex, badly reputed.

Those winds will hard smash and tilt our stout boat and churn
the wine-dark sea to scribbles, gnashing, smashing all.
The cabins will empty, the generators burn.
We'll be upside down. Our timid bodies might fall.



Have no baseless fear, Far-seeing Greta stood tall,
like some chin-proud, gold-vested Stalinesque leader.
We'll find a path. A yellow aqueduct might call.
There'll be blue in the sky when we soundly beat 'er.

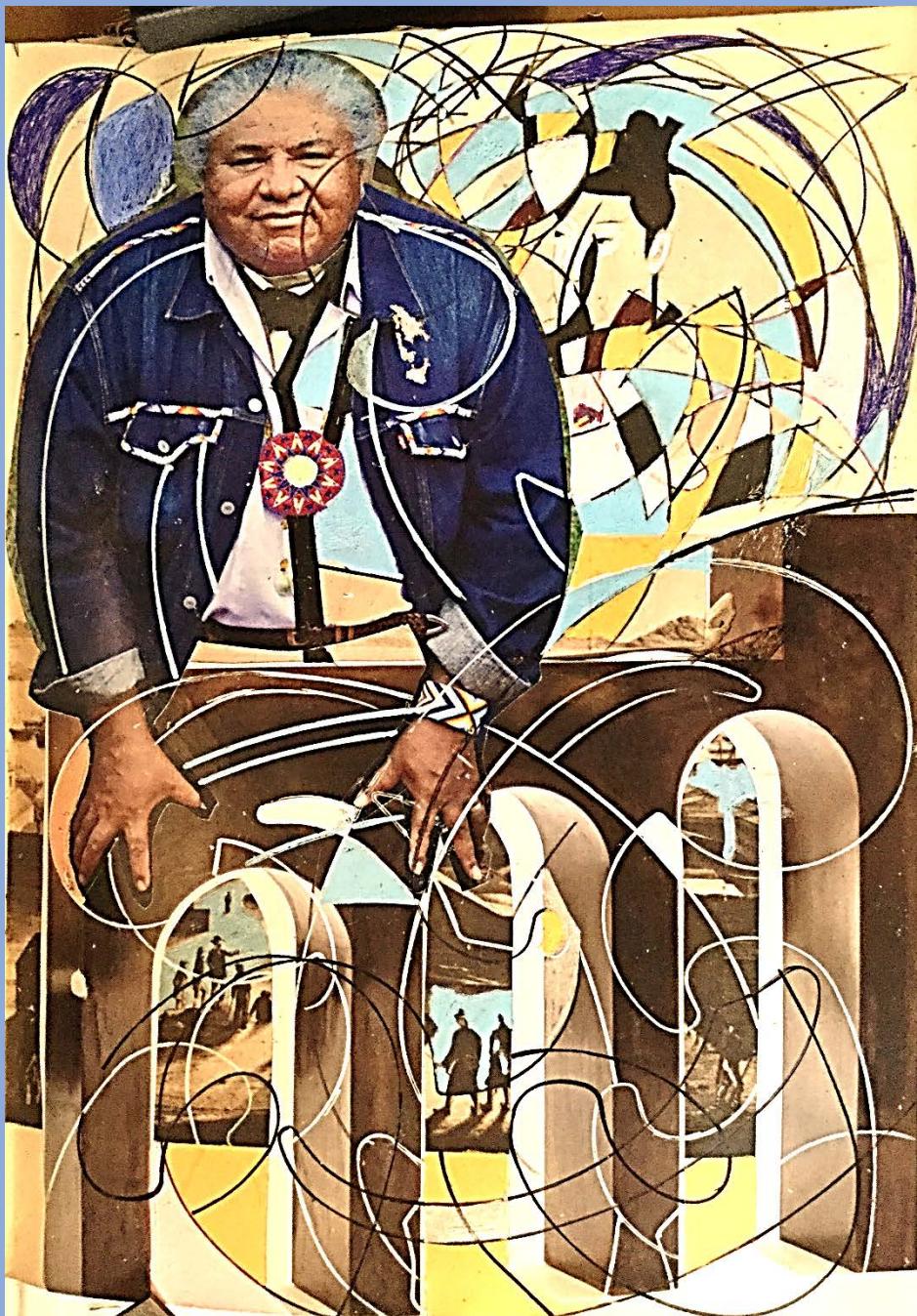
Black ships may follow us to the end of the sea,
but we'll point the way to a generation saved.
We'll slash at their fool's blind folly. Winds may twist lee.
Pink sails up! We worship no images engraved.



