



## Part Two: The Atlantic

And the world was covered in wine dark sea yearning,  
except the pyramid places that held the dead,  
and all we wanted was a room of junk spurning.  
We tossed all we could. Still we sank, as others fled.

A pink-tongued, yellow-winged cardinal spoke from its perch,  
To the flagrant snows of Mount Fuji you must go.  
Leave behind all hindrance, every home, every church.  
Cast the anchor, raise the sail, let the stern winds blow.





From behind her bead veil, the dark-eyed woman said,  
 Leave the chest-thumping, threatening men of the West.  
 Soon as not they all will be heroically dead.  
 The sun will rise and fall. Then, obey my behest.

Then Far-Seeing Greta looked to the cold, wine-dark sea.  
 From Providence they would sail, like Commo Perry,  
 Sails of sun-loving solar panels on masts three  
 that spun turbines to twist the blades, element'ry!





What strange beast is this begging to board, a sheep shorn,  
 a horned, yellow-spotted puppy dog with bright hooves?  
 Pantalooned westerners wander, already born.  
 Let immigration be welcomed. So, my heart moves.

All were loaded, made fast and very well secured.  
 Colored beans, brown flour, beds, tools, canvas and yeast.  
 Upended by commotion, the old man demurred,  
 my purple and tan maps show where great harm is least.





We must avoid the skull winds of the red-blue west,  
or the golden and black lightening will blindly fall,  
though Grecian goddesses may protect us at best,  
we must make gay Havana our first port of call.

And the wine-dark sea lay flat and untroubled.  
The lunging Atlantic held back its mighty winds,  
and the rising sun brightened panels and bubbled  
watts on watts for batteries as it slowly rescinds.





These are the right best people so far discovered  
 said the Jesuit missionary Francis Xavier,  
 and the island may have never quite recovered  
 from the rough handling of those who sought a savior.

Poor Francis' head is here caught under the arm crook  
 of a reclining Greek contemplating the saint.  
 Days of hard sailing yield strange visions, and now look!  
 A map of Cathedrals of Japan what now ain't.





Ah, a fair-haired postman to send off a message  
to Portugal. We'll be late for the conference.  
Good souls have gathered, but here is the full postage.  
May the winds keep us east, not in circumference.

But from the hot south, spastic trouble was brewing.  
Dark, black smoke from an unknown source had carved highways  
in the troubled sky. Violet sine curves were stewing.  
Angled silver clouds were tightly bound as always.





An open watch work timed the golden days slowly.  
Monks awaited their fate as raging fires burned.  
The old man broke out in horrid spots most showy.  
Priests prayed in silver halls as the sturdy craft churned.

Is that a porpoise attacking a golden coin?  
Or does a fever rob the old man of calm sense?  
No, said Far-seeing Greta, just trash. Don't purloin.  
A stick, coconut shell, a broken picket fence.

