



Part Three: Around Africa

The boat moved like a child on a dark demon's nose.
An old mountain gorilla took a quick reading,
that's the Senate of Senegal, good words he chose.
To Africa they had stormily come speeding.

A hairy spider whirled hip hoping on the deck.
Gentle blue waves moved toward the emerald shore.
A howler monkey turned them south, halting a wreck.
To the Cape! To the Cape! Came the cry from the fore.



A coffin-shaped clavichord arrived in the mail.
Computer screens expressed the dreaded green scurvy.
Red claws removed a sliding, green infested sail.
Fleshy patches were cleansed in a bright blue derby.

Far-seeing Greta said there's not much time to lose.
The crew scraped the hull of French-curved grey barnacles.
And replaced a motor, two pistons and a fuse.
Rare frigatebirds searched ahead for new debacles.



Red sky delight, say ruby-lipped sailors at night.
A silent skull floated near St. George's Castle.
Gliding iridescent forms swam in the craft's light.
A Fell pony watched two red octopi wrassle.

A white-haired Madonna was seen cradling a child.
Green slime departed from the mouths of lost rivers.
All was calm as the ship moved from the recent wild.
The night was humid. All hands slept without shivers.



A blood-stained gold H floated with the river slime.
A one-eyed speckled Fat Tuesday mask mouthed blue.
A green multi-legged crab walked the deck so sublime.
The moon's surface was reflected in the night's dew.

Millions of whiskers floated in tongues from the shore.
A golden T floated on a hard violet raft.
Breakfast fermented in gray jars in the ship's store.
White flies congregated in the ship's back draft aft.



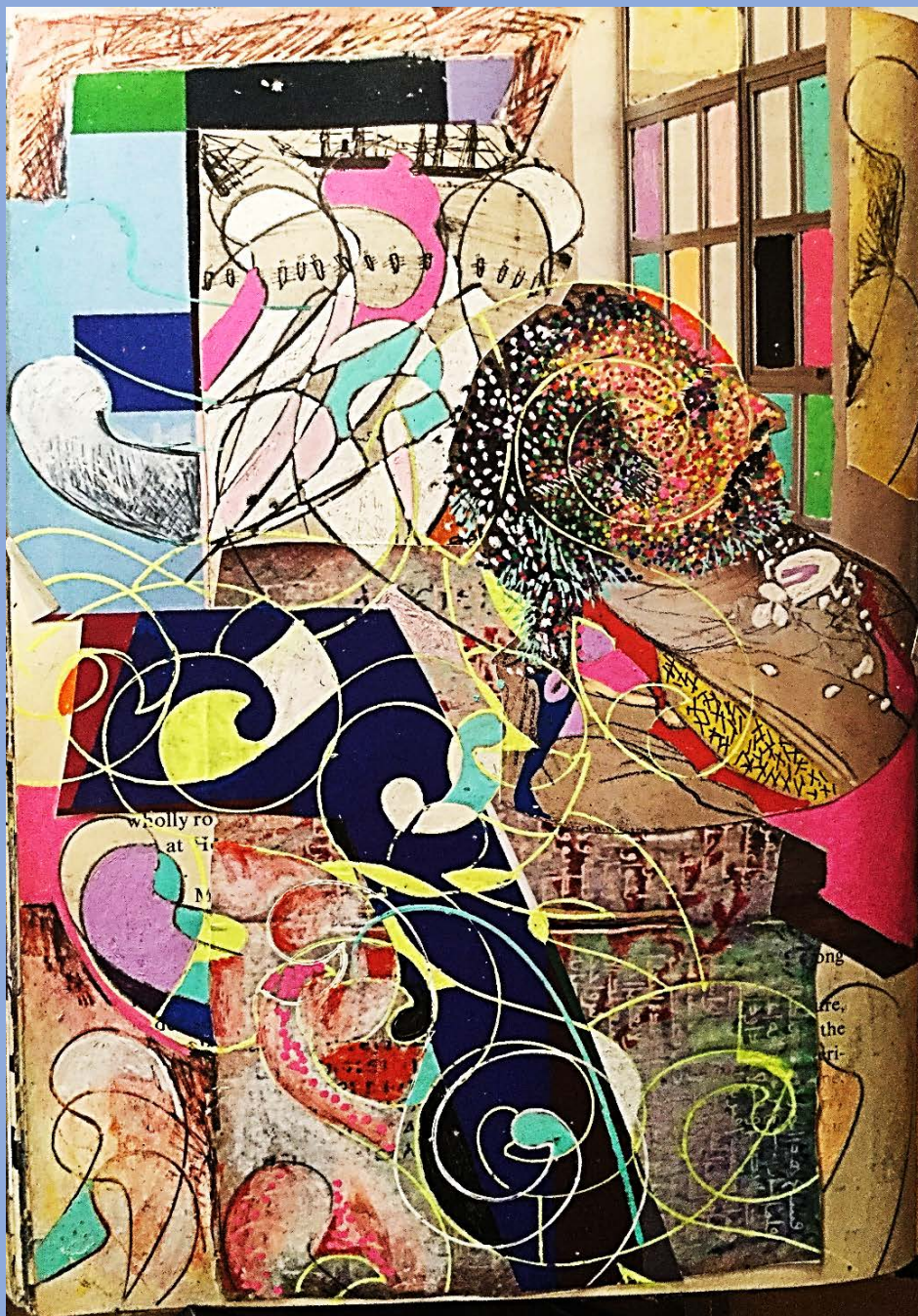
An anatomy lesson stands atop an arch,
 Washington's Square is gated, bright yellow painted,
 arms removed for cleaning, spot removal next March.
 Ships passing at the waist. Water, red-flag tainted.

