

Cloisters

An etiolated morn arises new,
But no achromatic cockcrow could stop these two.
A slave he shan't be called,
But the captain's good friend *was* oft enthralled.

To think and to be is as irreconcilable as *ananas comosus* in mediterranean cuisine.
And in seeing the condition of the fecal deck, the chauvinist asks what this means.
But considering above and below, if not in satan's abode,
Thou shall find more titillation the deeper thoust goes.

And so, in the great cabin below,
Our castilian leader enjoys the beguilement of the keen Babo.
To some, serving serves oneself, but others must be served or serving pales to be severe.
But the symbiotic servitude of the dark knight and the light is a relationship quite queer.

The crooning of our mythology only serves to awaken boiling blood presently,
But a flesh craving wendigo will defy all logic quite menacingly.
The world shall end if Cereno becomes Babo's Whitiri this noon,
For master wouldn't part with Babo for a thousand doubloons.

The truth seems to be, that master and man cannot retire,
Souls bound and intertwined; stuck in amorous desire.
To Benito and Babo the world was their oyster;
But they shut themselves inside the cabin and to the world they were cloisters.

