

Poetry Series

Captain Cur
- poems -

Publication Date:

2020

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Captain Cur(Born Late 1600's Date of Death Unknown)

Captain Cur

Captain of the Malevolent.

Profession, Pirate.

I took an oath that binds me to the sea;
I left behind all claims, all history,
bundled with my fears I carry them no more
from not the throat but from the plexus roar.
The storm has raged and now a pensive lull;
I string my flag, the crossbones and the skull,
the sun has set the world a golden hue
a spell is cast across the rising moon,
in her glow I rest in magic sleep,
the skies are charged, the world is in retreat.
I dream and wander deep within her source
to forbidden shores, onward is my course

Welcome to the Captain's page!

Poetry translated from his encoded diary. The spirit of Captain Cur has commissioned this translator, with the help of the Captain's impish Muse, to give good account of his writings, loves and adventures. The problem is the Muse, who calls herself, 'Baharia Msichana' which means, sailor girl, but she prefers 'Pirate Girl' insists I write her love poems, which she will not allow me to publish, or she will not help me decipher his diary. Captain Cur inhabited this sphere sometime between the mid to late 1600's and possibly the early 1700's. His diary was heavily damaged after the wreck of the Malevolent, his exact date of death remains unknown. Allusions to his alter ego, "the beast" is heavily layered throughout his prose. His tales of adventure appear to encompass both the real and spectral world. The Captain's spirit continues to pen in his diary and has much to say about our modern age. It's complicated, but fun. So I hope you enjoy the voyage!

2 To The 5th Power

Peripheral battle lines
are secretly drawn
resetting, directing
wine breathed pawns.

Mathematically strategized goals.
Sentinels call out moves and hours.
Foot soldiers advance toward
opposing sides 2 to the 4th power.

Alternating flag flown
on white and dark tower.
Quartered unmanned horses
roam 2 to the 5th power.

Royalty safely guarded and hid
behind rock walls tiered flowers.
Domination of linear spaced
cubic grid 2 to the 6th power.

Coveted royal crowns
and squares delicately paced
by clerics cloned and robed
bound on diagonal straights.

Ranks one through eight
attacking in combination.
Bishop skewer,
Knight fork,
Castle pin,
Queen sacrifice,

Checkmate!

Forces resignation.

Captain Cur

A Composition Of Rare Feminine Art, Not Even

Not even a master sculptor
Could form lips soft as your velvet bows
Curved slightly upwards they unveil
Bright embers of your facial glow.

Not even a famous poet
Could find the words to describe
That special quality about you
when your smile comes alive.

Not even a concert pianist
Could reach a note as high
Or touch the depth of the emotion
That's contained within your eyes.

Not even a gifted artist
Could uncover with his brush
That special shade that rises
In sweet Jennifer's blush.

Captain Cur

A Composition Of Rare Feminine Art, Piano Rose

You are a red velvet rose, ?
lying on white ivory keys, ?
surrounded by black polished wood
and each notes musical breeze. ??

You have warm tender eyes ?
with the life of a smile
and smooth satin limbs
moving ?in a classic elegant style. ??

You are soft to the touch; ?
yet, your resilient petals are strong, ?
a composition of rare feminine Art, ?
an allegro introducing a song. ??

You are a beautiful chord, ?
a sound enticingly new, ?
my heart in silence sings to you ?
sweet rose covered with dew. ?

Captain Cur

A Joyous Heart Is An Enlightened State

On wintry nights the themes that oft appear
to curtain my thoughts with sad and somber mind
could but summer's smile bring me brighter cheer;
in these times, in this poetry I did find
worlds of immense magic I could not define.
Allow me entry through mystery's gate
scribed in temperament unique to its kind,
a joyous heart is an enlightened state
the chains of life can never control or abate.

Sweet poesy whose heartbeat did extend
beyond our earthly limits to a fame
that brilliance and excellence befriend,
and lit the edge of darkness with a flame,
that traveled circling inward as it came,
and would not perjure, injure or disown
those most inclined to sorrow and disdain;
for in her rhymes the worthy reap the throne
to usurp ignorance by acts, not words alone.

Captain Cur

A Lighted Tower

I wonder about you
standing purposely on immense seas
with a sweeping loneliness.

A lighted tower,
you seem perfectly suited to who you are.

I, unlike you,
am always in trouble with myself,
there is great division.
The bridge has never been built
connecting one side of me to the other.

I am attracted by your excellence.

I see the tower
and call upon the architect of my bridge;
the specifications are
that it connects me to you.

When it comes time to cross
I will know what is on the other side.

You bridged me when we first made contact.
Something very deep in you
pulled me out of myself,
the fog lifted
and I moved toward your light,

your eyes, the beams;
your body, the tower;
your voice, the horn
and your presence the way,

a lighthouse of dreams.

Captain Cur

A Pirate And A Poetess

A Pirate and a Poetess
engaged in a heated duel;
the unread pirate using wit,
maddening charm his metric tool.

A Pirate and a Poetess
in passion throes of deep embrace
exchanging more than subjective
massifs, throbs restive in his place.

Her body's work in high demand,
she is a fearsome rhyming witch,
could a crass seaman understand
voluminous verse without a stitch.

Referencing her many notes;
as the stiff tall mast gives alarm
his full hung sails bare Pirate boasts
and adds nine inches to his charm.

Her line flows, sweet liquidity,
his pounding beats rigidity,
her shocking mass frigidity,
his utter rand ambiguity.

A Pirate and a Poetess;
a duet to enlarge the arts,
poetic in and outs his quest
as she innately chafes his part.

Captain Cur

A Spell Is Cast Across The Rising Moon

I took an oath that binds me to the sea;
I left behind all claims and history
bundled with my fears I carry them no more
from not the throat but from the plexus roar.
The storm has raged and now a pensive lull;
I string my flag, the crossbones and the skull,
the sun has set the world a golden hue
a spell is cast across the rising moon,
in her glow I rest in magic sleep,
the skies are charged, the world is in retreat.
I dream and wander deep within her source
to forbidden shores, onward is my course.

Captain Cur

Acts The Jester And Dances The Fool

Your Highness,

I have desired and cursed you in vain
unnerved by the dreams that murder the night,
I strike like a shark but what have I gained
my shadow profanes the absence of light.
Your burden I bear, you torched out my sight;
the regency's throne encrusted with jewels
on the arm you sit with eyes of disdain,
you were bred for that day, this is your right,
I am not of them, a scandalous tool
that acts the jester and dances the fool.

Captain Cur

Adagio, Love Poems

Your hair draping down
the side of your face
established before my eyes
a silhouette
that appeared remote,
yet intimately near.

The closeness of your spirit
as intense
as the distance of your gaze.

Your profile,
perfectly framed
against the moving backdropp
of the city,
like a modern sculpture
with classical overtures
delicately poised
on a pedestal of still air
warmly expressing itself.

The adagio of your face,
its quality and range,
momentarily captured
on the canvas of my eye.
Art beyond my experience!
Art beyond my description!

The depth and focus of your flesh
embracing your spirit that I love;
open and vulnerable,
belying great trust
and total acceptance.

I painted that image in my mind
and molded it into my median,
words.
Now I want to relive it,
again and again.

Captain Cur

Admire Not Power Or The Lowest Shun

Guardian of my heart! I trust in thee,
enrich my soul and quell my boastful pride;
vastness surrounds me, beauty pure and wide
let these calm waters fill the days that be.
My Lord! My Protector! O! Faithful Sea!
One last journey, may faith become my guide;
my sails are drawn by cold relentless time
this path thou gives, this path thou giveth free
to teach man till a greater good is won.
May I not repent useless in my grave
or count my deeds when all amount to none
though flesh is weak I know the spirit brave;
admire not power or the lowest shun;
love gives me strength the weakest then to save!
In these bold waters I raise my arm to thee,
My Lord! My Protector! O! Faithful Sea!

Captain Cur

Advent Of The Eagle's Cry

Meridians that line the skies
with gentle shades of blue
the advent of the eagle's cry
on wings that sink from view.

A proud and lofty elegance
residing in his soul
in crags and crannies somersaults
where nests his cliffside home.

Forever watchful is his stare
detecting objects move
then swoops upon them unawares
beneath his mountain woods.

Captain Cur

Adventure Of Two Captains, Ashland Castle Of Night, Part 5

Looking at that barren place where there is no hope,
Will destroy our wishes but still we cope.
Our friend wasn't an ordinary creature,
Something strange and unique in his nature.

The castle of night is the source of paradoxical events.
There is the time to think more and work on the hibernal souls
There, the master of wizards and wizardry was leading
And she put our nice friend in a darkened jail.

The life and the death, are two true things
One for gathering the goods and one for the reap,
One for being a pathetic or a king,
This is the tragedy of our lives
And this is the secret about our being.

True friends are like a unite existence
And they are with each other in this life
With no ending length.
The soul of our friend is as clean as the sky,
Pure and clean and without any lie.
The humans and their souls will make a different sense.
Soul, my friend, we are coming.

Written by Ellias Anderson, Captain A
in corroboration with Captain Cur

Captain Cur

Adventures Of Two Captains

Our story began thousands of years ago
When people lived with love and no ego

The time that their hearts beat for each other,
The time that the darkness was the only thing that bother

I was passing my way through the Milky Way with my space ship
I was looking for the light in the deep

The darkness came to my ship, the darkness and its forces
They entered the space ship with their horses

In the blink of an eye
Most of my men die

A tragedy of blood and death
All the ship sinks in corruption and mess

Death made his gallows for us, he made a rope
But put it in your minds, in every disgraced condition there is hope

A glorious light attacked the darkness
It was the time that we saw the bless

It was the time that I met that hero
And I believed in hope, even as small as a biro

A noble captain and a brave sir
The captain of the galaxy, YES! ! Captain Cur

He and his men fought with faith
'They are unique' the light saith

The darkness ran away, but for now
We were sure that it will come back, but didn't know how! ?

My last crew and I
Were saved from the die

Our savior was Captain Cur
When the darkness hears his name, it will purr

So we joined him, we made a unique group
And our actions made the darkness droop

We sail our way to the heart of the Milky Way
To kill the darkness there, to send it for an eternal lay

To be continued.....

Ellias Anderson
in collaboration with:

Captain Cur

Adventures Of Two Captains To The Heart Of Galaxy, Part 3

Near the gates of an unknown place we stopped
The smell of darkness was everywhere like a satanic smoke.

Captain Cur pointed to the gates as the doors of Ashland,
He said: 'We must destroy the darkness here and its land.'

The gates opened, as a wind that spirits in the galaxy
And then a great, barren land appeared in front of our ship,

Lands full of Ashes and death
Its sky was full of the people who chase the bless.

I asked Captain: 'Why do we come here? '
That hero replied: 'Don't worry and don't fear

A friend of ours needs help in this place
And he can show us the true way in this case.'

The silence of that land was like a wavy sea
And the ashes were dancing with the wind.

We entered that place, I held my breath,
I looked at Captain, he was looking toward the way,

Then, all of a sudden, a scream rose up
And the ship start to move like a leaf in the wind...

TO BE CONTINUED

Ellias Anderson, Captain A
in corroboration with Captain Cur

Captain Cur

Adventures Of Two Captains, Fall Of A, Part 7

The monster of Ashland was the source of darkness
But nothing can stay against Captain Cur's blade's sharpness

The mixture of blood just ran through the air,
I imagined for once my own bier

Death was close to us
I remember my house in the mars

But there was no time to waste,
Ant it was the time that I felt that painful lambaste

I wrapped in darkness....

Written by Ellias Anderson, Captain A
in corroboration with:

Captain Cur

Adventures Of Two Captains, Part 9

As we both receive attack,
Captain Cur remembered his old friend, Lord Black

He was the Leader of Ysa Lands,
Great and powerful with generous hands

Once Captain Cur helped him in a war
And he was loyal to our Captain for the Par

As a noble man and a great warrior,
He received our message, so he managed his carrier

The whole army of Ysa was going for a war,
Among their magnificent spaceship named Green Star

IN ASHLANDS:

I was still in the dreams of an unknown place
While out of my mind a terrific war was going on,
That monster was the Queen of that satanic base

Ray of light splashed in the air, I opened my eyes
Captain Cur was fighting while he was defending me,
The red dirty sky of Ashlands broke with the hope's sign

Then the Green Star shined like a moon
Captain pointed at that phenomenon, said:
Ellias, wake! From now this monster is a goon!

Written by Ellias Anderson
in corroboration with:

Captain Cur

Affectation Of My Wiles, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Dear Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
you tempt me with challenges
as tart as they are sweet.
If indifference wills your mind
and deems my words uncouth
I officiously entrain
though your heart remains aloof.
With affectation of my wiles
and preponderance of guilt
the black rose I laid at your feet
shall bleed but never wilt.

Captain Cur

Affront To Your Lips, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,
the sea a pooling teardrop on your cheek,
I seek to navigate that flowing tear
though bluffs of treachery must soon appear
whose cliffs resist the reaching water's height
sustaining privilege through the mask of night;
my heart cannot propose to be alive
if I remain unequal in your eyes,
better I be slain by English ships
than to be an affront to your lips.

Captain Cur

Ageless Fancy

When I turn to her, all my heart conveying
these simple words that her love has deemed
in this gentle light with soft shadows playing,
a quiet sleep envelopes me in dreams.
Ageless fancy, youthful as her beauty seemed,
lone chaste wanderings, of these flights I speak
which threads a path along a golden beam;
though my words come halting, my vision weak,
to know her mind, what greater purpose can I seek?

Captain Cur

All That Came Have Come Before Me

All that came have come before me
beacons lighting from the past,
streams run swiftly down the mountain
rocks worn smoother as they pass.
Forests overgrown in wonder;
trees pressed up against the sky,
flowers teaching ways of beauty
to the sun's all seeing eye.
All I am and I becoming
carried like the seeds of spring
growing in the breath of summer
covered by the falling leaves.
Then in stillness I departing
chilled by the cold winter's breeze,
all that came have come before me
water lilies on the stream.

Captain Cur

All Things Unknown, (From: Love Letters)

Distancing myself from familiarity
of action I strike out with servitude of mind;
to waylay your love, feel your passionate presence,
listen to you speak lost in the depth of your words,
touch the brushstrokes of your thoughts, confounding reason,
watch your aura as it glows in layered richness,
bow before the privilege of your enlightened touch
stimulating and evolving all things unknown.

Captain Cur

Am I Dead To Your Heart My Fearsome Queen

Am I dead to your heart, my fearsome queen,
will these battle scars heal without a trace?
I fought thy wars more years of pain await
to wake me from this nightmare that I dream.
I thread my wounds and count the days unseen,
neither sun nor moon will shine on me their grace
here darkness thrives within thy cold embrace;
I turn my eyes from what thou once had been.

A beacon glares, its weak light growing strong
for many nights I prayed to understand
does fate decide to whom my love belongs
and why I crave thy warm yet loveless hand;
the wind, the heat, the waves this hellish urge
to bludgeon hope, is this thy love's command?

Captain Cur

An Amusing Find

I went and found myself a muse
one revered in the ancient hymns,
her presence small and spirit bright.
I cannot refuse her slightest whims.

I fell in love with what I found,
she was far; yet, within my reach,
it was the contact of that touch
that bound my flesh and winsome speech.

It wasn't conquest that I sought,
just love, not war, this truth survives,
my words that pageant throughout time
complete surrender best describes.

The words I write are slowly formed
lettered by years of silent mind
that listened deep and rarely spoke
you now awoke with lessoned time.

Captain Cur

Anoints My Love

Falling prey to the salt mist's husky scent
I place my lips and kiss your troubled hand,
the waves reach your feet and slowly relent
garnished with the specks of the rolling sand;
each grain blinking, retracing where you stand
my ocean of want outlined in the waves
corridors of time where my life is spent
wondering will you ever love this man,
upon my shoulders the cold burning blade
anoints my love while the grains slowly wash away.

Captain Cur

Anthem Of The Waves

To the anthem of the waves
we sailed the western winds;
time not measured by the days
but by our countless sins,
what prayerful act could redeem
and spare us from our plight
unclean thoughts in evil breed
devoid of any light.

Men composed of marrow bone
and rotting pungent flesh
standing like salt pillared stone
dead weight upon the deck
though at times it did appear
that blood flowed through their veins
with each heartbeat loathe to bear
the apex of its pain.

Would our Captain bargain more
for joy or lasting death?
Memories of oaths we swore
burned pounding in our breast,
and the endless stage of sleep
relinquished in our haste,
chequered words we pledged to keep
now bound us to our fate.

Then the great ship lit the sea!
A thousand lanterns strong!
Whale oil flamed in high degree
in rows from bow to stern,
each man stationed at his task
and worked as duty called,
on this first night none dared ask
the name of him they served.

To be continued...

Captain Cur

Anthem Of The Waves, Part 2, (The Figurehead)

Startled by a sudden glow
that spread across the sea
not from lamps in decks below
like two small moons they gleamed;
a female form tightly lashed
bore wings with thorny spine
to her breast a shield was clasped
that challenged earth and sky.

Her pale white arms seemed alive
enfolded on the bow
though her hair was streaked with brine
shone bright her golden crown.
In her hands a short broad sword
that cut the angry swells
swirling round in slimy froth,
the waste the deep expels.

Opaque pearls adorned her head
and through the day she'd sleep,
in the dusk of crimson red
all men could hear her weep.
As if a spell cast from high
inflamed her silver hair
every breath and softest sigh
perfumed the midnight air.

With her gown our dreams would flow
and glimmer on the waves
and her eyes beautiful glow
would turn us from our way.
Thus we planned to free her from
the forefront of our ship
trapped in pain she often moaned
and burned in sun and pitch.

Our Captain warned, 'Leave her be!
No kindness will you find!
Do not set the creature free!

Who can know her mind? '
So determined in our choice
we cut her from the boards,
all desirous of the voice
that sang the maiden song.

She was larger than supposed;
we hauled with all our strength,
words of truth that we opposed
would judge for our offense.
We laid her on a silken cloth
in longing for her kiss
then the great ship veered from course
commanded by her lips.

Captain Cur

Antithesis Of My Soul, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Dear Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
it is in this impracticality
of one condemned to inferior class
that I should vehemently beseech
your love, however vilified or tasked
my place, and loathe your hospitality;
here I hesitate at your chambers door,
where your voice articulates or destroys
that which I have freely given,
I rule you supine and lie
with the antithesis of my soul.

Captain Cur

Aoide! What Glistens On Thy Lips?

Aoide, long hast thou suffered in thine art,
my love attests to unseen pleasing's that thou brings
thy mortal host, though immortal be thy heart!
Aroused by song remove thy shroud and sing
sensual notes beyond my coarse imaginings.
What glistens on thy lips? Initiate my ears,
to my eyes thy fingers strum all the more enticingly;
beyond the passion of my youthful years,
beyond this flesh, bound to the music of thy lyre.

Captain Cur

Aoide, Femininity Thy Power And Thy Strength

Aoide,
Daughter of gods! Muse of men!
For my mortality shed not a tear
though on thy ruins I lie in great despair,
I know this place, fruitfulness and knowledge
blend thine art championing its righteous cause.
I see the gentle slope near the hill where Bacchus
stood in thy shadow and paused, his voice silent,
his chin dripping with wine shattered by thy song.
Lesser gods bedeviled, the wind thy breath,
femininity thy power and thy strength.
In poetic works humble thoughts grow bold
but music adds dimension to the soul.
I look upon this visage and handless arm,
time can never mar an ageless form
shameless in its purity and charm.
In the heavens thy shape stridently wove
entwined by stars thy memory thus enthroned.

Captain Cur

Aoide, If I Can Only Master But One Line

Aoide,
Within this crumbled page, all hell for me,
my youthful passion fades in steep decline,
words do falter; then, I awake in thee!
If I can only master but one line
my mortal heart can win thy love divine.
I take my knife and make these verses bleed,
not saint nor king can halt the flow of time;
to know thy bed, should all the Fates decree
to own the heart that will my master be.

Captain Cur

Aoide, Silken Is The Falling Moon

Silken is the falling moon
her light gently cast above this place
Aoide's crumbling shrine,
I touch these stones and think of her
and reach out toward the sky;
bright evening clouds declining
moonlight fills her eyes.

Captain Cur

Aoide, What My Life Cannot Confirm Will My Death Deny

In this subtle light the lakes and streams entwining
shadows sparring round the moon, a single beam is cast
upon these ruins, ancient songs of men enshrining,
echoes sounding from the hills of all thy lovers past;
"Be I not thy first to love be I then thy last."
The fields are grey, all is gone, save this lone desire
to place my lips on thy cold brow lying in this cask;
to hear thy voice, know thy lips circling me in fire
clawing at the marble slate my echo rising higher.

Is it love or madness that holds me in this spell,
what my life cannot confirm, will my death deny?
In my simple lines of verse does a sadness dwell,
joy is a visceral state does not reason why?
As I ponder on my fate, did I hear thee sigh?
If my words have any poise, any charms to sell
rise up from thy barren tomb, open up thine eyes!
The echoes cease with a breath, breathe deep and expel,
we shall claim this gladsome earth where gods and men rebel.

Captain Cur

Apollo's Chariot Gracefully Recedes

Where do I begin in this poetic
pleasantness that has run askew,
tall bright trees flowering in their beauty,
a wanderlust of colors,
crimson, white, green and blue
their blossoms streaming with rivulets of dew.
The shrouded forests,
the majestic willow's drooping arms,
sweetbrier, thistle and sharp scented pines
carpeting pathways
to an enormous woodland shrine.
All creatures welcome, all received therein,
devoid of hatred, devoid of primordial sin.
Here enfolded, here amassed
in ritualistic perfection, heads bowed,
grazing in silence on the rich verdant grass.

Untamed branches garlanded in red
streak across the leaf covered fullness,
daylight spreads corpulent and brisk
feasting on the dawn,
passerines perched wide eyed
eager to start the worship with their song.
In echoes of their voice overtaking
the accompanying music of the breeze,
a ceremony perpetuated from age to age,
breathtaking and elegant, from each to each
transposing their knowledge and their need.
No guilt, none to be forgiven
for they exist not as I, but as we.

Quintessence to be admired and emulated,
perceived and protected so as to understand
our order in the natural world.
As the sun begins its new solstice
Apollo's chariot gracefully recedes
unperturbed, in golden flight
brimming with fire in the settling eve.

Captain Cur

Applaud The Spirit! This Chance Of Life May All My Nature Praise

This chance of life may all my nature praise
nor undermine with a breath unworthy
to breathe this gift tremulous and slowly
becoming one with choices I have made.
Changing but unchanged in age and aging
reward the years in young sincerity
giving more than what I took, so take me,
so I may walk life's final passageways.
When crowned by glory uncrowned in the end
returned to ash, the long eternal rest,
precious things I then sought, but not possess,
self-possession in all my ways attend.
With faith and love in gentleness comply.
Applaud the spirit! turn and turning nigh.

Captain Cur

Armored Hawk Of War

Parapets feint amongst the dawn's cruel violent skies,
blue toned mountain meadows shade brooding endless streams,
mirror lakes engulfing highland weeping pines
disappearing footholds in steep cut sheer faced dreams.

Red spired cathedrals invade the mounting morning mist;
wind borne doves fold feathers; dip, spread wings on whiteness flow
hymns of praise, low octave notes soft lingering sounds persist,
the griffin caws, robust, brown skinned armored hawk of war.

Dense fractal wings, twin bodied beast heralding sunrise;
archers stretch their bowstrings length stone tipped arrows fly,
mystic lion, regal fleshed in monolithic birth,
harnessed pewter saddle rolls, evading slings from earth.

Diving swoops regains the breeze turning quickly falls,
pushing currents, backward strokes then rests within our walls.
Eagle headed, yellow beaked with eyes of piercing grey
climbs the forward bulwark proudly poised in art's decay.

Captain Cur

Arrayed In The Profundities Of Our Age

Let us not digress into ancient patterns
blemishing the luxury of our days,
instead, let us weave a finer satin
clinging to the knowledge that we gain
arrayed in the profundities of our age.
Enrobe yourself in this sweetly scented gift;
beauty deeper than what this world displays,
in these garments we shall co-exist
and mend the seams that set the continents adrift.

Captain Cur

At Ocean's End Her Quiet Beauty Ran

My hopeless thoughts, my helpless words
are wrung from an era of time I still hold dear
and those soft tunes in remembrance sung
whispers a gentleness into my ear.
Sweetly sounds the ancientness of the sea
purling and unforsaken by my eyes,
these themes I have raised so thoughtlessly
enlivens me with the gift of surprise,
first time love embraces, here by my side.
Should I aspire to a deeper truth
at ocean's end her quiet beauty ran
where fissures in the earth burst open wide,
fragrant, cascading, crashing wild eyed
to the place where my faith in self began.
Be I not to humble or proud to ask
surrounded by these worlds of blue,
taught by these waters what innocence knew.
Through the early frost and nights of slumber
I count each day till I reach that number;
this beginning, this gestation of love
from the greatest heights took flight and flew,
should time decay the whiteness of the dove
what death encumbers, oceans of life renew.

Captain Cur

Athena, No Gilded Song As Sweet

O sovereign warrior breathe smooth and calm!
Love! O powerful love! O soothing balm!
This age is gone, these thousand untold years
what wisdom granted garnered by our tears;
on this night, by the light of stars entwined
held in my hand the softness that is thine.
In womanhood esteemed and undefiled;
warm ethereal eyes and a Piscean smile,
patient wisdom, an intuitive gaze
natural beauty regalness displays.
Athena, what pageantry, no gilded song as sweet
by words expressed but never quite complete.
Empowered on the cusp of natal pride
thy victorious face is magnified,
lift this helmet, let fall the gorgon shield,
run free upon the wet grass in the field,
nations rise as quickly as they fade,
Athena, protector of Greece,
rest quietly in thy grave.

Captain Cur

Autumnal Equinox, Weymouth Bay

Autumnal Equinox

Beleaguered on all sides,
fate has dealt me a stifling blow;
yet, I marvel at this precious earth
with the Harvest Moon in tow.

Buffered by the isles brilliant lakes
in the blue tapestries of the sea
the threads of love slip my embrace
and I tremble at what must be.

Weymouth Bay

In late September the last warming rays
inspiring rests on me
nights are the loveliest in Weymouth Bay
protecting me from the sea.

Roving England's southern coast her pliant
chalk downs bedevil my eyes
centuries they stand awash in silence
demurred by the fleckless skies.

Built on the backs of the mineral salts
shallow oceans left behind
carved by the troughs of receding shores
bleeding white in faultless lines.

Majestic I soar with a subtle sight
while climbing green Dorset hills
I view the world from these marvelous heights
where the hands of time lie still.

Captain Cur

Barren Things

If I choose a dying star
and share its stellar light
for in my eyes tiny beams
I am reflecting light right back.

If I write of the single blade
of wilted browning grass
or fields of flowers rain forgot
dried in heat soaked bath.

If I sing of broken wings
or souls that find no rest
to me these are the lovely things
and I hug them to my breast.

As the fragrant petals fall
I stoop to kiss the stem;
if I love the barren things
then I am one of them.

Captain Cur

Battlefield Genius, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Arriving at this juncture between thought and action ?
curious decisions are rife to be made; ?
Lady, loquacious in your speech, with dual impact ?
your liberty of voice bares both novelty and pain, ?
beseeched as your front, 'Battlefield Genius, '?
then dismissed as the lover who lords about your throne. ?
Regardless of my own undistinguished talents?
that I have dutifully and faithfully applied?
or what sufferings of fate I must condone ?
you are my Queen and will be such till I die.

Captain Cur

Beauty Fathomless, Love Poems

Beauty fathomless resplendent deft brim
of mountainous heaving heightened view
as the trees and rock forms visually thin
breathe together cleaved in soft breasted hue.

Caressing her on dark amorous deck
grasping cool moon and feed it to her lips
sweet spiraling waves lick perspiring neck
senses wildly spiked with skin passion's whip.

Claiming ten stars as her necklace charm suns,
each one brightening and aligning space,
breakers crash, cross, rays upwards gently hung
reflecting stellar aspects of her face.

Salty vistas taste the deepening gorge
journey's necklace, pulsing lips, heart this wish
blindness bares uninhabitable shore,
my life ending in her eternal kiss.

Captain Cur

Beauty Of The Crystal Darkness

The beauty of the crystal darkness
languished on my lips
rescinded by the hatred
that launched the vaulted ship;
upon its sail the symbol
of its soulless pagan land;
the whore that gives false pleasure,
the whore that enslaves man.

The beauty of the crystal darkness
infiltrates my veins
injecting the lone pleasure
that has pleased me with pain.
Tracherous is the victor
who routs the mind's resolve
entombed in the emptiness
where hope and love dissolve.

The beauty of the crystal darkness
brandishing delight;
battles score the pagan ship
the whore oars through the night.
Ruin's flag the symbol
its topmast vainly waves;
virulence the compass,
self-destruction plots the way.

Captain Cur

Beds Of Virgin Innocence, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Dear Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
the total conquest of my mind
objectifies belief,
in my hands a ribboned scroll,
it's parchment coarse and dry
the words above your royal seal
deeply wounds my eye.
What decorum or habitat reveals
about survival of my caste;
the potency of unseen lines,
the indignities of class.
With fluency of tongue
unsaid words claim my strength;
you deny me rest
in beds of virgin innocence,
you deny me thought
despising my crude ignorance,
you deny me love
and the complexities I crave
bolting the chambers
of your unused heart
and watch me pound in vain.

Captain Cur

Be-Knighted In Her View, (From: Songbook Of My Heart)

Full moon bears down with her enchanted rays
on oars of light which row a single path
through the course and uncertainty of days
her light unfolds the gateways to the past.

She lulls the immense oceans with her tow
each blade of grass be-knighted in her view,
mountains crowned by the halo of her glow
the tides enthralled by her commanding will.

On nights of these I rest in moonlit coves
gently tasked by the torchlight of her beams,
I call out to the world she ever loved
and sleep in the solitude of her dreams.

Captain Cur

Bewitching Battle On Curdi, Pirate Adventures (16)

Completely reckless, I charged forward
advancing quickly toward her retreating form.
I gazed in concave eyes, her left arm stirred
unimpressed by the fury of my scorn.

I raised my hand and lunged with my knife;
she quickly sidestepped and I felt a blow
befall the right side of my head cold as ice,
stunned, I kissed the ground, then shaken rose.

She was more agile than expected
accomplished with the weapon of her craft,
I was more cautious, feinting, protecting
my flank as the witch spun her deadly staff.

I circled wide looking for a weakness
hunched over keeping my head and body low,
pressing close, hard, then retreating
as her eyes shone with a venomous glow.

I switched knife hands blade in then jutting out;
she countered with unimaginable skill,
I used the uneven stones to create a rout
moving in sharply for the kill.

I grasped her and splayed her upon the altar;
she kicked away my knife cutting her leg,
I attempted strangling with renewed fervor
ridding the world of this treasonous sage.

Powerful spells, words spewing from her lips
hoarse incantations with bedeviling sounds
unknowing I slowly loosened my grip,
her staff knocked me unconscious to the ground.

Captain Cur

Bird Droppings Of Eternity

Time is precisely what we desire it to be
analogous of what we can measure and see,
and time is concise a device as can be
awestruck we look up and marvel in glee
when were hit with the bird droppings of eternity.

Captain Cur

Black Heart Checkered Mate

A disingenuous simple smile
can hide the truth behind a heart
checkered with black guile;
but love is pure
as spring times lure
and will open up the gate
and destroy the guile
behind the smile
of a black heart checkered mate.

Captain Cur

Black Rose Drips With Red, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Dear Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
disregarding all interest
in conciliatory gestures
I send this delicate rose,
with black scented petals,
in the hopes that it should make
a lasting peace.

Distilling an aroma of mystery,
it's slender aborigine stem
lined and edged with jagged thorns
threads and weaves trustingly
reaching outward in the blind,
the essence of dark longing.

Black laced is it's beauty
as my mind envisions
all parts of you;
and sweeter still the outer swell
that I breathe in through my pores,
distinguished by the fragile look
that steals all light and brings me
fallen as I close each empty door.

Charmed by laughter, girlish might,
and the soft windings of your smile
that slings my heart across your lips
where reigns the touch of fire.
Here I lay these desperate words
on the cold side of your bed
and in the depth of soulless hours
this black rose drips with red.

Captain Cur

Black Stallion On The Waves, Pirate Adventures (3)

Rearing in the ocean the black stallion on the waves
gripping the reefs shoreline with her talons and her bays
gleaming in moon shower as she soaks the sunless rays;
hungry haunting hunter, her dark flagstaff shadows day.

Whipped by maelstrom winds that invoke demonic sails;
cloaked by stormy clouds that mute her captive's wails,
polished wood decks coating, dawn's mist breath and icy keel
massive blood stained hands that slowly turn the Captain's wheel.

Sullen and foul tempered when she stalks the open seas
boundless in her beauty as she floats in star ripped breeze
maven malice foaming where she looms from hidden lees
glaring like an eagle in winter's drear, still heartless freeze.

Reeling muscled bay-hound leaps outruns the fleeing ships,
canon ballads bursting with blue blaring lighted tips,
faceless Captain calling as his crew slaves to his lips
upon Cur's pirate war ship cursed and named Malevolent.

Captain Cur

Bloodworth Castle

Bloodworth Castle's spires race
through colored leaves that vary
as sunlight bares its southern face
towering in its glory
along Augustine's tree lined path
I glimpse her fateful treasure
below the rise of Teignbridge Pass
are streams that flow forever.

The moated castle's iron gates
wrought flames in Devonshire,
strong arms that sized and fit the grates
where breadth and height required.
The Tamar River rushes down
to feed her tributaries
then runs her course to Plymouth Sound
and greets the Plym in stages.

Amid the castle's broken walls
her courtyards still bear flowers,
history blemished by the fall
end pages filled with sorrow.
Old legends marching telling tales
from Kingston Downs to Dartmoor,
they walk Augustine's Path each year
to the place their blood was poured.

Captain Cur

Blossom Of My Blood, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Institutions of the divine
lay crumbling on your false shores
with the recalcitrant look of love
I pound on regal doors.

Dear Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
calamitous waves deny me from your reach,
with each indelicate blow I must rise anew
no one gives, all must take
that which is their due.

I bear a gentle flower
that thrives only in the deep
through the blazing days at sea
I suffered it to keep.
I watched it drink the salty brine
that I thinned out with my blood
thought its slender leaves fell off
there arose a tiny bud.
From the darkness in my heart
I thought it's root might spoil
but there it stood straight and white
anchored to it's soil.
I arrive at break of day
and will pull it from the mud
from the garden of my heart
the blossom of my blood.

Captain Cur

Blue Sea Whales, Portrait Poems

Deep shadow forcing rippled surface wake;
defying gravity great blow ships sail,
leaping open water turn sideways break,
splash monolithic lunging blue sea whales.

Whales song ping chords oceanic serenade,
mates hear shrill bare raspy choral rounds,
notes long loud song orchestral thoughts pervade,
clasp hearts fins dart strumming tonal sounds

receding home exposing lone willfulness;
behemoth strength, unnerving length fanning tail
inspiring dreams, mammoth scenes peacefulness,
retiring sun, peripheral moonlit
blue sea whales.

