Deadman’s Tale

By Ethel Rudicil

Tempers rose to lifted heights
As salty tears washed over silent sins.
Blood guilt bridled over hollow angst;
Four men standing beneath a tattered sail
As the fifth lies swollen on a bed of foam,
Gently rocking him to the depths of hell.
Silent sins of five- less one
There shall be four- no more
To bear the grief that hell can’t pay.
For what they’d done, the oceans cried.
One sailor to drift once more
Without a crew or timbered vessel
The wages confined for him alone,
A payment of debt by covenant;
His final harbor beneath the lucid waves.
For what sins do oceans grieve?
What sorrow so great upon the ocean waves,
That the four should seek to follow the damned,
Their grief too great to bear?
Do you not know, my friend, that the dead shall tell no tales?