

ARION'S SONG

When our captain said, "We shall feed you
to the fish and have your gold,"
The singer raised a hand.
"First, grant one wish...that
I may sing one final song." The captain
grinned and shrugged. "As you will."

When the man began to sing
a sound rolled over me
such as I had never heard,
as deep and dark as the ocean,
wave after wave, a sound that
brought every joy, every sorrow I had
ever known back to take hold
of me anew, wave after wave,
the sound of my beating heart,
of the blood rushing through my veins.

When the song ended
I was washed clean,
no longer what I had been
mere moments before.
I looked about me at shipmates
who stood stunned, as I was stunned.

We were trees rooted to the oaken deck,
all but the captain who with face
like a fist nodded to order
the singer tossed into the sea.
Yet before any could put hand to him
he leapt overboard and plunged
into the churning black water.

My spirit sank as well,
but was lifted once more when he rose
like Poseidon on the back of a dolphin
that had been charmed by his song
and bore him safely to shore.

I leaned over the side to watch,
tears mixing with the salt spray
that splashed my face,

as he vanished from our sight...