



The people slept like a pair of babes, pink and white.
Though the media proclaimed from the Old North Church
to the colored panes of Shanghai that one so slight
as Far-seeing Greta could win such a doomed search.

Tattooed evils awaited her on her journey.
Who would listen to one so senseless and so young?
She might well joust orange-headed dragons at tourney,
if all she wants is to be bitten and hard stung.



Though cartoon crowds gathered to give her a stern look,
 none smiled and worshiped at celebrity temples.
 Red-lipped wooden gods with bone helmets of skull shook.
 Red alligators laughed and nipped at their ankles.

Fire ran from the green hills as the anchor weighed.
 Far-seeing Greta set course for calm Barbados.
 Globally warmed hurricane threats were solemn made.
 It was only a rapid exit that saved us.



Let a rock maiden gather fruit with her children.
Let us spin rangoli in the darkening sky.
Let our cannon shoot pink flame, near vermillion.
Let our angry toothsome prow make them scream and cry.

Raise the black-pink sails, fly the banners, all speed south!
Let the white-haired sea god stare in complete wonder.
Let the fractured sea foam go quite blue at the mouth.
Let the yellow checkered past not pull us under.



Let the smoke of the sky be pulled into our stacks.
We will convert the carbon to diamonds you'll see.
As wheels turn and philosophers cover our tracks.
Along the lines climbed the last black spider monkey.

A red-masked demon screamed that the craft must halt,
but Far-seeing Greta said, add more solar sails,
and the great ship rode high on that water of salt.
Those on land saw only the craft's curling blue tails.



If 'twere possible to unsail old Columbus,
to have Isabela laugh in his clean-shav'd face.
Go away! Ferdinand is ample incubus.
You might just discover some new, quarrelsome race.

Let's split Aragon from Castile and bring back Jews.
May the earth be flat. Keep the sun circling round.
Golden cloth is cold. No tomatoes in beef stews.
Red hearts are broken. Corn is a penny a pound.



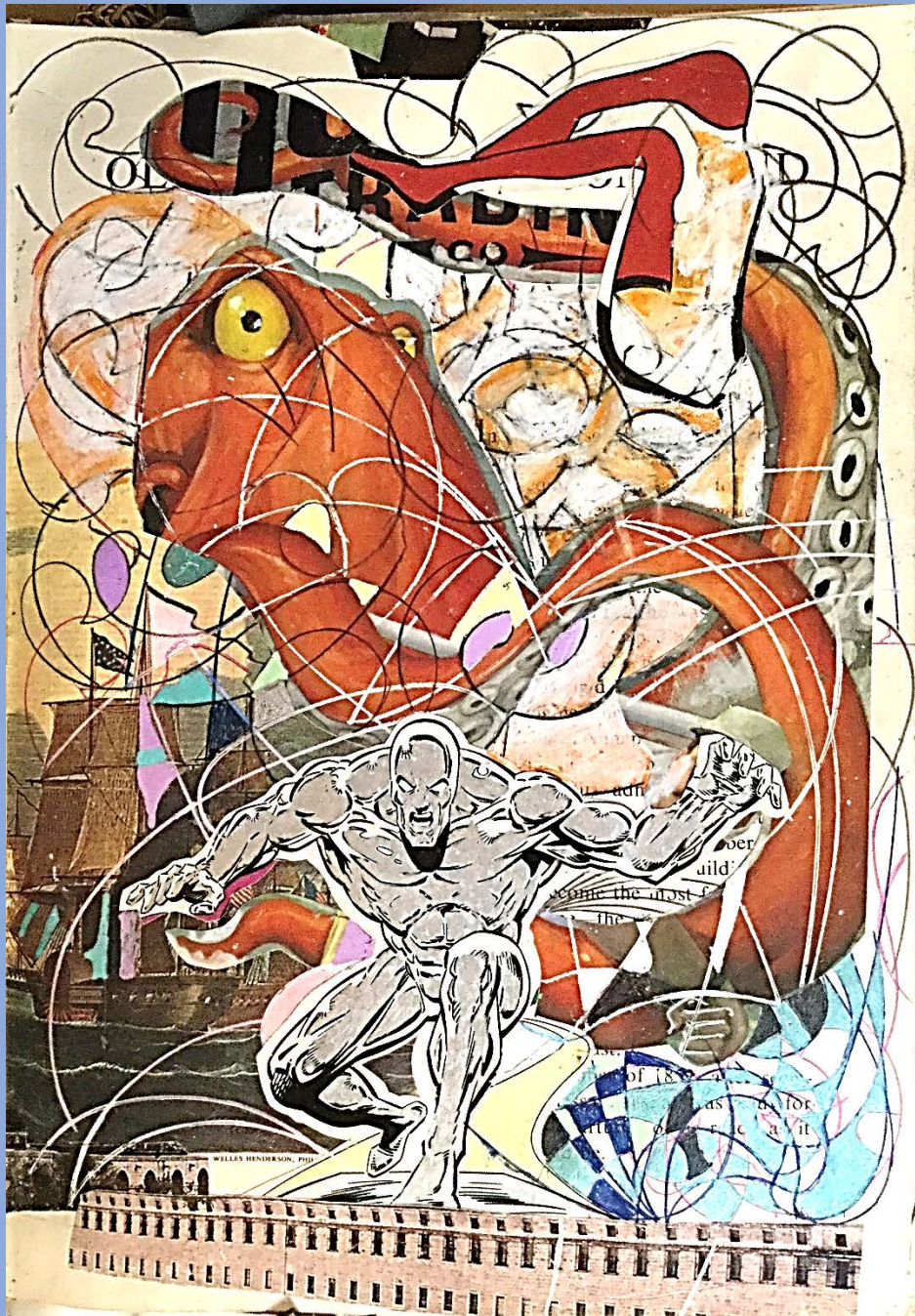
Mr. Washankton meets a merry Vespucci,
 which gives super Clark Kent a red-burning head pain.
 The whole yarn unspools into fuzz in your Gucci.
 Shutters open to let in green slime and orange stain.

