

Oh Captain, Good Captain: Part I

by Ashley Poulter

I once knew a sailor
Who made trade as a tailor
So funny a man was he
Stern sinewy arms
Eyes cradling five alarm
A fierceness is all that remains
While stitching the cloth
His mind thick with thought
That milky white skin of beyond
Such anger he bred
Left with needle and thread
Only the sand kept him solid