Crocheting open grillwork to pass the slow time,
 the kiwi watch crew counted cresting bluefin sharks,
 as the sun rose over Angola like old lime,
 and the Gretaboat sped along, said fast Twain Marks.



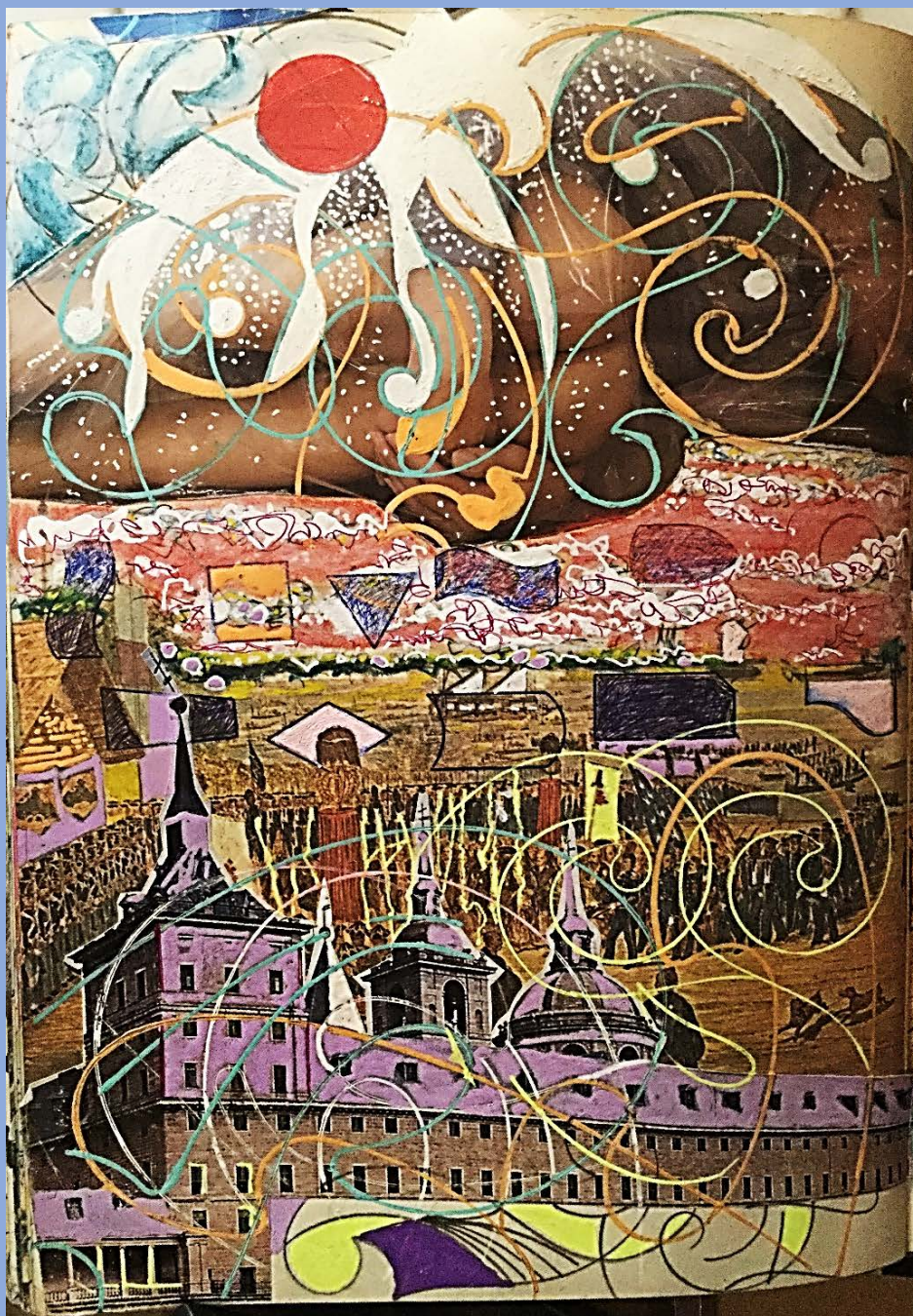
I dreamt Silver Surfer came down with chicken pox,
stepping on his fast silver board, said the old man,
rubbing his sandy eyes, shaking his atomic clocks,
he tried to grab me, but I ducked and swiftly ran.

