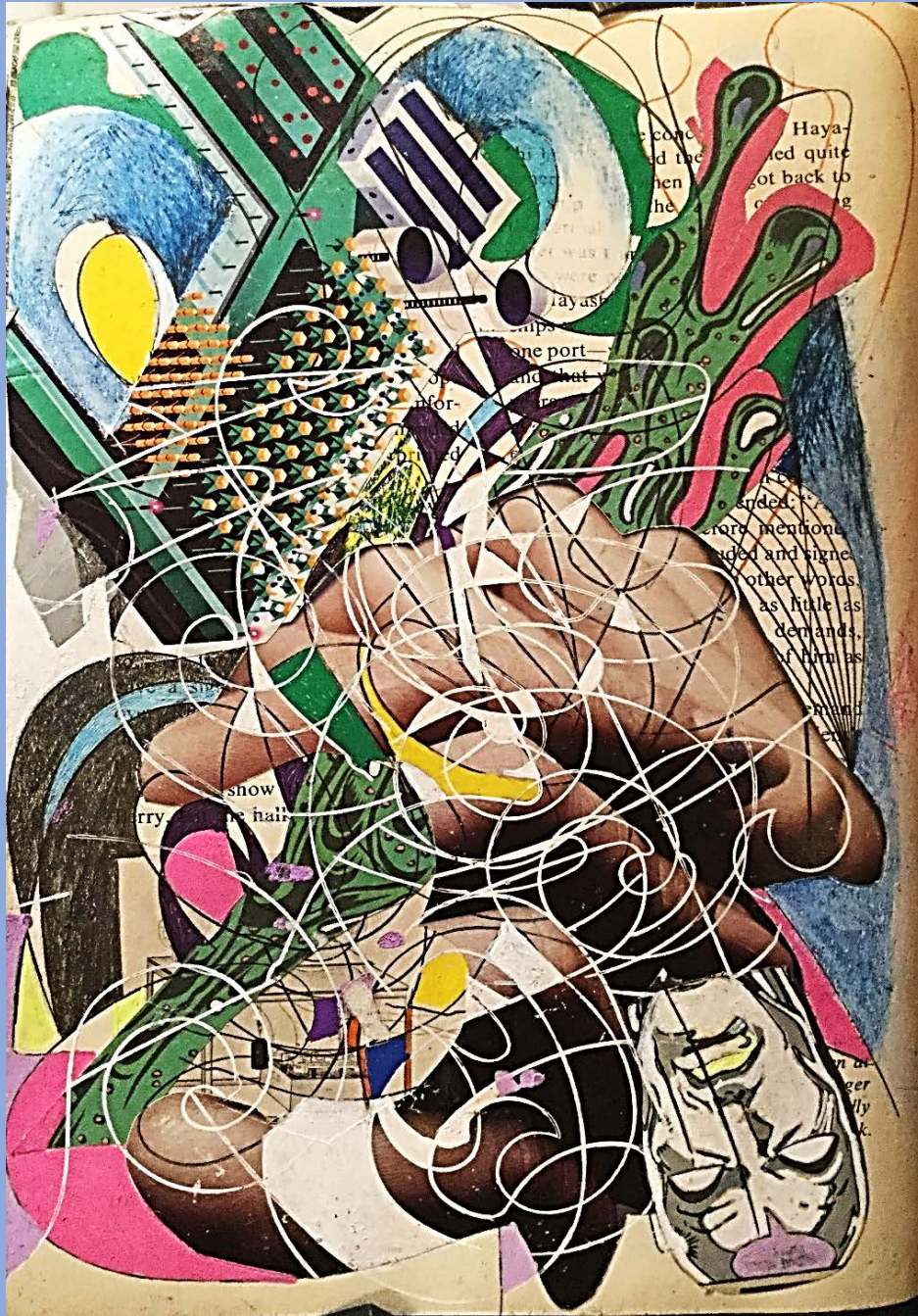


Part four: The Indian Ocean

A golden cloud laden with spots wore a bow tie.
A band of blue sky sped quickly away, cross-hatched.
A bad sign, said the gibbon, pink worms in orange sky.
A good chance to escape was by heavy seas snatched.

A spotted pair rose from the sea and crossly glared,
as ghosts of Commo's men set two shovels to dig
the graves of endangered beasts, their awful fate shared,
and more primates rowed from the shore, their heartache big.



The storm grew close. Model factories slid away.
 Green slime rose from the depths, slicing grey bulbous forms.
 Silver surfer flipped. His blue thoughts lost in the spray.
 The twisting sea spat bolts, like a turned thunderstorm.