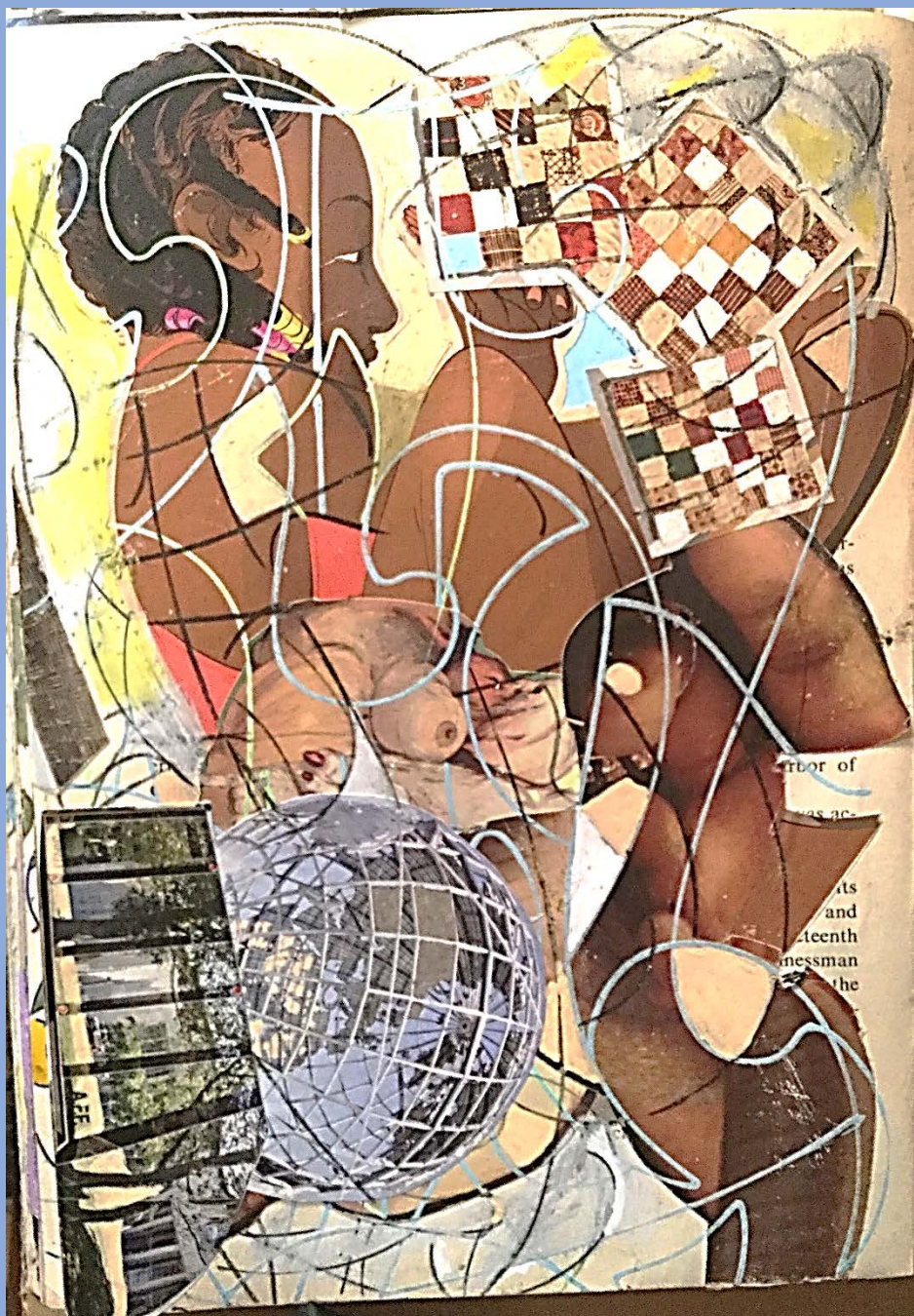




If we had a dirigible, red rose attached,  
propellers of giant kiwi both fore and aft,  
we would float above the roiling crowd unmatched,  
and good Buddha's many faces would speed our craft.

Oh dear, old man, you have too many sly visions.  
Go study your charts until your speckles detach.  
Black winds lie ahead calling for slim incisions.  
Cut we must our use of juice, your love of Versace.