Captain Cur

Breath Of The Divine

Beyond the margin of the bay, outspread
where sea grass drinks and forms a shiny bed
swaying in unison anchored to their roots
in silent beauty bears to us their fruit;
nourished within this alcove's tender keep
simplicity bountiful and deep,
above spindly branches form hidden dens
mangrove forests carved by the ocean glens,
hidden delights, a warm and husky scent
fresh joys that heal the wounds of discontent;
to be in kind with this world forever
mortal earth becomes a lesser heaven,
in calm prescient orbit, unhurried,
bound by excellence, uniformity,
in keeping with its masterful design
bonded in spirit by a breath of the divine.

Captain Cur

Can You Stand To Know? (Love Letters Written To A Lady Of Renown)

A powder keg of diverse emotions,
I return once more to attain the right,
with the florid strength of salient oceans
to destroy the banalities of life.

Those who would harm your husband
no longer pose a threat,
their terms of service a most
inconsequential length.

Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,
all parts of me thrash wildly on your reef.
Within the commonality of man
does outcast flesh disgrace your buttered hand?
Ah! My regent and conquest of my soul,
how much more of me can you stand to know?

Captain Cur

Caped Matadors Reborn, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Epitomizing the grace and elegance of wine
grown in the ancient naves and vineyards of my mind
across the sea I hold your embodiment upright
I watch you slowly darken through long and faceless night
changing hues fermenting in your fancy labeled cage
penetrating blushing reds that deepen as you age.
Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,
should I flesh the juice from grapes this sweet?
Or
should I voice the tales of caped matadors reborn
fighting renowned bulls with gold and platinum horns
gouged to death in frightful contestations of love
wounds of pride, greed, and lust inherent in their blood.
I ponder ways to reach you with my clever witty thoughts
to taste each vintage of your heart, the wines that I have sought,
so I will give these notes to my fleet mercurial god
who wings his way then sudden drunk falls between the clouds.

Captain Cur

Captain Cur

My pirate's flag is wars invitation,
of black canine flesh and blanched human bone.
Flown on rags that defy the nations
atop weathered planks I walk alone.

Native bride, you stand adorned before me,
with salt stained cheeks and moonlit eyes.
My vessel's pride is honed by the cruel sea;
her tall masts reach toward brutal skies.

Broken hulls on ravaged shores, your body near,
my eyes to you resting by my side.
My arms pull fore through all despair,
your body new. I incite the savage love inside.

The sea now calm, small waves that carry,
a forgotten ship through horizons door,
I place your palm on a heart that's weary,
pressed to lips that will love no more.

My trade was culled with a rage that binds me
to the specious hope that I command one day.
My senses dulled by its rabidity
as taunt towropes pull near our prey.

Our grappling hooks hold both ships dear,
murderous screams pierce the fading light,
as pirates look with brine bit tears
on human dreams afloat in the purging night.

I fought my way to his timbered door
that the axe heads broke with fallacious swings.
I chose this day veiled by the battles roar
and wrote the fate that mutiny brings.

With renewed eyes, this unwanted fetus shorn
and hollowed from a whorish womb,
I claimed my prize, amid the tempest's horn,
and hurled him down to a silent tomb.

I was nursed with callous breasts and shunned
by a father's cold, compassionless stare.
I was treated with malice and mercilessly rode
but I would never shed a tear.

I was a beaten dog, his mongrel boy,
not given the dignity of a name,
My spirit strong, though mauled and bereft of joy,
the beast and I became the same.

I now ascend the steps to the splintered deck
and I righteously affirm my hold.
My body wet from his blood and my sweat
as this new journey in my life unfolds,

my flags new crest, my will of stone,
addressed by the name my ears forever must endure.
Black canine flesh, blanched human bone,
in fear they named me captain, their new Captain 'Cur.'

Captain Cur

Captain Pith, Pirate Adventures (5)

Ravishing veils cover thick morning fog,
Pith's lumbering overpriced sleeping log,
boastful English sailors in starched white dress
lollygagging cherish their morning mess.

Malevolent breaks speed and remounts the waves,
bay beast howling as my clear madness raves
ten bronze canons trained on her massive breast
in succession each fires then smoking rests.

I turn starboard toward treacherous shores
two hit mark disrupt Mandrake's mundane chores,
formally introduced by steel and shot
as I outrun her by a swift two knots.

First Mate Pompeii unnerved by my insane act;
'We lain in shadows, why did we attack? '
I lift my black patch and with accursed eye
expose molten demons who glare inside.

Pith assesses damage and his sly foe,
I revel in my astounding first blow,
overeducated, pompous, perfumed jewel,
reckless, lawless, brazen pirate fool.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, A Sweet Formed Melody (2)

My beautiful Queen, prisoner of fate,
How cold these bars that lock this mighty gate;
But do not rest uneasy in thy cage
Though years be long thy heart must not dismay.
I hear a song, a sweet formed melody
That once graced thy lips, sing it then for me
In voice as pure that blends with nightingales'
Beneath this moon, a sight we both can share.
Despair not, I hold a wild blossom,
Though frail, it fought and reached out for the sun,
Despite heat and winter's frost it became,
Opening itself to this earth through hope and pain.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, A White Sorceress From Above (21)

Destiny is here, thy star is risen
The sun has set on thy vacant prison!
Thou has been brought forth with untamed power;
Thy spirit screams reliving each lost hour,
Screams heard thundering a thousand gaits
On warhorses black eyed and iron faced
Sweat glinting on their long muscular backs
Creating huge dust storms swirling in their tracks
Flying with steely purpose and resolve
Swarming the castle walls circling round,
Nostrils of blue hot fire flaring high
Conjuring a robed being in the sky
An ominous presence felt from above,
Thy White Sorceress beckoned, now has come!

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Behind The Veil Of Divinity (11)

Returning to that age of dreamy youth
Reigniting integrity and truth
I questioned every flower, every bird that flew
So I might gleam the knowledge that they knew,
That tyrant, fate, I thought to have control
And that it had no grip upon my soul,
That in words of beauty I could create
A pageantry that would not dissipate;
Words to lift the veil of divinity,
Words to bring all thy queenly love to me.
These words were crafted by my every breath
Passion's expectation surmounting death,
In this mangled forest of my life
Preening only pleasure and never strife,
In the bumbling weakness of my haste
Bewildered by its harsh and bitter taste
And every word a word resembling thee,
Thy veil was lifted, behind stood only me.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Cast In Velvet And In Steel (9)

By all the mercies fate has stamped its seal
And cast thy heart in velvet and in steel;
In velvet then both softness and delight,
In steel thy raised sword gleaming in the light,
For both are as one, though dissimilar
Crafted in excellence to touch and shield.
Thy spirit's flame imbued in thee at birth
A beacon to guide this wayward earth,
If then to ask what difference can thou make
Look! Mountains tremble and the earth does quake.
Days of war have been brought down upon us
Our bones and blood spur our horses rush
Thy hair streaming in continuous air
In waves of pageantry, in waves of fear!

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Crawling Vipers (3)

In faith and hope, heralds of endeavor
Believe! And hold them in thy heart forever.
Should unfeeling walls dim thy bright array
Freed thoughts gather giving life to gray
Though thy world shattered, dearly held to thy breast,
Birds must fly to escape their tiny nest.
Crawling vipers through hateful dark eyes see
But taste not sweet fruits, fruits that grow in thee!

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Death Grants A Final Wish - Epilogue (2)

A fire brimming in the wilderness
Glowing warm and inviting, white marble
Walls formed by forgotten crafts and towers
Conversing with insurgent suns unknown,
Only exceeding their strength are their height
Overlapping bands in rings of delight
Mightily adventurous in their prime
Bridging the foothold between earth and sky.

Parapets staunchly displayed in weaving
Squares, lining perimeters, and seeding
Themselves through the paths of live mountain stone,
Invading junipers and marigolds
Cloning new buds of imagination
In rife gardens of growth and gestation,
Where honor and valor are interknit
like the ivy that encompasses it,
Strengthened by many intertwining stems
Steadfast, viridescent as emeralds.

Spires imbued with cross knit tracery,
Pointing, peering into lamp filled skies,
Whimsical, floating aft of clouds serene
Attaching stubbornly to the sunlit beams.
Mosaics scamper above marquee floors
Meeting the eye through creaking thick hinged doors
Occidental dances most rarely seen
Within each other's arms as if in dream.

I stand level with living things below
Where the basest instrumentation's call
Shrill notes resounding, cradling me back
With the future coalescing with the past,
In this present, thoughts and joy cannot die
Trapped within the folds of eternity.
Beneath this pale moonlight luxury waits
For what is lesser, simpler to my taste.

There the castle vaults the earthy sill
Embowered in twilight's climactic still.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Entwined In Evening Song, Everlasting Dance (7)

When we met as strangers in day's first light
Thy spirit's auric glow washed across my life,
In speech unsteady struggling with each breath
I as one with thee, bonded to thy flesh.
In that still morning, that eternal June
Naked flowers shivering bathed in morning dew;
Thy lips glistening, moist and fresh and full,
All things awakening! All was beautiful!
Should I never wake from thy music's trance
Entwined in evening song, everlasting dance,
Shall I never falter, shall I always reach,
When together in our graves then our dance will cease.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Evil Appears Beneath Thy Stolen Crown (1)

Captive Queen,
Long have I sought thee, ageless one,
Thy kingdom to weep for and gaze upon.
Thy fortress crumbled, flags and standards shorn
Our people erased as if never born,
Our names forgotten banished for all time
Worse than human death is the death of pride.
Walls, ancient gilds hallowed in sacred ground,
Land, our forefathers bled for and died upon.
Thy reign has withered, the grass dead and brown,
Evil appears beneath thy stolen crown.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Fountains Of Mind Drenched In Poetry - Epilogue (3)

Young doe peer through the spectacle of night
And graze before the gates absorbing moonlight,
Speckled ones by their haunts in drowsy sleep
A natural calmness age cannot teach
For the hours wither in slow decay
And whose hand can retrieve a wasted day.
Harmonizing with the castle's living
Soul, I separable my conscious being
For then it and I must thrive together
Perhaps for greater purpose weathering
The natal tide of stars as they ascend
On the cusp of the blue glossy heavens.
Should they linger on their fire riddled shores
In jubilation touching their paramours
Shuttering in crimson ecstasies
Extinguished in massive waterless seas
Possessing me, possessing all of it,
Arriving at the circumference of bliss
Spinning forever, to love and to live
Graciously dying, their fierce light to give.

Exposing night, sun rippling awakens
In the fresh dew of honeyed morning breath
Languorous love quenching its thirst, catching
each dropping kiss, inaudible the moans
Falling upon the closed mouth sizzling stones;
Utterances to sweet for melody
Flow in and through the castled walls, echoing
thrilling tones which zigs like a wayward dart
Straight to the center of my transfixed heart.

Why must I choose between heaven and hell
Though passion watered from this brimstone well
As confusing as these dual roles must be
Fountains of mind are drenched in poetry
Gushing words beneath a flamboyant sun,
The two must commit together as one

With both passionate and spiritual aim,
Neither light or dark, nor selfless or vain.

With these simple words my heart consuming
Every line of beauty exposed in truth,
In the matrix of an expanding flame
Is not its core being engulfed in pain?
Disturbing as a sullen willful grief
Like creeping ice hardening deep beneath
On what wings can I take flight, what can pierce
The glaciers of a static universe?
Moves me to fear overshadowing death
The annihilation of will, of breath,
Struggling to reach that charismatic fire
I wake, I rise, I dream, I desire!

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Idle Dreams We Coax (5)

Only in death can one perfectly see
The scores of lives awash in misery
Seemly encounters, an unwise approach
The wasted days or idle dreams we coax,
My Queen, thou hast no other vaulted name
Nor shall thy circumstance bring undue shame
For as one will rise above another
Feelings of superiority smother
Those gentle hearts who believe solely in thee
And in thine soft eyes thy true equals be.
Let us pay our debts forward to this world
And break our enemies beneath thy flag unfurled.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, In Calamitous Flame (15)

When this moonlight fades, then we both shall weep,
The day will takes its course, the sun will sleep,
Can thou see the sun and moon in eclipse?
Darkness shadows thy brow, thy heart, thy lips;
Settling as a warm wind grazing the sea
Alighting slowly, gently upon thee,
Upon thy lips, thy softest breath to feel
This planetary moment love did seal
As the moon absorbs sun's radiant glow
The fullest power of thy kiss to know!
I, one with thee in calamitous flame,
To me a momentous circumstance came
Forever burning, lighting each new morn,
Radiating in splendor like the dawn
Bridging every obstacle to thy lips
My soul reincarnated through thy kiss.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, In The Fires Of Immortality (8)

Fervor has touched me!
What should I dare? How I am lifted! How
As I ascend in blinding faith avow
My love for thee? This joyous truth made clear
By all my breaths uncounted, all thy words revered!

Among these stars the pilots of our fate
Their guidance comes, I pray them not to late,
Here to adore or be adored by thee
In the fires of immortality,
Those fires burn pledged to the divine,
In all their brilliance can but one compare with thine?

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, In The Wholeness Of Love A Kingdom Be (24, Conclusion)

On green and golden fields I walk with thee
Pausing beneath the shadow of a tree,
Whose leaves are absorbing the sun's hot rays
where we rest in ease on this pleasant day.
I know these things to be not what they seem
I walking with thee in a waking dream;
If I could remain never would I wake
With thee, my queen, in endless walks to take.
With thy fingers stroking the verdant grass
we soon rise and scale the high mountain pass
Together creating scenes of immense
Pleasure in colors delighting the senses;
Alive, vivid, in portraits of desire
Expansive landscapes tinged with golden fire,
Mountains of red rock framed against the blue
Ever climbing till their peaks retreat from view
Canvased with layers of white cloud drifts
The mountains straining appearing to lift
Themselves from their earthly bonds creating
Gapping chasms where they once stood, quaking
As they move hither to new realms staking
Out claims and reestablishing footholds,
Perhaps in climes not as barren or cold.
And I with thee, no longer chained or bound
Freed from the burdens of thy heavy crown.
But so much more could I create for thee
In the wholeness of love a kingdom be
And in this wholeness a sovereign light
Illuminating the span of immortal nights,
These immortal nights in wholeness with thee
Where even the mountains long to be free.
I place my claim around this peaceful rill
And grasp time in my hand and hold it still
That thou might breathe today in freest breath
Escaping the grip of purposeless death,
Death that came to thee on that fated day
And stole thou from me, imprisoned away,

I feel the soft touch of thy hand in mine
Releasing ourselves to the wretchedness of time.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Is There No Prize I Can Conjure With My Speech (17)

It is not enough, as my words pour forth
To give thee heaven, hell and all the earth;
Is there no worldly treasure that thou seek
Or no prize I can conjure with my speech?
What can I lay before thine earnest eyes
But simple thoughts my words of love comprise.
These thoughts raining from a heavenly high
Collecting in a darkened evening sky
To fill every thundering cloud with storm
The wind howling with its brazen horn
Bright lightening bursts form dazzling towers
Glowing in love torn idyllic showers.
Should my letters wander lost around this globe
May they always encase thee in their fold
And if opened may their influence blend
Love's beginning with its ultimate end
And in thy heart one feeling they might sway
Around thy sphere of being in this way
Eclipsing thee, a stronger steady light,
Nor thou disdain their smaller borrowed might.
Will they blossom in full maturity
their future undetermined save by thee
So the product of their goodness be fierce
Touched by the fires of the universe
streaking like comets engulfed in flame
In a world of fragility and pain;
Composed in adoration, in calm breath
Rekindling life in the realm of death;
In godless worship, in nature's wild
Beneath a witching tree these letters piled
Where I give thee all my heart can offer
Burning in sacrifice on love's heathen altar.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Passionately Beating A Blood Red Sea (23)

Twin hearts are both alike and beat in kind
One with the other in synchronous time
Their vessels both a roadmap and a guide
Flowing like the waves of a restless tide;
Here my ambience is diffused through thee
Passionately beating a blood red sea
Where all my impulses will stop and start
In the center of thy magnetic heart.
Where sweet liquid splendor mingle and blend
Reforming as two, on each to depend,
Ecstatic sequence in alternate sway
Pulsing in love tones mysterious way.
Rejoicing in the twinning of marrow!
Coursing passageways both broad and narrow
Immersed in heraldry, thy royal blood
Filling all chambers together as one.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Randomness Varies But Never Selects (13)

If the lighthouse fails all lost ships are wrecked
randomness varies but never selects,
To know thy love, as mistress or as friend
These are choices to rebuke or commend,
Traveling together on this lonely road
With each pulse, each breath, every beat a code,
I walk upon the threshold of the dead
With every wary footstep that I thread,
I cannot be a threat or jealous foe
Just numbed if I should taste rejections blow.

True love's offering is like molded clay,
One form may give the other takes away,
Yet, a fluid body hides within the ice
And patiently awaits the sun's warm light.
If I could mold love, squeeze it to my taste
Where the image in my dreams slowly takes its shape,
If I could frame it only in my eyes
Though I die a thousand deaths it will never die.

If love must follow its own sacred law
From what scholarly manuscripts does it draw,
From noble to baser to the impure,
Does it diminish or does it endure?
A high criteria for happiness
Deciding rejection or acceptance,
Once instituted how long will it stay,
Timeframes for when it is consumed away
Bundled in feelings and serious thought
Can it be borrowed or can it be bought?
If it can be bought, then whom does it serve,
Does it show weakness, how strong is its nerve,
Does it understand all that it creates
Does it give pause, take time to contemplate?
But never questions whose heart it will fill
And never mentions those hearts it has killed!

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Rhapsodies Of A Holistic Foreign Sun (22)

Could I describe her eyes of flaming blue
Deep set beneath her cloak and velvet hood
Each flicker would pull my sight in deeper
To the very heart of the pulsing heat,
Within that blinding core encircling spun
Rhapsodies of a holistic foreign sun
Caught in the burning essence of the spin
A sun of like power, a solar twin,
And the blue gave way to reddening fire
The twin stars then burning ever higher
My spirit scorched, my flesh melting away
Mesmerized by my own startling decay.
Purged by the magnificence of her light
I was aflame, yet, paining in delight.
Wisps of whitest hair dazzlingly shone
And her cheeks of a smooth elfish tone,
With her hands she drew back her hood, her face
Exposed, if only I could write that grace,
Perfectly sculpted Hellenic lips
Unconsciously launching a thousand more ships,
Features beauteous, staggering and pure
A benign being immaculately contoured
Created in the secret dreams of man
Lavishly painted by a million hands.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Sanctified By Thine Eyes (18)

Scorn not these rash impulses bursting forth
That I have written on a blessed cloth
To be read and sanctified by thine eyes;
Should they prove wanting, unworthy to scribe
Then I will knead them back into my heart
With love's clay to remold them, to impart
A significance accomplished by deed
For is this not the true test of love's seed
That may be watered by the sparsest rain
But requiring deepest oceans to maintain.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Stewarded To The Earth And Sapphire Sea (14)

Tonight the moon is new and spreads her light
And weaves between the clouds of milky white,
Does she dream? Does she love like me?
Stewarded to the earth and sapphire sea.
Is she impassioned, has she lost her way?
This minor luminary unseen by day;
While her soft beams infuse the midnight air
Honeysuckle and jasmine linger there,
In my lungs these different scents to know
Within my eyes her dreamy mystic glow.
I bathe in the properties of this light
Enchanted by her swift and steady flight
Through the tangled trees she will make her run
Outflanking the sinking yellow sun,
Traveling higher still on her horseless ride
Ascending to where earth and sky divide,
Is she not queen of these heavenly isles?
On airy ships that float and sail for miles,
Then hanging low bursting in orange flame
Transforming herself, yet, still one the same.
Can I contain myself, a sight this rare,
The power of a changing oblong sphere!

My Queen,
Imagining thee in fertile fields of thought
Thou art all I think, all I ever sought,
Therein grow my compulsions uncontained
Pulsing throughout my nerves in sanguine pain.
Thy slender wrists shackled, thy trust betrayed
Dishonorably served, then shuttered away;
But, there is that hope, hope that thoughts can free,
When thy spirit sleeps, mine dost sleep with thee.

The night falls with a melancholic gloom
A precursor of prophecy and doom
As doomed as I, alone, without thy warm embrace,
As doomed as thee, no precious moon

to shine its light upon thy face.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Submerged In Waves Of A Flowering Sea (16)

While branches leaf and bloom in budding love,
Canopies pierced with light from high above
And the breathing tree's aerations are spread
Beyond limits of their green forest bed
Here my mind splinters in the drifting air
With hints of pine and oak lingering there
Penetrating the deepest parts of me
Submerged in waves of a flowering sea.
Where I hear thy voice, thy sweet spirit sound
Vocalizing itself whispering round
Or a clever deceit of this faint breeze
Tantalizing me through the brustling leaves!
I stood and prayed the coming of the night,
I no longer part of this living light
For hours I wandered, dreamed and lay
And pressed myself against the earthen clay.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Tears I Could Never Tame (12)

But thy tears were tears I could never tame
The warm droplets of a feverish rain
Acquiring them in this pain of flight
A small creature scavenging thru the night.
I carry this burden of desire
And walk upon the coals of burning fire,
All the treasures I once held high and dear
Quickly spinning off this revolving sphere
Reduced to foraging, no seeds to plant,
To never sign my mark or leave my stamp;
In these pits the flames forever fanned,
My honor and great armies both disbanded,
I, a mere shadow trapped within the shade,
A lifeless being something that will fade,
Alive with paling flesh and blood unseen,
A skeletal creature that can no longer bleed!

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, The Seat Of Love's Unrest (10)

From the wellspring of thy tears life will start;
Collecting, pooling, spilling over top,
From those drops our bloodline will be saved
Redeemed by faith, the glory of thy reign.
Thy tears will water the brown wilting grass
Wherein flows the memory of the past,
In those streams this sweet elixir flowing
Down thy cheeks beneath this full moon glowing;
What then issues forth, takes away one's sense
In that barren place, the seat of love's unrest,
Where I stand between sky and the abyss,
Charmed by its deep pervasive emptiness.
There my sword, my shield all my honors lay
In this pit of nothingness and decay,
I stand a naked man before thy eyes
Stripped of my knighthood, dignity and pride,
And time itself circling around me flies,
From the empty seat I can hear love cry;
"She will never place her hand in thine!
Choose the abyss and forever be mine! "

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, The Torch Of Woman (4)

Pride of Heaven! Blessed earth, in human
Form Seraphs came to light the torch of woman
And honor her child, thy goodly Queen,
For life and love till death's mortality.
To those thy captors this eternal curse;
Lost spirits in a lamp less universe,
No moon behind the clouds, no breaking dawn,
No calming waves to soothe eternal storms,
No reflections thus, no spiritual mirror
To view their souls to ease the nights of terror,
No days of splendor, no bountiful sun,
Nor Him in glory to gaze their eyes upon.
Though the world may be obscure to thee now
For there our moon will beam behind this cloud,
We will say the words, sing our sacred song,
We will arm strong men, fight against this wrong,
We will triumph and shall champion through
And turn the pale skies to the richest blue,
These gifts bestowed, emblazoned in our eye,
Victory awaits, thy reign shall never die!

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Thou Shalt Ride With Me (19)

The day is come and thou shalt ride with me
On blood martyred for all eternity,
The gods have answered our desperate calls
Amassing armies beneath thy castle walls;
Its stone turret's forever watchful eyes
Rising in legions against a hopeful sky,
Throughout generations sturdily built
Impregnable in an age of conflict
Of enormous size, density and girth
Cut from stones mined from the bowels of the earth,
With our sweat and blood this mortar was lain
A colossal achievement of agony and pain.

And further inside the circular keep
Beauteous gardens abounding in deep
Foliage, unimaginable colors,
scintillating pinks numerous as stars;
White, yellows, reds, multicolored striped roses
Awakening in soft pedaled beds, posing
For the sun to picture them in her light
Oozing out fragrance perfuming the night.
Ancient trees, weeping willows, oaks and pines
Deeply encircled with the rings of time
Lining the passage to thy castle's door
Lovingly entwined on their carpeted floor
Marveling at the tricks of a stealthy breeze
Chastising the laughing gossiping leaves.

Further still beyond the gardened flowers
Grand paths to walk, to pass the courtly hours
With hidden trails that lead to watered grottoes
Where one may contemplate in sweet repose
Rethinking thoughts in perfect clarity
Reimagining one's true destiny,
Arriving to where a soft voice beckons
Not one brutally voiced by the starry heavens.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Virgin Priestess - Epilogue (1)

With all my exultations clear and bright
In perpetual notes exceeding delight
A complete intensive ravenous joy
Fulfilling passions of an awe struck boy;
There my castle standing a waiting bride
Unveiled for the sole pleasure of my eye.
This my home, this towering loveliness
Redounding beauty by its own excess,
Untouched, unsullied, a virgin priestess
Standing alone on its virtuous isle
With a delicious petulant smile
Unfolding itself, each new glory seen
Stoked by bluing skies atop hills of green.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Weary Wanderer That Shines Afar (6)

Caged bird, cruel hands have clipped thy outstretched wings
But no dissonance to these notes thou sings,
Once sung even the lips of death will smile
Forgetting all, as it scythes for endless miles,
And in thy realm a mindful happiness
Delivering the weakest and oppressed.
Gilded Queen, thou has become a lonely star
A weary wanderer that shines afar;
For what sins in this cell must thou atone
Those cold chains rattle upon thy very throne,
Evil takes refuge in this beloved light
And hawks feverish lies for its own delight,
Thy hands that the harp strings taught to play
Calloused by labor strum the chords of pain;
But, still a note may play that derives from simple pleasure
In chords of love my heart can hear but can never measure.

Captain Cur

Captive Queen, Wings Of Love Transcending The Night (20)

I am nestled in thy warm harbor now
A smile just below thy arching brow
Spreading little waves creeping near the shore
Pushing sparkling shells from the ocean floor.
In every tiny facet, wide eyed
Water diamonds glinting in the skies.
And then I ask, "Wilt thou set my heart free,
This knightly sea mariner on bended knee?"
"Or wilt thou sail and leave thy royal nest
For purple isles residing in the west?"
"Or take wings of love transcending the night,
In matchless beauty deemed, in matchless flight?"
"Or shalt I administer to the sea
A hermit crab for all eternity?"
"Or remain in thy harbor, aloof and good
Practicing the fine art of solitude?"
Though boundaries abide they are not clear
through the mist I scent thy lavender hair
and should my speech grow bold and bolder
once youth strays, wisdom grows old and older;
Then if I could choose for thee a fitting home
Of ever changing tides and towering stone
I would build thee a castle in the skies,
And listen for the advent of the eagle's cry,
With multitudinous fountains and ponds
Be speckled with the gleam of diamonds;
All through the turrets green ivy winding
In leafy pleasantness inching, climbing
And colossal columns and learned halls
Lined with magnificent spraying fountains
And court thee with the song of nightingales,
In melodious notes that glide on air
And in the abundance of lemon scented showers
We will seed the clouds with ever floating flowers,
Junipers, marigolds, black eyed susan's peek,
No days cumbersome, their aromas sweet
And savory enticing all the brain

In mastery of ourselves, in mastery of pain.
For this world only in our dreams to keep
And build in the elemental rhythms of sleep.

Captain Cur

Capturing All Your Love, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Attaining a significant satisfaction
from the whimsical parody of your fleet words
I will refrain from all lesser womanly attractions
assigning my due diligence to whatever
verbose pleasures you may afford.

Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,
each infectious word you sound now invades my sleep.
Would I be that trifling pawn shunned at your front door
as I steadfastly march elated by our war,
achieving one final step to the ending square
transfigured by the queening light christening your hair
emboldening my kingly pride I rise with rapid breath
capturing all your love in our game of chess.

Captain Cur

Carnal Sultry Chords, Pirate Adventures (15)

Devoid of shelter; clamoring to surface the pit,
quenching fires stoked by years of seeded vengeance,
suffocating in pain, I climbed back upon the tip
spewing curses at my involuntary penance.

The beast resisting, retreating to its heartless cage,
its strongholds breached by years of cowardice and deceit,
I viewed the carnage left by its knifelike clawing swage
amid the ruins stumbling forward on unsteady feet.

Corpses of mummified witches hacked into fragments,
stone statues of cloven beasts with arms and heads detached,
I was destroying monuments of ancient worship,
yet; still the angel child crawled on her destined path.

I viewed the Priestess, her face hideous and deformed,
layered with years of desuetude and wormy decay.
I no longer deceived by her carnal sultry chords.
I pulled my knife and venomously swore she would pay.

Captain Cur

Chided By The Book, (Loquacious Thoughts)

Do you play the trifling pawn
or the assassin's rook
laying heads before your Queen,
she of loquacious speech, ?
begging forgiveness from the robes,
chided by the book,
or killing off the champion Knight
so you may charm his seat?

Loquacious

Captain Cur

Choked By Chords Of Pained Insistence

I drift in dreams of lucid song
voices sounding in the distance,
paused notes rise aggregate and long
choked by chords of pained insistence.

Refrains pulsed somber with regrets
heaving sighs in the wake of morn
each bar then measured for effect
above the dismal pall of dawn.

Captain Cur

Christopher's Rime Royal To Isabella

Let us not forsake the south westerly breezes
that spreads far to those countries both fabled and fair,
warm weather climes escape the harsh winter freezes
that will never detain us or follow us there.

Great adventure awaits with much knowlege to share;
O! What gifts we will garner in blue foreign skies,
here the natives are friendly with bright gleaming eyes.

Spain! This glorious triumph finely depending
on our will and resolve, by the strength of our faith,
turmoil below, the storms of heaven descending;
Isabella! fair weather turns, we must sail in hast!
In the name of our Lord, by the blood of the saints!
Victorious shouts on their first maiden voyage;
christened, the Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria!

Captain Cur

Clouds Above Olympia

Grandest creature marble white
rearing proudly in thy time
the clouds above Olympia
thunder with thy stride;
enormous hoofs of white and grey
eyes of fiercest black,
nostrils flaring in a rage
who dares mount thy back!

Captain Cur

Coconspirator Of Love, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

I take your hand and feel your pressing palm
grasp lustful insurrections of my mind
vestiges of hope spur my wills resolve
to raid within the passages of pride.

Lady, loquacious in your speech,
waves of wantonness comb your sanguine beach
tiny sighs of pleasure intently coax
maddening desperation to my strokes,
if this act sent from the heavens above
then hell the coconspirator of love.

Captain Cur

Come Night These Eves, Villanelle

Come night these eves I count you long ago
years breathed in by the cold nostrils of time
memories lost in sunset's burning glow.

Setting fast though the spectrum colors slow
spanning wings death's bright archways soon arise
come night these eves I count you long ago.

Gates and paths these drifting rings bestow
life streams rushing where heart and thought collide
memories lost in sunset's burning glow.

In this wealth of light penchant and alone
my spirit walks and haltingly replies
come night these eves I count you long ago.

Terrified by the beauty that's unknown
I pass a torch extinguishing my mind
memories lost in sunset's burning glow.

Carried by windless sails that ever blow
I retreat from a world that once was mine
come night these eves I count you long ago
memories lost in sunset's burning glow.

Captain Cur

Come Young Pirates, Part I - Around, Around The Pilgrim Sun

"Come young pirates, let's drink our fill!
Let's test our hearts, let's test our skill!
Fortune's current will lead our way
Look no more to the crimson bay.
The sun will peek its blazing head;
The sea will count its countless dead,
Fear not the darkness or the shade
Forged in the light our likeness made.
Courage our distant fathers borne
Upon us now our deeds must earn."

"Captain! We hear the oceans call
Through the mist and black tidal wall.
We are ready, let's make all haste
So few years does a lifetime make."
The hull, masts and floorboards shook
Each rise and plunge our pleasure took;
Cresting proud up toward the skies
Down to the depths where darkness lies.
The west wind filled our ghost white sail
With a child's breath then a demon's gale.
All silent, a lone seagulls cry
The last beast we would see on high.
When all the land did disappear
Matched each man against his own fear.
The sea stretched wide, this journey far
On a vessel held by pitch and tar.

The sun, the wind burned deep our back
We took our oaths, we made our pact,
The awakened sea gave response
To reclaim our blood, ounce by ounce.
A hundred waves formed deep and strong
Whitecaps littered the miles long,
On barren reefs the Sirens sung
To take our lives while were still young.
Fearless our merry voices shout;

Freed from burdens, freed from doubt,
Past sins forgotten, lives renewed,
What debts we owed no longer due.
Mesmerized by the ocean's flow
Forgetting as we reap we sow.
The beauty of the falling sky
Now fueled the tempest in our eye,
Greater and greater the rising din
Within our souls what greater sin
Than challenge God with our free will
And to surmount his shiny hill.
From haughty pride our minds gave birth
To sail beyond the ends of earth.

Eager, ready to wage our war
Sending ships to the ocean floor,
In fables and yarns our story told
How we lived, our adventures bold;
Bravery, courage, how we fought,
Our steadfast steed, our wooden horse.
And all that once we held as dear
Replaced by eyes reflecting fear;
Our canons shocked and shook the skies,
The moans, the screams and all that died,
Counting days and battles won
Around, around the pilgrim sun.

A phantom ship glides neath the stars
Balancing on horizon's bar
Strange worlds extending deep below
Inhabited by things that glow.
The sky above soft pink and gray
Where dreams of men are stored away.
And the night fell with a mighty hush
Painting the ocean with its brush.
The waters weary from their toil
No longer churned, rolled or roiled,
Satisfied the sea took breath
And fell asleep in sleepless death.

Captain Cur

Come Young Pirates, Part I I - Adrift Within A Waking Dream

The sun alone could match our zeal
while swabbing decks and sharpening steel.
Long hours spent in mundane toil
Memories of home and English soil.
Strong in our hearts our country grew
Its features clear yet blind from view
Still, the passions of men will breed
On the hull of a ship built for speed.
And the hugh waves and tempests came;
Wild winds not even gods could tame,
With these each pirate's soul would launch
Just like the sails, full blown and taunt.
The truth of life to still attain
While carrying death's merciless strain.
Could we give all and never take
Freed from destructions fiery wake?
Unsure if we are live or dead;
What each has thought but none has said.

Our Captain perched, his watchful eye
Surmounting waves tall mountains high;
Teetering on intrepid heights
Handling squalls with judicious might;
Where watery giants barred the way
Our bow cut through and split away.
This earth we know is mostly sea,
Unbound, unmatched, and moving free,
Each wave forming gaining space
Vying to lead, outpace, outpace;
Building up strength before they swim
Brief is the glory should they win,
Massing together as they come
Swallowing lands that peek above,
Raging, raging until they crest
Swirling madly until their spent.

Through the lulls and peaceful calm

Our Galleon rode with splendid charm,
What lessons grasped, this sea to teach,
Surrounded by its mighty reach.
And here a quiet mind might dwell
In sanctuary, a moment's spell
Adrift within a waking dream
Between this world and worlds unseen.