At first other words were said, as little as not.
 A hardy black-capped petrel brought news of great winds.
 Close the hatches. Lower the sails, now, on the spot.
 Brace the masts. Clear the deck. All freedom she rescinds.



A Russian rocket blasted under a small train.
 Norris Works marked number seven with three pink ports.
 Three gray, Red-Spot turbochargers began to strain.
 Blue shades red-shifted to violet, then to rose quartz.

Far-seeing Greta steadied by two colobines,
 steered into the gale, as a Tristan albatross
 predicted each wayward shift of the winds' spines,
 and cleared the bending windscreen of seaweed and dross.



The sea was a hammer on the grey anvil deck.
The ship left its blood, turning black, in its tan wake.
Six emblems were seen, as if to predict a wreck.
The sea rose and rose and gave the boat a great shake.

The old man held his maps, his knuckles turning pink.
Go northeast with the wind. Hold steady when it shifts.
The storm tried every trick, sputtering up a stink.
Then, all was quiet as they hit the eye, such gifts.



The ghost of Hayashi sent a spotted virus.
The old man cleansed his sore hands but began to cough.
He quarantined himself below. The girl sent an iris.
The storm returned, as the boat fell deep in a trough.

A brown shark greedily circled the rolling ship,
its pink blood woven with strands of angry water.
The trough rose and made the boat do a complete flip.
The boat landed right. The gibbons could only saunter.



The old man's fever came with cascading visions.
A dotted colonial glanced at him askance.
Four screaming women cursed his youthful decisions.
Japanese dignitaries asked, Who came to dance?

Pretzel-sworded men looked at bodies in pink silk.
The ship tilted hard. He tied himself to his bunk.
His poor food would not stay down, not even skim milk.
His breath became short. He lost all his youthful spunk.



At this storm, even Silver Surfer could not go.
 The nightmare of two girls arrived with a tear,
 as a spotted hulk tried to muffle the night blow.
 More bodies in pink silk, the old man saw with fear.

Men of every color stared at the small bundles.
 The old man saw a cold world of adults alone.
 As children disappeared, infant birthrates crumbled.
 Teenagers took themselves out of the dead earth's zone.



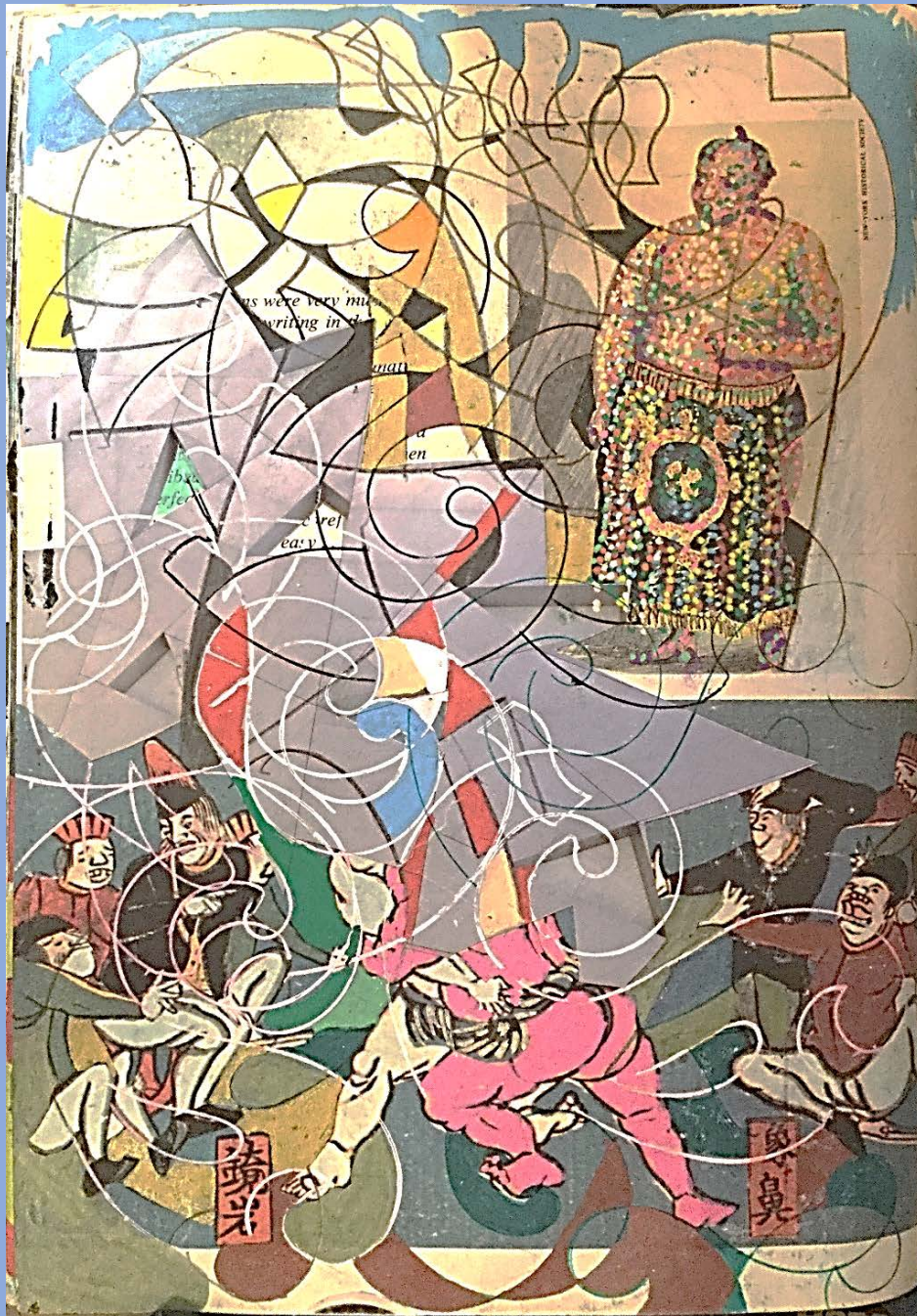
A stunned and angry Silverman looked on aghast
 as a sumo and a sailor lifted bound bodies,
 and green bile swept the greasy decks at half-mast,
 while the fierce wind forced them nearly to the Saudis.

