

A Life on the ocean's wave!  
(appears in Alternative Poetry Books - Blue edition.)

Oh for a life on the ocean wave,  
for excitement and derring do,  
but in my experience you'll have to pick one,  
for you can't experience two.

A life on the seas sounds full of fun,  
but what it's full of is sea,  
and ropes to pull, more ropes to pull  
and a rope to pull - whoopee!

'Lee Ho!' they shout instead of 'Duck!'  
and wonder when you're knocked overboard.  
They call the many blessed ropes  
painters and sheets,  
not simply ropes and cords.

It takes hours and hours to get onto the sea,  
once the anchor's been raised,  
and the ropes are pulled, more ropes are pulled,  
and some coiled and put away.

Then the one on the wheel-thing swears a lot,  
for that's what sailors do,  
and if you ever go to sea  
you'll soon be swearing too.

The flappy things blow in the breeze,  
They aren't even just called sails,  
but jibs, genoas, spinakers,  
it makes me want to wail.

After an hour of ocean bliss,  
there's the fun of trying to berth,  
with ropes to pull, more ropes to pull,  
its more trouble than its worth!

—Michele Brenton