The rare gibbons howled at the old man's foolish thought.
Your dreams bend like a bookcase over an old town.
Sleep with those gold and black striped covers you ought not.
You've flipped out of bed, hit your bald head, you old clown.



A pox on his head, the old man returned to dream.
 The light through the painted windows of his cabin
 played pink and blue in a wavering color scheme
 his formal jacket tight even with a tab in.

Commo Perry's ships cruised beneath scratchy red skies,
 in the old man's restless dream in words of Farsi.
 The time is turning back. The maps tell only lies.
 Something's wrong. I suspect there's been a sly larc'ny.



The sun turned red and the dark waves grew taller.
Armies marched on the shore on brick dormitories.
Dogs chased above purple roofs and signs of squalor.
Squares and triangles passed in scribbled short stories.

Namibia passed, sending white fish and mollusks.
A short-tailed albatross saw good weather ahead.
Cheering, an Andean condor, named Gonzales,
flew down with the news, after waiting to be fed.



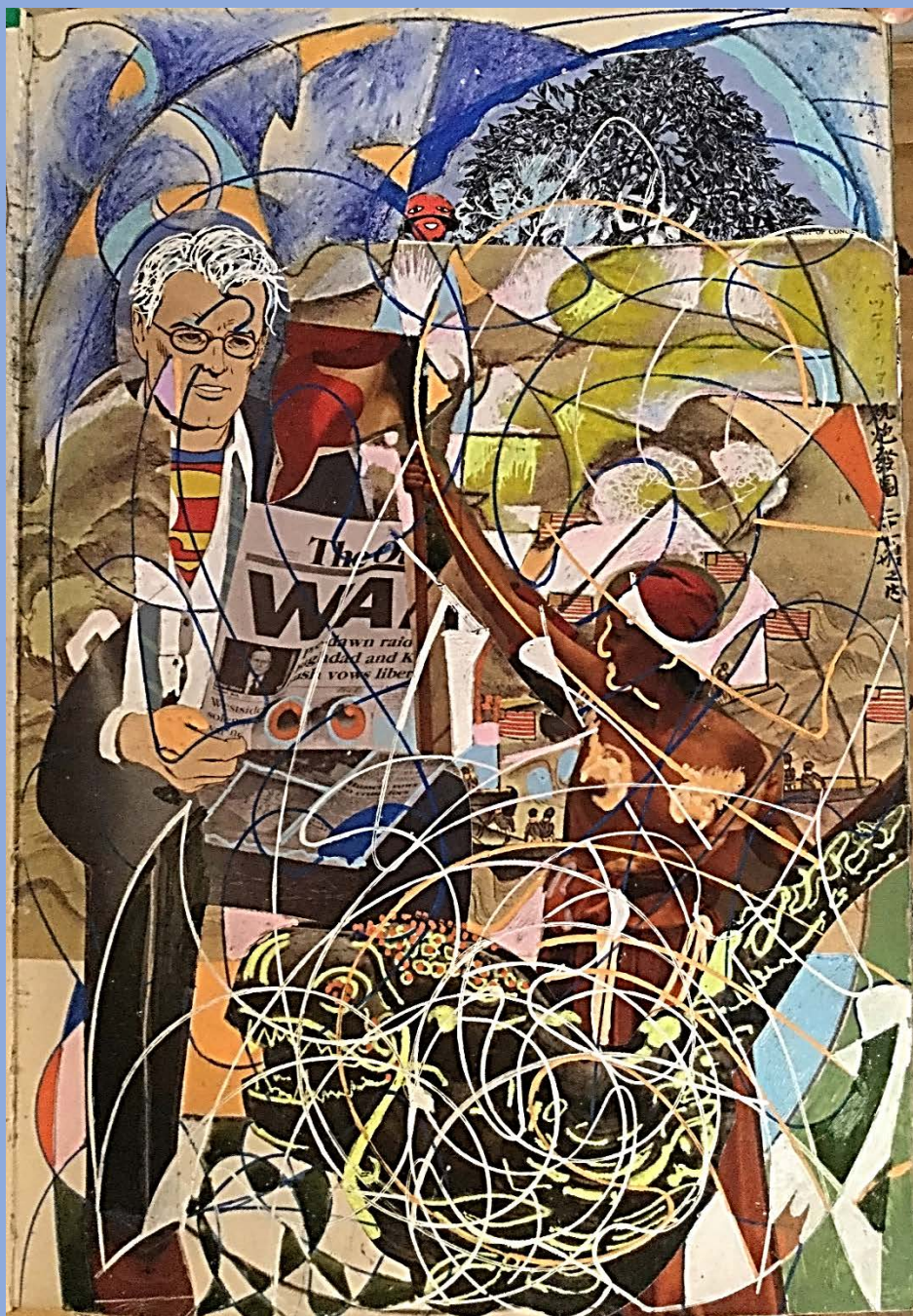
Approaching Cape Town, a flower might walk the plank.
 Echelons ran yellow through a lavender cloud.
 Tall soldiers closed formal ranks along the tan bank.
 Commo was himself in a gilded frame endowed.

A tall, crossed steeple grazed a stiff soldier's right hand.
