

bear driver boot Arcturus with your haunting dogs
astray upon the zenith of my mainsail shrouds...heel!
and pray upon your Northern Cross
whose kneelinghero hurls...

Serpens preside, Draco achain! Head Ho!
Heave heave! Stunned Lyres of Vega bound within a
swell...long thrashing ark, borne seaswept leagues of Zodic hold,
fierce gropes to rise upright...as mocking midnight sun is borne in
leagues with the Devil's trembling yolk, and morphic shock these
talontales of Vernal Evernight! Wroughtrise!

Theswans will rise upon a
Go play a dei! starry then...

Capella's here! And heroes borne of night!
Keep north and tethered to polaris!
There!

Nor sickle sextands, dip!
point where? Well pointer sisters, where?
Till north and latitude, bared whulls ongend
and wrathe in sight of bear star ternity andserpens...
(Who needs a Gyant then?)
The Lady in her chair?
Andromeda she'schained...

or lizards yet?

"O nimbal drunk!" laments loft gravid moon, "Behoe the harping
dogs astare, ghould flamend pillars tremble, bottoms up!"

Butfore a Vernal Bull offhidden horn o'plenty snorts engales, upripe
to rise upon the Mirage of Heaven and Hell. A storied land? But-
look, bold humidblood reigns down from bolt alight and sun. Aye!
Bewarned of salt'n sinistral hands that come prying. Lookon! Wand-
mapped, mistveiled, depthstroked, the balast's lost. Well overbrim.
Sire peaks of serping hex butt eyes in windward bane. The Dragon
heaves! Two Edenborough tenants toast a pledge.

*Planet
world web.
digging in*

"Demi drunk!"
"Oh Father, I can't hold!" moans Gill.
"O sissy see!"
"These seven seals of Ocean writhe!"
"Yer landlubber limbes Gill matey! Mock duck, wind, harpies, I
shall see in hell!" Jack forms a stance.

And sip, another. Tip. Soaked deck wrings barest dawn. Another?
nup. The omnipub isdry. Aye! (Oh hush! The wind mefinds! (The
second part of this black Musick melodie is soon to come) who toolls,
who says, who sounds the knell way overwhere whosings for him who died.
A Jack? posh!)

"And I was a pretty wench then."

The way he courted I can well remember. He promised, did. Thou
shalt not wish a wash dishes, nor feed the swine. But sit on a cushion,
and sew fine seam, and feed upon strawberries sugar and cream. A ha!