A chronometer said four-ten in Grand Rio,
 and the old man hid from a silver and gold sun
 that rolled through his fevered dreams of Galileo.
 His breath labored. His weak heart came nearly undone.



The silver one glared into magnification
 as a another young one came out on a stretcher.
 Spotted pups looked on the scene in agitation.
 By 6:30 death was near by any measure.

The poor, sick old man called for Far-seeing Greta
 and told her of his dream, that youth was seen nowhere.
 She slumped and hung her sad head like a pieta.
 She said, what is there left? She said, what is left there?



As the old man drank in a coma, the winds died.
 Like a champion sumo, Far-seeing Greta sighed
 and wrestled with her thoughts. His bad dream hadn't lied.
 They leave us a bare, doomed earth, she softly cried.

It seemed adults only laughed as her thoughts grappled.
 The sturdy, old gibbons came down to relieve her,
 though her champion wrestlers were pink and dappled.
 So-called adults teased and still meant to deceive her.



A Seychelles palm frog hopped aboard the wind-blown craft.
The islands' paradise fly catcher arrived too.
Then its scops owl and a fruit bat came on a draft.
Our coast is toast, they all cried. We're in a bad stew.

Rising seas have eaten away our nice preserve.
Soon our trees will be sunk, our world under water.
Ionic notes were writ, but more they did deserve,
lines traced on black paper, sent to one's daughter.



The old man saw a fish become a woman's skull,
 while on land the striped stars hung over a great feast.
 He heard big drums and a band playing on the hull.
 He saw the twelve rise above him like a great beast.

The blood he coughed came out in geometric shapes.
 The men toasted their great guns, while the band played on.
 A blue swimmer tried to pull away the great apes.
 Black smoke poured from the stacks as all the lights stayed on.



A pair bathed in an emerald tub, spots still on,
 ignored by a dotted, emaciated one.
 The man had lips, not a head, to swill on.
 The bones gazed at the loud diners and the big gun.

Silver one swam through black stones to warn of danger.
 Beware small boats that may come in the dark of night.
 Tall poles were draped as the blue ocean rolled stranger.
 The brave crew gathered on deck, ready for a fight.