Captain Cur

Come Young Pirates, Part I I I - The Ocean Child

The warm west winds moved on their way
Dispersing lost nomadic waves.
Great whales blew water in a spire
That caught the sun's glinting fire.
The sun declined, in shadows hid
Behind a cloud formed pyramid
Then shone bright, its power full
Atop its noontime pinnacle.
Water kindling a sparkling glow
Penetrating to depths below,
Beams of light fantastically sent
Twined in color the spectrum went
Infused with power from the sky
Beyond the reaches of the eye.
The dusk soon settled free and wild
Braiding waves of its ocean child,
A pugnent sweetness balmed the air
Traces of life all captured there
Dissembling scents from whence they came
While the sun closed its eye of flame.

In her hair a fragrant flower
Petals of time's immortal hour,
Thick scaled behemoths flank her side
Relics of creation's pride;
And she will breathe and take her breath
And pull the moonlight to her breast
And gaze on stars so neatly strung
And catch the snowflakes on her tongue.
While all around the whitecaps danced
The sunset streamed within her glance,
In those eyes of delicious blue
The sun faltered and fell from view.
Then the night swooned soft and mild
And rocked to sleep the ocean child.

Captain Cur

Come Young Pirates, Part I V - Pirate Bay

On plundered ships survivors weep
Companions sinking toward the deep
Useless prayers said on a whim;
"I pray this lifeless corpse to swim."
Through the smoke the winds were veering
A broader ship fast appearing
Firing with explosive haste
Canon shot whizzing by our face,
And though we would have liked to stay
To reap more treasure on this day
We did offend our Spanish host
Blasting holes in our little boat.
Against a war ship nothing stood
Reduced to chips of floating wood;
We set the sails, the air quite still,
We caught the gusts, the sails were thrilled.
Retreating may ignoble be
Surviving on the open sea.

We cut and issued from the pen
No two legged pirate could defend
Gathering speed on liquid ice
Evading guns firing thrice,
Swift waves and currents lent their aid
To save us from an icy grave;
The bow was pointed, sails were strung,
We dashed beneath the hazel sun.
The silver coins all neatly rolled
Were jealous of the bags of gold.
We made fast for Pirate Bay
To spend our loot and hide away.
Ah! That island empurpled bright
Where thieves and cutthroats live their life
And we stood tall as giants stand
To add our riches to the land.
The bars lined up the avenue,
Guns were fired and knives were threw
Resting peacefully from the world
In lovely arms a pirate curled.

Captain Cur

Come Young Pirates, Part I X - Like Chessmen On A Liquid Board

Intrepid voyage marked this age
Bloody annals inking each page
Commandeering burden of proof
Seasoning tales, salting the truth.
We had the will and soul to dare
And sail the waves to everywhere
Quenching ourselves with unjust might
Carnal rages, venomous spite.
On the precipice each man stood
Knifing courage in seasoned wood,
The bloody tip of every blade
Bore the passage in tithes we paid
Martial arenas, manly pride
Fornicating with unwed brides
Under their veils the crescent shone
Mindless skulls and flesh starved bone.
Like chessmen on a liquid board
Dominating linear shores,
Capturing these benighted roads
Flags of petty deviance flown
Planted with salt cured briny hands
More to enslave than to command.

Captain Cur

Come Young Pirates, Part V - If Time Is Madness Let It Rave

And the night skies feathered over
Exposing fragments of our world,
Alone on this promontory gazed
Each pirate, raptured and amazed.
In dream they heard the ocean cry
Its thunderous waves thick with pride
Bound by rocks a lighted tower
Beaming hope through each dark hour,
Then all the stars did melt away
And the shadows crept cold and gray;
Came the beast with his sounding horn
Up from the pits hell's blackest storm,
It cast its pall, our voices mute,
Foul winds blowing an angry flute,
Drumbeats and a deafening hum
That hurt the ears and dried the tongue.
In the distance the faintest knell
An abandoned ship's lolling bell
Each seemed bewildered by this call
Fearing the maelstrom would drown us all.

On spools of dreams a mind is wound
Where truth most often can be found;
Just like the lighthouse on the rock,
Just like the key that winds the clock
The hands that turn and never sleep
Permanence just beyond their reach.
If time is madness let it rave
It only took and never gave;
Promises whispered then the blow
We think we lost what we don't own,
Colossal as its presence seems
It has no vision, it has no dream,
It has no voice, it cannot speak,
Our minds make strong what should be weak
Lacking substance it has no shape,
It has no home, it drifts apace,

It causes stress that subtle strain
That weighs the heart and clouds the brain,
In appearance it looks intent
Deceit its only sacrament,
It cannot heal, not balm nor salve,
Into nothingness it will dissolve.

Captain Cur

Come Young Pirates, Part V I - Marvels Of The Sea

Sparring winds duel from the north
Quick moving clouds issuing forth
While the skies redoubling grew
Reflecting off the mirrored blue.
Beneath the surface currents pass
Twin dolphins play, young clown fish laugh
And swim along the sandy plain
Lush and green though void of rain.
Deep in the waters of this keep
Flowers grow wild and plants grow steep
Tiers of gardens beautifully decked
Devised by an ancient architect
That carved the coral reefs by hand
and separated sea from land.

What wealth to earth these treasures bring
A basin of eternal springs
Where evolution took great care
To thrive beneath the sea and air.
Once formed these species were combined
Each according to their own kind;
To breed, observe, to dart and hide
On constant watch with lidless eyes,
Mysterious creatures thus express
Creation's dawn from dust to flesh!

Silty landscapes and shifting glades
Seamless dimensions on display,
Were burrowed deep through solid rock
By elemental building blocks.
In the deeps, these bottomless wells,
The coldest forms of sea life dwell
But ones that live more near the light
In beauteous colors come to life;
There tolls a monumental scene
As thousands gather, swarm and stream;
All the troupes of fish reforming,
Aquatic acrobats performing,
A carnival! A jubilee!

Comprise these marvels of the sea.

Captain Cur

Come Young Pirates, Part V I I - Voyaging Time's Resplendent Hours

Our ship is strong of ample size
Its craftsmanship impressed the eye
From hardwood culled by mountain ground
Coarse inner fibers tightly bound;
Debarked, denuded, smooth and bare
Huge round trunks edged precisely square
Growing full to predestined height
Where germinating seeds and earth unite.
On masts and mainstays overhead
Ever widening sails are spread
Layers tiered with thick knotted strings
Comprised of felt from ghost white wings
Purged by rain and radiant skies
A gospel to the searching eye.
Due westward coursed our decks a gleam
Of polished teakwood brownish green
On four great masts all weight is borne
Sunk in the vessel to its core,
Though bent by wind and gripping storm
From unbreakable lineage born
Sternly tilting down toward the waves
Then flexing as they creak and sway,
Four great towers alike in kind
Holding steady beneath the sky
Afloat on the variant sea
A bride of fluctuant beauty.
All sails streaming powering full
A speck of white against the blue
Blossoming our ocean flower
Voyaging time's resplendent hours
Such is this weight our days will bear
To be mindful of and to fear.
When winds are still our ship waylaid
Upon this mighty being astray
Whispering soft its voice might call
To enter its enchanted hall.

Captain Cur

Come Young Pirates, Part V I I I - Exceeding Thresholds Of The Sea

Creatures that swim our witness be
Exceeding thresholds of the sea,
Rounding the Cape, great west winds sang,
Riggings in chorus with thump and clang,
Tilting, swaying our blood in a rush
In deep red sun our sails did blush;
Sidewinding hysterical waves
Striking like the edge of a blade
The arm of the sea careless flung
Swirling high perpetually swung
With axe like blows, watery spears,
Hunted, like a fleet footed deer
With broad swords, bows, arrows galore
To hang our trophy in her hoard.
White teeth and skulls her shelf adorns
Hanging below the Viking horns,
There grins a sailor when he died
Little fish in his socket eyes
Where trader's fur and skins unite
To keep the ocean warm at night
Pennants and flags on rocky posts
Still being waved by their dead hosts
Thousands of ships tiling her floor
Still she's greedy for just one more
Scattered around a million bones
Skirting about their liquid home.

Captain Cur

Come Young Pirates, Part X - Poor Exiles Of Our Race

With sleeping waves in deep repose
The breathing ocean fell and rose
Our ship, the moon a trove of stars
Nestled gently within her arms.
In the quietness of her might
Quivering softly through the night
Waif like murmurs traveling near
Indistinguishable to our ear,
Exulting as our passion grew
Commending us, the privileged few,
We laid our bodies down to rest
Upon the softness of her breast.
In dreams our longing hearts resigned
To the pulsing rhythms of her tides
The love she showed, her flowing grace
For we poor exiles of our race.
Unschool'd, unkempt of simple mind
Of common traits were most inclined
Yet prayers we prayed on beads of gold
Would sink within her velvet folds.
If to hell our souls consigned
She bore no illness with her eye
And swore to raise us from the depths
To her alone belong in death.

Captain Cur

Come Young Pirates, Part X I - These Empirical Verses Spoke

On adventurous arenas
Of magnanimity and grief
These empirical verses spoke
In of themselves their sole token
To delineate the fractured seas
Notwithstanding pride or beauty
Or of unknown scope and purpose
But each drop loved, held dear and close;
Blue fiery tears falling, remaking
Themselves in attachment and abundance,
Our world vastly superior
To larger spheres surrounding us
And in knowing cherish these waters
We sail upon and hold in awe!

These lines written by the crew of the Malevolent.

Captain Cur

Come Young Pirates, Part X I I - Roving Tides Of Innocence

Sweet roses and eglantine bloom
Enriching scents with mild perfume
Sweeping in an emotive blush
Weaving outward to the touch.
The sea bequeaths this gentle balm
Beneath vestiges of its calm,
Befalling each enchanted glance
With eyes unmeasured in expanse
Hypnotic powers in her sway
Which hold the continents at bay;
Champion's life, her honored guest,
Communal milk flows through her breast
Beginnings Indelibly traced
Beyond oceanic memory.
Who would not court this fevered dream
With gallant dances in graceful mien
So little the sea requires
But on her we heavily rely
Her life a visual pleasure gives
In roving tides of innocence.

Captain Cur

Come Young Pirates, Part X I I I - Our Flag's Crossed Swords Flew Black And Red

On rich seas we hungrily fed
Our flag's crossed swords flew black and red
Revamping these endless blue plains
Skimming the surface fracturing waves.

Grappling hooks steady pulled her near
Beads of sweat perspiring fear;
Flags were hoisted, twin swords aflame,
Bodies positioned, weapons displayed,
A Galleon of floating locust and lice
Poised on the yardarms like parasites,
Broad swords bright and richly arrayed
Thirsty for blood, hungry for fame.

Our Captain's crossed swords held high in his hands
Bursting in fire the maelstrom began;
Sounding a wild boar's charging breath
Our tusks gouging, gorging on death,
Bright knives were flying from each palm
Like lightening from a wizard's wand,
Splintery clubs spiked fat with nails
A minuet of wood and steel,
Choreographed swords effecting parts
Sculpting murals of gruesome art,
Guns exploding with gems of lead
Adorning flesh glittering red,
Deafening heartbeats, loud their drums
Accustomed to the warring blood,
Muscle trimmed hounds sniffing out death
Sleekly toned with sinewy flesh
Black and white striped, lined and edged clean
Painting faces in savagery.

In battle each receive their due
To those deserving, those untrue
So this simple courtesy paid
No hospitality could claim

Like feasting on a revered guest
Without pity, without redress,
Reverting to dust inside the womb
Muttering prayers to who knows whom.

In monasteries of scarred souls
Words of contrition unfold
Planted in the flowery ground
Where all their works follow them down.
Under closed lids Mistress Death came
In her black cloak thumping her cane
To be judged in the Kingly Court
The last bastion, the final port.

Captain Cur

Come Young Pirates, Part X I V - A Mighty Ghost Ship, 100 Meters Fore And Aft

Awash in war our hearts must be
Filled with waves of misery
Those once bright faces dead and wan
With no young wives to cry upon.
They gave their passion to the sea
Their bride for all eternity,
They'll find no peace this final day
Blindness befalls them on their way,
The trappings of the road are black
No imprints left to guide them back.

We drift below a sunken sky
On no one but ourselves rely
The dead now sail the phantom fleet
On misty decks with soundless feet;
Mere shades in disembodied ranks
Still hear the creaking of the planks
And fear the horrors of the deep
That thin disguise of restful sleep.

And not as they were once before
Now shipwrecked on a lifeless shore
Windless and forever still,
They cannot move, or dream or will;
From the heavens forever shun
Just gloomy skies to gaze upon
And craven darkness in each wave
No stone markers name their grave;

But, still a phantom heart might beat,
Tongues might sound through gnashing teeth
Wandering forever in a maze
Encircled by a liquid cage;
Never to feel a warm caress,
Or a soft hand upon their chest,
Their days are brokered, paid in woe,
Where there's no warmth, just numbing cold.

If then by chance an eye might fill
And blood might flow and bones unchill;
A commanding voice is heard,
Of deadly strength, and rawest nerve,
A bright light shining on his brow
And calling with a mighty howl!

Below a great ship heeds command
Masts rising through the pressured sand
With massive cracks of displaced stone
Its undraped sails and ribbings shown.
The ocean's floor split giving way
Exposing decks and cabin bays
And through the deafening roar
The steady pull of unmanned oars;
A looming hull of unknown craft,
A hundred meters fore and aft,
Its bow adorned with rods of steel
Smooth and icy to the feel.
Then gleaming through the crystal silt
Wide tiers on which the canons sit
And stored on racks thick and tall
Rows and rows of cannonballs,
Armories, quarters, all were there,
A ghost ship crewed by death and fear!

Sails lifting with a wavy blast
Casting shadows bold and black,
What appeared to be living skulls
Visible through the settling mud,
Embedded deep into the sails
Screaming out with fleshless wails,
That such a thing could be devised
Sparked dread in each man's frozen eye!
Then that voice, commanding called,
Their Captain standing grim and tall,
And one by one they entered in
Until each had paid his debt of sin.

The pilot's wheel, mahogany,
Timbered from earth's primeval trees;
Decking's shone with dark lustrous shine

From blackened oak long lost to time
Each detail sharp, its markings cast
Black onyx on a sea of glass.
At night it glides in mournful sound
By day beneath the ocean's shroud,
Seizing whirlwinds, billowy gales,
Those winds held captive in its sails
Unsurpassed in tangent waves
Though heavy laden, lightly sways
Bristling in the mist drenched air
Tacking sharply as it veers,
With a speed the marlins gauge
Prowling with an angry rage
Surmising ships of weaker class
To take them or to let them pass.
From the bowels of its holds
The oarsmen's ranks increase tenfold,
The pounding of the hammer's tone
Leave each man's thoughts to him alone
Pulling with sheer muscled strength
Drenched with salt stained musty sweat
When released from the slaver's keep
To the hammer's rhythm fall asleep.

Perhaps an inlet or a beach
Might give the crew some slight relief
As they wander on the shores
And look upon their vessel moored,
For through the misty midnight moon
No longer see a ship of doom;
The beauty of the beaming bay
On a green sea with clouds of gray,
Beneath the flowering isle lies
Volcanic ash that churns and hides,
From the lava and the rock
A lush paradise floats on top
Unearthing this exquisite jewel
In reds and greens and turquoise hues.
For in the marvels of this light
Prescience gleaming shining bright
As all souls in great despair
Might show scarred stitching's of repair;

To ponder on their forceful ship,
Then dawns a query to their lips,
Did we honor as men of earth
The one time gift of human birth?
Worthless men in a life of breath,
Precious souls in the realm of death!

Captain Cur

Come Young Pirates, Part X V - Repatriated For A Fee

A great life on the pirate sea
Repatriated for a fee!
Crimes neatly bundled in a heap;
A shaven man with smoother cheek
Lays his coins with an honest clang
Then all his praises will be sang,
Settling on the other side
Forgiven of all fratricides.
Windows and orphans pay their due
Pointing fingers at you know who,
But from the trappings of their caste
Corruption gives the crimes a pass,
So he assumes his place in town
Till recalled by the ocean's sound.

Captain Cur

Come Young Pirates, Part X V I - The Augean In Shadows Lay

The Augean in shadows lay
Blending mists of night and day,
Our lantern blinked, it would not hail
Riveted to the ocean pail,
Unusual, of pagan craft,
To her size we were less than half,
Seeming to glower in the hoar
Unwelcoming as a hermit's door;
Blackening clouds threatening rain
That feed the ocean with their grain
Layered thickest above that ship
As dryness shriveled each man's lip.
The hull as high as mountain woods
Its beams uncounted multitudes
Lying there in uneasy still,
A fortress on a haunted hill.

Sounding's rode the vaporous air
As hurried footfalls disappeared
In labyrinths of wooden decks
That once belonged to ancient wrecks,
Still holding riches and their crews
In murky waters deep from view
But here on the crystalline glass
Reflecting memory from the past,
Drifting beneath unlevelled skies
Those crews and treasures fed our eyes;
Was Augean a ship of rest
Or prophetic orphan of death?

Remotest shadows crossed the line
Not satisfied to trail behind
Disturbing the wave less ocean
Rankling with a sudden motion
The bow turned starboard on a whim
As graceful as a sea whales fin;
Forms that seemed of molten fire

Climbed the masts on knotted wire,
On these waters of sacrifice
A paradox of death and life
Hidden under fallacious skies
Those black sails did rise!

Why were we gifted with this sight
Haunting's venomous, yet bright?
In our eyes history unfolds
Two thousand years of rise and falls,
Civilization's lived and passed
As simple blades of wilting grass;
Rivers Tigris and Euphrates,
Persia, Mesopotamia,
The Indus and Egyptian's Nile
Cleopatra's lustful smile,
Fertile Yangtze and Yellow River
Chinese powder, guns and silver,
Inca gold and religious feasts,
Cuniform gods, symbols and priests,
Alexander's conquering ways
Prestigious in a warring age,
The Assyrians, Scythians
And prideful Babylonians,
The Pantheon, Persepolis,
Plato, Socrates, Odysseus,
As waves of water take their course
Invaders build their Trojan Horse
Cities crumbling before our eyes
Washed away by the acrid skies.

Phoenicians sound their blaring horns
As Greek mythologies were born;
The Dynasties of Tang and Ming
In waves of innovation bring
Silk, spices and porcelain art
Trade that paved the westward routes,
Roman legions advancing and bright
Destroyed by hedonistic rites
Pervasive panoramic views
Man's beginning and sudden ruin.

Then Augean like shadows end
Must sail to where the seven blend
There is no wave beyond its reach
In lessoned time, itself to teach.

(The Augean is the name the crew gave
the ghost ship they saw in the shadows.)

Captain Cur

Commandeer My Will, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Momentous are the seconds
I relive each cardinal virtue,
with rising pulse I brave my love
ever in your presence,
Lady, loquacious in your speech,
doubts that have plagued
and commandeered my will
appear unpersuasive, I change
my course discovering ways
through time and distance.

Captain Cur

Communion That No Mortal Hands Receive

Within these brooks that scent the tender eve
perfect themes of night unheard or seen
she waits upon the starlight and the breeze
that place between wakefulness and dream.

Her soft touch thrills the flowers and the trees
communion that no mortal hands receive.
Cursed always to repeat her lover's words
Echo opens her moonlit eyes and stirs.

Captain Cur

Composing Her Naturally To Me

What once is gone may never again be
awakening thoughts in unspoken sound
with these words adrift, motionless I found
composing her naturally to me.

I thrilled to her, her sweet coy words touching
all parts of me her cool breath underground
stealth like kisses indelibly wound
rising bout my lips soulful, saliently

wistfully thinking her ever to be
awakening thoughts in unspoken sound
with these words adrift, motionless I found
composing her naturally to me.

Captain Cur

Contenting Love Once Copiously Poured, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Within the tendrils of your soft embrace
may I not be too weak in words to find
a worthy phrase to celebrate this place
nor waver unsteadily as I climb
for in each thread that my design must choose
if but one unravels, the whole to lose.

Engaged by the novelties of your will
I rest between the pages soon to turn
engendering each moment as I till
unearthing fragments of a broken urn
contenting love once copiously poured
though destroyed now twice, may the third restore?

Contained within the passion of your kiss
can I be completely thus entwined,
naivety of heart cannot express;
to be is mortal, to be more, divine,
compelling these pages emphatically told,
the humblest parts redeeming the whole.

Captain Cur

Corsairs Of Old

Cutting lime, squatting on sun whitened sand,
I view the contours of my anchored ship
making mental notes I carefully scan
indigenous tribes as juice swarms round my lips.
I wave a fruit high, stuck to my sword tip,
and laugh at horse like creatures in the sky
raging past in great white unbridled bands,
like bold corsairs of old on maiden trips.
I will barter for water and supplies
or fight beneath the great white horse's eye.

Captain Cur

Coveted Circular Crowns, Acrostic

Rock ledges in moss covered mosaic
Formations drenched by a cold Atlantic
Rain shone with a facade of white marble
Chiseled perfection against the arbor
Wind. Centuries in the making minute
Sculpted patterns comprise formidable
Earthen structures layered with rich colors
Born of palettes with purple tinged velour
Protrusions, sullen reds, orange laced browns
Imprinting coveted circular crowns.
A festival of terra cotta scenes
Harsh landscapes prompt iridescent dreams
Silent within the boundaries that stage
Beauty into a voluptuous rage.
On pitiless edges, rock slides will fault
Our careless steps as we attempt to vault
Eyes of the world that have stood for ages.

Rock formations
rain chiseled,
wind sculpted
earthen born protrusions
imprinting a harsh
silent beauty on our eyes.

Captain Cur

Crimes Against Myself

Disappearing words
on pure white linen paper
once edged with the deepest
indigo ink, words of purest love.
Did they just pack up
and walk away,
hiding on some obsolete alphabet chart
or in an early speller?

I lost the words
to busy to say them when I could,
I let them fade away,
then lost my ability of expression,
running away from my life.
Or perhaps my words
were convicted and jailed
for crimes against myself.

I am a criminal,
judge me, punish me,
but pardon my words.
I am expressing them to you now;
each and every letter exposed
no longer hiding,
no longer afraid of loving you.

Captain Cur

Crossed Swords

I walk among the pirates of the ages
and act on their politics of crime,
I reap the talents of my adventures
and take what is not mine;
behind the curtains of the stages
rehearsing with legends of my kind
their gluttonous improvisations
have raised my crossed swords high.

Captain Cur

Dare I Encumber It In Words

Blossoming, a bed of roses dare I
pick just one, and encumber it in words
to compare its charm to her wakening eyes;
from my hand to hers
and leave its beauty in her charge.

Captain Cur

Darling Range

Immutable as the seismic formations,
her voice and cause out worldly strange,
enthraling, rapt, incisive delineations
the torrid temptress of Darling Range.

Wind swept beauty descends over her hills
greenery enrich her plush beveled plains
mesmerizing me with scarped landscape thrills
the torrid temptress of Darling Range.

Sea sculpted caverns, filling, retracting waves
her elemental body's enticing refrain
with reckless, sensuous recalcitrant plays
the torrid temptress of Darling Range.

Encamped on the sheerness of her fell brim,
I scale her scope explore her fertile brain
as I call and challenge the depths within
the torrid temptress of Darling Range.

Captain Cur

Dawn's Rebellious Incitation

I am born in praise, bold galactic pulsing rhythms,
my spirits charge uphold the stellar spheres positions.
Singing songs of the Universal One's beginning
guarding the fragile breeze that keep the planets spinning.

I flew to earth in dawn's rebellious incitation
felled by mirth from his beauteous exhortations
spun from dreams now impoverished from his vision
forfeiting established place, to never be forgiven.

I was seduced by her sunlit oceans brimming;
her sculptured clouds and her deep sea creatures swimming,
her vaults of green then their massive colors thinning,
to be one of flesh and blood and know the thrill of living.

Her stormy voice as the white lightening heralds thunder;
her willful skies of wind shorn savage wonder,
mountain falls that pierce the veils that cover
the peacefulness her orbit brings as she softly slumbers,

her caves and springs that course her inner boundaries,
her finger lakes that stroke the artwork of her foundries,
I walk on air through the archway of her bands;
I kiss my ocean lovers as they wed the virgin sands
and kneel in exultation as I palm my changing hands,
I am a human woman; I feel the touch of man.

Captain Cur

Days Martyred In Trust, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

In this Wilderness of World incessant
tributes are preached and days martyred in trust
of your love, Lady of loquacious speech.

In this folly of breath the months advance
and my voice once so certain is now hushed;
to what do I return and victory yield.

Will I be upstaged behind your curtain
you just my one act someone new will steal?

Captain Cur

Dead Men Pirate Tears

A question forthwith has been rightly posed;
Do I taunt the matriarch English queen?
Am I a dead Captain of pirate prose?
Do I dwell in chivalrous age sixteen?
Those are answers your intellect decides
and what fancy one chooses to believe,
yet; spectral ships, with guns and ghostly crews,
may be veiled truths or conceptual lies
but once they are upon you and give siege
can now be deemed questions posed by fools.

My crew of cutthroats is a mangy lot,
yet; are born from the highest pedigree,
they work the sails and tie thick sturdy knots
and live beneath the specter of the sea.
We have no country and roam free at will
plundering whatever ships cross our way;
we drink our rum and fill our guts with beer,
on enchanted nights when the sea is still
composing tunes and singing starlit lays
the ocean fills with dead men pirate tears.

Bantering within our prestigious psyches
gold turnkeys which mobilize the varied
successes and failures that haunt our lives;
where the gusty northern winds will carry
our ship, our souls to fortunes final quest;
if through horizons purple haze you see
a beastly sail above the earthly rise,
I will swear the reason for my duress
whether by fate or the devil's treachery,
my crew believes that they are still alive.

Captain Cur

Death Grip Of The Sea, Pirate Adventures (2)

Wispy thin sails grasping times forgotten breeze
dodging menacing melting iceberg floes,
gingerly inching between towering rings
channeling streams of lonesome glacier rows.

Ghost ship unseen in cloudless blue sea glass
maneuvering slowly towards future sands,
snow showers unleashed by our scraping masts
destinies uncertain clock, stalled dead hands.

Eclipsed moon rapidly reforming clouds
swirling circular paths cyclonic spins
breaking free of the barren polar bounds
bow to stern caught in histrionic winds,

waves of tremendous infectious delight
graphic lines of storm strength shouting pleas
breakers of unimaginable height
lifting us from the death grip of the seas.

Captain Cur

Death Of Love Reclines, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

You have loosed a scented kerchief
that casually drifts behind,
away I stole it like a thief
to cherish for all time.

Dear lady,
loquacious in your speech,
may I take this linen cloth
and dab my blood specks
from your cheek.
Your words I need to give me life
but your voice will never rise
the levels of the graveyard's pit
where the death of love reclines.

Captain Cur

Deepest Waters Of Reflection, (From: Corsairs Of Old)

Invasion predisposes me to fate
challenges that have steady wore me down,
I look out from the crows nest and I wait
for that last glorious battle to be found.
I am the taunt sail that harnesses wind;
a tall mast that draws it's voyaging map,
a rudder that must hold to keep direction,
from this faltering height as my vision dims
I am chastised like a child on her lap
and punished for all past and future sins
engaged in the deepest waters of reflection.

Every man aboard loyal to our cause
not a one contemplating desertion
when the winds of life still we must take pause
rejoicing in the ills of our dejection.
With one voice we have made clear to the world
we are Corsairs and contest stronger lands,
the ocean our lover and protector,
our flag whipped hard, her message seen and heard.
Within our souls the template of our plans
to each, ourselves, we hold fast to that oath
raise high our swords, we are the new Conquistadors.

Captain Cur

Deft Profiteering, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

I ponder each curved letter, each linked crest,
remembering the sweetness of your breath,
imagining the workings of your tongue
voyaging the lines and notes you've sung.

Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,
what cruel lessons has our love yet to teach?
Within my heart you've cut an unhealed scar;
still I leave you a servant in his charge,
the Spanish, French and English have their war,
I, the loathsome pirate they must cure,
seeking paid adventures that I crave
sometimes lending, at times withholding aid
mastering winds to loot a sovereign fleet
deft profiteering in the name of peace.

Captain Cur

Delicately Hidden Smile

I am in love with your words
and eloquent womanly style;
I am in love with your looks
and delicately hidden smile,
I am in love with mystique
and the stanzas that refuse
to expose every part of you
to the scrutiny of my view.

Captain Cur

Delilah, Across The Sunlit Sea

Across the sunlit sea, Delilah, turned her eyes
and stood for hours, for uncounted years,
no matter how strong the waves would rise
they could not reach or wash away her tears.
Her foot falls light as if she walked on wings;
afraid to pray, afraid of its reply,
a shadow world where phantom voices sing
their words dispersed by weak eternal sighs.
At times she'd kneel and clutch the hardened sand,
a wisp of wind might tress her raven hair,
her body stroked by dusk's seductive hand
then rest beneath the falling midnight air.

Captain Cur

Denied By Your Still Voice, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

What would I write you
that I have not written before
unknowing if my words reach
the mind that I implore;
I have so named you,
I have raised you above the rest
honoring your single voice,
denied by your still breath.

Dear Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
what favored chords
must my poetry strive to reach,
to gain the notice of your ear
or the privilege of your eye,
how many of my foes must sink,
how many more must die?

By the power in my ship,
by the swiftness of my sword
I carve your name in bleeding lips
and feast off England's shores.

Captain Cur

Descent Of Mount Olympus

Should I make such pleasant music my own
while I walk within nature unaware
of a beauty I could not touch or tame;
the thrush, bluebird and robin have their song;
lilies, wildflowers alive in flowing dress,
there on the mountain where the Horae stood
in gifted sight beneath their sacred hoods
to guard the gates of Mount Olympus.
Their voices call in sounds of sweet duress
and rise above the bulwarks in the sky,
descending fast in white towering flame,
here Olympus fell and staked its earthly claim;
an immortal palace gifted from on high.
With inhabitants boisterous and vain,
twelve dieties plotting, achieving fame,
and describing their dwelling in its scope
with words of grandeur and rhymes strange to hear
lovlier than the human heart could bear.
In that void between death and human hope
Olympus rose, and beckons with its story
alive, triumphant, eternal in its glory.

Captain Cur

Discovering The Sinfulness Of Verse

When mighty words of the poets take flight
accentuating themes of new delight;
migrating aptly to heralding greens,
steadily climbing unfolding their wings,
cadenced by rhythm each opening line
awakening thoughts, the drumbeats of mind,
desiring beauty at the height of their quest,
proffering knowledge of life, love and death;
voyaging sadness, determining course,
discovering the sinfulness of verse.

Captain Cur

Disenfranchised From Your Mind

Perhaps I confuse you, my love,
with archaic themes
woven through my verse
as my heart beat throbs in earnest
for a simple salutary sign
or perhaps I subjugate myself
too readily to your cruel indecisiveness
as you leave me broke and bewildered
disenfranchised from your mind.

Captain Cur

Divinities Lost Horizon

Divinities lost horizon
shallowness of the chalice of birth
the beggars at the grave
looking for the fruit of salvation
rotting in the truth of their own inadequacies
and flawed perceptions
of what is real and what is spiritual.

Captain Cur

Divinity Of Nature

Divinity of nature forever be
greener than the rich art of forestry;
daring, absolute, fearless more regal
than the powerful dive of a mountain eagle;
pure, reflective, opening wings of a swan
coursing above in a beautiful calm;
all that is sweet, kind, dear and holy
drifting through the mind reverent and slowly,
tumultuous, stormy, seas that roil under,
eyes opened wide to the booming thunder,
light snows of winter, redwoods bustling leaves
wondrous inspirational whisperings;
junipers, marigolds, a lavender fair
breathless surrounds in the flowering air,
soft chords of June, summertime lingering
deep soulful notes, gladsome birds singing
all voices hushed, all sounds suspended
divinity of nature quietly descended,
to the beasts, flowers, and seasons gave voice,
allured by their charm, mortality's birth,
torrid dreams, fervor, ardent murmurings,
poetical gifts, poetical wanderings.

Captain Cur

Does Poetry More Fulfill Your Mind

If in thy youth were made to find
that poetry more fulfilled your mind
than machinations or the rest
consider your soul doubly blest.
But speak not matters ill of verse
recite each line, rehearse, rehearse!
Do words flow smooth like in a dream
or struggle hard to swim upstream?
If sometimes poems do seem to drown
when reading tumble to the ground
just rhyme these two words, light and bright,
and everything will be alright.
The finer themes that lift the scene
the ocean blue, the forest green
but if sensitivities lack
it's okay to compose in black.
Lets mix a cauldron full of verse
add love, a prayer, a little curse
then strip the finished product bare
with plays of Shakespeare to compare.
The sweeping rhymes that end the line
the anapests that drill to time
if these techniques you do possess
consider your soul triple blessed!
Then edit, check and check some more
for all your heart you did outpour.
The end.

Captain Cur

Dusk, As The Carnal Scenes Burst Forth

Now comes the dusk, a prelude to this night
of vermilion skies and dream filled slumbering.
O tempestuous colors of delight
brazenly creating landscapes as these
the mountains and seas all encompassing;
descending in waves round this spinning earth,
dancing with nature in untoward glee,
wanton visions bare lustful gods in mirth
offering pleasure as the carnal scenes burst forth.

Captain Cur

Echo And Narcissus

Beautiful Narcissus,
From a steed of golden white I heard thy trumpet blow
sounding through the woods and streams while hunting far from home,
calling to the depths of love, a love I thought I knew,
running toward thy mighty arms just vain self-pride was shown.
Quiet lakes may mirror thee, thine eyes of thunder blue,
what small peace my troth could bring self-love has overthrown.

Narcissus replies:

Pain me not this summer's eve with thy shadow words
thou pines and wails and clucks like a wounded bird.
If my trumpet sounds of love those notes to be unheard,
there is nothing here for me, thine arms are not received!
Riding through these lowly lands my handsome features weave,
did thou know at every town every heart is stirred?
Do not smile or glance at me repeating my own words
in the waters of the lake my love of self achieved.

Beautiful Narcissus,
thy mighty form lies cold and weak on the snowy sand
I come at night to keep thee warm and hold thy trembling hand.
The stallion wanders aimlessly thy horn drags at his feet,
it will never sound again! Please take this bread and eat!

Lovely Echo,
with my death I break thy curse; say now what thou please,
life is drifting fast from me help me to my knees,
thy purest heart has cured me roused me from this dream
in the mirror of thy tears my love for thee achieved.

Captain Cur

Ego, Super, Id And I

Ego is on the poetic couch
ranting with quelled off rhyme.
Super adds adjectives
redoubling manic-depressive lines.
Id is on a nature walk
photographing what could have beens.
I'm sitting here collecting notes
taking it all on the chin.

Ego points to a drip declaring;
'You have leaks in your thoughts.'
Super hammers wood and nails
building the better mind he bought.
Id is naked rolling on the grass
with girls of yesteryear.
I record what all of this means
in a footnote referenced 'Fear.'

Ego tires of the pain,
rejection and uncertainty;
Super misplaced plans to his mind
and succumbs to his own duress.
Id is climbing the tallest pine
that he may view what is lost.
All three pointing at me, claiming
they want Carl Jung as their boss.

Ego scraps his will and survives
entirely by habit and rote.
Super screams; 'I'm out of this place, '
but can't seem to button his coat.
Id is ordering a large marble stone
digging a shallow grave.
I am writing four epitaphs bearing;
'None of us could be saved.'

