

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.

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