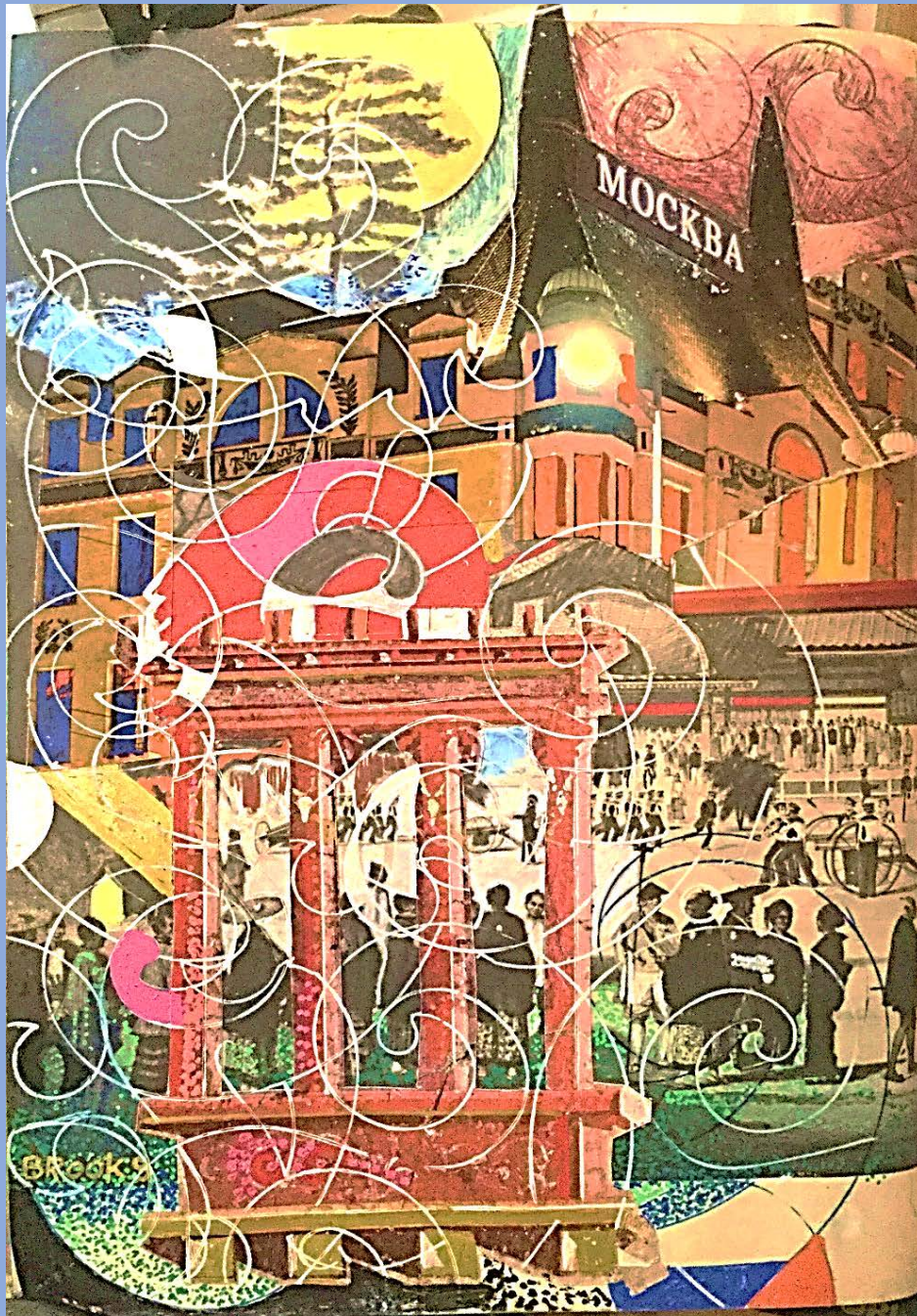
Set course for Maldives south, came the cry from the bridge.
 A speckled face shed a golden tear, sad, one thinks
 to see them leave under a soft cotton cloud ridge.
 They left behind a swirl of green, far from hijinks.

But a dark face with red-gold eyes began to howl
 as night closed in. Then a hard rain began to fall.
 Too slow, Far-seeing Greta knew, and then to scowl.
 Be ready, she said, for any bad thing at all.



Two spotted ones swam up from the black-red deep.
Small blue-tan boats crashed into the ship's twice-thick hull.
They threw their lines and up to the deck they did creep.
The gibbons and apes stood ready to crack a skull.

Then nine pirates tuned guitars and began to dance.
Their music was loud, their tight jackets much louder.
The crew put down their arms and looked themselves askance.
The pirates pranced overboard and took a powder.



The yellow moon came up behind a tree mirage.
Tonight, soldiers are marching under Moscow's lights.
Brooks flow by orange pillars and a strange entourage.
Children watch as navies play and other gun sights.

The weary crew bunked and dreamt of distant places.
The ship moved fast until the sky turned a bright pink.
The sea was a maelstrom of plastic vases.
From the far northeast came an awful, swirling stink.