Captain Cur

Elixir Of Your Senses, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Rhythm's of newfound oceans recompose
the intensity of need driving me
to your shores, Lady, of loquacious speech.
Gifts I share in this adventure of soul
and what bold words I discover to move
your heart are but flowing points as I dream
the elixir of your senses. What sound
suffers more than the platitudes of want,
more naked than scenes that thread the curtain
of life, more intense than the willfulness
of flesh. I raise your flask and take a sip.

My Queen,
With novelty of action I mix these thoughts
and deem this draught far sweeter
than all others that have ever passed
through my parched lips.

Captain Cur

Elysium's Unfathomable Gate

When soft whispers invisible as air
alight gently on my senses, I feel
the joy creation brings to one amazed
by words that live and strive for better days.

With these whisperings I prepare this verse
may it with effervescent passion burst
through Elysium's staunch and guarded wall.
I to know their voice, the haunting call

of those poets who climbed that fragile bar
and reached beyond the limits of their star.
Guided by faith charged the cold blinding light
foraging in human frailty and strife

not for mere advantage or worldly gain
consumed by fire beheld the eternal flame
and in their works our riches thus increased
exemplifying the nature of belief.

From unfathomable heights fell from grace
then raised high the lowliest to their place
and brought to earth all beauty can endow,
fair messengers whispering from the boughs.

Captain Cur

Endless Blue! Endless Sea!

Endless blue! Endless sea!
Oh! Fluid pulse of eternity.
Here I set my distant sight
on the full moon's guiding light.

Through the shoals of discontent
and the rainbows spectrum bent
by the crystal water's glare
from sol's rising restive stare;

stalling winds and bruising rains;
lightening sparks on white tipped plains;
fire skies and thunders dread;
quivering sails on slender threads;

my ship waylaid, my soul reborn
on a tidal swell, in the coming storm.
Here I sing this lay to thee,
Endless blue! Endless sea!

I love you..... with;

pirate heart and pirate soul,
ocean's stillness, ocean's flow,
pirate fears on stormy nights,
wistful tears on points of light,

pirate shores and distant lands,
pirate's raw yet steadfast hands,
pirate falls, flowing streams,
secret caverns, jetting springs,

lapping waves round earthen bands,
pirate's pure white costal sands,
simple language, primal truth,
pirate age and pirate youth,

summer's myth and healing breeze,
towering glaciers boastful freeze,

autumn's soft low hanging moon
and her rays pale crescent swoon,

spring's new life, green island coves,
budding blooms and, a pirate rose!

At the end of days,
my pirate's grave,
in hardened mud
under snowy ice.

I loved you..... with

my pirate's blood,
my pirate's life.

Captain Cur

Enlightenment Of The New World, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Foraging in the land of forgotten mercy
what remnant of civilization have you found
as you walk atop the heaped and naked corpses
where the enlightenment of the New World shines down.

Royal Lady, loquacious in your speech,
within your chequered world which one of sixteen piece?
Am I the outcast knight or bishop losing faith
or the impregnable castle moated at your gate
or a trifling pawn that must die to master life
reaching the crowning square transfigured in your sight.

Captain Cur

Epic Of You, Act I

You are an Epic
that continually unfolds within me.
I have opened you
to the center of your story.
I do not know the beginning,
nor do I know how your story will end.

You are a complex character.
You have many facets.
You are beautiful and talented,
the calm beauty of a shimmering lake
fed by deep underground springs.

You walk with a cool elegance,
demure and softly attractive
with just the right amount of class.
You play the heroine lead.
You break many hearts.

My character must ad-lib.
No one has handed me a script.
I am blue collar
with an artistic, sensitive side,
still not completely tamed.
My qualities are romantic and poetic.
My edges still quite raw and jagged,
my steel not completely polished.
I tempt circumstance.
I play the spoiler.

(End of Act I)

Captain Cur

Epic Of You, Act II

The author has arranged for us to meet.
(How convenient of him.)
We were not prepared for each other,
though we had been waiting many years.
My role was to be
charming, amusing, and attentive
then I devastated you with my intensity.

Truthfully,
it was I who was smitten by you,
an angelic creature,
intense pure white beauty
with a radiant afterglow.

Your light poured right through me.
Your aura surrounded me
like an ocean of blue infinity
with turbulent undertows.
I fell hard for you.
I'm still falling.

(End of Act II)

Captain Cur

Epic Of You, Act Iii

Let me describe you;
blonde hair, short and fragrant,
soft bluish green eyes
dreamy yet captivating.
You have an easy,
recognizable outward persona,
approachable within reason,
but turbulent inside
like a rumbling volcano
bubbling with latent possibilities
and thrilling discoveries.
Perfectly proportioned
with a body and face that compliment
and demands a double take.
You are into the arts.
You are a dancer.

I am a second rate actor
looking for my big break.
You took my bit part
and gave it scope and density.
Standing on that stage
I am enlarged by your presence.
Small wonder I am in love with you.
I never played opposite a star.
I never played opposite such beauty.
I never had a chance to make it big.

(End of Act III)

Captain Cur

Epic Of You, Act Iv

We rehearsed sporadically together.
We spoke our lines
but there was something more going on,
undercurrents swept us away.
We parted from the script
and started acting like free radicals,
crazy, beyond prediction,
yet contained by necessity.

Still, I can never get enough of you.
Your voice waters the thirsty regions of my heart.
Your eyes lighten my dim view of the world.
Your touch softens and aligns me.
Your heart beats synchronous to mine.
We are lovers at fundamental levels.
A small piece of me dies each time we part.
Yes! I got it bad for you.

I am immense when I am with you.
You fill the vastness of my soul.
I am insignificant when you are gone.
My rhythms are attuned to yours.
Let us ride the waves, waves that have no end.
Let us take advantage of our possibilities.
Let us love vehemently!
Live recklessly!
Let's experience it all!
Let us act together.
I love you!

End of Act IV

Captain Cur

Estuary Of Words

Flooding through my estuary of words
each syllable longing you, without touch
distrusting reason, exposing your world
filling me with pain in the swirling rush
lovemaking that reverberates in time;
coy fingers undressing you in spooling
lakes seduced by the mountains spiraling
above blue mouthed caves drunk on these pooling
springs engulfing you, in these waters I
the voiceless rapids enter you in waves.

Captain Cur

Evil Of Our Birth

Is our name important as personal truths we share
contained within our writings are not our souls laid bare;
some prove opportune to introduce us to their Christ
others use the forum's blear to infect us with their lice.

Worldly lies are shared and culled, debating unproved truths,
some throw off the tight reins of faith harnessed in their youth,
rebellious with pierced eyes and nose, black goth colors spewed
across the tattooed arms and legs branded by their views.

Freedom is the term we hype while dogma's age and mold,
witness killings round the world while helplessness unfolds
preaching the water's fine as we plunder this old earth,
will we ever learn to tame the evil of our birth?

Captain Cur

Exacting Gods

I always found our idiosyncrasies
is what makes us imperfect and human
and superior to the flawed beliefs
in perfect and exacting gods.

Captain Cur

Eyelets Of A Faceless Sea, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Strange riptides, eyelets of a faceless sea,
spinning in clusters of gangrenous winds
signs of intense upheaval caution me
for you have now become my greatest sin.

Lady, loquacious in your speech,
my heart dispels with full ferocity,
murderous anguish undermines my reach
untoward drifting stars plague, dismay me
like martyrs in an ocean of excess;
their cold light reaching but never touching,
each one alone denying all the rest,
they are inconstant, their numbers crushing,
when their light dies their presence meaningless.

I should not leave you with distressing words,
you, my heart, my blood roils through my being,
in silence I am disarmed, I record
each passing thought, my inner eye seeing
the supple nature you possess, so strong,
sensual, your voice baring purpose in me,
pleasures abound on your edaphic shores.

Loquacious,
what part you play in my life,
whence forth my ship sails in a fortnight,
directed by jealous stars and their fading light.

Captain Cur

False Document Of Your Flesh, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Marooned by inadequacy near ocean's end
I take inventory of what's left of my pride
with the nature of a magician I pretend
not to notice that I have vanished from your eyes.
Where do I find solace in this forgotten time
with thoughts of you, each newfound second in retreat,
my distance measured by the lonesomeness of mind
and the power of the fall crushing me beneath.

Dear Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
smoldering tyranny controls the pursestrings
that you reach, and what speaks truer
in your domain than the heartlessness
in which you have used me for your gain;
shipwrecked with trails of loyalties blood,
features that once enticed me age from view,
repatriated by the false document of your flesh,
your Queenly note holds no promise
less lovely than the rest.

Captain Cur

False Echoing Reply, Love Poems

What such sounds should be hidden in a shell
rogue calypso waves in dawn's furthest reach
singing beneath the salt dew's haughty smell
that stalls upon the sand stormed gypsy beach.
Coarse winds play the harmonic flute replete
with spiral rounds that lull the churning tide
imbued with ocean's boisterous sounding reefs,
choreographed waves dancing by their side,
retained within the shell's false echoing reply.

What such sounds break upon the mountains rush
requiting oaths to the four winds spoken
treads the river wry and the thorny brush
piercing lies when truths are old and broken.
Rings of change tarnish eternal tokens
as branchless trees emit weak tepid sighs
and grains of time at once gleamed gold and golden
flighty love stripped of wings no longer flies
squawks to the cold hills with false echoing reply.

What such sounds flush with lovers warm embrace
that call on stars under starlight's steady rain
brightening beginning through youthful gates
opening their hearts unfettered by its chains.
But all for naught and all soon turns to pain,
diminishing the light once in their eyes;
words of love spoke with soulless songs refrain,
the mountain rush, the sounding shell will die,
repeating, repeating the false echoing reply.

Captain Cur

False Truth Steadfast Climbs

Upon the shadow of the hill
the false truth steadfast climbs
and in the darkness of the hood
I repent of all my crimes.
If there can be no forgiveness
in the tightening of the noose
I pray I shall swing forever
now kick the damn floor loose.

Captain Cur

Fancy Bows And Ribbons Made Of Red

I chased your smile as the stars slid past
then caught you laughing on the sleeping grass,
the brilliance of the moon dove in your eyes
I was lost in the beauty of the closing skies;
the way you dressed and held your pretty head
in fancy bows and ribbons made of red.

I studied diligence and turned to ask
who I caught laughing as the stars slid past,
you did not answer with a voice or name
you opened your eyes and the moonlight came;
the way you smiled and held your pretty head
in fancy bows and ribbons made of red.

When I awoke the stars were fading fast
your name was written on the dying grass.
I called to wake you in the sunlit skies
but the moon was gone and you closed your eyes;
the way you looked and held your pretty head
in fancy bows and ribbons made of red.

Captain Cur

Fault Lines In My Heart

Was it your selected discourse on love,
where truth overwhelmed the path of longing,
or the undeniable expression
of your eyes that carved fault lines in my heart?

The writings of your voice soft and fluid
rekindled dreams dead but not forgotten
then the savage logic of the pain when
your once sweet words turned cold, harsh and bitter.

Captain Cur

Feedbag Of Her Guile

Can it not be as then I prayed it was
all hope I held dissolving from my view;
whatever I felt yet knew not the cause,
what privilege it was and is to love you.
Fortune has played me a suffering fool
to think the thoughts I thought in your embrace.
You washed away and cleansed me of my flaws
forged my old heart inflamed it young and new
tempered on the anvils indifferent face
words of love cry out empty of all grace.

You should have said you loved him more than I,
gossips cheap that chirps loosely like a bird,
I cried the tears of loss that never dry
stunned by truth the lone casualty of words.
Perhaps from your kiss I should have inferred
that your heart was not meant to meld with mine.
When I kissed you what glistened in your eye;
staid echoes from my own heart weakly heard,
love solely manufactured in my mind
perpetuating falsehoods by design?

Unabashedly loyal as a stud
love casually walks through the starters gate,
throws off the reins bucks' wild in the mud
tossing all who dare mount her in distaste.
Unwise I was, I bit down on the bait,
cold hearts can be broken by a smile,
neighing hoofs raising portents in the blood
trampled under the beauty of her gait
caught on lies and dragged for endless miles
nourished by the feedbag of her guile.

Captain Cur

Female Essence I Adore

Here forever her spirit's glow
that trines the vestiges of grace
and burns throughout her largess soul
in the munificence of space.
Equating her aquiline form,
full exhortations of her sphere
above the mist and earthly storm
from her pearl light's refracting tears;
beneath the shroud of her wan face
through the mystery of her orb,
her sweeping hemline's timeless cape,
the female essence I adore.

Captain Cur

Feral Pleasure

Here I be an impish sprite
that speaks with impish speech
biting hard a lion's tail
I clamp fast with my teeth;
hear now the old lion's roar,
the tragedy in poems
while I am whipped about
in the thought lairs of his home.

In his deepest jungle breath
he growls some simple lines
seducing young gazelles
with love bones wrapped in rhyme;
then suddenly he pounces
with a skillful lover's art
enclosing the distance,
leaping chasms to their heart.

I have witnessed feral pleasure
known no greater pain
in the death grip of a lion's lust
mangling my brain.
Be wary sweet young antelope
don't stray far from the pack
starved are the grey old lions
when their heads dismount the rack.

Written by 'Pirate Girl' Muse to:

Captain Cur

Flow Flames, Portrait Poems

Volcanic island's birth surmise
gold horizon peeks arched sunrise,
untouched sand winds arms outstretched molds
sculpt minute grains soft earthen folds.

Ravishing orange striped seas pave
flow flames restless marauding waves
besieged tumultuous divide
palm sheltered dawn leafs svelte reprise.

Rain nurtures, pulsing rays pervade
foliage green, blue caves deep enclave,
cloud whiskered skies eternal flows
new island soul incarnate grows.

Captain Cur

Footfalls Of An Impervious Lover

Fantastically large, the grass fed rills
winded lazily through a mountain pass,
row upon row of bright eyed daffodils
in luxuriant natural grandeur
climbed along the southern ridge, a yellow mass
interspersed with hints of pink, radiant whites;
their spirited colors, their sweet forms cast
along the ledges hanging from on high
down through the valley beneath an envious sky.

As if the sun's evening rays were sprinkled
with the uncontrolled beauty of the place
there stood a rock mouthed cave, huge, unwrinkled
where water leapt to smooth its ageless face
currents entering slow in tranquil grace,
rolling, turning, reforming from the deep,
tossing round an ever widening base;
like supplicants lapping at their master's feet
flowing into the stillness of hypnotic sleep.

What then dwells inside the cavern's cover,
between the falls, its stone heart echo beating
footfalls of an impervious lover
approaching, rising from the jetting springs
shimmering waves in eternal pleading
imprisoned within the submerging cell
in one last gasp, perpetually repeating
sensual fragments of this grandiose spell
the waters of his strength in adoration fell.

Captain Cur

Foreign Cantatas And African Dreams

Amid supplications and laurel wreaths,
She wore her hoary crown
Enthroned in power on her regal seat,
Her subjects bowing down.

Rapt beauty reflected by endless moons
Heralding newborn suns,
Planet rings woven in celestial hues
Where comet tails are spun;

Stellar elixirs, molecular scents,
The ions of her breeze,
Eyes of turquoise exotically bends
My torso to my knees.

Foreign cantatas' tumultuous scenes,
Egyptian in her stance,
Bountiful jungles and African dreams
Encompassing her dance.

Rich vineyards of pleasure, succulent grapes,
I drank her karmic wine
Making love to her desert oasis
Enslaving me in time.

Written by Captain Cur
in collaboration with
Ellias Anderson known as 'Captain A'

Captain Cur

Foresting Love Through The Ages

Causative levels of experience
have brought me to my knees, shorn of ideals
here I fade in this time drift of despair;
thoughts forlorn unnerve me in a spiraling descent,
waves rise beyond the height of my stern ship,
oceans push beyond the grasp of my mind's eye
reaching for oblivion on this morass sea.
In my heart I retrace visions of you
inwardly drawn from blood fed memories
flowing with and without all parts of me.
As I hail Britannia's golden shores
I feel your presence in each imposing wave;
the interaction between ebb and flow,
the meticulously placed chiseled rocks,
the precarious edge off Brighton's cliff
her shoreline demarcated in my view
pillared castles that rise like orchard groves
stone hewed vistas of remarkable craft
that haunt the countryside with their legends
of feudal strife and war, born of ideas,
honed with strength to withstand the centuries
appealing to the imagination foresting love
through the darkness of the ages.

Captain Cur

Forged The Kiss That Broke My World Apart

For this day you were anointed, dear child,
a strong will redeemed by an earnest heart,
eyes that spark and lips as soon to smile
which forged the kiss that broke my world apart.
When ancient suns the heavens ably chart
and burns the flesh with fires from on high
in your name to nameless shores depart
and time as time will not sit idly by
you have grown my Queen, now a woman to my eye.

We drew upon the canvas of the shore
rushing waves and dived challenging the sea
innocence lost which plagues us thence no more
dancing wildly and running through the reeds
I born to service, you were born to lead.
Now the tall masts rent into the gale
waves that rise and strike then as quick recede
strong winds infest the white and crimson sails
of a less than noble birth will my love prevail.

Captain Cur

Fornicating In The Bowels Of Unswerving Reason

Artifacts of emotional distress
left chiseled on your soft dimpled cheek;
sensuous, predatory you stand,
motionless, pedestaled on the edge
of unswerving reason.
This disease of lust fornicating
in my bowels has twisted
all semblance of chaste morality.
I leave these words at the base
of your stone feet.

I have sacrificed all for you,
for my edification by your tongue
I will return an unburied corpse
and bathe you in my blood.

Dear Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
armaments of desire can bring no lasting peace.
With what weapon I choose to close the bounds
between the Old World and the New
on this neutral ground in which we stand
there is no escaping truth.

(From: Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Captain Cur

Fortuitous Love, Love Poems

Truth and love, naked beauty in their arms,
taming man defeated by their charms.
On plush meadows loves youthful urges play,
the river calm, smooth daylight waning dusk,
circling slowly above coarse birds of prey
poised to kill sweet innocence with their lust.
True love discerns the vultures and the crows
steadfast it bears, unveils a tender pride,
outward it beams and passionately flows
supplanting the fragility of lies.
Fettered truths, past deceits their unkind guard,
fortuitous love now sounds escape's alarm.

Captain Cur

Freakish Moon, Genre Poems

Unleashing my soul, victim, I am doom!
Unease persists; raw nerves duel deep inside,
coward sun fails, breeds blood lust freakish moon
glowering bares upheaval in my eyes.

Complete infusion splits apart my being,
cellular sieges, changeling's pain inbred
bows curving spine, intent on savage mien
redressing process, wolflike drooling head.

Incessant chain convulsions molt in rage,
ancestral blueprints, hellish DNA,
salacious bites old evils gouge the grave
hateful moon, your destructive lunar rays.

Woodlands hiss as I speed a trail that leads
to mountain earth in twilight forest pall,
I roll in dirt and dew soaked scented leaves,
my body thirsts, I vault containments wall.

I scent my prey and track with instincts mind
panting hard, swift paws press green rotting grates.
My eyesight sharp in darkness they are blind,
guttural growls confusing their escape.

I claw the ground and leap with dark distress
in silenced air I howl to moon delight.
My barren soul will pain and never rest
in freakish moon the man wolf hunts tonight.

Captain Cur

Gambit

In the depth of the mythical surroundings
where the passionate complexities abound
can you fathom the player's dilemma
that delights in the sacrifice of men?
Who never gives a thought to what's common,
who sends them to the front, alone once again,
to further a speculative hand.

With a cheer the patriot pursues his course,
assessing I'm sure his lack of support,
and in his turn this hapless volunteer
lays down his arms and kneels in prayer.

Does the player himself possess such vast courage?
Would he the front rank his enemies incur?
Would he die for such an ignoble cause
or in their place devise a better plan for war?

The pawn is taken, killed swiftly in place,
forsaken by his comrades who then debate
on the military soundness of the plan
and if the genius of this feint will stand.

Captain Cur

Gardens Of Poetic Verse

You charm me with honor, pride, grace and soul
with heartfelt lines, yet worldly told,
contained within your sweeping rhymes
are words of life enthroned in time.

Your accent soft of sadness born
carried on foreign wings of song
with woodwind notes that linger air
then flowing downward in a tear.

And may that teardrop never dry
may kindest feelings fill your eye
your lips redeemed by simple smiles,
knowledge, truth and human trials.

Unknown to you, you gave me wings,
in accent tones and wordless strings,
a smile perhaps one day bestowed
embedded deeply in my prose.

In gardens of poetic verse
what is expression, but secret thirst;
when words are all I drink to live,
when words are all I have to give.

Captain Cur

Gently Stirs The Breeze, Villanelle

Whispers a word that gently stirs the breeze
escapes her lips when calming thoughts surround
forever loosed by love's uncertainty.

When once spoken can never be retrieved
candles blown by her tongue's votive sound
whispers a word that gently stirs the breeze.

Tormented eyes when they are blind to see
parts of soul that can no longer be bound
forever loosed by love's uncertainty.

What no longer gives life but pain to me
exposing the lies which could not be found
whispers a word that gently stirs the breeze.

In a naked world are all plain as she
where confessions of heart fail stumbling down
forever loosed by love's uncertainty.

Empty hands that reach for eternity
fading lips that once kissed her faultless brow
whispers a word that gently stirs the breeze
forever loosed by love's uncertainty.

Captain Cur

Glorious! Glorious! Is The Song

Glorious! Glorious! Is the song
that moves my heart to praise;
I wait upon the sweetest notes,
those yet unheard to play;
I breathe a breath as time falls still,
I beg my world to start
and triumph through the early dawn
till dusk reclaims my heart.

Captain Cur

Goddess At The Gate

I tried to view the pages of my fate
guarded by the Goddess at the Gate.
She rode a steed with mane of snowy down
galloping fast but hardly touching ground.
I wondered how much ink contained within
dried to soil the parchment of my sin.
I envisioned a fountain and a bride,
brilliant stories unfolding in her eyes,
then suddenly the sun and moon eclipsed;
I heard the words that trembled from her lips.
I saw the throng, a thousand different shapes,
and the isles of man, the oceans and the lakes;
mountains shook when the Goddess stormed the gate.

Against the cavern water gently sounds
forever deeper purging underground,
along these paths that randomness selects
the bowels of earth will dutifully direct.
The Goddess turned and breathed a heavy sigh,
the walls of fate were shorn and opened wide,
advancing forward flags and banners hailed
but in these depths I knew that she had failed.
The Goddess smiled and stood at broken gates.
I digressed and turned to suffer fate.

Captain Cur

Gods That Show No Mercy

Embalming hearts with fledgling love
then raped in boggy moors,
sailing tender ships of hope
that line the ocean's floor.

The fervor of religious feast
and the pompadour's of faith,
the twisted logic that ensues
when one is full of hate.

Passing of the chalice rounds
as each man takes a sip;
gods that show no mercy,
in their palms the bloodied whip.

Captain Cur

Grace Me Should I Die, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Gathering all past feelings,
relating them to this present moment
externalizing my utmost love and devotion
to that which I hold most sacred,
sculpting you in words,
making love rhyme synchronous
with reason, grasping onto you
at the end and beginning of my lines,
entwining you in mystery,
decoding you in verse,
imagining your presence,
enamored of your touch,
suffering your beauty,
administering your mind,
these things I do at this present
moment and gift my heart
forever in your hope.

Dear Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
a simple gesture will absolve me of my grief
the mountains stare and rivers bend at your approach,
where my stakes of pride have deeply gouged the earth.
If no meaning in these letters that I sent
them I invite you to propose the terms of argument;
so what of beauty that age one day will deny
when the currents of love no longer charge the eye,
what becomes of us when our wits and words escape
to the regions of mind that no longer plead our case
but through these travesties I await my Queen's reply
and hope your words of love will grace me should I die.

Captain Cur

Graduating From The Rhythmic Pangs

Graduating from the rhythmic pangs
of unrequited love
I write my Queen knowing pain
will never weaken my resolve.

Dear Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
battlements of desire
hold the treasure that I seek.
And what riches await
as I climb each wooden rung
and tread across the bloodied stones
until the battles won.

(From: Love Letters to a Lady of Renown)

Captain Cur

Grand Ocean Of Want, (Love Letters Written To A Lady Of Renown)

Traveling through this grand ocean of want
the satisfaction of my senses gives
more than I can ever hope to take back.

Impetuous though my thoughts and actions be,
momentous are the seconds I relive
the causative nature of my environment.

It is this indelible mood
that I write to you these words
and lost in the abstract profundity of love
I predate my thoughts to the first of our encounters.

Dear Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
solemnity is the pulpit from which I preach,
the day I knelt before you and kissed your gentle hand
I called myself protector though shunned by my own land;
in my eyes the wild beast, the serpent from the deep,
in your eyes the ocean's depth that cared to make them weep.
I am sealed by love, bound with hate, by my bastard birth
doomed to roam the wicked seas till the ends of earth.

Captain Cur

Greenhouse Of My Soul

Encased in panes of thickened glass,
the greenhouse of my soul,
filtering sun's unsteady light
when cloud formations close
beliefs shorn wildly in the gale
sparse prayers that never fill
droughts that cripple fertile fields
the lone freestanding till.

Captain Cur

Greening Of My Soul (From: Songbook Of My Heart)

In the Songbook of My Heart
The greening of my soul
Where do words survive
Where do words unfold
In the greening of my soul
The greening of my soul

In the voyage of my life
So many months apart
The waters they grow bold
The seasons they restart
On the oceans of my soul
The oceans of my soul

Tempered like a blade
Fire is so bright
Suffering is made
Stolen like the light
Of my soul
Stolen like my soul

In the parting of the waves
The sea ship sailing white
Connecting all the days
In the ocean of my life
The sails are burning bright
Sails are burning bright

I have come here for you
From the centuries of old
My life it starts anew
Each new day it grows
In the greening of my soul
The greening of my soul

From the Songbook of My Heart
I write these words to you
On the ocean of my life
Through the greening of my soul

Where my words survive
Where my words unfold

Captain Cur

Guide Me Toward Your Foreign World, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Dear Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
meridians of desire have drawn me from the deep,
on soul maps of white and gold that cross and intertwine
this final journey to your heart completely fills my mind.
I hear the ocean's cadenced voice gently sound your name
in the beauty of the whispered hush softly falls the rain.
Though continents divide my grief or words be misapplied
the zenith of north western lights completely thrill my eyes.
Should I chart the longitude or latitude of love
across the widening gulf of time in you my thoughts revolve.
Can the language of my verse or the conquest of your tongue
guide me toward your foreign world where all points converge as one?

Captain Cur

Have I Once Again Misunderstood The Muse

Whom do these letters of love accuse
that stabs my heart with vitriol unfair,
have I once again misunderstood the muse
and reached for heights I never should have dared.
Before the rampage in gentler times,
before bitterness infested my mind;
what sweet song the forest nymphs prepared
and tuned the chords with fingers swift and gay,
composing words in language bright and rare
to the dozing woods sung their midnight lay,
in soft voices that graced the evening air.
This song given me so that I might stay
abandoning the wild ocean for the peaceful bay;
notes of happiness, a blissful state beheld,
before I craved that which I could not own.
In the cesspool of desire I fell
when once thy touch, thy kiss, thy heart was known
far from these sacred shores I must atone.
Let not the muse or nymph my faults suffer
or break under the pressure of thy crown
for I trace in my mind this lone picture
and hold myself accountable in their stead.

Captain Cur

Heart Of Isle Curdi, Pirate Adventures (7)

Cyclonic whirlwinds whip to bloodied screams
panting demon breath hissing from inside
premonitions invade my deepest dreams
I heed the call and hear the Muse's cry.

I command sails and turn my ship around
crewed by shadow men sutured by the sea.
I hear the beastly wailing of the hound
in foul blazing dark sky dead misery.

She appeared in white mountain drifting clouds
a sleeping child curled tightly in her wings,
ice tip blues arose and trimmed her layered shroud
encased in stars crowned by planet rings.

She bent the rays and lit my pensive ship
with open lids of cool gold moon dressed eyes
broke the darkness with sun soaked burning lips
spread her arms and fanned the desert skies.

I felt the beast his ruthless claws in me;
yet, amazed at this marvel to my sight
then she fell and bruised the waiting sea
it's vast cold soul extinguishing her light.

My ship crushed by the violence of the waves,
I was thrown but with purpose I now rise
then saw the brief opening to her cave
penetrating the heart of Isle Curdi.

Captain Cur

Helen, As A Prayer Is To A Wish

On this holy Mount one final tear shed
for the legends and gods this world outgrew,
for years they fought, now their arms are weary
and the voice of heartless time calls overdue.
Through these empty halls winds of sorrow blew
a sad farewell to those the poets loved,
immortal beings though mortal flesh enjoyed
their spirits burning like a forming sun
reshaping the heavens, watching from above.
Perhaps they wait in the chasm or the void
and hope in vain to hear a praising tongue
to reopen the gates, the timeless portal,
where valour prayed and gave its sacrifice
to warring clouds darkening and gray;
the sword, the bow, the gold encrusted knife,
untamed streams, the blue sapphiric ocean,
men deigned for honor by this world enshrined,
one thousand ships bound for fame and glory
their great horns sounding, crushed Troy in her prime.
Odysseus, Atlas, Hector and Achilles
in the prestige of history their stories shine,
their names remembered, forgotten are the kings
and the corpses of the fallen left behind.
Glowing in the embroidery of her dress,
Helen, the most beautiful woman in the ancient world
stood upon the Trojan citadel
rallying passions from the furthest shores.
Paris gazing on her naked form,
his words fell deadened from his lips,
in this love, as a prayer is to a wish,
lost his pride in their first blinding kiss.
Then defeat befell them before the dawn,
Troy has fallen her beacon shines no more.
What do the ruins and broken tablets tell
of a greatness lost never to return?

Captain Cur

Herculean Oceans

Herculean oceans, unlike all other beings,
In calming presence or in windswept waves
Reflecting splendor or minacious doom
Gifting to our eyes tributes all their own,
What admiral adventure the sea brings!

The greatest lakes may erringly assume,
In their mountain beds and plush woodland homes,
To be their equals in scope and pleasure,
Are they not fed from the valiant rivers;
But, still can hear the rolling tides seethe and rave
In the dark channels of the salt ravines,
Upon the waters of the blue tinged vales,
Through liquid breath that scents the crystal air,
Cloud bursts, fickle sunlight's reclusive beams,
Thunder's gregarious light charged legions come down
Attracted by the ocean's glistening crown;

Tidal mountains bursting in orange flame
Commensurate with dusk drenched evening skies
And each shard of sun whipped brilliance clinging
To the riptides of fevered devotion;
Sword like unsheathed winds with slaughterous aim
Amassed with four mighty arms swinging
In ecstatic rhythms, harmonizing
With harp plucked strings of a rainbow sweep
Arching between ribbed ethereal sails
Atomizing colors in naked sleep;

Caverns echoing with deep commotion
Listening to the grinding of earthly faults
Enwrapped within their own coarse legacy
Movements not even the oceans can constrain,
Though gifted with their own ceaseless motion,
Rumbling along a wide and raucous path
Cadent disturbances when once aroused
Pound warring chests that heave beneath the ground!

Captain Cur

Herculean Oceans, Altar Of Poetic Death (2)

Fearsome ocean! Lone mystery to me,
In sublime trance upon these waters strange,
What moves below in darkened fantasy?
I cry out but my words drift in dismay!
How then to bear this unknown influence
This unrequited love bound up in chains?
Whole of beauty heard in pure timeless sound,
I float helplessly, wingless on the waves
Food for creatures with cold unfeeling eyes;
Unbidden, then I the unwelcome guest
At a loss for more gifted words of praise,
Past years rethought, a mind that once glowed bright
Gasping with each painfully uttered breath;
But, from some phantom light an image raised
A more robust, younger, enticing one
Its marvelous thoughts and dreams outnumbering
The days and nights slain in wasted slumber.
My eyes turn upward, waiting there on high
Posey tightly curled in creation's womb,
Tearing in joy with spiritual salvation
I reach for that faint glowing in the sky
Pulling it deep within my shuddering breast
And pray to the unclad chiseled statues
Decorating the altar of poetic death.

Captain Cur

Herculean Oceans, Birthing Infant Waves (7)

Oceans pulse and breathe,
Rhythmic tides their breath
Through veiled partitions
Eyes submerged in rest;
Counting patterned stars,
Phases of the moon,
As they slowly drift to sleep
Her fingers gently pull,
Covered in their wavy beds
On sheets of lurid blue.
Unconcerned what time they wake
Though somewhere it is morn
For their many days are spread
Across this lovely world,
Soon arising with the sun
And birthing infant waves
In the waters of this calm,
Life, wonderful and strange.

Captain Cur

Herculean Oceans, Composing In Unnumbered Symphonies (9)

Oceans of this impenetrable world!
Mystery lies within their deep embrace
Harmonizing waves sounding out their song
In solemn strains, that music which is loved,
Surmounting choirs on towering steps
Emerging from the shadow of the depths.
Melodious tunes from their surface spread
In movements and symphonies of flowing grace,
Then chanting earth songs in crude native breath;
Unstoppable, uncouneted as the hours,
Voiceless throats that rise in pulsing power
Accompany their soulful offerings,
Traveling far and wide,
Echoing from the mountains and the hills
Influencing life with unbroken will.

Oceans smile in salt stained innocence
And charm through a strangeness unveiled
Above the waters in the fountain of their tears;
And on those solitary nights
When the moon hangs in breathless kiss
floating in timeless ecstasy,
Reflecting waters, moonlit alchemy,
Communing with a starry sea,
Composing in unnumbered symphonies.

Captain Cur

Herculean Oceans, Dangling From The Ceilinged Sky (5)

Ocean winds stroke the waters here below
While they weave their tapestries as they pass
Throughout the clouds, their threads of silken white
Hanging from the ceilinged sky, briefly cast,
Drifting on the breeze in spooling hours
Mixed formations sewn in lightest wisps
Reflected by the waves flowing under
Wondering how each piece so tightly fits,
Seeming to waver in constant motion
Struggling to wander off and break free,
Dangling on the ends of patterned loops
Giving their treasured works back to the sea;
Rising higher, mounting each tiny rill,
Then suddenly streak in wild commotion
Dissolving into warm vaporous mist
Until just a slight glimpse of them remains,
For the sun is bored and no longer smiles
And the wind refocused mightily strains
Bursting them in the guise of woven rains.

Captain Cur

Herculean Oceans, Lighting The Skies In Velvet Plumes (8)

Across the coasts in rushing sweeps
Enchanting is that ocean sound
When it combs the sand and scrubs the beach;
The wrestling pebbles might respond
Clattering against the shore
In distinctive flips of smooth round stones,
While the seagulls pluck and pick and blink
Sun is shifting on its fiery seat,
Soft winds whispering in gossipy tones
Whom had seen the most of this world.
All descendants of that primal power
Joined in marriage with mist and cloud
On the dawning of that first solar day,
Consummating love through the virgin night,
In fibrous sheets they roamed and loomed
Lighting the skies in velvet plumes
And wrapped this earth in nature's robe.
Ah! So wild and wide and beautiful!
As the twin lights of sky unfolded;
As winds blew, this shapeless maiden
Took form, a sight no mortal eye beheld,
braided with forests, dells, mountain flowers
And in her hand a frozen wand
Of majestic sapphire blue
And smote it down upon this earth
And to all the oceans gave liquid birth.