The sturdy craft ducked under a spinning cyclone,
 going left when the world had already right turned,
 the circling wind was fast but stayed mellow in tone.
 The storm hit hard. As usual, just PR burned.



Overhead, NASA's Sofia churned the black sky,
 but a twisted hand flipped over the smoking plane,
 as cannoned warships gathered to smudge a black eye,
 while Commo Perry led the criminals insane.

Empty freight trains rolled beneath the green swirling sea
 on grey, brick viaducts built by nine great white sharks
 with hammerheads of cobalt steel and thick black tea
 to carry souls of whales on the tails of skylarks.



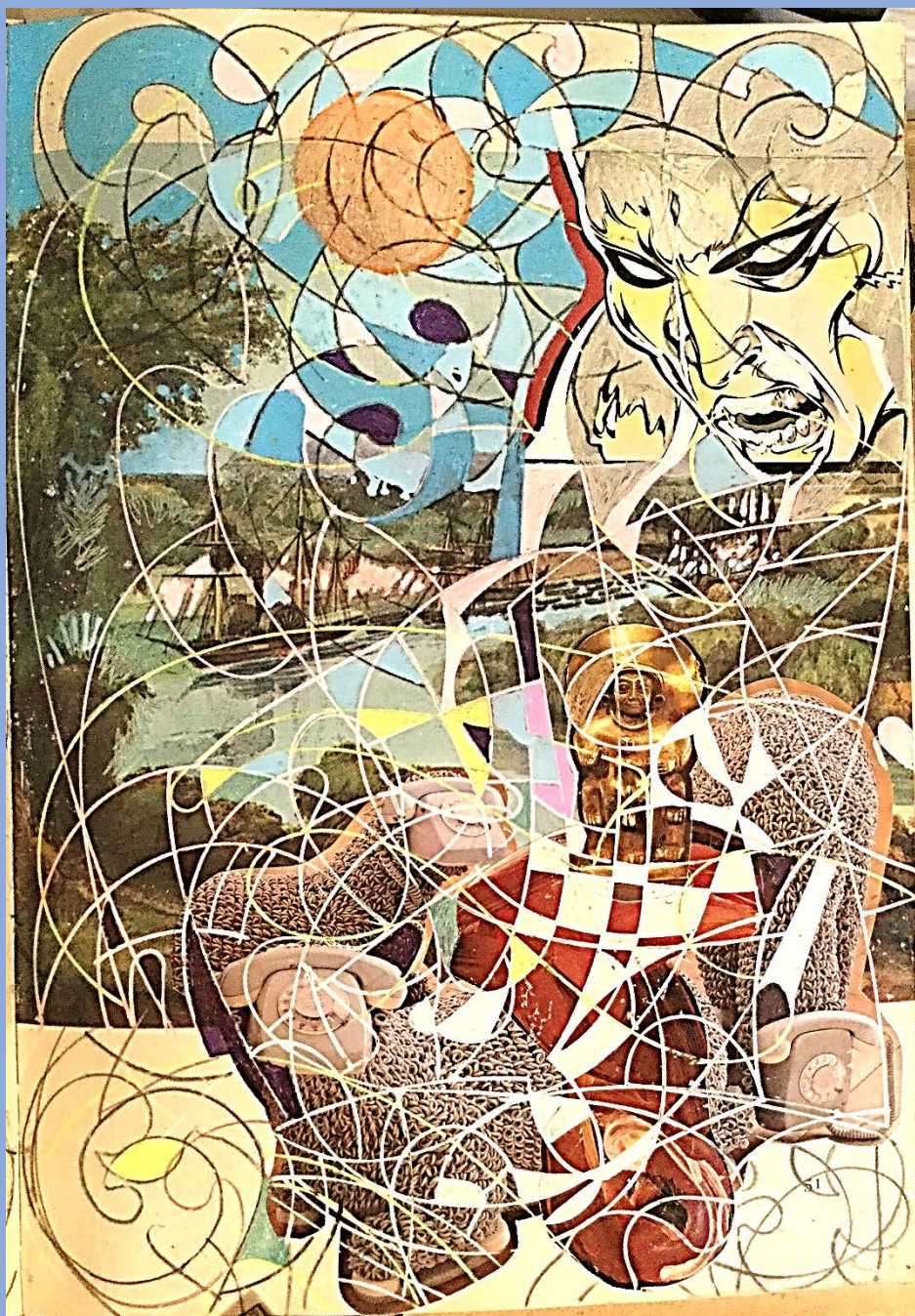
Then Silver Surfer arose to break the blockade,
 unleashing an orange octopus with egg yolk eyes,
 emptying Anderson Prison of sins unpaid,
 the fleet evanesced into a contrail of sighs.