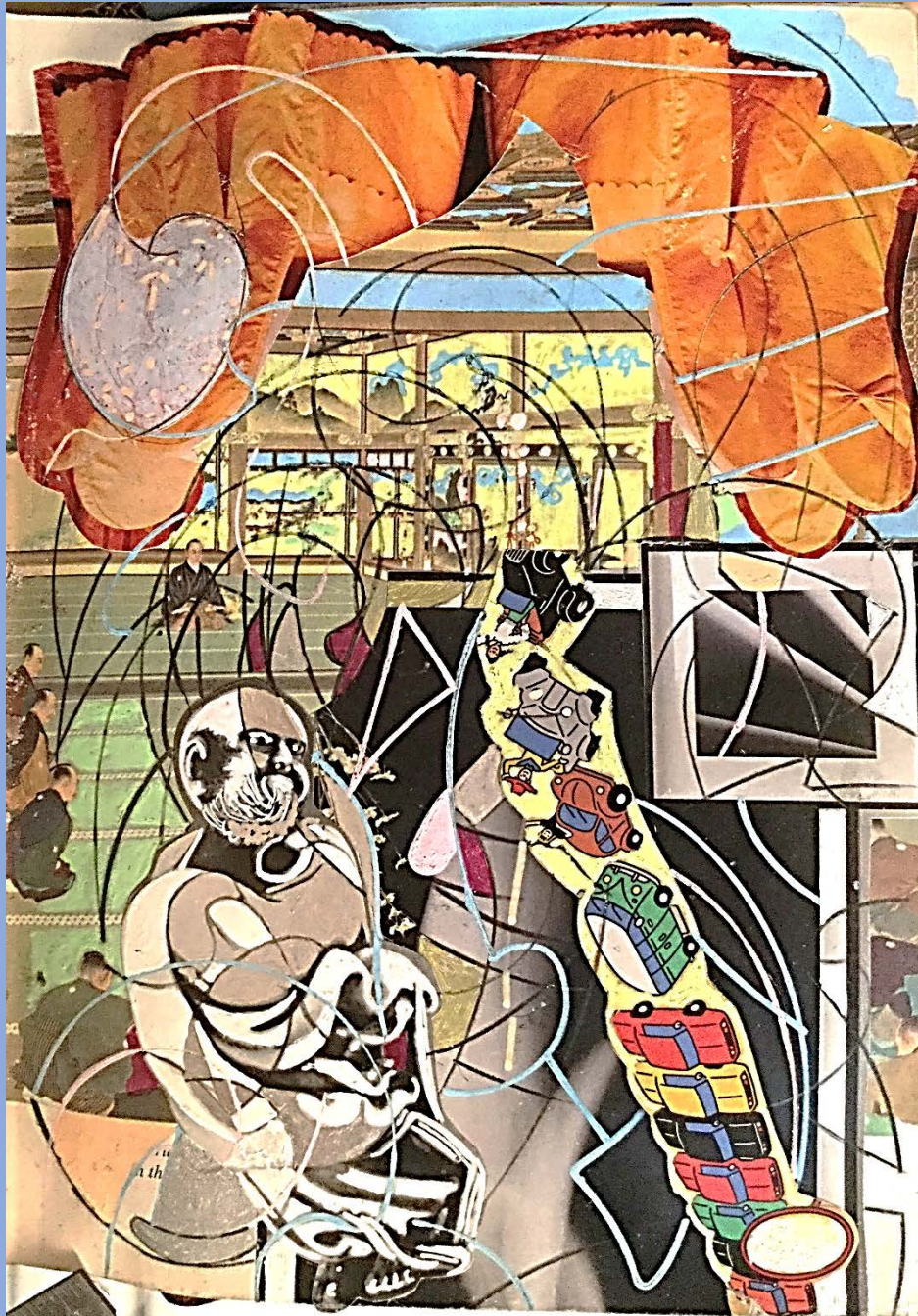




The dark goddess of the Caribe juggled check'd quilts  
with her bent toes, stirring currents and breezes strange.  
Her braids in gold encased as the day's weak sun wilts.  
Earth spins on axes bizarre. Porpoises derange.

But Far-seeing Greta, holds fast, the great wheel grips.  
More power, more power, a brown storm approaches!  
And ensign black-footed ferret up a mast rips,  
throws down sail upon sail, as the storm encroaches.





The silver-cloaked storm god madly grumbled and coughed.  
 Orange clouds passed over like cloth-covered best room chairs.  
 The shogun gave audience on tatami soft,  
 while gay cars insouciantly parked on gold flares.

The storm passed north-northwest, not much of a tempest.  
 Far-seeing Gret' gives the wheel to Tiger Bengal  
 to rest below in the gold room, not quite the best.  
 The tiger steers straight, knowing not Marx from Engel.