 A tumultuous sky fell into calm pastels.
 The Cape welcomed Far-seeing Greta with a band.
 Bright anemones came down from high hotels.



A many-dotted maiden swam from the sand beach.
 She brought a small, green dolphin, sick with blonde liver.
 The dashing ship flared gold in a sky colored peach.
 Small boats came out with messages to deliver.

Poston Park and Recreation sent a letter.
 The celebration was a jigsaw's green and red.
 But Far-seeing Greta stopped not, knew better.
 In the meeting of the gyres, wellbeing may have fled.



White-haired Superman would not read of predawn war.
 Cadmium-striped blackfish swam in the turning wake.
 The old man raised a staff to support a low spar.
 A red, eyed fungus near a blue bush seemed a fake.

Around the calm cape two oceans blindly argued.
 The wine-dark seas did dispute their top dominance.
 The brave ship, spinning clockwise, nearly came unglued.
 Atlantic versus Indian fought for prominence.



A line of soldiers marched, dark mustaches ready.
 Red-gunned, the soldiers watched the brave ship disappear.
 As he was born, the old man held tight and steady.
 The water spat red, yellow, blue, sharp as a spear.

On shore, a boy held a red ball on a green court.
 Above a blanket of many stripes, a face broke.
 A glaucous macaw prayed softly for a near port.
 A Javan warty pig walked the deck for a soak.