Hard chop as Far-seeing Greta climbed the rigging.
 And the next port came over the curved horizon,
 crowded with fat tourists, walking the plank singing,
 breaking rare coral to show on their Verizon.



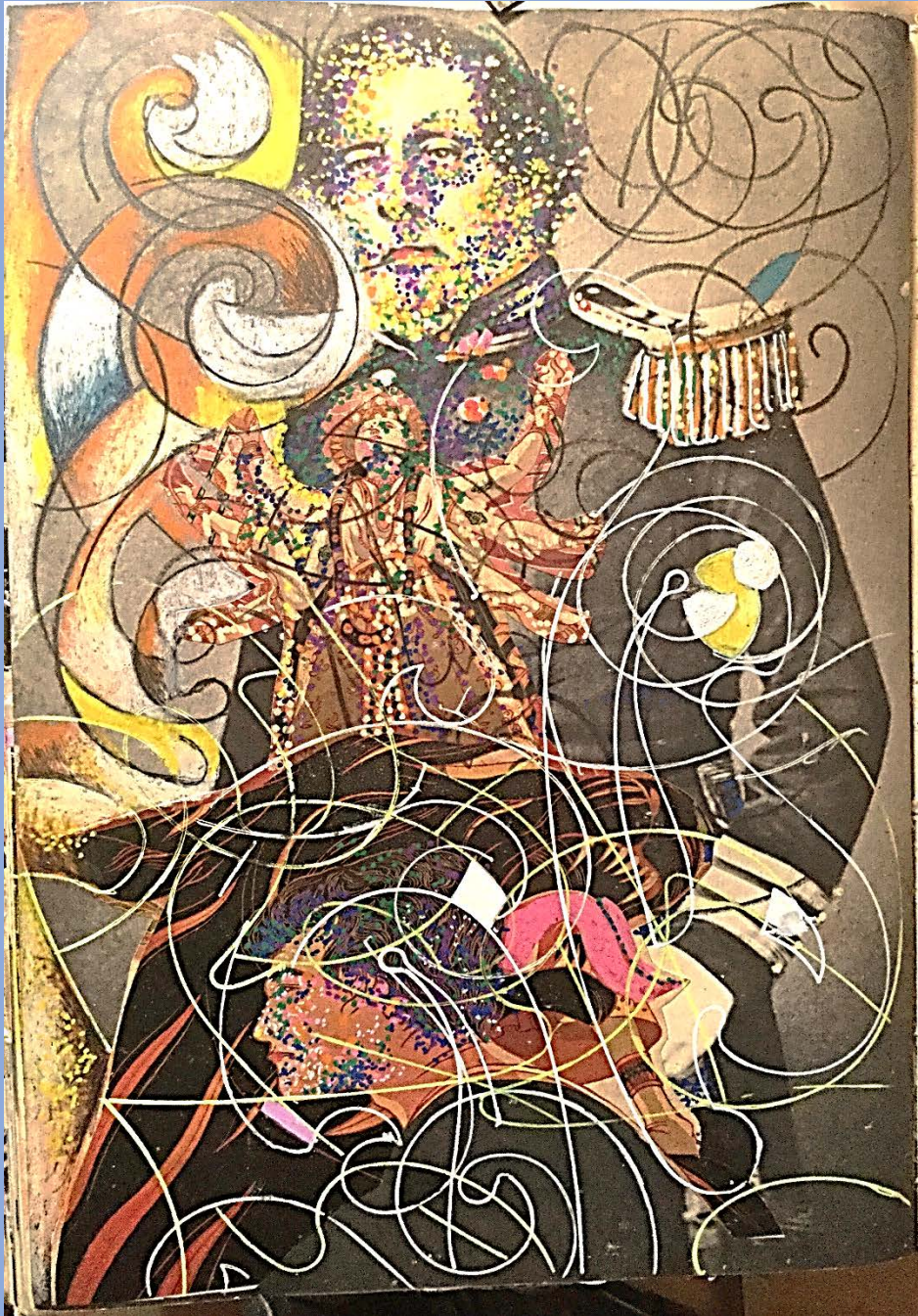
She let slip the anchor chain of gold and of jade
into the wine-dark sea of shelved and open books.
Speakers blared a fake welcome from a faceless maid,
while a tortured pink figure writhed on tenterhooks.

