

# In the Midst of Tropical Depression Agaton

*by* XXXX

I have come to refuse setting sail  
to islands whose inhabitants are  
sweet-talking cannibals,  
who speak hushedly about the shape of your balls  
("Sir, your testicles remind me of moons,  
of fruits from the tree of Life!")  
while salting you in their stew, while  
peeled carrots tease your soaked asshole:  
Yet sometimes the winds take me there,  
and the tides defy the power of my skills.  
I must spend the storm pushing my boat back  
to the innumerable wideness of the sea, to become  
lost again. No better way to find unseen shores,  
to watch the final light of stars  
and map the universe through the new darkness  
by the memory of the light that used to be there  
for stars die but dead stars never live again  
for he who sees in the dark is never blind  
and in dying we are welcomed to a state of eternity.