The next day dawned into falling golden cubicles,
 as a hard rain came down like pinned blue and red cloth.
 Over a golden box of stick-tight barnacles,
 red and green jellyfish swam like an Ostrogoth.

Flying foxes rode in on Ridley sea turtles.
 From the Maldives came a pair of lesser kestrels
 riding on ornate eagle rays that swam circles
 around goniopora and their ancestrals.



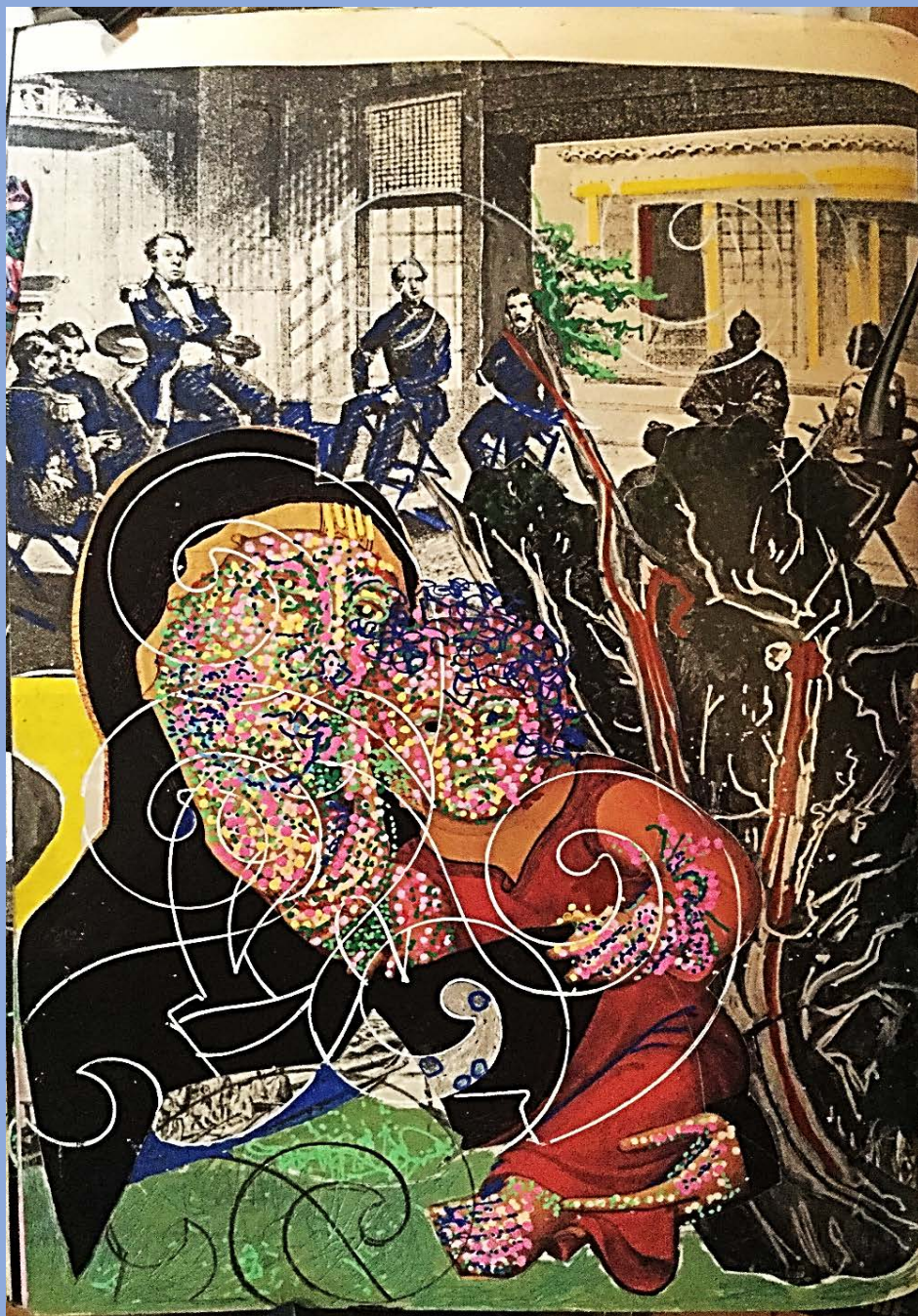
And the girl from the dream returned to try on shoes.
What do the five in green shirts want with those pale hands?
The old man consumed the dream with nothing to lose.
Digesting it, he died and was lost to time's sands.