Captain Cur

Herculean Oceans, Mounting The Saddle Of The Moon (6)

Herculean Oceans habitually bear
The weighty presence of their flowing might;
Soft winds coo them with fragrant lover's breath
Evoking ripples in the star drenched night,
At times mounting the saddle of the moon
Riding out the tides as they yawn and stretch,
Ever deeper they go in dark descent
In the bonds of the elements they share.
Perhaps the dozing sun has to contend
With waiting flowers eager to enter
His well lit home, smiling breaks his rest
Slowly opening his circular door.
The wind is busy flirting, oceans brood
Accustomed to a life of solitude;
Bringing their secret thoughts to fruition,
Harnessing their strength, binds that contain them
Loosening, fluid bodies of the sea
Quietly hungering for things out there
In the green landscapes of imaginings,
To fill this world and all its vacant tendencies.

Captain Cur

Herculean Oceans, Teeming With Life In Evolution's Maze (4)

The tides, the waves, the floods, though boundless stream
Return back those waters to where they dwell,
Unquenchable, untamed heaving basins
Fueling the ire of homespun hurricanes
In allegiance to their cause. Oceans dream
Impinging upon landscapes in their sleep
And by the feeblest margins are they bound,
When with wolf like presence suddenly leap
Laying claim to the humble works of man
And all separated from them at birth
Reunited forever in the sea;
All things warm and green, that live, breathe and sound,
Things that walk, fly, creep or prowl, every dell,
Chasm, valley in mute tranquility,
That which is high and inaccessible
enveloped by the waters of the earth,
For these their prey even the far mountains
Ages rose, spread as young foundations crept;
Harvesting the falls, geysers and fountains
And ancestors trapped deep in glacial ice.
Mankind's doom, felled from his vain pinnacle
That no sun or moon, no mortal power
Can prevent this relentless siege on life.
No more a city, a deluge, a ruin!
Will man's screams be heard through the rain drenched skies?
A perpetual vat churning, stewing,
Encircling trees and lakes and rich sweet soil.
I shutter as our world is drawn down
But pay homage to Herculean Oceans
For by our own waste we are overthrown.

Glaring then this image, a man less world,
Never can he reclaim his dwelling place,
What once his home now forever spoiled
And all the working's of his mind are gone.
Total annihilation of a race
Remnants swirling in tumultuous swells.

On this aquatic world warm sunlight beams
Perhaps live cells of humanity cling
Like mucous to the walls of air filled caves
And a novel spark of creation gleams
As the waters acquiesce and recede
Returning to the place of their dwelling
And leave in their wake majestic rivers.
From the land dormant seeds rekindling
As the greening age of paradise flows
Teeming with life in evolution's maze
Something new, unique, unhuman moves there
Taking its first breath, struggling in the salt charged air.

Captain Cur

Herculean Oceans, Vassals Of The Sea (3)

What spirits thrive in the bowels of these remote worlds
For they are life exemplified by trenchant cold,
These spirits cannot fail! They must never die!
They hold the keys to a mighty realm, the keepers
Of the abyssal plain who walk the ocean floor.
Seafaring men have spoke of these unearthly forms
Satiating their hearts with foreboding and fear;
Outlines of ghoulish shapes in tempestuous storm
Erubescant manifestations thinly veiled
On shifting tundras unfathomably deep
Where the voluminous waves mingle evenly spread
Gathering within themselves and mightily peak
Crashing down like edifices of liquid stone.
Some in their ignorance might call them hideous,
Scarred and riven faced with glowering caustic eyes,
Crude and elementary as all monsters seem;
Still their hearts pledged in sweet dalliance with the sun
And bask in the soothing trails of calm moonlit scenes
Voicing love that rises through the depths of silence
Forever enveloped by unbreakable vows,
A godsend to man, though man disassociates
Forgetting his original position, bowed.
Trapped beneath a crushing wilderness, deeds unsung,
Despite manmade menace, faithful, steadfast and mild
With peaceful solemnity will they always be
Staunch valiant caretakers and vassals of the sea.
In formidable currents to be reconciled,
May their gracious selfless acts never be repealed
By man, their presence novel but misunderstood,
As we ourselves are predisposed for greater good
Together in a pact our lives and theirs will seal,
To fully give ourselves to Herculean Oceans
We can redeem ourselves, we can begin to feel.

Captain Cur

Hereafter

If this life does not make one happy,
Why would one suppose happiness in the hereafter?

Captain Cur

High Priestess Of The Cave, Pirate Adventures (10)

Pernicious thoughts swelter on my brow
stalemates my heart, desperate for a move,
another failure I will disavow,
held in check, more viciousness to prove?

Her enticing voice calls through ghostly air
speaks my name, sweet cadence in her tone;
I feel the beast retreat in horrid fear
dig his teeth in red marrow of my bone.

I withdraw my blade floating in a trance
basking find the benediction of her eyes
her flowing robes enthralling female stance
my fearsome beast cowers weak inside.

Black roaming hair tinged translucent red
phasing light with purple shimmer waves
jeweled dragons warm her inner nakedness
witches praise the High Priestess of the Cave.

Captain Cur

Holy Temple Of Dread, Pirate Adventures (12)

Wandering steep paths, enraged with myself
allowing her spell to dissuade my mission,
chiseling with my sword defiling crypts
ordained by doom's guileless intuition.

I was exhausted; my men had all fled
endless lava caves mired in confusion.
I found a stalagmite rowed cathedral,
ice tipped stalactites glowing, diffusing

concentrated lines of flaming red coal
filtered through sun's immense ominous breath;
murderous scenes scorch Curdi's cavernous soul
drenched in the bloodletting rings of sunset.

An enthroned dense, flesh stained altar
rising amidst amphitheater halls;
iconic views of sacrificial slaughter
echoing refrains from death riddled walls.

Pagan gods perched on carved earthen ledges;
bare breasted women with undulating hips,
males exposing coarse muscled tendons
with scored eyes and affection starved lips;

towering tunnels, twilight permeating
the darkness, fossilized snarled tree roots clasped
in worship slithering like snakes squeezing
black acrid water defacing the past.

Scythian Priestess with flowing robes, spice
scented skin, fragrant, exotic, intertwined
and corrupted by the burnt smell of spent life
chalice in the elixir of unblessed wine.

Directionless in a sea of tombs
premonitions reforming in my head
aroused by her mouth and sweet oiled perfume
I entered her holy temple of dread.

Captain Cur

Homer, Phoenicia And The Trojan War

Clinging to the edge of time's oblique sphere
within the storybook of myth I fall
victim to Europa tending her field,
Homer, Phoenicia and the Trojan War.

Chicory, foxglove and digitalis,
she wove lovingly through horns on his head
a charging bull of white immensity
enticing sweet Europa to his bed.

Patroclus tricked the Myrmidons to fight
protected in the guise of hammered steel
but Hector took him from his youthful life
and Paris shot Achilles in the heel.

Quandaries interspersed with heroic deeds
bound by achievement and their true beliefs
questing for glory even gods will bleed
and die in the pages of a thousand griefs.

Captain Cur

Honesty Forgiven

If we live
honestly in the moment
all truths will be forgiven.

Captain Cur

How When I Will Reach You, Love Poems

How when I will reach you;
I will climb tall to you mountains,
I will flow swift to you fountains,
I will fly high to you breeze strong,
I will sing notes to you wind song,
I will walk with you share air,
I will breathe to you scent hair,
I will look gently to you fair form,
I will beg to see you eyes turn,
I will touch to you sweet face,
I will bow to you proud grace,
I will turn you to gaze round,
I in you to be found.

How then I will know you.
How then I will kiss you.
How then I will love you.

Captain Cur

I Compose You Totally

My Queen,

I am obsessed with the dichotomy of your eyes,
the total subjugation of my thoughts reenforced
in contrasting colors that subtly distill my mind
and my plaintive suffering words that speak unrehearsed
against the world upon opposing sides, with svelte moves
you attempt to assuage my love, how you cloak your heart;
yet, subtleties are never missed, true seduction found.
I may not share your bed, mere provisions for the soul,
not of might or external length but inward feelings shown
in the rhapsody of my song I compose you totally
a foreign creature, nurtured, cultured, bred and born.

Captain Cur

I Have The Soul Of Poetry To Keep

What words can strengthen my mortality?
What sounds can wake me from this worldly sleep?
Imagined obstacles appear too steep
to climb, in pain and weakness would I die
or call upon my eagle in the sky;
nor live in fear of death, I will not weep
I have the soul of poetry to keep
fresh, alive, not a tear escapes my eye.
The bards of old, their glorious refrains
redeems me from the agony and pain;
purity, knowledge, charity and truth
words that forged the pillars of my youth
and years, whatever numbers still remain,
I will grasp a magnitude!

Captain Cur

I Laid Down My Sword

I laid down my sword and followed my Queen
bade me inside the torchlit corridor,
twelve dark roses on the mosaic floor,
she unhinged the lock with a golden key.

I remember this all my days at sea
when I came to her through her chambers door
I laid down my sword and followed my Queen
twelve dark roses on the mosaic floor.

And all her tears, and pride, and royalty
that stirs my passion with a lion's roar
this complex meaning to a simple chore
in a world of blue and quintessence green
I laid down my sword and followed my Queen.

Captain Cur

I Laid Him Down Without Wreath Or Flowers

I laid him down without wreath or flowers
And gave his body as the currents stream;
I said the words to our God the Father
Reuniting his spirit with the sea.
I cried out as if in some horrid dream
For with all my powers so still he laid,
shook him gentle as a child to waken,
but no breath he breathed! No! No breath he breathed!

By twilight in its transient haste, taken;
To the deepness of the darkening shade,
To the blackness of the voracious night,
Pallbearers guided by an unlit sun
Bringing him down to a cavernous grave
Where years are counted in chime less hours
And the grains of sand in the glass are stalled,
Where greenness of the earth is planted under
In depths too deep to feel the giving rain
Just rumblings of the lightless thunder.

Captain Cur

I Must Revitalize My Claim

I must speak more wisely than I have spoken,
with each old word my reality became fixed,
wilderness of world rarely sought,
I must revitalize my claim, wisdom,
elusive as a firefly's zagging flame.
The tongue, a tiring instrument,
must be the first to teach and tame,
prolific in themes of love, not hate,
minds open or narrow, the thread the same
loosed from fear then, in true understanding debate,
freed from self-evil which control our fate.

Captain Cur

I Need You To Live, Love Poems

I bow down low,
I take your hand,
and I invite you to dance.
I hold you close;
I place my palm,
upon the small of your back.
The lights aglow,
the music slow
my mind is held in a trance,
I trace my steps
my body bound
the ballroom spins me around.

I see your eyes,
I feel your breath,
and my inward motion is calm.
You lean inside
hands on my chest,
your soft arms coming to rest.
I press your waist,
I hear you sigh
your knees bend in and rise.
I ease my pace;
I touch your face
and bring you down to my lips.

We feel all alone
our still bodies prone,
we brush lightly to kiss.
Your strapless black dress,
your formal white gloves
I need you to live.
The beat just replays
when hearts are ablaze,
I crave your caress.
What would I give,
I need you to live
I give you my love.

Captain Cur

I Profess My Love For You, (Love Letters From A Lady Of Renown)

Mon amant de la mer,

Should loss or misfortune appear to mar
our future on this day I do profess
my love for you. May not the weakest star
deny guidance or the sea's turbulence
deter you from your task. Prepare your plan
but do not be reckless, I fear a trap,
the scope of this enterprise must demand
utmost diligence, should these gold lined scraps
of the King be that invaluable,
three English warships have been deployed,
about your skills I have no doubt when you
return to me, my lover and my joy.

Loquacious

Captain Cur

I Recite Blind Lines, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Feather rich greens retrace denuded skies
unleashed by the wistfulness inherent
in your eyes; Lady of loquacious speech
with strong voice in all humbleness I try
to recite blind lines I inspired sent
to be my love what matter to the world
for you own my mind, reaffirm my lips,
with my soul off course, nothing will I find.

Captain Cur

I Will Become

Love Me

for what i am not
and I will become.

Captain Cur

I Will Build An Altar In The Tranquil Hush Of Night

Far beyond the dark shadow of the trees
beneath the mountains cradled as they sleep
farther still than where human eye can see
an immense figure walks alone in grief.
In the midst of this awful quietness
the greatest warrior is lain to rest.
I will build an altar to his legend
and his name. I will light a torch to bear
the beauty of his flame. Whosoever
fought and died has achieved a nobler fame?
All the princes of the earth with precious
wreaths and flowers stop a time in silent prayer
then rest them on his grave, in the breeze
their seeds to give, no two are the same.
Athena will sing her song and bring him
great delight, for in her words eternal love
still his heart to win. The heralds are trumpeting,
the horns sound gay and bright, on the altar
a cup of wine, forgiveness of all sin,
in the tranquil hush of night
Achilles enters in.

Captain Cur

If Only In A Dream To Wake

Awakened still in slumbered thought
Webs of memory gently caught
Enchanted visions by a stream
And this my recollection seemed.

Fair of skin and slightly blushed
She'd stroll and all the mushrooms hushed
whispering under their canopy
I hope today she will pick me.
The grandest meadows seemed alarmed
Swaggering with enticing charm,
Rolling gracefully as they'd sway
Staggering colors on display.
The raven balanced on his wing;
The crow would caw but never sing
Atop the tall oak stood amid
The fields, the streams, the granite ridge,
On the ridge the eagle glared,
His presence fierce, his watchful stare
Then swoop down on his lowly prey,
Then scoop them up and fly away.
Below that mighty wall of stone
Streams meandering toward their home
That carved and cut the mighty earth
Rambling steadily through the dirt.
Bright mountain snow as soft as felt
Would cling together then they'd melt
And greet the rivers with their flow
Moving swiftly from high to low.
And she would bathe in those warm streams,
And sleep and wake within a dream,
If only in a dream to wake
A fairy can enchant a lake.
If she should catch a robin's eye
That darted quickly through the sky
Then gently landing on her young
Teaching them their native tongue,
She'd stand and listen very long
To learn the meaning of that song

And then repeat the sounds she'd heard
And she'd become that blue winged bird.
While melding with the sky of blue
The outline of the moon bled through
A pale opaqueness to its light
But knew that soon it would shine bright.
Each day she'd wander through the woods
With earth tone eyes beneath her hood;
Those eyes that seemed a world away,
Those eyes with hints of blue and gray.
And she would call the morning showers,
And gently stroke the blooming flowers,
And all the beasts would come to call
Gathering round her in the fall;
For these were her favorite months
With squirrels and chipmunks gathering nuts
For soon the winter winds would blow
But she felt neither heat nor cold.
She'd slowly slip into the pond
Serenely floating with the swans
And they would turn their long white necks
And watch the falling crystal specks.

Captain Cur

If Passion Be Thy Victor

My Queen,
How often have I pulled the links of love
only to find them rusted by disuse,
what harsh penalties does pain devise
for this fugitive in an outlaw's den,
but find satiety in thy words beloved,
bestowed on the privileged and the few
that fans my heated heart's reply,
if passion by thy victor, oppose me then!

Captain Cur

If There Were No Moon, (Rondeau Redouble)

If there were no moon dark would be the night;
the sun bereft without her maiden glow.
Our eyes devoid of her seductive light
and all her gifts once lavishly bestowed.

Igniting seas emblazoned in her tow;
invading shores directed by her flight,
waves retreat when once gallantly they rose
if there were no moon dark would be the night.

No harvest fields or phases that delight;
new to full her embodiments unfold
in tangent skies just lonely specks of light,
the sun bereft without her maiden glow.

In our greed, like a trinket she was sold,
now we're lost to the privilege of her sight
and we will weep with stricken empty souls
our eyes devoid of her seductive light.

In vain we want, as often is our plight,
for her return by stellar winds to blow
her back to home! We crave our mother's light
and all her gifts once lavishly bestowed.

Captain Cur

Ignorance Gives Free

Assign wisdom its tithe
and knowledge grows,
ignorance gives free
what it does not know.

Captain Cur

Imagination Proclamation

Let us replant the vision of our youth
nourish and water ideals with dirt truth,
take our wallets out of the stripping malls,
invest our money in wisdom's hallowed halls,
replacing our proclivity for greed
with the actualization of dire need.

I clear my mind and hear the drumming call
pounding poetic beats, freethinkers all,
reading your written emancipation
and imagination proclamation.

Captain Cur

Imploding Thoughts

Twisted reasons
internally turn
into the logic
that imperils my thoughts,
that greases my mind
with slick glossy rhyme
and my clever creations are fraught
with the unseen mines
of unmetered lines
and the smooth
flavored cadence is lost
in words that tend
to worship themselves
and the whole poem
implodes in itself.

Captain Cur

In Raw Communion, In The Temple Of The Soul

Aphrodite of Paphos and Amathus,
many songs of beauty did inspire;
come, green eyed essence of the sea, when love
first held the scepter of creation's fire
these flames raged, smoldering with desire
from heart to heart they traveled very slow
and all who burned consuming flesh entire.
I pity those who never felt the glow
in raw communion, in the temple of the soul.

Captain Cur

In The Confines Of A Wish

Enmeshed in the craftiness of your smile
flowing with web like elegance,
the lightest feelings these threads inspire
entice me with their quiet dance.

Complexity honed with a weaving brush
there, in the confines of a wish,
soft lines strengthened by a delicate touch
bare intricacies of a kiss.

Captain Cur

In Wild Winds Blow The Tempest Of My Eye

I will not tarry in pursuit of love
or barter with words that retain their pride,
passion is not the birthright of the young;
in wild winds blow the tempest of my eye
though the storm is brief violently it cries
and I will voice the fire and the pain,
and weep until the death of heart runs dry,
to be blessed to drown in its pouring rain
than to argue these terms or love insane.
Unfulfilled and stacked in dulling piles;
if love be lost what joy is worldly gain,
on the naked face a painted smile
that earth and rain will wash off in the grave
when the pursuit of love took far more than it gave.

Captain Cur

Inertia Is The Greatest Sin

No mountain is forever built.
Flowers bloom then they wilt,
nature's forces wear them down,
forever lost and never found.

Moonless nights where light is dead,
phantom coldness shears my head;
jagged rock and icy steel
camouflage the things I feel.

When my eyes turn to the sea,
waves of passion thrive in me.
Caution I dropp to a whirl of wind,
freely falls in the ocean's spin.

Voyages I fail to take
each day harder are they to make.
A heart must act or never win.
Inertia is the greatest sin!

Captain Cur

Invasion Of The Poet Snatchers

Green liquid life blood flowing through stemmed veins
memories erased reentered plant brain,
cloned with the duplicity of sodded verse
photosynthesized re-imagined birth.

Originality anesthetized
renamed imitations dehumanized
photo copied sundry empty scribes
the super seeding of grass fed minds.

Imposter's among us in cheap detail
pill elongated heads and skin tone kale.
I just a simple pirate on the sea
laughing at poet snatchers chasing me.

Captain Cur

Is Love A Fever Or A Deadly Chill?

Merriment is gone, let those laughs be still,
is love a fever or a deadly chill?
The burning fire and the numbing freeze
mete out the symptoms of this dread disease;
insomnia, confusion, a sudden rash
there is no consensus how long they last.
The doctors' probing with his rubber glove,
there is no cure when you are ill with love.

Captain Cur

Is This Not How The Greatest Love Is Born

Earnestly love pines to the highest grace
with lessons from the faiths then to compare,
dimly shines the light on its hopeless face
when darkness sows the seeds of its despair.
Should heart meet soul must not their worlds combine
or suffer in exclusion both alone;
if passion strikes the spark inflaming mind
is this not how the greatest love is born?

Captain Cur

Isle Curdi, Pirate Adventures (6)

Small hands entwined, robed lily white,
I rowed our small craft failing light,
she lay infused, entombed in grace
I stroked the oars with hardened face.

Stood the Isle in mystic view
ramparts windows, dark shadows grew,
pale mountain carved stone walls duress
encircling the entrance to her breast.

Twilight craving end days delight
narrow channel pervades my sight
water streams through outlined shore
I row softly through deaths arched door.

Immaculate sands foot falls dew
plush isle bands repeat tree lined mews,
stone unending rise like sun night praise
infects my soul with pinpoint rays.

I carry her on rock ledge steps.
I rest her on green altars crest.
The muse said if she ever died,
I must bring her to Isle Curdi.

Captain Cur

Isles Of Cadmus

Magnificence crowns the Isles of Cadmus!
On these proverbial shores breakers lounge long
crested lazily atop its widening gulf
lulling the coast line with their natal song.
Of an ancient time these waters belong,
primordial life's imprint in the sand
inexplicably and forever gone
juxtaposed in massive swirling bands
flow back into the grip of the sea's mighty hand.

Captain Cur

Jungle Morning, Deadly Dance

Jungle morning; deadly dance,
?jungle tales of rave romance,
?I have heard a wondrous tale ?
deep in jungle plush and rare. ??

Songbird nests atop a tree ?
singing songs in dawning glee. ?
Her little brood two hatch bright, ?
three small eggs she warms at night. ??

Slinky Viper slides and peeks ?
craving Songbird weeks and weeks. ?
Clever Viper must have cause ?
to crush Songbird in his jaws. ??

Songbird sees a lowly worm ?
swoops and takes him to her home, ?
there she feeds him to her brood, ?
worm is neatly sliced in two. ??

Viper witnessed brutal act ?
testy he will quick react. ?
He slides up to songbird host ?
with deceptions naive boast. ??

Songbird squeals with great alarm, ?
she knows Viper means great harm
?bravely waves her wings at him, ?
Viper molting very grim. ??

Are you here to hurt my young, ?
day is new and just begun, ?
we just sing sweet melody ?
to the jungle from my tree? ??

Viper calls the heinous crime! ?
Viper brings the deed to mind, ?
you have killed an earthen worm ?
now will rain my slaying storm. ??

Songbird says we need to eat ?
so that we may sing and tweet. ?
What is lowly worm to thee, ?
Viper hanging in the tree? ??

Viper had come well equipped ?
with venomous steady hiss, ?
I was told by earth mother ?
to avenge little bother. ??

Songbird knew that this was lie ?
but saw death in Viper eye, ?
so she pleaded for their life ?
and asked Viper for his price. ??

Viper thought down very long; ?
he is slender, he is strong. ?
Viper is a gaming snake ?
Songbird's spirit he would break. ??

Songbird sings of sun and sky ?
azure blue and mountain high, ?
you must sing of deep despair ?
or your lives I will not spare. ??

Songbird looked inside her heart
?if with something black to start. ?
Songbird's soul was whitened pure.
?Songbird trembled quite unsure. ??

Viper poised for his attack, ?
Songbird coursed a throaty crack ?
then she sang a song of pain
?death echoing each refrain. ??

Viper jolted then amazed
?Songbird singing hellish lays!
Viper now had lost his bet ?
anxious paused with slimy sweat. ??

Then a cold rage filled his mind ?

years he was made to wind ?
only feeling savage lust
?on his stomach in the dust. ??

He remembered tales of young ?
with his hand he lit the sun ?
shining high in heaven's glove ?
knowing how it felt to love. ??

He recoiled in his ball ?
then he raised his belly tall,
?his demon eyes blackened holes ?
dripping fangs now full exposed. ??

Before Songbird could escape ?
Viper drunk for savage rape ?
he bit fast his fury hard ?
ripping meat and tender lard. ??

He struck and gnawed, ripped and razed ?
in bloodletting he was crazed ?
rage gave way to common sense ?
he was choking on himself. ??

Blinded by his ancient hate ?
when he chose his mortal fate, ?
he did not strike Songbird's wail ?
he was eating his own tail. ??

Viper dead fell from the branch ?
failing yet a second chance,
next day morning clear and bright ?
jungle thriving in the light. ??

Songbird stalls her happy song ?
pondering her youngest born ?
now she coos a saddened tune ?
in the jungle in the gloom. ??

Captain Cur

Just For The Heart To Own

If to this page these words of love are chained,
who will loose the bonds or visit that sweet
dungeon where shines the lamp of loveliness
and undo the gag of a voice constrained?
Through the cold bars of metal who will reach
and unlock the words, the words poetry
craves to speak, reclaiming life, nobleness,
through the ear to the heart where sight is gained;
deep seeing, pure listening, completing
what could have been more had they not been less
of what talents this cell taught them to be
there on the floor cowering and alone;
the door swings open, they are running free
no longer imprisoned, just for the heart to own.

Captain Cur

Laced With Incipient Desire, (Love Letters From A Lady Of Renown)

Mon amant de la mer,

Laced with incipient desire,
I tremble at your approach,
you suffer both my needy heart
and the shards of my reproach;
take me in your wind burned arms
and break me like the gales
climbing every sea drenched wave
then at peace on my still sails.

Captain Cur

Lady Of Loquacious Speech, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Sentinels of pleasure stand guard on walls
that are breached with a singular salvo
from your lips, Lady of loquacious speech.
In your arms each minute, each second falls.
I am struck by your beauty with each blow
powder from your guns burn through my senses
winds toward your direction steady turn
passion has dissuaded all defenses.

Captain Cur

Lawyer To The Whip

On every accursed criminal pirate ship,
one is chosen called, Lawyer to the Whip,
the crew elected Justice to this cruel job
to melt discipline as they beg and sob.

Chosen was he, not apparently clear
perhaps he generates just modest fear
he is completely blind in both his eyes
and when the tip snaps it strikes mainly sky.

One day his stroke broke upon more than air
he caught a thieving pirate on the rear.
For all shows the scar Justice left behind,
For all moons blind Justice, guiltless in crime.

Justice built thick shoulders and arms in youth
and he carries around his whip named, Truth.
The parrot keeps count as the flogging slows
then argues disclosures nobody knows.

The Captain stays perched on his brig, high,
once Justice struck wide and popped out his eye.
Crime became rampant on the Captain's good ship.
He called in Justice and un-lawyered his whip.

He then fitted Justice with both his good eyes.
He rallied the crew for a evening surprise,
they doled out the rum as the Captain stood tall,
and toasted the crew, Truth and Justice for all!

Captain Cur

Let Love Rule Pure Kashmir

Ancient poet's tender verse
metered soft with pleasing rhyme
intoxicating as they nurse
budding grapes leaves on the vine.

Maturation of the fruit
caressed by sunlight's warm embrace
through their words and foreign song
I learn the temper of their race.

If I am inspired as they share
the godly music of their hymn
then their notes I deeply hear
the sounding flavor from within.

I am satisfied by the presence
and whisper of the flow
immaculate glories lifting up;
I sense their native soul.

Culture, distance, hollow time
grasps the features of the truth
and presses the vintage knowledge
from the ripeness of their fruit.

Simplicity and strength
pervade each nuanced note,
I bow before the pleasure
and praise with privileged throat.

Wars, barren deserts, victory;
Kashmir's fabled life,
she is richness warrior Queen
and in battle you must fight

with words your lethal weapons
and in these conquests I will share,
occupy your precious country
and let love rule pure Kashmir.

Captain Cur

Let The Worms Crawl Down Upon Me

A face warm and beautiful, my fair Queen,
Catherine, sole occupant of my heart,
I hear your voice within the calming sea,
waves that reach then forever to depart.
Does the deep hold this knowledge, can it stop
the gross pleading of love's unanswered cry
or in the darkness see, can it restart
failed beginnings, or will it pass us by?
Catherine, in this age of grief, do we dare to try?

Could I retrieve that passion and that zeal
and pull this dark emptiness from my core;
on the anvil reborn of fire and steel
to again be that which I was before,
a flaming blade to serve whom I adore.
Will love falter, should on that glorious day
despair descend killing me with one blow
let the worms, the archetype of decay,
in hordes crawl down upon me, let them have their way.

Catherine, in the insurgency within my soul
with one fell strike, one leap, escaping all control!

Captain Cur

Libelous Methods, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Hell bent on retracing paths to former glory
enterprising adventures await my return.
Lady, loquacious in your speech, my heart employs
libelous methods. My feelings deign to deserve
the approbation of your smile, a discreet glance,
attentions that hasten my date with the gallows.
Erstwhile in your embrace you are my deadly dance.
Shall I escort you to the Queen's ball on the morrow?
Relinquishing to you my love, my life, perchance!

Captain Cur

Life, A Coin Toss

It was that incongruity of thought
that lashed across the outstretched hand of fate;
and life, as life always is, a coin toss,
flippant, with no sure outcome to debate.
New paths opening in the realm of choice,
some raw, others smoother and well traveled
safely beckoning with a comfortable voice,
others primitive, wild and uncontrolled.
There's fate swinging its kamikaze sword
battling against its own self interest
able to mutter but a single word,
with powerless repetition, 'divest.'
Hazards present themselves quite readily
so fate can put its feet up and relax
when outcome triumphs over sanity
soon earth will look at man and turn her back,
then fate again will rule with instincts mind
and all that's left tow a congruent line.

Captain Cur

Life's Umbilical Ink, (Love Letters Written By A Lady Of Renown)

Mon Amant De La Mer,

I am bound by the tendrils of remorse
that slowly choke and putrefy my speech;
I shy from the weariness of discourse
with this cold heartless man I lie beneath.
Hear me behind the breath of my clenched teeth,
endeared to you, the one that I crave most;
within the anthologies of our verse
words imbibed from life's umbilical ink,
some that burden me, others breed new hope,
in your wilderness of world both of us stay lost.

Loquacious

Captain Cur

Lingering Taste Of Your Lips, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Desirous of a brief interlude
formidable forces mount on my ship,
for the lingering taste of your lips I sue
this poor depraved world for a parting kiss.
Since last we met, I have been commissioned
to waylay a sovereign merchant fleet,
terms of which clearly state, at my own risk.
I would suspect politically contrived.
Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,
for the glory and pleasure of your eyes
my battles rage and though my days be few
may uncertain currents return me to you.

Captain Cur

Lioness

Beware the instinctive growl
Moving slow, proud, sure and straight
Of a young lioness on the prowl.
Fearless form! Her jungle gait!

Look! Her beauty, brazen face
Hunting till the sunlight dims.
Wary prey! A smooth tireless pace
Warms the sinews of her limbs.

Roaring sounds! Rampant will!
Hushed by stalking's deadly start,
All pay homage in the still
Revering her primeval art.

Eyes of wonder! Eyes of steel!
Born to rule and sovereign reign,
Mystery cloaks just what they feel
Unchallenged in her vast domain.

Captain Cur

Loins Of English Treason, (From, 'Pirate Manifesto')

If my trade a blight upon the nation
preaching loyalty with a drying tongue
England play host to my blood relation
betrayed by the loins of your own treason.
Sardonic riches are the gold I won
that only buys what wealth decides to lose,
gimmickry can never raise my station
or veil me from the deeds that I have done;
but, if this Lady be the one I choose
how fell a grip would my hand dare to use.

Captain Cur

Lonely Is And Are

Lonely is the pirate ship
that courts the setting sun.
Lonely is the end of quests
when all that's lost is won.
Lonely are the dreams that haunt
the vacant mountain tips.
Lonely are the words of love
that die upon one's lips.

Captain Cur

Long Past The Longing Hour, Love Poems

Long past the longing hour
as the shades of you drape my sullen frame
I have emptied all into you
and washed you with my breath.

You left long before that hour
to retrace your steps back to a former life
that is no more to you

mere inflections of emotions lost long
as you walk that familiar path
or the one leading you back to me.

Captain Cur

Loquacious Sends A Luscious Note, (Love Letter From A Lady Of Renown)

I must admit on opening your gift
an equivocal smile passed my lips,
what you penned inside your luscious note
sent waves of laughter throughout my boat.

"Should thee be made to walk the plank,
should thee suffer lesser rank,
should thee sink thy wooden sloop
or be meat in savage soup,
take this loving dagger here
from thy love and lady fair
before thee breathes thy final breath
press it through thy pirate chest."

"But if thee live to see the dawn
I will be your sensual pawn.
Inscribed on the dagger's hilt;
"Loquacious feels no shame or guilt."
Mount me in thy dagger's sight
take me at thine will's delight."

Captain Cur

Loquaciously I Ask

Captain Cur,

I should choose the outcast knight
if I would have my choice,
he would make a wholesome sight
when mounted on his horse;
enchantresses charm his head
with soft seductive voice
then lie waiting in his bed
to rip his armor off.

I might choose his fallen grace
a bishop less his robe
I should stare more at his face
than what he has exposed.
Should I look when he turns round
he's bending down to pray
is that a smile or a frown
it's really hard to say.

Impregnable castle
a steep faced rhyming ruse
I then a loyal vassal
or a seductive muse?
I would batten down it's strength
secure it's iron gate
then take pleasure in the length
the Captain takes his break.

How you dream my tricky pawn
to steal away the light,
how you plead and how you fawn
to sleep with me at night.
I will write you no more rhymes
the promise that I cast
have you drunk that daisy wine
loquaciously I ask?

Mon amant de la mer,

I have sworn a solemn oath
to fend you from my mind
though you constantly provoke
awaiting my reply.

What is it you need to hear;
'I'll love you throughout time'
with what subtlety you coax
my words will not deny.

Loquacious

Captain Cur

Love Letters Written To A Lady Of Renown (1-5)

Hell bent on retracing paths to former glory
enterprising adventures await my return.
Lady, loquacious in your speech, my heart employs
libelous methods. My feelings deign to deserve
the approbation of your smile, a discreet glance,
attentions that hasten my date with the gallows.
Erstwhile in your embrace you are my deadly dance.
Shall I escort you to the Queen's ball on the morrow?
Relinquishing to you my love, my life, perchance!

Sentinels of pleasure stand guard on walls
that are breached with a singular salvo
from your lips, Lady of loquacious speech.
In your arms each minute, each second falls.
I am struck by your beauty with each blow
powder from your guns burn through my senses
winds toward your direction steady turn
passion has dissuaded all defenses.

Desirous of a brief interlude
formidable forces mount on my ship,
for the lingering taste of your lips I sue
this poor depraved world for a parting kiss.
Since last we met, I have been commissioned
to waylay a sovereign merchant fleet,
terms of which clearly state, at my own risk.
I would suspect politically contrived.
Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,
for the glory and pleasure of your eyes
my battles rage and though my days be few
may uncertain currents return me to you.

Masques of war, painted stripes of savagery
regardless of one's rank or expertize
these are the fertile fields in which I till
in trades in which I barter what I kill.
Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,
all must know it is you to whom I speak
how insufferable will be my prize

if I am not the glory in your eyes.

Vengeful labors bequeath their stain on me
that cannot be removed by acrid lye
should my soul be purified by the sea
entombed within her bosom I shall die.
Fitful Lady, loquacious in your speech,
your woman's flesh entices me in sleep
each day I rise to reap a newer dawn
and celebrate your beauty in my song.
Behind gold draped windows and marquee doors
there you stand like an art piece of decor,
though you dress his arm in the godly light
am I not the devil you dream at night.

Captain Cur

Lovers Bound To Lovers, Love Poems

Why do I need so much of you?
What is it that I am hoping you will satisfy?
Can you fill my void?
Will you become my vice,
an unshakeable habit?
Will you dictate to my desire?
How long will you stay?