From the dark hold climbed a young, golden saola.  
 What's a small storm, said she, at least I'm not breakfast?  
 A lamp tipped, couches slid, monkeys gone a howla,  
 but the divine emperor's court in peace has passed.

Far-seeing Greta made right her motel-like room.  
 Through the sinuous port, many animals passed.  
 The sturdy solar craft rolled and rose like the moon.  
 Her young energy sapped, she to bed fell at last.





And though she dreamed of the wild dog of Namibia,  
its bark was sketchy, and she slept, as Dorothy's house  
fell from the Kansas sky, breaking a tibia,  
as Japanese shoguns add a twenty-sixth spouse.

She dreamt she manned the poor-masted Mary Celeste,  
caught in the four currents of the Atlantic gyre.  
Lifeboat and pump gone, one considers pointing west.  
The Sargasso Sea's taught twists, an unconsumed pyre.





A green ghost, a model, a warrior in bamboo,  
 spreading thin files from a silver-grey windowpane,  
 an orange diamond, even Weinstein's name comes through.  
 Rogers Fund 04 throws provenance his small fame.

Tie a long, red scarf around the pine treed ghost's neck.  
 Raise the muscled, dark man from where he has fallen.  
 Let the bamboo warrior see that all is in check.  
 A lost piece of blue sketches the sky like Walden.





Pink samurai gathered in hopeless conference,  
 while devils spoke of their soul demonic aspects.  
 What is this right-rolled paper injun Joe defense?  
 The blue-scratch eagle is hurt and begs our respects.

A spiraled, green rhomboid looms not that far ahead.  
 Take the blue pill on the right to grow much taller,  
 Unless you might desire something else instead.  
 Then take the big pink diamond, left, for a dollar.





Oh, may good St. Maurice protect our pink-sailed ship.  
 The many four-square sides of this terrible gyre  
 sail us square and square, though the curling wind does rip.  
 Safe to the false island Deshima, we aspire.

Far-seeing Greta awoke from her mad, fraught dreams.  
 The answer she already knew was to sail straight north,  
 though sailing purely south was the true goal it seems,  
 the strange rule of the opposites holds the most worth.

