

BRIAN S. GOVREAU

CALL ME ISHMAEL

Making birth from port we drink for sport, the gale assails our sails as we begin our travail,
With irate first-mate, overwhelmed and at the helm, we scour the seas for the snow-white whale,
Though some, you hear, must think us queer, we do not take their words sincere, for in the face
of death I cheer,
I would gladly give up my spear in lust of bust, for sadly such is the crutch of beer.

Despite logic's pleas we shoot the breeze and drop all eeves for sign of the beast that prowls the
scene,
To no avail we hunt the whale, oh woe, it seems, no hoes for me, and not a splash to be seen,
As I pour a drink to soothe my think, across the bar there hints a wink that frees my lines of any
kink,
The blink upon my sonar link does all doubts and worries sink, in pursuit of blubber, I turn the
rudder upon the brink.

A cry of "There she blows!" from the nest of crows affirms what nigh every nautician needs not
know,
My fear doth grow as lo, behold, the behemoth thrice our girth makes show, we knew not what
we hath sown,
"Death awaits!" shouts my first mate, "this is too dire of a strait, a thousand leagues will seal our
fates!"
With will of steel and nerves of haste I bark the order, "Lest I lay your souls to waste, to the
white hellion we'll give chase!"

In such fervor I was wrapped and having nursed upon the tap, I did not think myself the sap to
fall into the devil's trap,
Like a jap on the attack, the monster leapt upon my lap despite my status as a chap, she clearly
beat me in the scrap,
Cornered and on madness drunk, her ferocity outmatched my spunk, and as she jumped upon
my junk she split my bow up into chunks,
Here at the end who would have thunk, me bruised, broken, half-past crunk, that my balls
would be blue and my ship would be sunk.