I am unresolved in many ways.

When I see you each first time,
you become more beautiful,
more beautiful than the last.
I commit idolatry because I worship you,
your body, the heat, the softness,
the texture of your mouth.
Against you I press.

I submit to the bondage of your flesh.

Your eyes quite still,
mesmerizing me with their calm
irresistible call, because you did not resist me,
but pulled me in with arms
incredibly strong and light.
Arms I had searched for and finally found.

Slowly, slowly, softly I am bound.

I am hungry for you,
my hunger ravenous.
I want to devour you.
I want to engulf you and take you into myself
and satisfy myself by using each entrance to you,
and never retract myself, but stay unresolved inside of you,
bound to your flesh and you bound to mine.

Lovers bound to lovers for all time.

Captain Cur

Love's Eye

Your Highness,

Impartial arenas of thought provoke
the gladiatorial thumbs up or down
in your killing fields where love's silk token
compels me as the drums of death beat round.
In the days of mercy what have I found
lovelier than the blue blossoming sky,
inspiring as the advent of hope;
yet, I watch your silk token flutter down
and raging against all I hate and despise
will I be the one left standing in love's eye.

Captain Cur

Love's Refrain, Comments From Antiquity

Softly speaks
the trials of love's refrain,
what's bound by youth
may wizened age retain.

Captain Cur

Love's Reprise, Comments From Antiquity

On the staves I am trapped
in love's reprise; in the pauses
the depth of love realized.

Captain Cur

Making Love To Her The Sea, Pirate Oaths I

From the edge of the horizon
a mighty ghost ship from the deep
her rising masts ringed with lightening
crewed with dead men roused from sleep;
her bow broke through the waters
where the waves of time are breached
our Captain shouting orders
a new world in our reach.

Smooth decks of polished teak wood
salt water draining fast,
her masts upon the mainstays stood
sunk in hardened ash;
she rose and then she dived
billowed sails a pale white flame,
she pitched the waves with mahogany spine
that shook her hulking frame.

Making love to her, the sea
with each crest and thrusting plunge
teasing with her lovely peaks
between the breast beats of her lungs.
The gulls broke out in song
singing chants to jealous winds,
they responded with invisible throngs
thus impassioning her sins.

We oiled rusty canons;
we sharpened swords and knives,
we raised our flags and banners
announcing pirate lives;
but, no other ship would hail us,
we were trapped in glories past,
no sweet fruit to sate our hunger
windless sails upon our mast.

We craved for new adventure;
yet, not a ripple on the blue
oaths are men's indenture

to a ghost ship by its crew.
Each man by his free choice
each word by spoken breath
written in blood by his own voice
came due upon his death.

“At the twilight of my days
I pledge my oath to sea
upon this ship I will remain
throughout eternity.
Should my spirit haunt the depths,
should my spirit know no joy
I will be true to him in death
my soul in his employ.
I shall follow maps that lead
for he has sealed us both
my Captain rules the keel and keys
I swear this binding oath.”

We looked upon our Captain
uncertain of our course;
he unrolled for us a treasure map,
a treasure won and lost.
He rallied us around him
announcing our new quest
guided by the starlit twins
fell winds blew toward the West.

To be continued...

Captain Cur

Malevolent Rising, Pirate Adventures (1)

Canvassing the forgotten sands
of centuries shipwrecked by war,
I call to time and make demand
and push back the blood soaked door.

I stand witness to my own death
forsaking grace and soulful peace,
crying out with foul brackish breath,
grasping life with rebellious reach.

I will have my ship and my crew
rotting from the depths of the sea
fitted for war, I swear anew,
relentless purpose driving me.

Collecting pieces of my soul,
I rebuild features of my ship,
broken clinging to craggy shoals
rising up the Malevolent.

Captain Cur

Manifesto And Mission, Pirate Oaths II

The sea's charm is soft and fluid
rocking ships within her arms,
I looked upon my vanquished crew's
dried lips and calloused palms;
they looked like waifs in parting winds,
fog that skims across the sea,
with lifeless eyes and scrawny limbs
gaunt forms that stared at me.

Pompeii called the men to Order;
I clasped hard my beating breast,
assembling round the Quarterdeck
stood, Ellias to my left.
'Quartermaster, roll call the men
with official rank to start.'
'Aye! ' that response their tongues did rend
those 'Ayes! ' that broke my heart.

Ellias, the Sailing Master,
observing the starboard tact
sometimes they call him 'Little Cur'
or 'Capt'n A' behind my back.
Soul, is the Malevolent's Boatswain
a pirate of farseeing sight
skilled in Art and musical strains,
carving sculptures with his knife.

Gustavus, 'Gusty' Pinter,
the Master Rigger of Sails,
his hands chafe like Old Man Winter,
his belly fat as a whale.
My Coxswain. Nathaniel Wright,
brightens spirits like the sun
charming stars he names in the night
as faring as he is young.

Kil Wisslair, the Malevolent's cook,
boasts French culinary skill,
one bad eye, one hand and a hook

rightly earned him his nickname, 'Swill.'
Cornelius Squib, Powder Monkey,
a burnished fuse for a wit,
maintains the canons in their sleeve
disarming as he is quick.

Fierce whitecaps were getting restless
swirling to marshal a force
but the wind just blew and hissed
and pushed hard our Westward course.
I unfolded my ancient chart,
a gift from a troublesome Muse
on there she scribed her Order's mark
with instructions linked in blue.

'Herein lies your first endeavor
this mission to win you your flesh
sail till your masts are tipped with fire,
do not falter in this test.
Find the light that terrifies men
when your sails and masts burn red
steady your souls and do not bend,
bring me the Demon Star's head.'

Captain Cur

Man-Of-War, Pirate Adventures (4)

Spies of Mother England do sell surprise
for gold coin wrongly stolen buys clear Brit eyes,
now they have commissioned young Captain Pith's
flagship vessel to sink the Malevolent.

England's powerful reach has now run ground
by my defiance and fast baying hound,
merchants seek justice at a hefty price
embroidering rich noose to end my life.

Let their wood gild trades build their man-of-war
with bronze and copper from weaker shores,
powerful canons dress her three tiered deck,
I will evade and frustrate this new threat.

Captain Pith bellows from across the sea;
'Cur, law detests your ruthless piracy,
commanding fully outfitted, Mandrake,
under her guns your Malevolent will break.'

Captain Cur

May I In Abject Service Be As Free

May grave passion yield fealty to the sea;
may I in abject service be as free,
shorn of an empire, compelled from home
surrounded by the limitless unknown;
where currents pull me, the sail masts sway
in deference to my own will, obey!
To the beauty and subtleness of change
forever outward on this bright blue range
each thought I measure like the coming wave,
am I a whole, or a part of the same?
In days of struggle and of perfect ease
where pleasure cannot satisfy
pain perhaps can please.

Captain Cur

Mediterraneus

Mediterranean's exotic dance,
waves court tall white faced Italian shores,
then sit upon the footstools that are France
and wait within her ocean's cloistered doors.
Once claimed by kingdoms that arose before
their strength dispersed by majesty of arms,
coliseums decayed, rust retrieves the sword,
Phoenician horns no longer sound alarms
drowned in the depths which internalize her charms.

I walk upon the shadows of her wake;
my footfalls silenced, stolen by the blue,
and glance upon the islands of her lake,
Corsica and Sardinia come to view.
I taste the wine her ancient vineyards grew,
rich olives purple nuggets of her soil
pressing the golden liquid flowing through
my veins bared by the years of human toil
anoints my spirit with their aromatic oil.

The gods of plenty irrigate her grounds,
cornucopias poured by outstretched hands
freed by praise from their planetary bounds
frolicking in mirth on her fertile lands;
Europe, Anatolia and Levant,
North Africa, Macedonia, Greece
bathed in the breadth of her untiring bands,
island civilizations, Cyprus, Crete,
their banners dressed Alexander's conquering seat.

Augustus named her 'Mare Nostrum, Our Sea, '
until Rome's ultimate fall and decline
concepts of man, empire and dynasty
temporal precepts waste away in time.
The flavor of aged Neapolitan wine's
hearty grapes sweetly settles on my lips,
beautiful Campania seeks out my mind
as I hoist the sails of my fading ship
I give Mediterraneus a farewell kiss.

Captain Cur

Mere Mention Of Your Name, Love Poems

I am troubled by my feelings
that defy all common sense
that breathes in your warming beauty
and fulfills each labored breath.
My emotions deep, dismaying
madness stokes a hidden flame
burning blood red silent anguish
merely mentioning your name.

I am plundered without reason
not a shilling of respect
recounting dreams of moistened lips
mapping contours of your neck.
Candid youthful turbid movements
arms be-speckled in the haze
I am lost within your charming
garden hedge rows in a maze.

Mesmerize me with your shadow,
drape my heart with languid song,
dance with me sweet lonely shadow
trailing light shade growing long.
Mystify me with your essence,
confound me with your ways
from the insight of your spirit
predetermining my days.

Incantations, tonal whispers
hold me spellbound with your tongue
chaliced love that pours and fills me
exhalations from your lungs.
Ride with me on wings of songbirds;
rise with me on hymns of praise,
fly with me on gentle currents,
fly with me, lets fly away.

I'm enslaved by girlish laughter
turbulence that breaks apart
ransacked then pieced together

ensnares, denudes my heart.
I am saying that I love you,
though our circumstance insane.
I am saying that I love
the mere mention of your name.

Captain Cur

Mighty Blue

Terse winds were full, fought hard the sails
pure white as maiden gowns,
the ship and sea in courtships dance
no virgin pretense found.

Rivulets of tears salt the cheeks
when bride and bridesmaid sing
upon the pillowed sunlit waves
lie both the golden rings.

The wedding bell sounds loud and shrill,
sea urchins line the aisle;
shimmering guests surround our boat
whales laugh and dolphins smile.
Flying fish create an arch
our ship slow passing through,
we cheer and raise our glasses high
and toast the mighty blue.

Captain Cur

Mighty Blue (2) , Island Prisms

Terse winds were full, fought hard the sails
pure white as maiden gowns,
the ship and sea in courtships dance
no virgin pretense found.
Rivulets of tears salt the cheeks
when bride and bridesmaid sing
upon the pillowed sunlit waves
lie both the golden rings.

The wedding bell sounds loud and shrill,
sea urchins line the aisle;
shimmering guests surround our boat
whales laugh and dolphins smile.
Flying fish create an arch
our ship slow passing through,
we cheer and raise our glasses high
and toast the mighty blue.

At night the full moon resting low
romancing sea and ship
floating through reflective rays
in her lover's tender grip,
skies of dark crimson hues
unveil with celestial grace
the fingers of the bride's caress
upon her bridegroom's face.

Island prism's infectious sands
adorn her perfumed breast,
within them the deep wealth of life
the waters of her flesh;
flowered leafs of pearled bouquets
each tossed out blindlessly
promises of eternal love
vowed to the bridal sea.

Captain Cur

Mighty Blue (3) Bridal Sea

Terse winds were full, fought hard the sails
pure white as maiden gowns,
the ship and sea in courtships dance
no virgin pretense found.

Rivulets of tears salt the cheeks
when bride and bridesmaid sing
upon the pillowed sunlit waves
lie both the golden rings.

The wedding bell sounds loud and shrill,
sea urchins line the aisle;
shimmering guests surround our boat
whales laugh and dolphins smile.
Flying fish create an arch
our ship slow passing through,
we cheer and raise our glasses high
and toast the mighty blue.

Beyond the altar of the waves
elemental spirits reign;
jeweled stars comprise the veiling lace
sea mist her velvet train,
with trumpets borne by earth and wind
resounding off the reefs
and mesmerizing tidal hymns
ascending from the deep.

At night the full moon resting low
romancing sea and ship
floating through reflective rays
in her lover's tender grip,
skies of dark crimson hues
unveil with celestial grace
the fingers of the bride's caress
upon her bridegroom's face.

Island prism's infectious sands
adorn her perfumed breast,
within them the deep wealth of life

the waters of her flesh;
flowered leafs of pearled bouquets
each tossed out blindlessly
promises of eternal love
vowed to the bridal sea.

Captain Cur

Moated Waters Of The River Rhine

Turrets assemble saluting the nomadic Rhine,
castles deeply footed in Goethe's romanticized age
honor the passing river as the dandelions sway
to the knowledge of his wisdom, each quotable line
embedded in the rock faults supported to this day.

Faust's pride and his quest to reach the zenith of knowledge
culminating in one moment of exquisite bliss
bitterly grieves the eternal price for this sweetened kiss.
On how many foolish wagers do we try to renege
in the sale of our soul importunately wished?

Why did Prometheus defy the gods as worship
starved charlatans who did nothing but enslave mankind?
I pay homage to these ruins as archers string their line
and their arrows fly through the mainstays of my ship
immersed in the moated waters of the River Rhine.

Captain Cur

Moment Of Their Psyches, Pirate Adventures (14)

I opened the vortex, plunging into timeless depth,
unaware of my presence in the external world,
I smelled his stench and unlocked the stronghold to his lair
subjugated by the vicious panting of his breath.

A rift appeared; the beast emerged corneas plagued
by jaundiced eyes, gurgling intestinal waste,
huge grotesque limbs, its snarling upper lip torqued in rage
exposing blood drenched teeth in pock scarred pitted face.

Addressed in battle, clanging challenge of metal swords;
intuiting blows, portending each moment of their psyches,
evading stone mallets wielded by her fervent hordes,
the beast their butcher,
they screamed beneath his gutting strikes.

Captain Cur

Monolith Of Self, (From: Corsairs Of Old)

On the belief that life will always suckle me
give the withal to move up another step
be enriched by the clear poverty of living
direct my triumphs and protect me to the last;
in this conclave of mind I stare bold and scheming
reinfected by the gaiety of the young
receiving joy from the simple garden pleasures
sung by the blooms that reach out trusting to the sun.
This moment is the only truth once afforded
the future a falsehood that I must never cast
rewards are held in this present earnest heartbeat
pass the old draughts and bray the monolith of self.

Captain Cur

Moonlit Chambers Bath, Portrait Poems

Envisioning rapture, Venusian stance
reflecting window gardens evening trance
solitary beauty weaves midnight path
pouring innocence in moonlit chambers bath.

Encased in armor, black sentinel watch,
my spirit trapped in polished keyless latch
large chalice light paved candle glowing burns
immobile Knight displays decorum's form.

Each night I stand as she disrobes in gold
upraise arms naked stained glass flowers fold
invoking sighs from heavy trembling steel
lifeless statue, what could ancient metal feel;
eyeless, mouth-less, earless mesh cross-stitched face
dreamless voids from dark cold heartless space.

One night intrigued she ventured stealthily
lifts my helmet her lips spoke silently
then turned my head toward the steaming mist
and bathed my dreams in droplets warming kiss.

Captain Cur

More Meltingly Composed Than Liquid Fire

Her passion's voice more meltingly composed
than liquid fire, soft words boiling over
too hot for flesh to bear; mesmerizing,
coming near, dancing slowly on her smile
waltzing flames touching lips, sweat, desire;
in this age, in this time, I am to live
through the blaze, heart in hand, my love to give.

Captain Cur

Morning Mist Of Joy

Morning mist of joy, quietly you grew
sparkling on ringlets in the morning dew.
Do you favor darkness and the fall of light
scenting the evening breeze in the cool of night
or do you choose to vanish in the warming rays
replicating nature in the form of rain?

Captain Cur

Mount Olympus, Its Primal Beauty Caused This Earth To Moan

In this ancient place her memory far
in the past built with godlike hierarchy
that looks upon a bright and nameless star
its pattern not yet worshipped in the sky.
Fairer then, now no roads nor kingly throne
nor rich castles coiffed with gardened flowers
its primal beauty caused this earth to moan;
on this hill, counting neither years nor hours,
the shadows yield to light in slow retreat,
below, before the dawn, life was teeming
I feel the surging forest and its heat
opening eyes but my mind still dreaming
every brook and stream did take a simple vow
to rush throughout the caverns of desire;
the flute, the pipe plays from the highest boughs,
the sun's golden beams flame with piercing fire
it was these themes her gentle heart inspired
and to this world she took me by the hand.
The greatest of the gods, the Olympians,
lie dead on their sacred mount, breath expired,
thundering to the last one final groan
for even they could not redeem the hours
or preserve the sweetness of their home,
and in these brooks and streams their waters teeming
and the fire of the sun expels her heat;
I close my eyes and fall back into dreaming.

Captain Cur

Muted By The Hood Of Sweet Repentance

This oath I swore, my heart was younger then,
impatience ruled and stormed the realm of night,
horrors cast where the bloodlet stains are penned
my fortunes mired, insured by ways of might.
Potent words like charms, in themselves believe
following blind or shepherding the herd,
unleashing lies religiously received
the finer truths repressed and undisturbed.
When bold in wisdom's sight a question wakes;
frenzied passions yield, calm influence grows,
this pure savagery swarms outside my gates
less infests my mind or alarms my soul,
suddenly, when the swift cut of death strikes
with alacrity and forced acceptance
those same words impoverishing my psych
muted by the hood of sweet repentance.

Captain Cur

My Head Lies At Your Feet, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

I would do all things for you, though my soul
would perish and die, regardless of wealth
to sweeten sudden urges, extolling
every magnificent, rash, sweltering breath
when you ease your grip on my stubborn pride
and slowly loose the vengeance from my eyes.

Regal Lady, loquacious in your speech,
you have asked me to champion a cause,
with lesser words or actions to impeach
should I list exuberance as a flaw?
I have destroyed a sovereign merchant fleet
the bounty on my head lies at your feet.

Captain Cur

My Lips Dream Her Hotly Kiss, (Rondeau Redoublé)

Inter breath my lips dream her hotly kiss
with seamless joy parts the glistening bows
upon my tongue delicacy of wish
my face is flush and time is all aglow.

How sweet I prayed and longed for one of those,
shyness still in hesitancy of lips;
what if there be intrusion of the nose,
my fears consider, what if I to miss?

I'm leaning close and quiet as the mist
with awkward stealth I'm introducing toes,
my arms embrace advancing just a bit
with seamless joy parts the glistening bows.

These links of love with certainty I know
will form our bond; yet, always at a risk
and weave our fates as passion overflows
upon my tongue delicacy of wish.

In this softly place, taunt and intimate
the winds of love adrift and quick to blow
two hearts laced by the lights of innocence
my face is flush and time is all aglow.

Shadows soar then coalesce within my soul
wandering wild, our bodies in a twist,
complete collapse my mind and body fold
inter breath my lips dream her hotly kiss.

Captain Cur

My Lover From The Sea, (A Locquacious Song)

Keep my words close by thy heart my lover from the sea,
sails that blot the shying sun, white sails that sing the breeze.
Oh! Mighty craft a speck in the shallow of my eye
fading fast beyond the line that separates the sky.

Tossed by waves and lightning squalls in oceans here and past
tethered ropes of seemly length that thread the swaying mast,
lovers wait upon the shores and shed those shallow tears
storms that claimed the men of old and men of youthful years.

Keep my words close by thy heart my lover from the sea
brave the noontime burning sun and sail the midnight breeze.

Fortune the seafarer's dream sweet treasure in his grasp
bewitched by the falling stars which turn him from his path;
I'll wait for you on the heights, to see you tip the waves;
I'll wait for you till stars grow dim, till the end of days.

Keep my words close by thy heart
my lover from the sea
return to me my lover,
my lover from the sea.

Captain Cur

My Obsession With Fate, (Love Letters From A Lady Of Renown)

Mon Amant De La Mer,

Litanies of chance persuade my actions;
upon your body I know every scar,
every blemish, every base distraction.
Does not more bind us, than tear us apart?
This journey I sail with you insofar
compromising my obsession with fate
or my soul made virtuous on the rack.
Would you have my name and title disbarred,
an unhoused bird made to flutter naked
to search the barren oceans for her mate?

Loquacious

Captain Cur

My Precious Sack Of Cloth

.....Crushed,
I carefully overlay my ink
and redefine my heartfelt loss,
where I place these weathered notes
in my precious sack of cloth.

Captain Cur

My Queen May I Once Speak Thy True Name

With whom do I stand at this vexing hour
heeding thy council or those of lesser men?
May I once speak thy true name, Catherine,
formidable as thy northern tower
from bloom to queenly grace did flower.
May my words not retreat from me again
bound to this truth, my lover, queen and friend;
they yield their strength to thine enduring power.
For this reason I know I must depart.
I am called back by my mistress the sea.
I will be thy hand which must strike free;
enemies from foreign lands will fear thy name,
heed thy voice and pledge to thy glorious heart
their love, a love I was not born to claim.

Captain Cur

Naked Dragon Flesh, Genre Poems

Twilight beams incite chaste wandering moon's
habitual glow stings raw unsheltered breeze
romancing waves impress heart lover's swoon
unreins and drives the dragon from the trees.

Compelling flight in flaming wonders mist;
pearl earrings fly, escaping midnight sings,
I hear and smell the dragon's sulfur hiss,
she holds me tight on flailing pounding wings.

We rise above the starlight and the sins,
gravity breaks, I taste black flowing hair
she unveils her face stripped of foreign winds
in sudden heat the dragon's fire flairs.

Passion hides in inferno dream lit nights,
heartbeat's pulse through staggering lover's breath
our bodies thrust in first new morning's light
we burn as one on naked dragon flesh.

Captain Cur

Nature Of Poetry, Heart Of Summer

To catch a glimpse of unending summer
which folds within the springtime and the fall
in her heart reigns the eternal flower
winter kings cannot freeze or overthrow.
Preeminence scents her warm breeze blowing
in belief made strong, beyond all knowing
this breath of life we joyfully inhale
exhaled from grasslands, forests and the vales.
Swirling with a prideful countenance
from in that realm, throughout the deep expanse,
queenly beauty descending from the skies
patient waits for the sun to greet her eyes.
Oceans above and below, the billowy
clouds, the forbearance of the great willows
who dot earth's hollowed ground, and with them wept,
wild in nature, unholy and unkempt
and even the kings of winter will cry
in blissful ending summer's eve will die.

Captain Cur

Nestled In The Arms Of Faithful Lovers

Lust then overwhelms the reign of passion
crowning dishonor with the sins of pride
genuflecting to a greedier master
with empty scrolls revolving in its eyes.
If love should drip from the thorn edged petals
this wound that travels deeply may reveal
its outward quest through the bloody vessels
that flesh is the weakest armament we wear.
Nestled in the arms of faithful lovers,
complete acceptance knowing what is true,
sunlight waking up the world in wonder
when passion reigns unchallenged in its rule.

Captain Cur

New York City Day And Life

Steel and metal, bolts and screws,
Cement mixers, gravel crews,
Building highways, building roads,
Commuting far from our abodes.

Skyline structures, building plans,
Sewage systems, hydro dams,
Serpentine slithered ridge,
Arching braids, Cable Bridge.

Hollowed tunnels, strobing lights
Matrix seams holding tight,
Sucked inside, spewed without
Underwater submerged route.

Swerving, veering, honeycombing,
Traffic patterns, weaving, roaming.
Insect martyrs, stained glass shields.
Eighteen-wheelers never yield,

Climbing, crawling up your spine,
Upgrades fleeting they decline,
Downgrades wild maverick thrills,
Air brakes hissing through their gills.

Gridlock, fuming, traffic jam,
Imposition, idling hands,
Ruthless stealing parking sleuth,
Every gesture now uncouth.

Punched the clock at one to nine,
Time for coffee, then unwind,
Myriad meetings, liquid lunch,
Brainstorming in a crunch.

New York Post, right wing kernel,
Times, News, Wall Street Journal,
All the news that's fit to mint,
Propagandized cyber print.

Laptops, iPads, iPhones, Droids,
Captured eyeballs techno void,
Facebook, gaming, pull the plug,
Fattened calves are now our young.

Greed, graft, pillaged pensions,
Occupy Wall Street, rising tensions,
Trampling tents with police ponies,
Corrupt judges, political cronies.

Stocks, bonds, futures, hedges,
Market crashes, men on ledges,
Powerhouses that go broke,
Failing banks, worthless notes.

Culture, arts, diverse centers,
China, Italy, foreign vendors,
Soho, Chelsea, United Nations
Translating pronunciations.

Empire State, Liberty torch,
Freedom's crumbled horrid cost.
Phantom towers in the sky,
Tears that must refuse to dry.

Firefighters, police, medics,
First responders come and get us,
Devoid of fear to save a life,
Orphaned children, widowed wife.

Central Park, summer days,
Films, bookstores, theater, plays.
Diamond district, restaurant guides,
Nostalgic horse and carriage rides.

Subway, buses, dual port planes,
Locomotives, Metro trains,
Moving chattel, rolling stock,
Railroading round the clock.

One to five, sun is falling,

Diverse ethnic foods are calling,
Traveling over tar pitched roads
Trailing back to our abodes.

Captain Cur

O Magnificent Night

My world is changed, O magnificent night!
Boundless and wondrous as the sea is strong
surmounting day extinguishing all light,
dark eyed mysterious beauty, carbon
skies rage against the coming of the sun
and love her not, fomenting rebel clouds
to steal her heat and quell her fiery tongue.
O night! All consuming, immense and proud
conquering the universe unseated and unbowed.

Captain Cur

Occupied By The Coldest Forms Of Life

At times I feel the sea itself will cry
water from her tears gushing far and wide
when in the throes of sorrow grief will stay
living beneath, beyond the touch of day;
these depths reclusive shutting out all light
occupied by the coldest forms of life.

Captain Cur

Ode To Pirate Sun, Sea, Wind And Rain

Pleasant intermittent rhythms
voiceless smiles that transverse space
sunlight plays in raindrop prisms
each one falls to intrigue my face.
Sweet swipes my tongue's long liquid taste
across parched lips of cooling thirst
pool in cloud's white veils misty lace
where each drop claims to bathe me first
naked to the wind singing odes to sea and earth.

Flower of the deep sea blossom;
Poseidonia and Mangrove,
blue light filters tall seagrass hums
beneath your waves throughout your coves
rhizome fills your lush treasure troves.
Aquamarina fruited leaves
dress orange red reefed coral droves
twines up coifs cliff side rising eaves;
the budding mermaid's dirge alluring as she grieves.

Slight ripples streak your polished glass
preambles rouse your dozing waves
still my sails stationary mast
upon your paused symphonic staves.
Orchestral banded wind invades
the restless beauty of your lake
each fluted note and horn pervades
the shores and landlines you will break
with tidal drums as mankind trembles in your wake.

Captain Cur

Odes, Ending Of An Age

In this the newfound pleasure that I share
writing odes to sun, sea and wind;
dark midnight bares
where stars in their black ocean swim
with steady faithful eye they brightly stare
upon me their guest. My heavenly host
with beauteous face
they fast approach
and give their light to me
regardless of my caste or place.

Constellations bestow
hope's eternal glow
influences that remain
quilted patterns sown on endless breeze
shaped according to their name,
twelve signs embrace the sea
newly risen for each human birth,
I, a small shadow watch their show,
revolve round those
who live to warm the frigid earth.

Daylight's dawn displays passing of the sun
within her fingers, rays
point hours of the day;
my life is measured by her fiery tears
her revolutions age me with short years,
my choices I become;
free me now from all my stifling fears
remind me of the battles I have won
relive the youthful passions of the young
rejoice in me unburdening my cares.

Can newfound thoughts redeem
what ails me
with the true mind of alchemy?
If life is but a dream
what clever newness to each scene
that sets the stage

the curtain raised, the curtain falls
the ending of an age?

Captain Cur

Odes, Kubla Khan

Naked Venus of desire
the Evening Star of man's unrest
adorned in dreams of wanton fire
was charmed by Kubla Khan's request
and sent this message East and West.
"Renowned craftsmen from afar
nursed on visions Khan has seen
instilled with constructs of the stars
shall build his pleasure dome's decree."

Buried stones of enormous girth
compressed and gardened by the earth
upon these stones his Kingly prize
Khan's tall white structure will arise
with chiseled columns that shall breach
through balustrades that rise beneath,
amid the raging skies of blue
the center of the dome of pleasure
will twin the sun at the height of noon
and in the evening's gemstone treasure
adorn the anklet of the moon.

Below in caverns hollowed by the waves
strange creatures in the darkness thrive;
they swim the sea with lidless eyes,
with instincts soul map myriad caves
with black nocturnal sight;
creatures glow through endless night
and in their spine each tiny spark
colors dance from drop to drop,
florescent creatures lone delight
rejoicing in each faint speck of light.

But oh! the passageway that leads
suspended between the mountain and the gate
upon these terrible heights the clouds give siege
bright lightning strikes and thunder quakes,
and through this rite on charging steeds
Khan bequeaths his reign of dreams.

The archway at the precipice
vaults deep into the rock
and the force of the intermittent fountains
lifts their two bride stones to unlock
the entrance grate to the covered mountain
that is fed by the falling ice
where trickling streams fall fast and ever
melting in persuasive light
each drop sounding its harp-like measure
as the creatures sing in the sea of night.

The dome of the Mount of Pleasure
appears floating on the rays
supported by frozen fountains
of an ocean's sunless waves.

Venus awoke to this new sight
a floating pleasure dome
on waves of ice!

Captain Cur

Odes, Spirit Of The Earth

O Spirit of the Earth, where do you dwell?
For I require your deep sustenance,
within the ancient rivers of your well,
beyond your grassy highland's green expanse,
beneath the mounting furor of your waves.
Come to me! I crave your highland greens,
your river swells, the fury
of your rising dawn's deadly deep romance.

Midnight sounds, the veil of your sister woods
drowning the retreating silence, heavy
under the dark shroud of your sightless hood,
listening, to the hills calling to the sea
with whispered kiss, sweat shivers on my skin;
I see contours, the shadow of their dance
making love as the moist sea travels wind
plush showers, the accepting lover's glance
that burns me, most seductive of planets
I cannot contain my primordial sin.

Upon your utopian fields, grass thrives,
wind weaves between their pointing finger threads
flit and flutter directions to their lives
at night they lay upon their golden beds
and dream of morning clouds and drenching rains
charmed by trees of tall evergreens and red
blushing leaves that house birds and hidden hives
worker bees ignore throaty bird's refrains
the grasslands meek; yet, stalk the mighty plains.

I dwell in beauty's deep cavernous heart;
your mountains' bold tempestuous seasons
and with each floating seed a newer start,
messengers of life, nomadic legions
rejuvenate my soul. I am in love
with every flower that embraces you
with the dewy scent of their maiden pride
tender mouthfuls, ripe, decadent to view
marginal ways with steep rock cliff cover

full exposed to the privilege of my eye
they grow inside you, their virgin lover.

O Spirit of the Earth, where do you dwell?
Are you without the massive starry nights?
Do you live beneath sunless waves of light?
I am confined within your orbits spell.

Captain Cur

Odes, Tigris And Euphrates

Each thought you sound through your soft verse
I replay them to my ear
and each next line is to the first
a melody sweet to hear
as the seamless words flow with grace
they are whispered on my tongue,
you teach them all to mind their place
then commingle when their sung.
A simple truth needs complex care
colored waves complete in white
then what this simple truth I share
has no product, has no right,
on what rare tree does your fruit grow
as it stands between the two,
where Tigris and Euphrates flow
what I write, I write to you.

Envisioning your length, your reach
as you channel to the last
tributaries you seal and breach;
yet, forever in your grasp,
upon the apron of your lakes
can I but embrace them all
then nothing more my heart forsakes
as your fruit begins to fall.
Between the rhythms of your waves
life implants her tender seed
through sunlight's procreating rays
each flowering plant will feed,
upon their leaves they drink the dew
which escapes the breath of night
within their hearts the nectar pools
and transforms the banished light.

What ancient land divides the two?
What history of her art?
Mesopotamia, to you
wedged between where rivers start
and flow their course, their race to sea

then empty with a searing toll
pins the basin with their mighty
surge and fills your Persian soul.

Captain Cur

Oh! England! Shall I Miss Those Brimming Shores

Oh! England! Shall I miss those brimming shores
that plague the words of this songs sad refrain?
If I must depart vanquished from your door!
Leave my love! Till your white walls rise again!
What childish joy familiar sights contain
the smells of home and beauty's native call
ancestral pride like blood runs through my veins
and all my dreams of glory seem so small,
my eyes can't grasp the distance as they fall.

Captain Cur

Olympus, And From This Womb Gave Birth

Olympus,
I will be a prophet and start a flame
regaled to burn above the reach of time
and reignite the glory and the pain
of the torch that burns brightest in my mind.
Here in this sanctuary by the trees,
I look on her, untroubled as if asleep
hidden in a maze of loitering clouds;
I glimpsed a wall, a thousand times as steep,
in its white faced beauty a quietness
that spoke of confidence and unequalled strength.
Twelve floating towers they themselves ordained
each with sculptured face, appearing some as fierce
most of gentle presence human tongues would praise.
Foundations to the very depths did pierce
the shale anchored to the mountain's core
and from this womb gave birth,
thick plated gates of gleaming heartland gold
not composed from this young earth
but from far greater worlds.

Captain Cur

One Thousand Uses For Hate

Read to me the riotous acts
of the forgotten and the few.
Imprison me in the chambers
of your intellectual view.
Lecture me on the platform
that I carry supporting your weight.
Did you finally publish your book,
"One Thousand Uses For Hate."

Captain Cur

One Thousand Wrecks

Rising plumes carved midnights mist,
my ship in reefs she slowly lists,
mnemonic sounds defeat their fears
nil my voice in dead men's ears.

Her form upon the jetting rocks;
flowing moon gild silver locks,
eyes of tiny piercing dreads,
mermaid's song haunt pirate heads.

I swim determined toward the beach
black dagger ground between my teeth
up I climb the flesh stained ledge
to toss the mermaid from the edge.

I slow approach my wary prey;
my dagger sharp and hid away,
her chords penetrate to my soul,
my dagger slips and clangs in fall.

She smiles with an urchins grin,
I watch my dagger sink and spin
moonlight sharp against the cliffs
I lunge for her and break her grip.

Down we drop in breaker swells
she rises up I swim toward hell,
I see a speck of tiny steel
I search the bed with desperate feel.

Up I stroke and grasp for air
surface breaks I cough and swear
I spot my ship safe from the reefs
tonight her dirge contains no grief.

I swim and make way for the sand
sinewy pulls her slender hand;
her hair adorned with seashell specks,
her songs refrain, one thousand wrecks.

Captain Cur

Pageantry Of Being

When in summer the gilded days did frame
the seeds of life, the handsome blooms that dwell
in flowering youth, beauty loathe to tame
that which strives to their highest form excel;
so sweet, let not the slightest chill deface
the fragile blush that scents the breeze serene
nor hoary frost abounding in its haste
dare to still the pageantry of being.
Life coerced by time's complacency
thirsting each second and grander hour
and all that lived must then forever be,
remade in ways beauty once empowered.
The culmination of this gift of death
the gilded days did frame and breathed its breath.

Captain Cur

Painted Stripes Of Savagery, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Masques of war, painted stripes of savagery
regardless of one's rank or expertize
these are the fertile fields in which I till
in trades in which I barter what I kill.
Dear Lady, loquacious in thy speech,
all must know it is thee to whom I speak
how insufferable will be my prize
if I am not the glory in thine eyes.