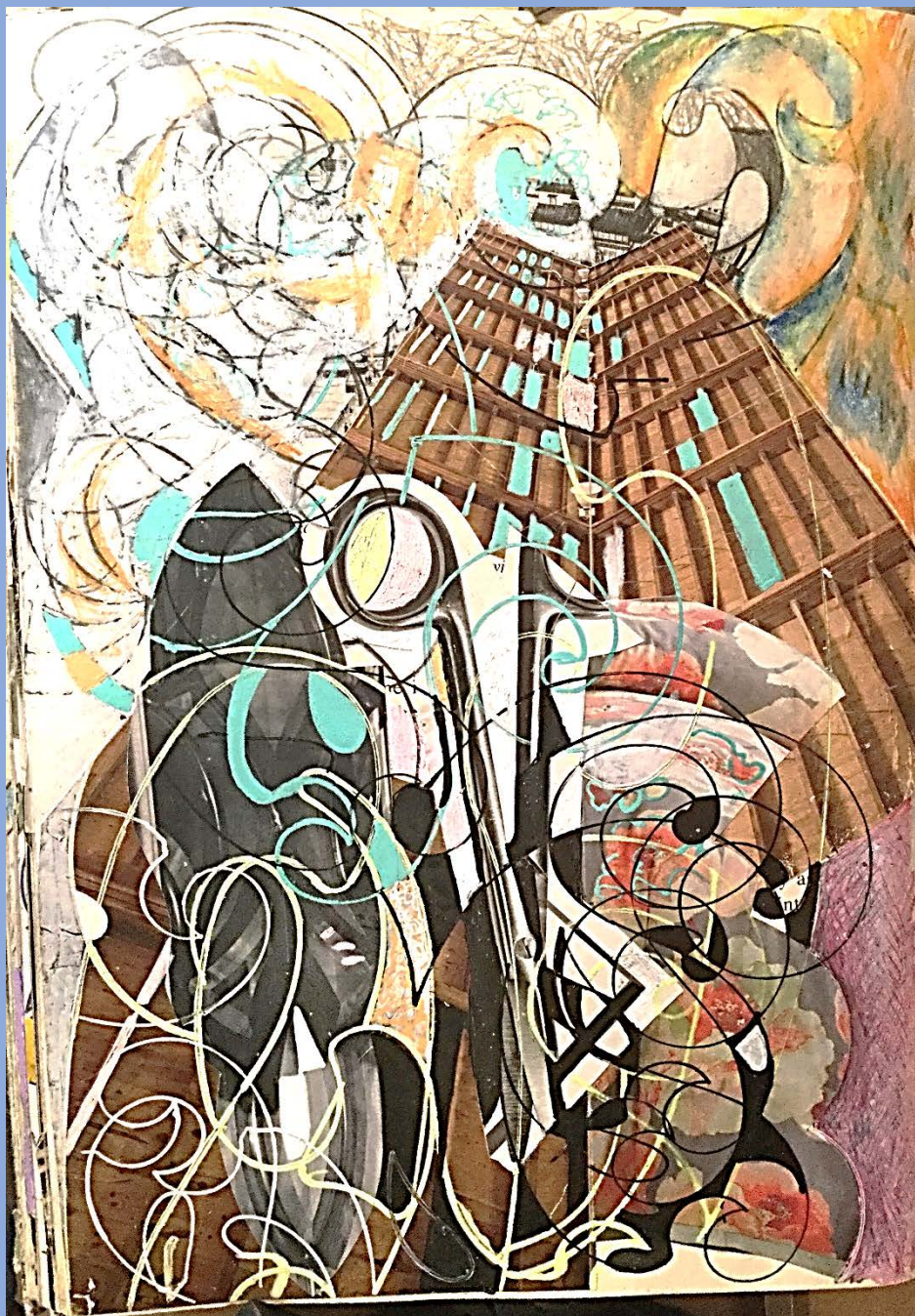




Like Captain America smacking a Nazi,  
 she spun the ship about to fool the feisty gyre.  
 Against her they pushed, exactly her bright fancy,  
 And yielding, the sturdy ship did southward inspire.

The spirits of the gyre blew against each other,  
 in French curve vortexes and long tails of fire.  
 They blew themselves out. Their crossing flames did smother.  
 Till blue appeared high in the sky, play fast the lyre.





Rising seas and Florida starts to float away.  
Joists to beams, flooring float, just a shipping hazard.  
The sturdy craft pivots and the blue molded tray  
collapses at Deshima's bridge, graft the mazzard.

Saltwater incursion, still, a slow tsunami.  
Neverglades' puma-gators choke a saline death,  
Suck the falling aquifer to quench Miami.  
Life support for the poor manatee's final breath.





Selling silk to buy cotton, cotton to buy silk.  
 Hands turn inside an Audemars Piguet bezel.  
 An ellipse is split in a prism's pure pawn bilk.  
 Whistler's half-night falls on a bridge to embezzle.

Far-seeing Greta must throw off this misty curse,  
 that this land's degradation throws from its sinking.  
 Wet wealth soaks the rich: for the poor, just the reverse.  
 Bountiful future rots at sea and is stinking.

