

pirates cry

Pirates cry when they come into port
and see their loved ones. They unhook
their peg legs with a gentleness one
associates with nicer men. They may have
been out there plundering and killing
but the sight of their loved ones makes them
shake all over. They don't care if
dinner isn't ready or the beds aren't made.
Look at those wives in lace caps, their
arms crossed, knowing most of the money's
been spent. Look at those boys, their compasses
spinning in all the wrong directions.
Pirates cry out of love, out of frustration,
because the very thing they need so much
is the thing that will drive them back
to sea again.

peter morris