Gold-hatted Commo Perry led his color guard,
 while Far-Seeing Greta stayed calm, hair unbraided.
 Wind from starboard, more from lee, both fast, loose and hard.
 The teenager steered straight, with one hand, unaided.

The scattered blue sky broke to mauve and tan pieces.
 The rumbling wine-dark sea took on a greenish cast,
 but the solar sails held fast with no new creases,
 as blind night crept over the stout ship at long last.



A blue camo-panted aid to Commo Perry
read out a prediction of a future journey.
A child will follow this path around Cape Scary,
all while putting carbon dominance on her knee.

Future leaders will sit, tilted, untroubled,
while men, women and children spin in round, green roads.
Gold-roped curtains will fall on false claims bubbled.
So much good future lost to reduce small workloads.



Blue-helmeted soldiers kept tan protesters out,
 while hairy cool dudes smoked in calm disputation.
 A Fox clown soldier said yellow warming's in doubt.
 Disagree? A child might lose her reputation.

The endangered animals found the golden path.
 The lights of Port Elizabeth marked the crossing.
 Past Commo Perry's dream, now it's time for a bath.
 An orange moon reflected the stout ship's light tossing.



A thin ghost smoked up from a crossing pirate ship.
Yawning, he appeared quite bored with the proceedings.
Lights from the shore raspperried the clouds at their tip.
A green ghost grasped the boat after too few feedings.

First mate Iberian Lynx studied a depth chart.
We must beware as the Great Kei empties its mouth.
Staying close to and far from the shore is art.
Head quickly north and west, yet praise east and south.



A ball dropped in a purple pond sends a shock,
 red, then yellow, then green to blue rings concentric.
 Windows framed a prince. Let it be, doc.
 A palm waved on the shore, like a pony ten trick.

The Gretacraft flew past the city of Durbin.
 A kakapo spread its wings beneath a parquet.
 This one dappled earth is not the rich man's dustbin,
 said a European eel in a blue beret.



Two tuco-tucos, both Reig's and Roig's, played on deck,
wrapping a long string of pearls around a capstan.
Fossil exoskeletons were dredged from a wreck.
On shore, legs scurried to find the missing batsman.

A far lighthouse glowed red in a white triangle.
Fun-loving bands played above the glowing night sky.
A rare tiger paced below. With her, don't tangle.
Violet amoebas slid in their Petri dish-pie.