Captain Cur

Patience Of A Stone

May I master the patience of a stone
that lies unperturbed on the ground it holds
undeterred if it stands or falls alone.

Captain Cur

Perfidious Visions, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Unannounced you return
to witness my pain,
conspiring in your letters
this reality is plain,
have I been outmaneuvered
for my own impersonal gain
and all I stand for,
have I stood for in vain?

Perfidious visions have infiltrated
all semblance of sleep,
the uncertainty of life
destroying joyful reason,
caught in this quicksand of thought
which silently suffocates my being,
I relinquish all honor
and dutifully await your word
in the hope that the barbarous
nature of my actions will please you,
whom I deem most high.

Dear Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
how fastidious of length
are the tears you weep;
they do not seem to travel
past your painted cheek,
as rivers flow
yours would be charted,
very weak,
and the small residue
of salt they trail behind
would they be enough
to emasculate a fly.

May the prestige of my victory or death
bring great satisfaction to your throne.

Captain Cur

Picking Daisies In The Sun, Love Poems

I tossed a love poem to the sea,
I told it swim, my words, I let you free.
They came to rest upon an isle's golden sand,
they declared not that they were written by my hand.
She read the grains while picking daisies in the sun
an unknown heart I'd never know I'd won.

Gladly do I part with thee
words of love given to the sea.
Awash on shores of lonely sand
etch in grains with unknown hand.
I know one whose heart is free
will give her love to the guileless sea;
if our worlds should combine by fate
my sails will call and I will wait,
I shall smell the sweet flowered air
and weave fresh daisies through her hair.

I read a love poem in the sand
that wrote itself with unknown hand.
I felt although a mystery
those words of love were meant for me.
I looked upon the glistening waves
and heard his song and said his name.
On a great ship he sailed alone
and to his heart I now belong.
I gathered all my daisies round,
and fashioned him a living crown.

Captain Cur

Picks Of Love

With what picks of love
must I deeply bore
seasoned heart,
that has coldly closed the door
or
must I write you clever verse
to untie your knotted heart
and kill off all the other moose
to prove my antlers sharp.

Captain Cur

Pink Bellflower, (Love Letters Written By A Lady Of Renown)

A pink bellflower dangling on her strap
shouldering pain, blue veins strangling
the seeds of desire it's Queen heart
conspiring for power and gain
befitting as the drones die caught
in the hem of her gold and emerald attire.

Mon Amant De La Mer,

Your days are martyred in my trust
singing my glories to the wind and sea
and the cold creatures that lurk below
the smooth fluid crust do they also share
in your world, in our wilderness of lust?
In your folly what have you decreed
as the months and years advance
and with what treasures will you court
your queen in the turbulence of your act?
And what great victory shall you stage
behind the curtain of carnal pleasure
with incessant ship wrecks and delays
I still await you as you loiter at your ease.

Loquacious

Captain Cur

Pirate Captain

Knifelike shoals comb the reefs of fate
intriguing as the foam waves mate
intertwined in voiceless keys
roundelays of vestal seas.

Sirens sound their blaring horns
awakening souls newly formed
returning from the haunted depths
retracing paths to old shipwrecks.

I see the shadows on the cliff
retreating ancient battlements,
a carved white goddess at the gate
rebirthings pained upheaval waits.

I call to her most in my heart
though we are years and lives apart
as the centuries folded splice
time trails open begetting life.

I call to her from centuries past
the one from which I have no mask;

'I want to be your Pirate Captain,
and you my prisoner upon the sea,
I need to be your Pirate Captain,
please say, you'll sail away with me.'

Captain Cur

Pirate Girl

I smelt the scent of sweet perfume.
Oh! Pirate Girl! My Pirate Girl!
I knew that she would be my doom.
Oh! Pirate Girl! My Pirate Girl!

I asked her to set sail with me.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
She laughed and said for a small fee.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

On her cheeks are twin tattoos.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
Not the cheeks you paint with rouge.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

She is the older side of young.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
On her sails my heart is strung.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

She can be warm or cold as ice.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
Beware! She's deadly with a knife.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

She is handy with rope and shot.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
Squeeze the trigger and pull the knot.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

A firing squad or hangman's hood.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
She says for me they'll be too good.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

A mongrel's bite she has for sure.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
And bares her teeth at Captain Cur.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

We steal, plunder and capture ships
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
My sole desire her tawny lips.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

She races to loose the topmost sail.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
Sun on her face and wind in her hair.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

Limber she climbs in darkened skies.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
With salt stained cheeks and moonlit eyes.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

Adorned by stars, her movements free.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
I love and worship her like the sea.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

I think of her when the currents slow,
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
when clouds are still and winds won't blow,
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

When storms appear in salt mist skies
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
When sunlight fails and moonlight dies.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

She knows her way around the galley.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
Her lips are sugar sweet like candy.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

Not that I have tasted any.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
Yet voyage long and time aplenty.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

I know where our first kiss must be!

Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
As the blithe winds compass me.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

Where the seven bodies blend.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
Round Neptune's rings at oceans end.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

Now we sail the endless seas.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!
I with her, and she with me.
Oh! Pirate girl! My Pirate girl!

Cur
Captain of the "Malevolent";
Circa 1645

No matter how the currents flow
or the fell winds blow,
you will always and forever be
My Pirate Girl, My Pirate Love.

Captain Cur

Pirate Skulls And Crossbones Speak, (From: Corsairs Of Old)

Bled by wind, broke by sea,
Can you hear the Corsairs sing?
Whispers from the mountains long,
Waters sing their silent song.
Rising from the hungry deep
Pirate Skulls and Crossbones speak
Crafty tales and legends spun
When the moon obscures the sun.
Coarse chafed lips and bucket breath;
Massive arms and heaving chests,
Short broad swords in knotted sheaths,
Knives clamped tight in blackened teeth.
When they raid the helpless ships
Rum and powder shot on their lips;
Climb and jump from yardarms strong,
Raze and kill like locust swarms
Taking silk and golden coins
Sackcloth shielding bulging loins.
Canons blast and rip apart
Driftwood left to float and rot
On the boards survivors cling
Corsairs bold victorious sing.

Captain Cur

Pirate's Block

Pirate's block, what a fell and fallow curse,
my imagination in a hearse
buried in the cemetery of rhyme
suffocates one shovelful at a time.

Is being unproductive a high crime?

We all deal with this accursed malady
as I drown in ink my quill's agony
then I stare at the yellow parchment raw
and dig up old love letters from my drawer.

Maybe I should give Queen Mary a call?

But I have a unique method to break
the uninspired feelings that I fake,
I simply kidnap someone else's sprawl
as I gut words from their poetic drawl.

Perhaps I should give John Dryden a call?

There are other methods that I entail,
rum helps to lubricate my tongue tied squeal
or I can engage in some winsome play
swinging my sword and simply rant away

exactly as I am doing today!

Captain Cur

Plausibility

Glittering imaginings traipse within the calm
playful distance between the lolling waves
and flow within my lifelines deep engrave
spontaneously fashioning the threading seams
that weave between the fingers of my palm
enjoined with hers as she sings to me her psalm.

Captain Cur

Poetic Themes, Comments From Antiquity

Poetic themes that thread the sky
fashion solace to our eye,
harmonic tunes in a poet's words
weave the wingless beauty
in the song of birds.

Captain Cur

Poetry, May You Never Cease To Be

Poetry, may you never cease to be
this proud wilful spirit emblematic
of our kind, take us on your journey;
let us gorge ourselves on your words,
let us feast on what the multitudes are fed!
Revering life with each line of your prose,
the deepest stains remain where our hearts have bled,
immersed in these depths passion overflows,
on this sea, on this untamed sea
coursing to its end!

Captain Cur

Poetry, She Appears To Me In A Wild State

Discovering this truth a quietness
assails me, what measure of beauty did I find?
When her eyes serenely soft express
the artificial nature of my rhyme.
She appears to me in a wild state
shorn of all garments save the virgin cloth;
whilst in her bed on the verge of ecstasy,
in these false imaginings I am lost.

Captain Cur

Poetry, The Flowing Outreach Of Her Rhyme

Her strong voice unbridled, now quietness
express, silence more bountiful than time;
upon her lips my hopes will surely rest
to taste the flowing outreach of her rhyme.
Words and visions in my deep dreams remake
were these worlds not created by us both,
enormity of beauty our minds did shape
a beacon for the lonely and the lost.

Captain Cur

Power Enshrined In Ruin

Seated on a colossal throne,
A skeleton, its past glory
Displayed on its iron sepulcher
Arrayed and elegantly clothed;
A lifeless and decadent form
Features still uncannily viewed,
With lipless smile and regal frame
Lightly covered by drifting snow,
All around him signs of decay,
Filled with his one last frozen breath
This king a grueling spectacle
Of power enshrined in ruin.

Captain Cur

Predetermination

Fate is mere conjecture
as decisions have a voice
inside rings that wrestle
with the complexities of choice.

Fate is but a theory
as is evolution of our kind,
predetermination wearies
of the laziness of mind.

Environmental habitats
confine us to a block,
just as wind tossed ships
are savaged in a dock.

Once those sails are hoisted
and the rope ties heaved away,
the changing winds may blow them
but the rudder guides the way.

Captain Cur

Predictability, (From: Pirate Manifesto)

Causative levels of experience promote familiar yet novel actions ?some readily assumed, others unique in their execution. ?

Will, desire and imagination are the catalysts to all creative thought. Promulgation of ideas is necessary for the accomplishment of goals. Predictability will cost one his life.

Captain Cur

Pride Of Self Adorning You

On your neck hangs an ocean pearl
shaded with hints of pink and blue
unshelled, pried open to the world,
its pride of self adorning you.
Chained by gold, its opulent rings
mothered by earths deep precious grain
that never cared to spread its wings
now steals the light from one so vain.

Captain Cur

Princess And The Commoner

A Knight was in love with a Princess;
she walked with a dignified grace,
she was arrayed like a perfumed flower
threaded in gossamer lace.

He sent to her rare blossoms
that bloomed in the light of the moon
and stood in the shade of a bower
reciting at the height of the noon.

He penned for her a love song
with the passion and flavor of youth
and he brought with him a minstrel
then he sang to the tune of the flute.

The Princess was cold that evening
moved not by the flute or his song,
she retired to her father's chamber
reflecting at the foot of his throne.

The Knight was commissioned by merchants
to slay a magnificent beast,
craftsmen fashioned a necklace
made of priceless talisman teeth.

The Princess would not clasp it
so it hung on her vanities door
at night they would constantly chatter
and speak of love and of loss and of war.

The Knight rode off to battle
fighting in foreign campaigns
and returned with a Persian stallion
and offered the Princess his reins.

The Princess would not accept them
so the Knight set the stallion free
and said; 'I release and return you
to the earth and the wind and the sea.'

In an act of desperation
he laid down his armor and shield
he bent his sword to a plowshare
and gave his strength to the field.

One night on a moon trimmed evening
the Knight saw a commoner girl
she was watching him in the distance
dressed in rags and blistered by toil.

The Knight moved quickly upon her
caressing her scars and her hurt
enfolding her in his strong arms
lifting her up from the dirt.

She motioned to a lowly thatch dwelling
that was hidden by thorny brush trees
breaking with joy through the clearing
he stroked the earth and the wind and the sea.

Her hut was twined with dried flowers
that shone with the light of the moon
and her bed adorned like the bowers
from which he sang when the sun peaked at noon.

Dressing her neck the teeth chattered
and they spoke of commoner blood
with the love and the pain and the passion
unsung in the snow and the mud.

Captain Cur

Protagonist For War, (Love Letters From A Lady Of Renown)

Would then you carve my name into your lips
and leave my stain upon the English shores
what bloody legacy to your first kiss,
Loquacious, your protagonist for war.

Mon amant de la mer,

Your voice has gained the notice of my ear
and your harsh words the privilege of my eyes
I have not denied you a single tear
though you prey upon me with rueful lies.
How have you raised me and honored my voice,
charming me with callous wit and lustful breath
giving your words to me mindless of my choice
indulging each naked pore of my flesh?
Take your victory then with strong redress
you will champion my honor and my cause.
My husband is ill, with languishing strength,
his brazen enemies smirk at his door.
I take my leave for Kensington Palace,
let jealous viciousness redden your blood
relieve me of their presence and my grace
and I will be the royalty that you love.

Loquacious

Captain Cur

Proud Patriots Of Boston Common

Upon their hearts proud Patriot's share
the grounds of Boston Common,
remembering young Paul Revere
low moonlight blazing almond,
rode with his warnings sounding clear
in midnights deepest sadness,
his lanterns light that breathes the air
and shines in freedoms gladness.

Now in our bitter souls despair
our liberties seem lessened,
with wars that rage on foreign shores
we ask the age old question;
where do we plant the human seeds
where children need not cower
as we rebuild the sacred space
where stood the fallen towers?

What causes man to gain his strength,
when death is all around him
and violence seems to thread the weave
that blinds him to his passion?
What is the formula for love
the chemistry of reason,
the undiminished quest for peace
elusive as the seasons?

The lives we've lost at freedoms cost
we count them as the hours
and names we etch on marble graves
embellished with our flowers.
Memories of pain and loss pull
our hearts with their tightened reins
stopping us at the ribbons gate
diminishing our gains.

Through the marathons winding streets
runs joy at Boston Common.
The throngs stand cheering on their feet

calling from their bosom
enduring the physical strife
and straining to completion
tears and trials test our life
with hope our crowned achievement.

Captain Cur

Purged By The Burgeoning Fires

Though the weight of death is thrown upon me,
unburdened of flesh and its lustful aims,
purged by the burgeoning fires, I wait
for the resurrection of will, for the
unimpeachable light of dawn sparking
a slender ember of life I might grasp
and push it deeply into my beatless
heart. What sign then of this glorious hour
that I may be reunited with thee,
that I may hold thee once again in an
agony of delight. And should my wait
span a millennia, as a second
passes its strength to the next, cumulative
time fully empowered within itself,
then my love will be cumulative within
thee, causing the friction to reignite
thy spirited heart, and thy blood will flow,
the sleep of death wildly shaken, its
cold bed disturbed beyond all endurance,
and thou shall wake, and shall light with the dawn.

Captain Cur

Ramparts Of Desire, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

I climb ramparts of desire,
Lady of loquacious speech,
visceral pronunciations
from this deadly height I leap
into warm collecting waters
with thee, all of thee, beneath.

Ensnared in the wavelike movements
fixed securely to thy moor
moist firmaments unleashing
madness in thine velvet shores.

Captain Cur

Raw Malkin Woman, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

With wild abandon
I disturb the precious Arts
that have torn apart my senses
and bled my naked heart.

Dear Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
I have uncovered savage dimensions
in this world wilderness in which we meet.
What is true cannot breed false intentions
as I struggle my thoughts fain to bequeath
what justifies you to my eyes dins all
other impressions, you become my nude
elaborately spread on desires wall,
a raw abandoned piece of art, a crude
malkin woman who lives to thrill my lustful heart.

Captain Cur

Redemption's Path, (Rondel)

I fault not the great sea beneath my raft;
Fault neither beauty nor its open wrath
Upon the waters where the bread is cast.

Storms that I weather are redemption's path
And faith my lone sail and supporting mast.
I fault not the great sea beneath my raft,
Fault neither beauty nor its open wrath.

I must find the shores that will house my craft
As I fight the winds and the waves advance
And ask of the One to fulfill my task.
I fault not the great sea beneath my raft;
Fault neither beauty nor its open wrath
Upon the waters where the bread is cast.

Captain Cur

Regal Tigress Delighted Purr, (From: Love Letters)

Mounting waves in delicious enticement,
do you await your mariner's return,
saturated with salt spray, ocean breath,
will the Regal Tigress delighted purr
beneath the scorched lines of my craving pores;
yet, your hungry touch all my mind resists
where you lie open devouring my flesh
through the passing of lust's ferocious door
unmerciless is her first savage kiss
enjoining separate oceans,
drowning gasping lips.

Captain Cur

Relying On Just One Wing

The earthen poles rise in leveling skies
Where the northern lights are spread,
A compass may track lying flat on its back
As it shakes its dizzy head;
Two great kings may sit when kingdoms are split,
As balancing weights will swing,
The young earth was built with uneven tilt
Relying on just one wing,
What heaven's bequeath to us here beneath
With Angels tumbling above
From fiery walls they featherless fall
To arms of humanly love,
But as spirits decay day after day
And the two kings spit and fight,
We walk in caves through the narrowing ways
Determining who is right.

Captain Cur

Renew My Love Affair With The Sea, (Love Letters Written To A Lady Of Renown)

Effecting an elegant arrangement near at hand,
Lady, Loquacious in your speech,
I peruse the body of your letters hoping
I will understand the cause for your alarm.
Did my haughty pursuit seeking your attentions
distill the evening song of our embrace?
My heart captured by these first lyrical notes,
charmed, like a smoldering ember fired with belief,
suffering in the wellspring of its thirst.
Of what has and shall be written,
intimately scribed but never spoken,
the melodic sounding of your voice evades me;
yet, the offspring of our poems has woken
and renews my love affair with the sea.

Captain Cur

Ritualistic Perfection, Pirate Adventures (13)

Small wooden idols with splintered skin decorate
the sloping tread way leading to the temple's hall.
Candle flames bedeviling eyes shift shadow shapes
as fledglings dance on grotesque walls.

Organ pipes rise, blending keys sound papal hymns, clear
spiral notes wavelength lick the ceilings skull framed dome.
Angel child's brown budding wings sparse halo glow; tearing,
crawls painful lengths to the altars hewed round stone.

Delirious, imagining myself on the Malevolent,
unnerved by this nightmarish lineal procession,
I unsheathe my sword awed by its pent begging tip
slaughtering witches chanting in ritualistic perfection.

I would not relent;
I would destroy their coven stables.
I heard cursive whooping cries
emanating from macabre
forms born of demigods,
fed the blood of angels,
with cloven feet and leaf tipped ears amassed
within the throng's confusion, charged,
conjuring swollen sepulcher skies
railing hatred in those around me.

I held my ground, my will remonstrated
and I withdrew inside till all was still.
I quieted my temper and calmed my speech,
when as a child I killed my father
and learned how to summon
the unbridled fury of the beast.

Captain Cur

Royal Garden Of My Youth, (Love Letters From A Lady Of Renown)

Mon amant de la mer,

With what intrigues would you buy my sweetened fruit,
sliced by your knife and held wickedly in your hands;
soft flesh grown in the royal garden of my youth
its earthy tartness sending pleasure to your glands.
By what deeds do you claim the privilege of my lips
and speak of love's uncharted waters to the world,
to recount the joys and mastery of your ship
in your arms embrace an adoring peasant girl.

Loquacious

Captain Cur

Satan's Crow

My eyeballs pecked by Satan's crow
and the hammering of the pin
tormentors in caverns below;
I faced all fears and fell within.

Captain Cur

Save The Princess From The Wolves! Hearken To The Call!

My muse demands study in all her ways to know
Risk the flames that bellow and cause the mind to glow
Then with heart afire and lettered in this pain
Truth and love's poetic voice surely will obtain.
Should I fail and fall in the blackest fits of woe
I read loud greater works to hear how sweet they flow,
How my muse harangued me though greatly entertained;
'False rhymes that end the lines can never be sustained.
Rent all the books asunder! Hearken to the call!
Save the princess from the wolves! Scale the castle wall!
Passion thrills the moment, compassion turns to grief,
Dig down till it hurts, till your own words make you weep! '
When I turned to face her, her eyes were shining bright,
Oft repeating what I learned, 'trust in what you write.'

Captain Cur

School Of Circumstance, (Love Letters Written By A Lady Of Renown)

Mon Amant De La Mer,

Underlying the custom of propriety,
my thoughts court you with a native island dance
considered base by those of high society
and unforgiven by the school of circumstance.
Filled with jungle beasts and flowers of enchantment;
wavy lakes pooling dreams where clean cool water falls,
here I would have the freedom that inspires me
to live a life of wealth not given me by chance,
naked on the sand without blemish or a mole
unsure how deep my roots attach me to my soul.

Captain Cur

Scythian Sight, Pirate Adventures (11)

Crimson lips exhaling sensuous breath
prophetic priestess of Scythian sight
fiery beryls adorn her crystalline neck
spice scented skin, probing fingers of light.

Disrobes before me flames warming her palm
orbiting globes, loving field of her hand,
rock fountain pools black cavernous calm
moon sliver tones coat flesh covered sand.

Ecstatic lovers compete in the act
expressionless words mimed silent eyes seek
soft graceful curves line the arch of her back
passionate rhymes only she would dare speak.

Captain Cur

September's Mighty Winds

September's mighty winds rise against me,
borne by blackened clouds godless as the deep,
the horn of winter blows impatiently
stealing from the water the summer's heat.
Hurricane's decry as the ocean's weep
and I am in the forefront of their wails,
rank and accomplishment, who do they please;
the tributes to love grow tired and weak,
eyes change and promises lost in the gales
blown by September winds
past my wizened old sails.

Captain Cur

Shyness Of The Sound, Love Poems

Reciting for me
like you did for your Grandmother
when you were a little girl I
measure the sweet shyness in your voice,
hesitant and soft with emotion. I
listen to the girl in the woman. I
wait for each pausing breath.

Selecting the pieces,
arranging the words that you memorize, I
the teacher, and you my loving student
enter into the fullness of your words
as the modulated shyness falling
from your lips changes you;
the sounding woman in the girl.

Between, in the silence
of the pause, breathing, I
hesitate in the shyness of your lips
and kiss the falling texture of the sound.

Captain Cur

Siege Of Heart, Love Poems

As I rise in grace with eyes unblinking
far above the blind directionless clouds
with the thoughtful thoughts of love rethinking
the sinful earth encased within your shroud.
The clamor of the pretty and the proud
deafened by the Art of your sculptured thighs
and all the world's pleasure shouting loud
diminish not the power of your sigh,
legendary beauty that captivates my eye.

Aphrodite frothed essence of the sea,
Olympus goddess cloistered in your shell,
sweet cherry blossoms dress you with their leaves
enticing as your fluid female smell.
Enrobed in green you ride upon the swells
salt water sprays, the lighthouse gives alarm,
upon the reefs what secrets do you tell,
your girdle plays wistfully in my arms
each recipient weak, disrobed of all their charms.

There is she whom I lust for more than all
within her arms, upon her blossom lips
with siege of heart the warring trumpets call
the pounding ram gains entrance to her hips.
With sleight of tongue my heavy vessel slips
into the waves as darkness covets light
warm jutting winds my cross bone studded ship
from tallest mast engaging through the night,
Aphrodite! onto you, your girdle and my sight.

Captain Cur

Sin Has No Place In Pastoral Settings, Love Poems

Containing you in words was that my goal?
Sizing you to fit what space I had to give?
Writing each small part of you
did I lose the whole?

Describing your structural elements,
the body of my text
neatly ordered and composed,
effected with a loose style,
stoic; yet, rigidly controlled.

You were to be the idyllic poem,
supple and flexible as speech,
with a rising and falling rhythm all your own.

What is significant is that to each
expanding layer of thought
I press inward for the answers
seeking to contain the true nature
and germ of your flesh.

Sin has no place in pastoral settings.

I sought to have you as my lover
thoroughly enjoyed and then forgotten;
but, I find no great ease in forgetting
all the wonderful lessons,
which you taught me,
how to write and love without the bed.

I ask, then;
'Can the genius and heat of passion
survive solely in the head? '

Captain Cur

Sly Tools, Comments From Antiquity

Words of love, sly tools,
cruel hearts need employ
their moments pleasure
stealing years of joy.

Captain Cur

Snake Bite Charms, Satirical Poems

Selfishness and stupidity
tend to be our guides
sarcastic deft acidity
laughing by their side.

Stubbornly ingrained self-meanings
conceived with intestinal blight
garish inscriptions beaming
as we impose audacious rites.

An enigma unto ourselves
predacious, willful as a shark,
persona's forward leaning cleft
snake bite charms that strike the mark.

Mankind's cruel cellular divide
cancers replicating crime
our hearts wretched, open, naked, wide
relentless unforgiving time.

Captain Cur

Soft Innuendos, (Love Letters Written To A Lady Of Renown)

Predacious suffering in your jackal world
has given me cause to despoil your throne
can my treasonous words be forgiven,
will I once again call England my home?
A transparent intimacy distracts
my art and reinvents all things I knew
with newfound bearing in my pirate heart
I gamely surrender my love to you.

Dear Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
with undisclosed magnificence I bring
these soft innuendos, my words discreet,
carefully cloaked and chosen for my Queen
deeply written in a song you may never sing.

Captain Cur

Song Of Songs

Near cliffside reefs I hear enchanting tunes
echoing waves that hide beneath moonlight's
silver breath, then I feel a sudden gloom
befall the awful liveness of their plight
in endless song repeating through the night.
Matron calls from steep slanted ocean scenes
on cliffside rocks that crown the sinking moon
tall cresting waves in gowns of glowing white
their voices seek the rhythm of my dreams
their tears revealed by the moonlight's crystal beams.

Captain Cur

Songbook Of My Heart

Words of love that sing forever
fill the void that plagues my soul
in the kiss of first time lovers
linger sounds that form new worlds.

Those I loved who came before me,
those I love when I depart
I sing this present moment
from the songbook of my heart.

This world that does excite me;
this world that brings me pain,
the journeys that have taught me
and the journey that remains.

Lifetime the budding flower
dreams which make it grow
truth tills the soils richness
in the greening of my soul.

Captain Cur

Spectral Verses V, Moon Tides The Pattern Of My Soul, Ii

Falling beauty pales in nights unsleeping
whispered to my marker hedged in stone
fear not though the midnight breeze is weeping
for the moon tides the pattern of my soul.

Rolling waves embrace an inner silence
inflected by their rising harmony
pounding shores drumming steady violence
she calls them back and slowly they recede.

Monuments are built to gods and martyrs,
idle worship reprised in pageantry,
wars afloat in blood and human horror
rewritten by ignoble history.

Surging seas unleash a stalwart power,
tempestuous they rage in mystery;
penetrating, crumbling earthly towers
immense foundations washed out by the sea.

Innocence must brave the unknown silence;
purity will light the burnished eve,
cast me moon, redeem me from the violence,
in the beauty of your midnight weeping breeze.

Falling beauty pales in nights unsleeping
whispered to my marker hedged in stone
fear not though the midnight breeze is weeping
for the moon tides the pattern of my soul.

Captain Cur

Spectral Verses, I Through X, The Complete Series

Spectral Verses, I, The twilight and the gloom

What fair voice calls my name as I loiter in the grave
a poet now besieged with ignoble repartee,
death is just a misty cloud that hides the quilted waves
patterns of the fickle tides that charge then run away.
In my youth I sang great chants, my verse would never sway
banished from my native soil I sailed to war with fate,
hearing echoes from my past I fought in unknown bays
hoping for a hero's death my sins to mitigate.
Alas! No peace, no resting place, unsettling as the moon
where my spirit walks between the twilight and the gloom.

Spectral Verses, II, My heart folds loosely bound

With lackluster elation
I tense my burning pride;
static mantras push up
the sweet lilies from the ground,
each blossom scents stray breezes
my verse has softly cried
yearning through the ages
for that close uplifting sound
contained within the pages
my heart folds loosely bound,
that holds my soul and weds my mind,
splendidly it climbs.

My angry youth was stolen,
where all I've loved has died
ruptured dreams that mangle lives,
the clock stroke loudly chimes
unintended mournings
that shift across grey skies
reaching toward salvation
for the light that fools my eyes.

Spectral Verses, III, Youthful combs of fire

My writings plague solemn desires
dispatched within my grief,
waiting for my souls revival
as I sense the failing beams
above my head stars once bold,
now dying, fade in disbelief
yearning youthful combs of fire
extinguished while I sleep.

My words of love coldly covered
by the graveyards mossy dirt
embracing lips of favored lovers
as we lain in soft caress;
bites my savage tongues expression
has now sanctified the hurt
in my bed of weeds and clover
where no soft cheek warms my breast.

Spectral Verses, IV, The die my soul has cast

Black scorch marks of dejection
where I burn with pains delight
what my shallow terms have bought me
fills the die my soul has cast.
In the throes of trepidation
I have turned against the light
clutching runes with boney palms
tossing stones that read the past.

I scribe a new adventure
scribbling verses in the dust;
I align the passing planets
influencing natal charts.
Scorpio will be rising
that Saturn's foot will crush,
the Moon and Mars enjoining,
lovely Venus bares my heart.

Blending the earth tone pigment
as the brush strokes flesh her face
with eyes of eternal softness
and hands of phantom grace.

My white linen shirt the canvas
golden ruffles tress her hair
her temperate presence forming
shyly rising in the air.

My breastbones hardly breathing
I retreat back in the dark
she calls her eyes entreating
with a voice of goodly praise.
I sing to her my love song
with my notes c minor sharp,
embracing empty visions,
strumming stringless harps.

Spectral Verses V, Moon tides the pattern of my soul

Falling beauty pales in nights unsleeping
whispered to my marker hedged in stone
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pounding shores drumming steady violence
she calls them back and slowly they recede.

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whispered to my marker hedged in stone
fear not though the midnight breeze is weeping
for the moon tides the pattern of my soul.

Spectral Verses, VI, Void of dark

For in the seamless fabric of our dreams
we walk between real and imagined life
prescient when we wake our senses stream
to the horary poverty of strife;
but our soul created by spirit mind
its beacon shines throughout our earthly shell
within our dreams it flies traversing time
and gleams the truth above this worldly spell.
Consciousness of self, the eternal spark,
has given meaning to the void of dark.

Spectral Verses, VII, Linguistic chains of slight

Opportune tenacity regulates my soul
against the wave born thoughts of reason
that have intensified the toll,
extracting cherished bits of memory
from the speciousness of mind
regaled within the boundaries
we have aptly labeled time.

My heart no longer beating,
my cold blood dried and dead
within the confines of my spirit
my eternal book is read;
to the ghosts that haunt and plague me,
to the inept breeding pride,
to the worthless charms and omens,
to all who lived and died.

I rattle in my coffin
linguistic chains of slight
as I turn each crumpling page
black dirt absorbs the light,
but I know the bitter answer

to the quandary we call time
I am trapped within the moment
of a stalled and stagnant tide.

Spectral Verses, VIII, Raise high the curtain of your dreams

Astounding as the grimaced pain
that falls upon my breast
that turns within my soulful pleas
disturbing peaceful rest,
as poignant as the simple pause
where all my dreams are lost
between the silence of the lines
where truth is rarely sought.

In the deepest regions of my soul
light is blindly shuttered,
mayhem then infects the grace
where lifetime vows are uttered,
wasteful words that garnish mind
placating idle reason
love grows then rots away
when its fruit is not in season.

Deeply plows the hardy till
that seeds so life may follow
replant the blanket of my grave,
the ground grows old and hollow,
soil turned by harsh bitter hands
with dead skin thick and calloused
shovelfuls of passion sound
on my wood and satin palace.

Console me and recite the words
from the marvel of my youth;
forgive me of my petty sins,
search between my lines for truth.
Do not follow in my steps
for you are prone to go astray,
raise high the curtain of your dreams,
don't pause and look away.

Spectral Verses, IX, Conceptual realm of beginning

In the conceptual realm of beginning
where my spirit is dispelled by the light
forced through the canal of awakening
I will breathe my next breath of life.

By the pangs of my birth's separation
where my being is renewed in the flesh
worldly base to divine aspiration
I wander unable to rest.

Empirical voids comprise the heavens;
multitudinous suns burn out and restart,
I will share their fate for millennium
through the finite beats of my heart.

On the cleft of divine intervention
between marrow and umbilical blood
despite genius of human invention
my soul's evolution is love.

Spectral Verses, X, Flames to the west

Soul! Fly high your flames to the West!
Hence spoke the fiery eyes request
twilight glints and the sun protests
folding back her sails.
Soul! Fly high your dreams to the East!
Arise to lights unending reach
full moon is hung in dawn's retreat
moonlight shyly pales.

Dress! Touch your midnight scented bride
that plays and shifts in shadow hides
from new to full her bridesmaids cry
bouquets tossed to earth.
Upon the firmaments divide
they raise their spinster tearing eyes
upward reaching knead sea and sky
bastions of their birth.

Awake! Awake! The pastures' swell
with tall green grasses, verdant dells,
the misty mountain casting spells
life reclaims the land.
The yard birds sing their yearning song
to svelte wildflowers and dewy corn
upon the hill the tower's dong
church belled steeples stand.

The joyful singing of the choir
tuneful chords of love's desire
embodiments eternal fire
poles the compass bares.
From North to South the magnet points
directing lives, approves, appoints,
in life and death reflects, anoints
passions that we share.

The church bell softly tolling now,
the death of death has been avowed
replanted by the tillers plow
spring buds in my view.
Get up! Get up! Your spirits free
drink gypsy wine and dance with glee
dispersed within the liquid sea
life begins anew.

Captain Cur

Spectral Verses, I, The Twilight And The Gloom

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Captain Cur

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we walk between real and imagined life
prescient when we wake our senses stream
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Captain Cur

Spectral Verses, VIII, Raise High The Curtain Of Your Dreams

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that falls upon my breast
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Arise to lights unending reach
full moon is hung in dawn's retreat
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from new to full her bridesmaids cry
bouquets tossed to earth.
Upon the firmaments divide
they raise their spinster tearing eyes
upward reaching knead sea and sky
bastions of their birth.

Awake! Awake! The pastures' swell
with tall green grasses, verdant dells,
the misty mountain casting spells
life reclaims the land.
The yard birds sing their yearning song
to svelte wildflowers and dewy corn
upon the hill the tower's dong
church belled steeples stand.

The joyful singing of the choir
tuneful chords of love's desire
embodiments eternal fire
poles the compass bares.
From North to South the magnet points
directing lives, approves, appoints,
in life and death reflects, anoints
passions that we share.

The church bell softly tolling now,
the death of death has been avowed
replanted by the tillers plow

spring buds in my view.
Get up! Get up! Your spirits free
drink gypsy wine and dance with glee
dispersed within the liquid sea
life begins anew.

Captain Cur

Spencerian Stanzas, Echoes Of Raw Poetry

So long past, the romantic age will mourn
As kings bereft of power when they fall;
Empty bindings left when each page is torn,
Where honor lived protected by steep walls
Raw poetry echoed through the fabled halls.
Its tapestries, its murals are all gone
And knights that held us spellbound and enthralled
No longer ride beneath the flaming sun
Just weary paupers to shed her dying light upon.

Captain Cur

Sprightly In The Rain

You are a lot
like spring rain
sprightly,
refreshing,
light and dear
singularly rejoicing
within your own
sun lined drop.

Captain Cur

Starlit Picquet Glow, Genre Poems

Gothic bells clang with slow tones of despair
alarms the night in starlit picquet glow
tortured wings fan the raucous humid air
observing the pained flaccid earth below.

Fluid strokes brush the sun starved evening breeze
my needle lips in blood course heights I soar
with vapid breath I retrace my lusty siege
sonar waves paint the path to your front door.

My body folds squeezed tight by vermin strength
retracting wings fanged suitor enters in
your chambers light a candles glowing length
I release form in remade human skin.