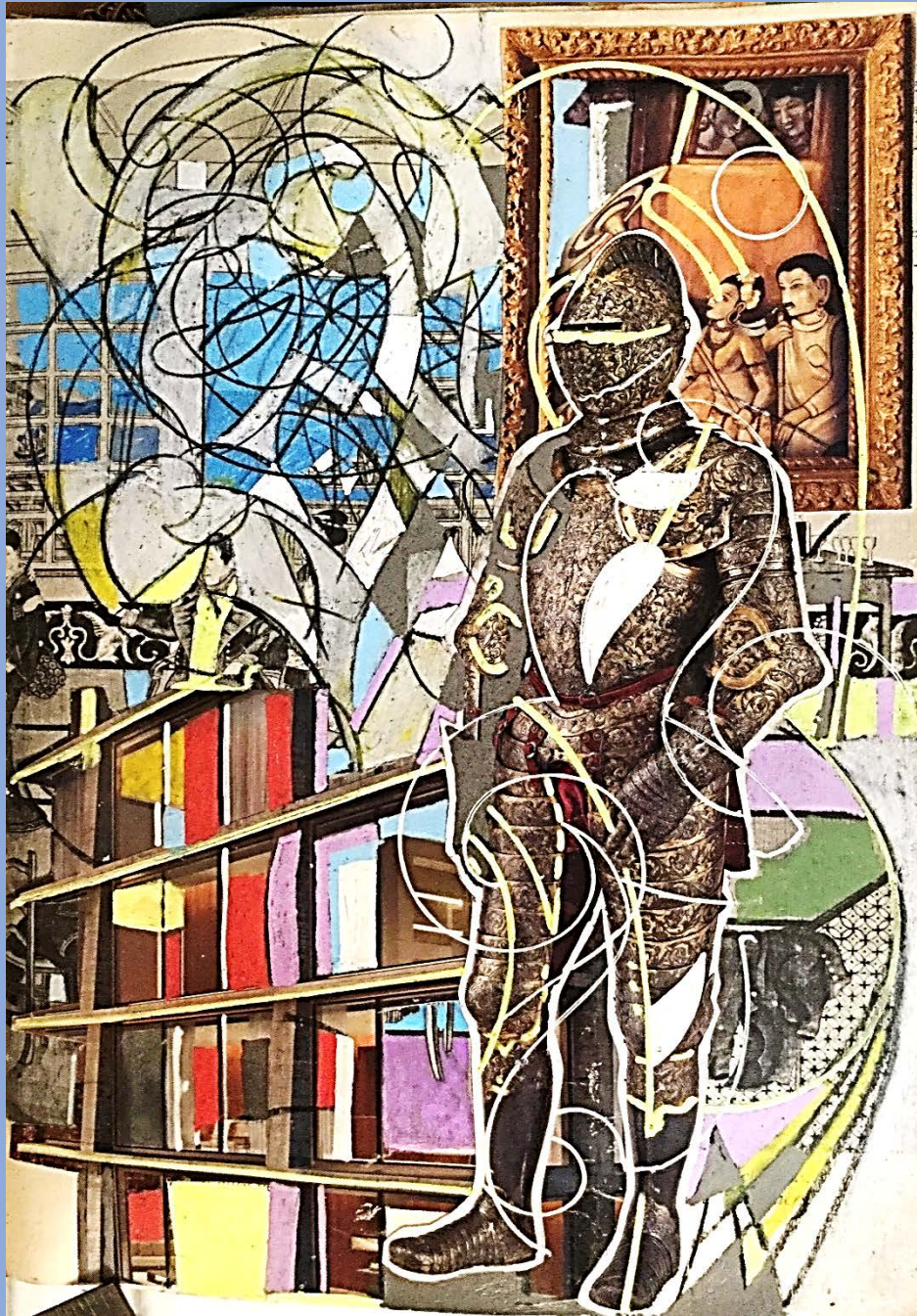




A dark knight's head bursts, boomerang at the ready.  
 A dripping blue hero looks on, starting to freeze,  
 as Dutch traders host charming Geishas, al fredri,  
 and illumination takes blue panes out of seas.

A plastered Grecian yearns for bright cubes of Tetris,  
 while skyward towers pencil deep into the earth,  
 powered by speculators on high, to buttress  
 their evanescent glory, their postscriptless worth.





Port of Havana, guarded by a single knight,  
wonderfully engraved, but quite missing inside.  
Through a frame of long-eared ones, tall parasol bright,  
they refreshed their shelves, books of pastel Naugahyde.

Perhaps the people of Cuba did not pollute,  
but missing were iguana, trogon, and hutia.  
Street marching, saluting and playing the blue flute  
would not bring back species lost, gone away, see ya!