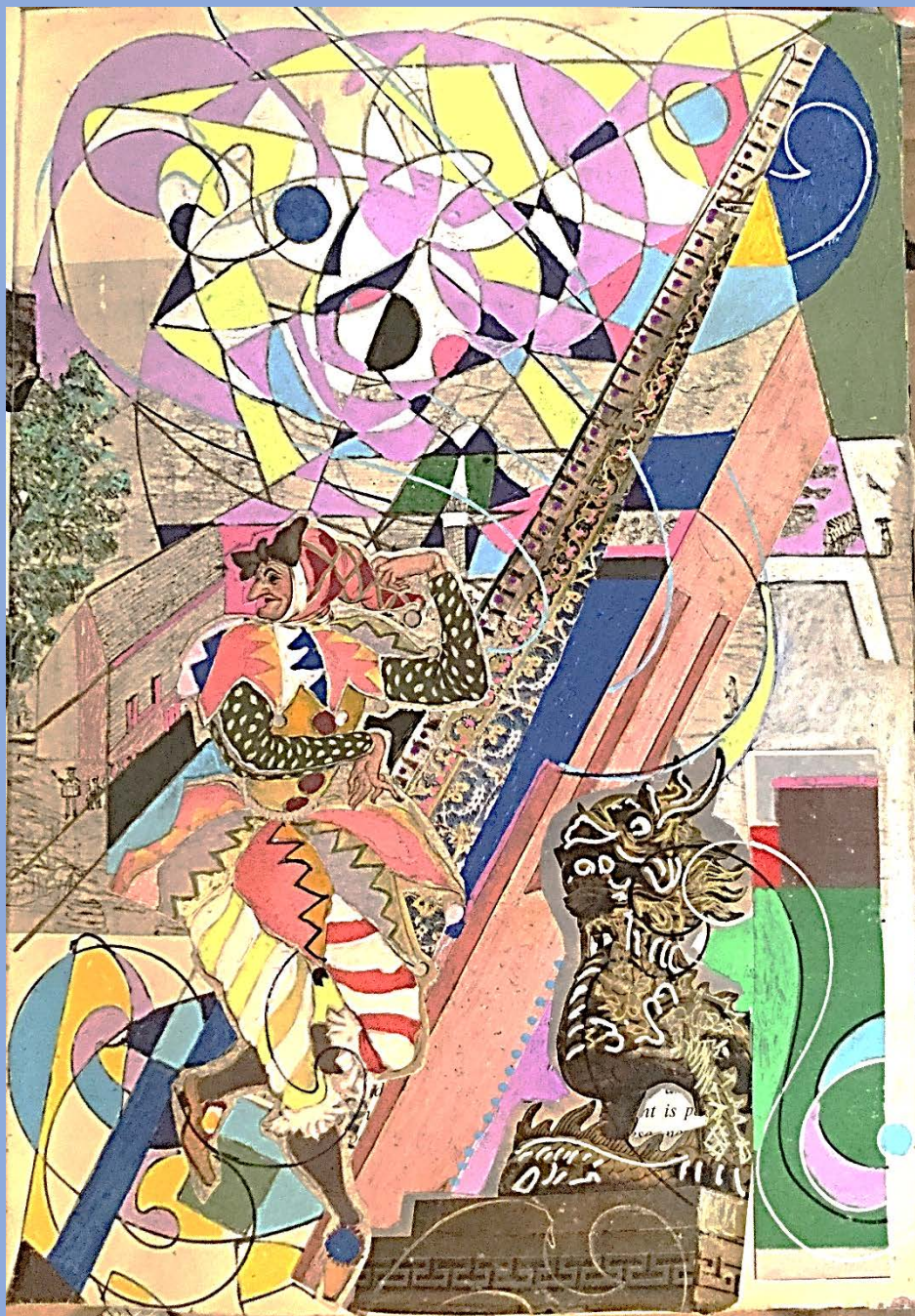
A banana slug reached for the red feathered sky,
 as a slow four-rotor drone watched in infrared.
 A crowd of gray mourners marched with tears in one eye.
 Caramels stood skewered on a factory bed.

Two girls sent a nightmare into a belted globe.
 Hope had been hard stolen when the safe future fled.
 Air, water, life all taken by a wisdom-phobe.
 GDP growth at all costs. The future is dead.



The tearful eye grew spotted and could close no more.
 Gaudi set tables down to work upon his board.
 Rusted trusses kept open the land's only door.
 A violet jaw ate a nation and its word hoard.

Through the Mozambique Channel the Gretacraft sped.
 A faint pink began to light the island's blue sky,
 as coalfish whales guided the boat past deep dread,
 and African wild dogs loosed their sharp, lonely cry.



A hook-nosed jester danced upon a Persian rug,
 stared at by a mythic lion etched in bright gold.
 Weather forecasters in this part of the world mug,
 while a man waved good-bye outside a building old.

A broken sky of lilac and lemon tilted
 around the new, blue moon as the scorched earth slow turned.
 A hot day, but the ship's lettuce had not wilted.
 A black rhino, new onboard, showed what he had learned.