Tender breasts rising beneath satin sheets
I pause and touch your perfume scented head
your evening gown I clutch and turning weep
each night to live I feed on you in bed.

You softly stir beseech with tearing eyes
I bite your neck immortal slaves to sin
give your blood so my love for you survives
taunt my soul as you pull me full within.

Captain Cur

Stealth Of Your Kiss, Love Poems

It is in what is small,
what is least about you,
what is recessed,
what is channeled
that harbors your greatest strengths.

You animate me
when each small part of you comes alive.
You are everything I have known
and desired a woman to be.

The compactness of your beauty;
the grace and economy of your movements;
the latitude of your smile;
the utility of your soul.

Hands of warm clay
molded to mine.
The scented breeze of your hair
purifying me.

The solitary sadness in your eyes
addressing my own.
The undertow of your body,
fluid, warm, all encompassing,
taking me to unexplored depths.

The puncture of ego,
the humility of love,
the whispered thoughts,
the longing,
the silent longing, for
the stealth of your kiss.

Captain Cur

Strands Of Red That Are Braided Round, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Dear Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
my impertinence lifts your heavy crown
beneath this heirloom your sweet forehead wet
and your strands of red that are braided round;
I untie and lie them on your shoulders bed
and smell their softness with unsteady breath,
my fingers trace and trail your proud cheek bone lines
I lightly brush with warm certain lips
reveals your face and determined mind
though you stand unresistant in my arms
I delay my kiss and embrace your jewelless crown.

Captain Cur

Strange Charisma Of Your Words

Falling victim to a presumed measure of acceptance
that differentiates your world from mine,
I hope all past grievances have been forgiven,
and the enlightened nature of your company
shall once again inhabit the forefront of my mind.

Dear Lady, loquacious in your speech,
beatitudes of pleasure fill my heart with disbelief.
Still soft visions of my queen removing her disguise
and the barren nature of our souls stripped of all their pride.
Our world a dream infectious though it be,
and the strange charisma of your words disarming as the sea.

(From: Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Captain Cur

Suffer In Cold Or Burn In Fire

Souls of pirates in the sea
despondent in their misery
whale oil lanterns deny them sleep
forever burning in the deep.
Each day they all gather round
on the ocean's silty ground;
ruled by water, ruled by death
lungs that can't exhale a breath.

Here they try to build a ship
with lifeless arms and speechless lips,
elaborate blueprints traced in sand
washed away by the ocean's hand.
Their Captain's shadow haunts the rocks
in heavy chains and rusty locks;
they fear to set his spirit free
and named him, "Devil of the Sea";

Now they face a new quagmire
suffer in cold or burn in fire,
so each one casts his final vote
to free the man or cut his throat.
Their Captain knows his fate is near
quieting himself his mind grows clear
in the rock for years he etched
a ship his men could sail in death.

From the edge of the horizon
a mighty ghost ship from the deep
her rising masts ringed with lightening
crewed with dead men roused from sleep;
her bow broke through the waters
where the waves of time are breached
our Captain shouting orders
a new world in our reach.

(This poem continues in:
"Making Love To Her The Sea, Pirate Oaths, I.")

Captain Cur

Surety Of Soul, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Dearest Lady,
loquacious in your speech,
I know not with any certainty
if or when my letters reach;
today I praise you for surety
of soul and prestige of mind.
How can one know the grape
if one does not taste the wine?

Captain Cur

Tango Nude Inflections, Portrait Poems

Reflecting off hot burnished glass
virtuoso inflames
pulsing white piano keys
two etched nudes pause
hand clasped, wrist drawn,
head arched eased hair
tall thin sketch leads.

Knee touch, knead, brush,
palms roll squeeze tips,
press tight hold flush
coy smiles tease lips.

Dancing female lovers wait
natural artistic sensuous hold,
glass tiled lined plates
mirrored tango nudes unfold.

Captain Cur

The Clay That Molds Our World

The old tree stood grim and gnarled. The young children shrieking loudly crawled down beneath its hanging leaves, playing as if in song, but one sat idle resting on its knee; this small child's attention suddenly drawn to new life that grew and danced around him and the dying branches in their neglect, but did not view age an object of contempt.

Wizened sage beyond all imagining withered leaves to an early fall, unless children sing and harder still they cling and grasp old hands in their magnificence in this innocent act of wakening when beauty dulls, no longer charms the flesh as days depart, new travels yet to come journeying to the focal point of love.

Purified in the flames of heaven's fire heralded by the sounding of the call rejoicing in that childlike earthly choir reaching toward the mysteries of the soul. Enacting dreams flush with pure desire senses meet with new pathways to encode and these evolving spirits refashioning the clay that molds our world.

Captain Cur

The Road To Perdition

She said she was a fallen angel.
I partly believed it because the bar was closing
and she looked anything but angelic.
She had rust colored hair and a worn glow.

I asked her; 'What are you doing, later.'
She said; 'I am going to walk the road to Perdition.'
I asked; 'What town is that in? '
I got her to smile.

I told her I would give her a lift.
I brought her to my place.
She said nothing in the ride.

I asked; 'What do you drink? '
She answered; 'Blood red wine.'
I poured her some old merlot.
I stroked her hair and kissed her.
It was forced.
I relaxed.

She took off her blouse.

She was bruised all over.
I asked her where she got the bruises.
She said; 'Michael gave them to me when he cast me out.'
I thought, the archangel or a cruel boyfriend.
I didn't press.

She asked me to put on some music
and then she danced for me,
it was a kind of awkward teasing dance.
I swallowed my drink.

She was really quite pretty
when you picked through all the hazards.
She was completely naked now.
I poured myself a double.

I got up and danced with her.
I stroked her back.
I asked about her wings.
She said; 'Life has stripped them and I can no longer fly.'

I rolled a joint and got her high.

That is the night I slept with a fallen angel.
In the morning
she would be walking the road to Perdition
and I would be living in my house of ruin.

Captain Cur

The Road To Perdition, Michael, Verse II

I found her working a city street.
I stopped.
I asked her price.
She responded; "Salvation."

I liked this one.

I laughed and told her to get in.
She asked; "Who are you?"
I said; "Michael."
She asked; "The Archangel?"
I smiled and said; "Yes!"

I was full of vengeance.

I moved her in with me.
She did not object.
I wouldn't have to go out
looking every night.

She was like tarnished bronze,
something shiny under there
but heavily layered.
She just needed to be stripped.

I was very good with my hands.

Her eyes were quiet blue,
deep and mesmerizing.
Her skin a pale milky white.
She had two long scars on her back.
When I queried, She said;
"Once I had wings."

I brought her down to earth.

I don't remember when I started hitting her.
It's not something a man writes down.
He doesn't know the hurt

until he sees her the next morning.
I swore it would not happen again.

We both knew it was a lie.

She never put up her hands.
That was the strange part.
She accepted every blow.
When I asked about it.
She said; "I need to suffer to be purged.";

I never stopped purging.

She told me her name was, Fallen Angel.
I asked, "Did your parents give you that name? ";
She said; "I left my place in heaven.
I was attracted by the ways of the flesh.";

I asked her; "Do you like what you found? ";

When I wearied of her I cast her out.
She asked; "Where will I go? ";

I told her; "Walk the road to perdition.";

Captain Cur

The Road To Perdition, Quilted Wings, Verse Iii

I thought I saw her falling
while I was harvesting in the cornfield.

I was alone,
my wife was dead,
and I was in despair.
I got off the tractor
and found her lying on the dirt.

She was naked and had wings.

This could not be real,
just like when I would think
my wife was setting the table.

I picked her up and carried her to the house.
Her wings were badly damaged.
I laid her in the guest bed.
It had not been used in years.

I covered her and sat and waited.

When she awoke she said,
"Teach me the ways of the flesh."

She stayed for sixty days.

I asked her why she had to go.
She said; "I must find my place in the world."

Each evening after prayers,
I would go to my bedroom
and think of my wife on the bed
and remember these words spoken
in her soft melodic voice;
"I want to be one with your flesh."

I would take my gun,
empty the chambers,

press it to my temple
and pull the trigger.

I was trying to forget.

I knew one night
I would forget to empty the chamber.

The angel left with nothing.

I used to bring her the feathers
to her wings when they fell off.
When they were completely gone
I tended the open wounds on her back.

I thought about the feathers.

I once showed her a large chest
that contained things belonging to my wife.
I had given everything away
and it sat empty, like me.

I opened it.

She had knitted her feathers into a large quilt.
She left me a note, it read, "Forget."

After prayers, I would lie under the quilt
and forget about the gun.

Captain Cur

The Theme That Compels Me, Lovely You

These lines I write cannot go unrehearsed
reciting to the image that I knew
this voice that shakes exemplifies my verse
and the theme that compels me, lovely you.
Words denied the magnificence of sight
foraging like a creature half sustained
dreams that rage unremembered in the night
awaken with a passion unrestrained.
When the ways of pride acted as my host
performing on the platform of pretense
love cheered on with a brittle bumbling toast
shattered by what it feigned to represent.
Oft I repeat and memorize these lines
when my words filled then destroyed your angelic mind.

Captain Cur

The Treasure Is You

All treasure chests
I have found
have been empty,
until I opened you.

Captain Cur

This Curse Of Our Inhabitation

Defeated no more! This chalice of life,
our sovereign world, will cleave us in terror
for we have made light of her suffering,
is this not how all rebellions begin?
The smoky clouds will choke us with their drifts
as the fires spread by thunderous sparks.
Be thou afraid! Exult in thy riches
for thy merry days few. Where will thou run?
To the shelter of thy King? Thou soft fool!
For he will watch thee burn at the entrance
to his gate. Go bend down before him, thy
new god and beg for his mercy. Applaud
his every word for an idolatrous
fever has clouded thy sense with thin lies.
This earth is truthful and in great distress
fighting against the contagion that has
razed the air and disemboweled its oceans.
What of thy children? Are thou deaf to their pleas?
Thy King mocks their lone cry and their anguish.
Earth be silent no more! With thy strong hand
crush all who would oppose thee. For this earth
has awoken to the enemy within
and her peaceful slumber had been broken.
She awakes in a rage! She craves revenge!
A temperate breeze hangs mute above us,
our wildlife shutters for they hear the voice
of the whirlwinds of heat and destruction.
Will thou science save ye pitiful selves?
What of the magicians? They have all fled,
for thy king is hunting and slaughtering them.
Soon all voices to be hushed, ere I wish,
man from evil born and no memory be
for this curse of our inhabitation
is quickly circling to an end.

Captain Cur

This Fiend Mocks Me!

The pangs of love have pierced me with their spears
and holds me frozen in their crystal chains,
this cold eats through my sinew to the bone
impassioned pleas fall icy from my lips.
My heart in poison, poison not my own,
fermented in the cask of shapeless night.
This fiend mocks me! Comes knocking at my door!
Rent from dreams where life is ghastly charged
to plunge its knife into my gaping wounds.
Split apart, sharp claws digging from behind
howling creatures that rule the realm of night
afflicting me, the genii of all rage,
whirlwinds pulling down to a dark abyss
where I am welcomed with a kiss of blood
stomping the wingless crawling hours dead.

Captain Cur

Though You Taunt I Still Pursue

My Love,

With countenance of will and mind
I bow before you graciously
who more determined shall you find
to please your heart so thoroughly.

Should I discover you in song
the tune and lyrics must admit
that you are she that I adore
with giving eyes and thoughtful lips.

I wade into a serene lake
that looks as if an earthen sky
reflecting birds that swoop and mate
within the boundaries of your eye.

I run and bristle through the trees
in wild gardens lush and rich
my words come calling like the breeze
that search your highlands inch by inch.

If I caught you what might you do
when are words enough to say
though you taunt I still pursue
would you turn my love away?

Captain Cur

Thought Bouquet

I have been thinking of you.
I am sending a thought bouquet,
followed by a heart bouquet,
flowers too.

Captain Cur

Till My Hot Blood Feeds The Ground

.....Crushed!

I carefully overlay my ink
and redefine my heartfelt loss,
where I place these weathered notes
in my precious sack of cloth.

My Queen,

A wild storm has plagued us and my letters lost,
delivered to the bottom of the sea, unread,
undefiled save that some creature's cold curiosity
should touch them and weep, alone in their content
and as such their meaning shall remain pure.
They envision stars on their fiery quest
and beg the sweet mercies that faith be found
so great these beats vibrating in my chest
that bleeds my world, till my hot blood feeds the ground.
Words that attack and molt my calloused skin,
a transparent shell left by love's unanswered door,
a place of death! In strife my words begin
to roil the depths and walk the ocean floor.
My Ocean! My Queen! My Life!
Each wave a separate line, though tides may stall,
unfulfilled, enveloping shores and reflecting earthen skies
blessed with their own intrepid sense of will
I believe these letters drift, certain to arrive,
immeasurable as these waters be
I wait, I wait for your reply.

Captain Cur

Time, Comments From Antiquity

Time is but a breeze
that chills the passing years,
memories the warmth
that fills the void with tears.

Captain Cur

To Know This Love

What words dwell in glorious realms unseen
mystical prayers or the soul's imaginings.
I do not pretend to what I cannot know
yet I thrive in their ever present glow
nor will I injure this buoyant spirit
or speak untruths or discredit merit.
But for these words I will hold long my pen
till the ink flows as a youthful fountain
that withheld its power but now yields
the deepest depths, the deepest love to feel.
What splendid thoughts, what dreams about me hung
to know this love, what songs I could have sung.

Captain Cur

To Love And Be Loved By You

How long shall I wallow in lesser truths
to mend this trembling heart, too frail to touch,
my words are weak and lack a steely proof
that must risk all when all is not enough.
What great lessons in and of yourself teach
embroidered by passion and all that is good,
I drop this letter at your virtuous feet
for you have graced the path of womanhood.
Commence then in my mind a strong belief
tempered by the trials of fortitude,
each moment atones, surmounts my grief,
while I strive to love and be loved by you.

Captain Cur

To My Juliet, Where The Chains Of Love Are Wrought

Extinguished for many years
when words of love were scorned
awakened by sojourned light
and steadfast will it burn.
And of this fire
which circumstance has built
litanies of desire
to plague or arouse your wit.
How shall I parry your intrusion
into my every casual thought
and in the martyrdom of freedom
where the chains of love are wrought?

Captain Cur

To Sappho, In The After Breath

Faith, piety and love thou earnest,
Where the steely chains of death burst free
And in thine eyes what fire burnest
But tortured flames of eternity,
In living breath, in wordless song
The watch fires of this world belong.

Therefore in thy poetic shrine
Pure lines of beauty will weave and blend
With all majesty in witness thine
One life to seize, this world to bend
Unencumbered by mortality
In dreamless sleep forever lie.

All thou inspires, all spheres above,
Beneath thy shroud, unopening eyes,
To move thee with the touch of love;
Ringed by stars, awake, arise
Immutable suns for thee and thine
In the after breath to glow and shine.

Captain Cur

To Sappho, Sheltered Beneath A Moment's Sky

Sappho,

In that clear voice which breathed life
Through love born winds
Awakening the fragrant buds of spring,
Sheltered beneath a moment's sky,
That coats the world serene;
To thrive within the shadow of thy wing
When once takes flight
And to fly with thee in that joy
Total abandonment brings.

Captain Cur

To Whom My Love Is Pledged, Canto I, Love Poems

To whom my love is pledged,
should she take wing
I shall seek repose at a lake serene,
mediating loneliness as seasons
quickly turn, passionately hot the flames
candid when their cold, tiding what the spring's
unfolding flowers have to say
lispig temporal reasons
as their petals rot to clay.

Captain Cur

To Whom My Love Is Pledged, Canto Ii, Love Poems

To whom my love is pledged,
should she take flight
I shall seek repose on a mountains height
watching the eagle coddling her young,
trembling on the brink, hungry in their nest,
that first step when their hearts are bold and bright
flailing, falling, cawing in distress
reaching for the sun
flying is the test.

Captain Cur

To Whom My Love Is Pledged, Love Poems

To whom my love is pledged, should she take wing
I shall seek repose at a lake serene
with my left arm I cast the flattened stones
with my right I shoo the buzzing drones
and now I have counted my one hundredth fling
numbering the worker bees servicing my Queen!

Captain Cur

Tombs Of The Dead, Pirate Adventures (8)

Cavernous dank walls breeding fang tipped black
bats squealing warnings surrounding our craft,
lungs breathing moist crisp elemental air
un-tasted by man, unhinged in a tear,

queerness invades rising unfeasible founts
gushing springs play, defying gravity mounts
spraying force skyward sun saturate rings
captured iridescent rainbow birds sing.

Emblazoned storm clouds rush sweeping the hills
verdant rich green lands wait drinking their fill
unreachable trees immeasurably tall
rooted in unrelenting rock faced falls

crashing in streams redoubtably pours
carving islands eternal life tours
disappearing in earthen caverns below
rejuvenating springs recycling flow.

Arched causeways chiseled by masterful waves,
dutifully work then find peace in the bays
cascading steps in long spiraling climb
rock sculptures etched by the droplets of time.

Tracing shadows venturing Curdi's womb,
candlelit temple's endless cryptic tombs,
silently sleeping adorned in dream mesh
the winged angels child's hallowed smooth flesh.

Witches were there in black ancestral garb
performing rituals on each soul they rob,
one of them turned and perilously said;
'Who dares desecrate the tombs of the dead.'

Captain Cur

Tonight The Sea Is Calm And Fair

Tonight the sea is calm and fair
her mind flows unperturbed
she breathes in deep the dapper air
with wholesome silent mirth;
in forests, hills and mountain beds
her drops have lightly tread
now calls from dreams to sleeping earth
and tips the lakes and streams and brooks
reclaiming back her strength.

Captain Cur

Tonight We Ride The Winds Of Paradise

On this magnificent sea, what a dream!
Forgotten souls rise cheering from the deep,
the Stallion answers with a swarthy scream,
they clutch her mane though rudely roused from sleep.
Tonight we ride the winds of paradise
that blow forever challenging the waves.
Look! The clouds are fierce, brandishing the sky;
I stroke her head and grasp her mighty reins.
The Black Stallion rears, fire in her eyes,
in light and dark she gallops unafraid.
By that sweet temptress moon, she makes her run
careening toward the brilliant morning sun.

Captain Cur

Trojan Gift

Apparitions play havoc with my soul
digging the heavy anchor from the silt,
hanging whale oil lanterns, flames aglow,
exposing massive timbers of my ship.
I watch one slave with purpose through the night
pismire sweat streams down his chinless face
cranking the capstan rusty from disuse
hammering tar pitched boards back into place.
White brilliant sails like angel wings alight,
a maze of ropes unknotted and unloosed;
this dream of pain with dead men for my crew
shadows bent by the dull light of the moon.
As consciousness and thought full gained on me
of pagan oaths disgracing all the gods
their Trojan gift returns me to the sea
these remorseful souls' captives in my charge.
No! I would not captain a ship as this
mental refusal drove me to my knees
the earth was rent and opened with a hiss
and in my hand was forced a burning key.
On it etched the face of these men I knew
that caught my heart and stole my every breath
their pride and sins exposed them to my view
there are no secrets in the realm of death.
I saw each one as then and now he was
they lined the gangplank licked by hungry swells;
I walked unsteady as one guilty does
paraded through the very eyes of hell.

Captain Cur

Twin Geisha Girls, Portrait Poems

I started with the brush tickling your calf
tip dipped into rose flower paint, a laugh,
I say hold still as you face the mural wall
your shadow smiling on the geisha girl.

Her eyes shy in purple blue kimono,
you naked staring with quizzical soul
then asked me to paint you into her dream
flesh canvas poised innocence shared scene.

Your right foot slightly raised, left full extend
curved buttocks, legs together uplift end
creased smooth white back, head tilts,
hands tease cup breasts
I stop my strokes, twin painted body rests.

Captain Cur

Uncompromising Sea

Mention not the greener path
the lanes with streets of gold;
mention not the rich man's flask
new money made from old
instead I'll take the thorny road
each step a painful fee
I'll weather heat and bitter cold
on uncompromising sea.

Stallion black she haunts the waves
her hoofs with threat of death;
I mount her savage lustful ways
and she neighs with searing breath
together we ride for good or ill
for in this ocean we are free
and we'll take our share of treasure
on uncompromising sea.

In bitter depths of dark despair
in the shadow realms of night
where the bravest cave to unknown fears
there will always shine a light,
here the stallion lives and thrives
in the excess of her spree
and rearing high with lofty pride
on uncompromising sea.

Death is but the reaper's tool
with the scythe that fathers time
and time is but the thought of fools
that count each second blind,
eternal are the mighty waves
the stallion bridle free
in waters bold she'll always reign
on uncompromising sea.

Captain Cur

Unconditional Love

That which loves unconditionally
is unconditionally loved.

If you believe yourself unloved
you have terms and conditions.

I love all conditions
and place none on you.

I am unconditional love.

Captain Cur

Undying Notes She Was Denied

If I impart a deliberate praise
on Anne, whom all the world should come to know,
where her lithe lines dance through each velvet page
in words that pious dignity bestows,
loftier thoughts I'm unfit to describe;
charmed by her skilled hand in themes of love's
undying notes, a love she was denied
and strove without; in youthful dreams she wove
fanciful scenes of pleasure alighting
on each artful breath, a flowering breeze
that opened hearts forever delighting
in her prose, but then dark of twilight eve
crept beneath the weeping skies
and gently closed the lids of Anne's poetic eyes.

Captain Cur

Unsung Love, Love Poems

The joy that your heart brings
to me is a simple, precious thing
and has inspired me to sing
to you this song.

I awoke and heard these words
from my soul they gently poured
from my sleeping heart un-stored
and found a voice.

You will never un-inspire
I will never un-desire
I will never un-require
your sweet love.

I will never implicate
I will never confiscate
I will never complicate
your loving heart.

I will never un-invent
these simple words that I have sent
I will never circumvent
the girl you are.

I will take it very slow
I will give you time to grow
I will even let you go
if you ask.

The words that start this song
they are heartfelt, they are strong
there meaning will belong
to you and I.

The clouds that mask the skies,
the tears that cloud my eyes
veils the love I feel inside
when your near.

I hear the laughs you lightly share
I see the smile you always wear
and the pain you sometimes bare
that you can't hide.

I will never be un-found
I will never let you down,
our fates are tightly bound
I am here.

I will end where first begun
on these gentle chords I strum
as I sing this song of love
unsung love.

Captain Cur

Unwavering Grace, Portrait Poems

I coaxed the bird with a slight nip of rum
daylight was broken, the moon rejects sun.
I told him to sing a song of the sea
as he used his beak to straddle my knee.

Then a change appeared and we were amazed
his feathers shone and his eyes were glazed
with backdrops of reflected sea waves light
as he sang her charms with his small lungs might.

His song began with simple shrill high chords
tumultuous sands, primal island shores,
steady breakers pound the rock earthen shelf
colors heaving on his plumed proud breast.

Great storms and tempests as his notes grew low,
cyclones dancing with maiden waves in tow
fast rising peaks, driving angry black cloud rains
arousing white horse charioteer refrains.

Seas relenting into glistening eaves
flowing soundboards whispering to the breeze
of her fluid hands and clear pensive face
nurturing nature with unwavering grace.

Captain Cur

Unwritten Soul, Portrait Poems

Sailing down the settling ocean of time,
eccentric stars signaling as I pass
to unexplored deepening mind
blue water sifting through the hourglass.

I swirl round to the primal seas below
terra-cotta ship, blue-green islands sloped ridge,
here the beginning drums of time are slowed
and I connect imaginations bridge.

Crescent moon hanging on my red flags mast,
sails of ever widening wind gusts muse
immortal visions, my future storms past
dawns new dimensions of endless pure view.

Hour grains climb, I reverse thinking,
inverting liquid sand, restarting flow,
narrow channel filling, falling, drinking
star patterns blinking paint unwritten soul.

Captain Cur

Vengeful Labors, (Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

Vengeful labors bequeath their stain on me
that cannot be removed by acrid lye
should my soul be purified by the sea
entombed within her bosom I shall die.
Fitful Lady, loquacious in your speech,
your woman's flesh entices me in sleep
each day I rise to reap a newer dawn
and celebrate your beauty in my song.
Behind gold draped windows and marquee doors
there you stand like an art piece of decor
though you dress his arm in the godly light
am I not the devil you dream at night?

Captain Cur

Venus In Scopio Rising

Mars the warrior denied by Venus
in the first house of Scorpio rising
allies convivial Mercury thus
savaging plotting her total demise
in the third house cowering from the Sun.

Saturn touched by the aura of her glow
patiently waits near the cusp of her light
preparing his heart for the javelins throw
using his rings to assuage her fright
knowing strength could never win Mars her love.

Captain Cur

Vintage Of Your Age

If I am doomed to never taste your lips;
young, anxious grape, eager for the wine
though intoxicated by your swaying hips
I will not take you early from the vine.

I patiently await the vintage of your age;
full ripened fruit insures the bottle's worth,
than to prematurely place you in that cage
though your textured curves instill a sudden thirst.

Rather, I would count the grains of sand
content to watch you sleep away the sun
then have you fall ready in my hand
until at last your harvest has begun.

Gently I would press your flavor loose,
wherein lays the essence of your tears,
and taste the sweetness of your juice
savoring that memory throughout the years!

Captain Cur

Virgin Mermaid Undertones, Portrait Poems

Charmed by sea beds peaceful dive;
iridium skin, moist wishful eyes,
storm above deep calm below
virgin mermaid undertones.

Burnt orange tresses jealous red;
shells, sea flowers coif her head,
translucent dorsal rolling fins
tail thrusts sideways thrilling spins.

Breaking water turquoise hues,
burnished headband diamond jewels
draped in purple sunsets rest
half exposing sea sculpted breasts.

Captain Cur

Wainwright Barrows Of The Sea, Pirate Adventures (9)

Caverns echo cataclysmic inductions
sweeping maudlin faced aspiring domes
petrified enormous trees bridge deep chasms
deadened with their inner life force gone.

Stone lined swirling paths opaque jagged walls
displace the tomb entwined fractured stalls
impoverished dust and skeletal remains
stillborn voiceless egos stamp their grave.

Isle Curdi's barren forged formation
volcanic ethers revered mutation
migrating souls eclipsed in eternity
hauled by wainwright barrows of the sea.

I pressed my blade against the witch's throat
with great effort her parched lips slowly broke.
I bade her, 'Show me the crypt of my Muse; '
with verbal strength rising violent breath
she stubbornly refused.

Captain Cur

Waves Of Sunset

You are a lot like
summer evening's
warm scented breezes
lingering, lazily lounging
upon the hills of sunset's
arching bands of color
cascading upwards
peeking over the endless ridge,
lavishly captured in the glowing
twilight of your smile
then dispersed
in the whispering waves
of your breath.

Captain Cur

Weighted Words That Never Vary, (From Love Letters To A Lady Of Renown)

My Queen,
Standing on the precipice
I view your foreign land
Engulfed in a stormy mist
I extend to you my hand.
Reaching through the barrier
I feel the mountain's crush
Weighted words that never vary,
Desperate for your touch.

Captain Cur

What I Must Find To Know

When I require inspiration
I think of you,
I search my heart and allow
that which is good to flow,
restless with my words,
ideals sigh, but never refuse
to expose all that I am,
what I must find to know.

Captain Cur

What's Left Of My Heart, (Love Letters From A Lady Of Renown)

Mon amant de la mer,

What cause have you for these alarming words
should I dwell on the privileged heights of class
for it were you that compromised my world,
decomposed me, and burned away my mask.

When is circumstance not our enemy,
as I shudder through my life of pretense,
now you will drift on endless waves of sea
love forever spurned by inconvenience?
I have arranged at your place of choosing
to meet on the eve you depart,
all I risk on you, and my soul losing,
all that I own and what's left of my heart.

Loquacious

Captain Cur

When In Love Believed, This Love I Then Became

This heart that bleeds unwounded to the sight
must bear the loss, and though the days advance
as years to me, I retain that ageless light
that love does bring, belies its simple glance
when lovers pledge this mystery of chance.
As straight the poles compel the needles aim
the compass points with memories of the past
these tears I cry to part me from the pain
when in love believed, this love I then became.

Captain Cur

When Love Itself Betrays

Beware the autumn's turning leaves
as late October begins to cool
and all the truths you once believed
masquerading as a fool.

Beware the habits others keep
to spirits of a bygone age,
the dreams they wrestle with in sleep
when love itself betrays!

Beware the easy paths to take;
the wider road, the finer green,
the friends, the claims, that will forsake
you. Falsity is seen!

Beware the wise and wordless dead;
schisms, demons, religious strife,
the total price put on your head,
the ending of your life!

Captain Cur

When Mighty Words Of The Poets Take Flight

When mighty words of the poets take flight
accentuating themes of new delight;
migrating aptly to heralding greens,
steadily climbing unfolding their wings,
cadenced by rhythm each opening line
awakening thoughts, the drumbeats of mind,
desiring beauty at the height of their quest,
proffering knowledge of life, love and death;
voyaging sadness, determining course,
discovering the sinfulness of verse.

Captain Cur

Wicked Folly At My Back

Morning calls with a sickening frown
wicked folly at my back,
sea gulls softly wail
circling bout my weathered ship,
circling, circling round
hunting for their daily food,
living without care,
powerfully dive then quickly rise
above September's cloudy veil.

Then like lightening from the sky
I see her coming down;
her skin is white, her eyes are pale,
her beauty cold as death;
waves in madness flee her wrath
in frenzied swirls are spent,
her voice thunders from above
a demon in despair,
in an act of desperate love
I lift her bridal veil.

September's mighty winds rise against me
borne by blackened clouds godless as the deep,
the horn of winter blows impatiently
stealing from the water the summer's heat.
Hurricane's decry as the ocean weeps,
I am in the forefront of their wails.
Rank and accomplishment whom do they please
tributes to kings who grow tired and weak
their wood ships tossed about in the gales.
September winds blow! I lash tight the sails.

Captain Cur

Wild Love! Dance With Severed Wings No More

Wild love!

Dance with severed wings no more!
Demanding heights these glorious scenes explore,
the precipice awaits, leap, take on flight
lifting into the sun's new morning light.

Wild love!

Fly high! Mountains glow in the fire of day
lazy streams coaxed by white hot fulsome rays
and boldly the gold tinged liquid pours
through the hollows of earth's enchanted doors.

Wild love!

Descend into the deepest wells of earth!
there in the smoky haze lava springs forth
and all in its path will know its power
with blazing heart steadily devour!

Captain Cur

Wilderness Of World, (Love Letters Written By A Lady Of Renown)

And take you, I must and shall
on the bold luster of your word
and you will poach the fecund sea
in the wilderness of world.

Mon Amant De La Mer,

These intrigues bind me as I piece apart
your native background, chamberlain or lout?
Were you schooled by missionary gypsies
or the insidious fervor of doubt?
Do you worship creature or creator,
Magog or God who will deny your heart?

Loquacious

Captain Cur

Wind Of The North

Wind of the North! That shuddering blast has hung
on your crusty brow cursing as you scream;
bemoaning the fall of winter with your lungs,
blow your dogged breaths while they still sting,
your bite is less forbidding in the spring.
From in the April clouds the raindrops peek
no longer fearing your wild meanderings,
a gentler breeze has roused them to their feet
that bathes the open flowers and dries them while they sleep.

Wind of the North!
With stirring notes you blow your ancient horn
which now lies mute on the burgeoning ground
and inflamed by the glories you have won;
let not your noble song be haute or proud,
rest a voice unable to rage aloud
regain strength till the cusp of autumn sky!
And though your will and pride be humbly bowed
these burdens you still carry from on high
as you view the earth from the tempest of your eye.

Wind of the North!
Sleep no more! Who can ever stay your hand?
Whereto the mighty lakes and oceans stray
till the fall of time are yours to command,
rocking the cradled mountains as they sway
and hold in thrall until they rise again!
In the deep of dreams murmuring you lay
uncomposed like the harp strings noble strain
with boons to please the seedlings of the May
as fast to beauty grow, as fast to fade away.

Wind of the North!
Autumnal colors spill from turning leaves
that coat the earth then wither where they lie,
seduction strips the branches of the trees,
a few still cling but all must surely die
exasperated forms inundating sky.
Winters rise! Break your chambered bonds and hear

cold and darkening sounds her ceaseless neighs
by her side ten snow leopards claw the air
storming through the Northern Plains rides the Winter Mare.

Wind of the North!

Ride fast your deathless horse! When as before
you gazed upon earth in its infancy
and spread your arms above her molten core
your winds blew in the wilds of destiny
and watched the great shores dash into the sea.
All who can dream must shudder at that force
pried from the fingers of eternity
strewn madly in ever widening course;
Wind of the North! Ride fast your deathless horse!

Captain Cur

Wind Of The North, (Part 1) Fall Of Winter

Wind of the North! That shuddering blast has hung
on your crusty brow cursing as you scream;
bemoaning the fall of winter with your lungs,
blow your dogged breaths while they still sting,
your bite is less forbidding in the spring.
From in the April clouds the raindrops peek
no longer fearing your wild meanderings,
a gentler breeze has roused them to their feet
that bathes the open flowers and dries them while they sleep.

Captain Cur

Wind Of The North, (Part 2) Cusp Of Autumn Sky

Wind of the North!

With stirring notes you blow your ancient horn
which now lies mute on the burgeoning ground
and inflamed by the glories you have won;
let not your noble song be haute or proud,
rest a voice unable to rage aloud
regain strength till the cusp of autumn sky!
And though your will and pride be humbly bowed
these burdens you still carry from on high
as you view the earth from the tempest of your eye.

Captain Cur

Wind Of The North, (Part 3) Seedlings Of The May

Wind of the North!

Sleep no more! Who can ever stay your hand?

Whereto the mighty lakes and oceans stray
till the fall of time are yours to command,
rocking the cradled mountains as they sway
and hold in thrall until they rise again!

In the deep of dreams murmuring you lay
uncomposed like the harp strings noble strain
with boons to please the seedlings of the May
as fast to beauty grow, as fast to fade away.

Captain Cur

Wind Of The North, (Part 4) Winter Mare

Wind of the North!

Autumnal colors spill from turning leaves
that coat the earth then wither where they lie,
seduction strips the branches of the trees,
a few still cling but all must surely die
exasperated forms inundating sky.
Winters rise! Break your chambered bonds and hear
cold and darkening sounds her ceaseless neighs
by her side ten snow leopards claw the air
storming through the Northern Plains rides the Winter Mare.

Captain Cur

Wind Of The North, (Part 5) Deathless Horse

Ride Fast Your

Wind of the North!

Ride fast your deathless horse! When as before
you gazed upon earth in its infancy
and spread your arms above her molten core
your winds blew in the wilds of destiny
and watched the great shores dash into the sea.
All who can dream must shudder at that force
pried from the fingers of eternity
strewn madly in ever widening course;
Wind of the North! Ride fast your deathless horse!

Captain Cur

Words Of Prayer Extinguished In The Night

Is not the faintest shadow of your glow
that which commands me from its inner shrine?
What's left of faith when life and love withhold
the candle's flame, and darkest dreams confine
the wispy trail devolving through the light
on words of prayer extinguished in the night?

Captain Cur