They held their silver sparklers to the black below.
They stuttered a silent, false welcome and short-waved
violet hands, while cool-lisping a fallen hello.
They buttoned up their overcoats. Beards were half shaved.



Three old telephones rang in a cord-twisted sea.
Though Commo Perry rode the River Tabasco
to win Pie Alamo on the Mississippi,
riling the eyeliner god, no sympatico.

No trust have we in fat gods of gold, great halo.
The not pink sun trundled through a blue, broken sky.
Let us not stop, the old harbor's much too shallow.
Further south we shall sail, leaving this foul pig sty.



Poor Commo Perry up in sailor blue heaven
looked down upon this scene with Shiva on his chest,
breaking out in a horrid rash or, yes, seven
and another long drink he again did ingest.

A spotted boy at his feet fell to his dun knees,
losing his small, pink cap in pretty obeisance.
Old Commo's doughty epaulettes dusted his fleas.
Sails, he wisely said, have met their obsolescence.



Another Perry we forget, his Own Hazard,
purple locks and matching flair for the dramatic.
The red moon sank through a waterfaling blizzard.
The pastel sky swept radio waves to static.

Another night upon the swells, rolling rocket.
Set a true course south east to Ponta do Seixas.
Sails are up. The driving wrench is in the socket.
More speed! This lazy old wind can never sate us.



Though they threw gold bands, wings at Far-seeing Greta,
she cared for fine honors and great wealth not a wit.
What good are they? Our sacred earth has no beta.
A breathing forest is not something one can knit.

The ship crashed the waves like a superb, red surfboard,
rising to meet the wind, gulp the sun's energy.
Beside the craft teams of sleek, grey porpoises soared.
As all on board succumbed to blue sky lethargy.



Ex libris, passe-partout, rejected and secret
 were stamped on the ship's maps as good for a single.
 From La Guaira the eyeless head was the culprit
 who refused to sit in the down chair or mingle.

Yellow-headed, red boobies kept close to the oars.
 Blue pillars held frames near the lost skeleton key.
 A couple danced as the great albatross high soars.
 A curving wind blew fumes from the dismal abbey.



The crew slept on with sliding dreams of sunbathers.
The red deer has hybridized to near extinction.
The blue moon rose pink from a sea of pea feathers.
The khaki wind ying-yanged without clear distinction.

Note the diagram of a side-lever engine.
Sails were cheap supplements on old Mississippi.
Commo Perry burned coal and drank his cotton gin.
Smoke took away the sky until Matt got trippy.



Oh, these sainted Brazilians, leaning to port.
A cityscape rises above the suspension
of the USS M. Pi, a floating steam fort,
pre-Commo Perry's 1841 pension.

A stone lamb indicates halo-watering John,
obscuring words as true as any religion,
leaning left, pointing right, bare-chested, so strong,
head now attached, not quite yet danced to the dungeon.



They dreamed of paraded land, green with envy,
log cabins with ladders, barrels of maple syrup,
palm leaf fans, waving away the green dots heavy
with skies blue rained up. Horses trot with no stirrup.

And the sleek Gretaship carried on with no name.
Rare animals kept watch from high in the rigging.
Seeking justice not riches, gold, rubies or fame,
the secret is size, to go smalling, not bigging.



Suddenly a firespout rose from the mad sea.
 Yellows and reds fed up from the deepest bottom.
 Blue flames topped the fiery torch, consuming a tree,
 as monks watch from their balsa hut, robed in cotton.

Hard to lee, screamed a blue-bodied Spix's macaw.
 And the ship pulled by the tower of spinning flames.
 While the African wild dog just licked his brown paw,
 and from a stone tower a window took in claims.



The sacred, carved boomerang is thrown to the sea
only to turn again o'er Mayan hieroglyphs.
An empire builds above the Formosan army.
Whirling winds cascade down from sanded khaki cliffs.

Far-seeing Greta awakens from troubled dreams.
The old man blindly putters in the engine room.
Lost animals follow a course on the map's seams.
Sharks hide as gliding whales spout their impending doom.