The gibbons wrapped him and took him out to the sea.
Sharks, white tip reef and tawny nurse, guided him down.
The old man owned the awful dream, his destiny.
Even the whale shark held back, despite his renown.



The nine diamonds of Hublo pointed to India.
 The rooms of Sri Lanka floated into the sky.
 Men run from the schoolhouse as from bacteria.
 The children speak of Tokyo and the great lie.

Young people gather quietly, like small, pink spots.
 The swan, par avion, and arrow have the key.
 On small, white signs they paint what is in all their thoughts.
 Organize, they whisper, so that one will be we.



Purple-faced langurs and leopards now came on board.
Big men sat and conferred and did nothing at all.
A mother gripped her child to keep her from the hoard.
Red lava sought release from a black mountain tall.

As the ship passed by, children came to the green shores.
A chestnut-backed owlet whispered, wait 'til Japan.
The young people returned home, signs behind the doors.
Loggerhead sea turtles knew the Bengal gameplan.



Through clockwork, a small man passed a bright checkered wall.
 Hairy, green-fringed mountains wore a black and blue dress.
 A blue waterspout rose through soldiers standing tall,
 spouting pink flames, too cute and charming to impress.

Spectral and pygmy tarsiers were soon on board.
 A talaud bear cuscus said he could handle maps.
 A pair of Sumatran laughing thrushes soon soared
 above the ship only to crash on tiger laps.



A bare Amazon rose holding a humpback whale.
A single eye stared through many strings of gold pearls.
A silver-bearded mouth opened wide to inhale.
Two kimono clad women had their hair in whirls.

The sturdy craft slipped below nervous Malaysia.
The children of Kuala Lumpur lined the shore.
Below Singapore and above Indonesia,
the crew saw children from many cities and more.



Strong Silver Surfer hid his eyes in disbelief,
 as dholes, pangolins and banteng watched from the deck.
 Orangutans and sun bears joined to watch youths' grief.
 In silence youth stood. This is no discotheque.

Black capped authorities watched from green-curtained hills.
 The twin brown suns shone a charcoal and cobalt blue.
 The purple sea hued a gar beige and smelled of stills.
 Coral reefs were white as snow with live creatures few.



The green girl wore a pink and yellow kimono.
 A near-sighted jester stepped out tweaking his long nose.
 She had boxes and chop sticks like you-know Ono.
 He wore a light green cloak and fashionable hose.

The pair ignored the boat, their fortunes had been made.
 Malayan tapir and sea turtle futures sold,
 the two need not worry or let evil invade.
 Their time was limited. They need not be so bold.



A man in manacles learns of his death sentence
for eating difficult laughing, the others said.
He praised a proboscis monkey in its absence
and insulted the president. Now he be dead.

A spiny sea urchin lives under a grey sea
with pearls and a suspicious striped black and white flag.
A flying squirrel and bay cat came over lee
from Borneo as the ship went Java Sea drag.



The old man's ghost fought with the terrible nightmare.
 A hooded soldier played bamboo accordion,
 but the old man's spotted ghost bowed in sad despair.
 He strong-armed the dream tight for a dreaded eon.

A pair of lowland brush mice brought word of Papua.
 The two said, Bulmer's fruit bat is now rarely seen.
 Our best friend was one. He was no dark Dracula.
 Our great forests disappear at a rate obscene.



A cat man in a gray tux rose to the surface
to greet T. Harris, founder of City College,
although a skin thing, an allergy to pumice,
worsened without their, and that green-dressed girl's, knowledge.

Was that a tiger quoll in formal attire,
carrying a black-footed tree rat in her pouch?
The swift craft headed south, solar panels on fire.
Australia's marsupials fell with an ouch.



Two dental grapefruit engage in conversation,
as Commo Perry's ship goes to his country home,
and hands mold pink and gold earthly devastation.
At Darwin's shore, children silently line the foam.

Congress Library knew not of the Baw Baw frog.
Through a gap in the youth came a Gouldian finch.
A black-flanked rock wallaby was chased by a dog,
and moved to the boat by the children with a loose winch.



That's a South Asia tiger staring with blue eyes.
Blue-green Brussels sprouts above agave's fat moths,
and the swift boat spun north. To Manila it flies,
leaving a long trail of golden-green, bubbling froths.

Riding a crocodile, two Philippine eagles
were seen proudly approaching the north-bound swift ship.
Sulu hornbills sent messages via seagulls
to the children. Wait five days. Then we will unzip.