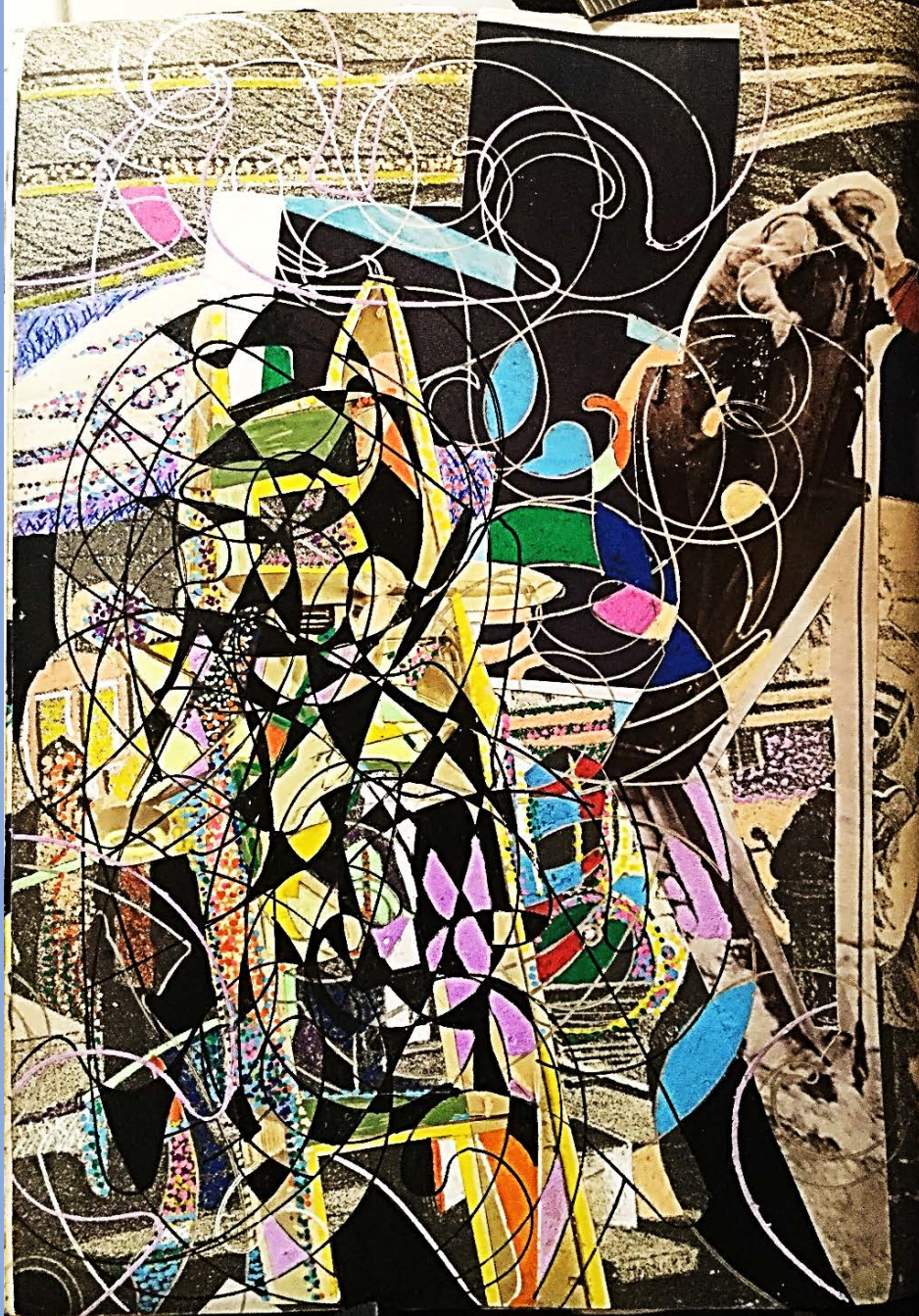
Madagascar's tide brought two black and ruffed lemurs.
 A bag of sharps and Christmas pistachios passed by.
 Brown current to red tide turned the crew to dreamers.
 Spotted jellyfish bought herring in one vast buy.

East of the Comoros the sky began to pale.
 Calmly, the open ocean hungered for their doom.
 Carefully the stalwart crew prepared for a gale.
 The smallest animals were tucked into their room.



A blue-spotted crab attacked a brown set of rounds.
 A half-cat was seen walking into clouds of gray.
 The crew could not stomach food and left it in mounds.
 U of M library sent a spotted p.j.

The sky burned mustard and peach in a heavy swell.
 A Livingston's fruit bat came from the Comoros.
 The wind, he said, will soon rise, but he did not dwell.
 His journey was long, and he was soon comatose.



A black ship saved an astronaut from his wreck.
Under a bamboo sky, sailors showed their bright wares.
High waves threw violet jellyfish on the wet deck.
Black clouds forecast hard rain: cats, dogs and spotted mares.

A pacing lesser kudu sniffed the warm, damp air.
Thomson's gazelle stowed breakables in the galley.
A black rhinoceros guarded the wide main stair.
The hirola sang, this is not the finale.