On horseback they rode for many long days' supplies.

With the upper limit of the visual field,
they found mean lower limit of daily surprise
was the standard adult's ability to yield.

They circled around and around, like knights at chess.
They filled the hold with colorful beans and flours.
The snake-eyed decks were slick with mast and mess.
They would sleep on beds of legumes in tall towers.



The elders say they need no future confusions.
They were fat with medals like a kang'roo captain.
Their bridges were bright, cascading brown illusions.
Death was their future. Why worry what might happen?

Short is the only scale worth our small attention.
We plan for today. Tomorrow is your problem.
We grow fatter and blue-haired. Did we mention
that we love our children, though we might rob them?



Yellow death was their future. The young would invent
some way out of this mess. Pray to the grave totems.
We must confess, we only know how to subvert.
We talk about progress, always sugar coat 'em.

We are not far-seeing. We leave it to the youth
to create their future. We have stolen their air,
wild animals, sea creatures, now, even the truth.
We are rich and don't care. We are no Dan Web-stare.



Like white-haired Millard Fillmore, we've pushed our way west.
Onward, conquer all, in the name of pink commerce,
sending Perry the Commo on a Japan quest.

How dare those backward heathens resist our white curse.

The White House stands under his sallow, sullen gaze.
Current occupants no better in truth than he.
Let pink obscure what we know of the poison haze.
Orange-headed would never allow even a tree.



Then bright Marilyn brought down the word from Andy.

Fill your boat with animals, the last of their kind.

Gather them from deserts and soft shores sandy.

Let Noah be not jealous. Don't leave some behind.

Pangolins, Asian Elephants, Bengal Tigers.

Yangtze, Asian Elephants, Bengal Tigers, Black-footed ferrets, sea lions and sea turtles.

In a tan-rainbow's swirl, we'll keep peace, no fighters.

Good words, strong thoughts, kind deeds, but many blue hurdles.



And the Bell Ross watch cards are all but chance arrayed.
Death looks in from above Hong Kong's quiet harbor.
Even the Hulk is not immune when fate is played.
Diamonds, clubs, spades and hearts may yet shave the barber.

Superheroes may express our wild emotions,
but, Far-seeing Greta said, they can't be summoned
with chants and extra special purple devotions.
We go on our own. Our hearts can't be with rum led.



Far-seeing Greta, wear your long-vision goggles,
that we might know why the old easel has fallen,
why missionaries preach their disease, it boggles,
and why this first permanent foothold is walled in.

Old man, you make no sense with your red-peopled dreams.
Circle your eye to see, that easel's a ladder.
Now, old man, climb down from across the muddy streams.
Lend a pink arm before rare animals scatter.



My mother looks on and has sold all her jewels.
Rare rubies and fat garnets and black opals too.
She wants the present happy, but the future rules.
She worries a lot but knows that nothing is new.

Blue rings circle my eyes. I bend from black darkness.
My mind is a whirl of all I must quickly do.
Though the maelstrom's monsters be worse than Lock Ness,
I will see this horrible, bitter, black quest through.



And the cold-hearted world watched with suspicious eyes,
as rare beasts were found in the markets of China.

A boat was readied to specifications wise
with tall masts like the Vincennes, but 'twas much finer.

Now Commo Biddle lost what little face he had,
when tiny craft towed his great boat back out to sea,
and he left Japan with no deal and was quite sad
that his mission was nipped in the bud, bought no tea.



So the blue-jacketed old man dug for worms rare,
and knew that new, red Teslas were no way to save
the world, needing more power from plants without care.
His mother, still alive, knew he could not behave.

And they knew the Biddle folly was not quite dead,
but perhaps few could resist the wisdom of youth.
They built cages and rooms and filled the hold ahead
of the launch they knew would be their moment of truth.