

The Peculiar Adventures of Far-seeing Greta, Following Commo Perry to Japan

Nathan Dickmeyer

with Art by Bruce Brooks



Table of Contents

Introduction	3
Part 1: Beginning the Voyage	9
Part 2: The Atlantic	27
Part 3: Around Africa	85
Part 4: The Indian Ocean	110
Part 5: China and On to Japan	139

Copyright © Nathan Dickmeyer, 2020

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the author.

Introduction

This is an exploration of the interaction of visual art and mythical creativity.

In 2005 I was asked to do some consulting at LaGuardia Community College. It was an act of mercy on the part of the president of LaGuardia, Gail Mellow. President Mellow was a friend of my wife's and had heard that again, I had been told that, rather than work for an educational institution, I should become a consultant. That is, I had been fired as a financial vice president for the second time in a year.

I was to replace a fine woman in President Mellow's office who had acted, I guess, as a sort of chief of staff. One of her duties had been to keep track of the president's contingency funds, and, after checking with the president, making small awards. As a former CFO, I could do that. Occasionally those small awards had gone to art department folks to support public art at the college.

One of those folks was Professor Bruce Brooks. I was happy to help, and Professor Brooks was happy to orient me. He proposed a tour of the college's art. I figured a quick 30-minute walk through the college's three converted industrial buildings would be fun. We set off. It seemed that the college had a lot of art that Professor Brooks and his colleagues had endeavored to put up on every floor of the college. Three hours later, we neared the finish.

Some of the work had been produced by Professor Brooks. It was remarkable. A combination of painting, collaging and general gluing of objects seemed to be his primary medium. The images crashed on me, and the more I looked, the more I saw. The figures were in motion, spoke to each other, jumped out at me. The colors cried for attention. The references were sly, confusing, random, disorderly. The Silver Surfer seemed a favorite character.

After the tour, whenever we could get together, we talked about art and education. Professor Brooks was a revered teacher. I came quickly to agree that creativity should be an important competency to impart to our students. After graduating from the twenty-first grade, I was trying to unlearn the tight behaviors I had picked up. Our society needed people who could create solutions, not just write good English and solve algebraic conundrums.

After a while, I took a fulltime director's position at LaGuardia. Consulting was no more my calling than CFOing. As a lowly director, I would work normal hours and would not have to meet with wealthy trustees, my particular challenge. One day my boss, a vice president, said that he was giving back the painting installed by the art department. It was a Bruce Brooks. I asked that, instead, it should be moved to my office.

Oh, what a painting. It was too aggressive for my boss, a fish turning into a tiger, flames from his mouth. It had glorious details that took months to tease out: there were chickens, small owls, a naked woman, a desert house with an atomic explosion in the front yard. The paint was thick and wrinkled. A river of spruce needles crossed a corner. When people came to sit with me, I asked whether they would like to turn their back to the tiger or face it.

In 2017 I retired and purchased the fish-tiger painting to take home. I am looking up at it now in my study. The facing wall was blank. I asked Bruce to sell me another. I now have a blue elephant with DaVinci's Ermine Lady, a section of H-O railroad track, much gold foil and a couple of Turkish vases.



My Study

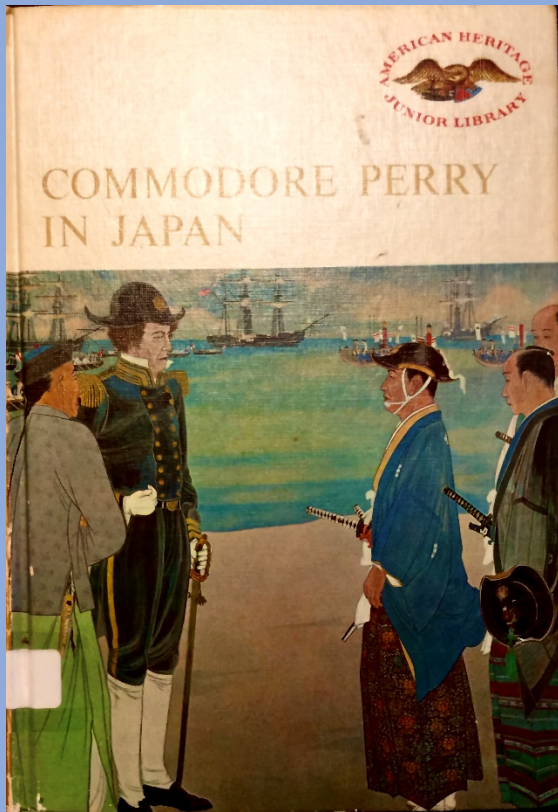
When Bruce delivered it, he also gave me a book. On the covers, inside covers and each of the 150 pages he had made a small painting in the same collaged, painted, glued on manner. The book had been "Commodore Perry in Japan," an American Heritage Junior Library book.

In many of Bruce's paintings, the Commodore Perry words and illustrations peek through. I found another copy of the book online. This helped me identify some of the characters that populate the paintings. I also learned about the Commodore.

I knew that the only way to honor his gift was to write an epic poem with his art as illustration. This work was thus born.

I am not a great poet. This work attempts merely to mirror Bruce's creativity. It took him a year to produce the book. My poem is only intended to do him honor.

As an epic, the poem needs a hero. I chose a young Swedish girl called Greta. I think you know who I mean. She is a brave, far-seeing person who would change the world, if she could. Many books have sought to ride on her fame. This work should bring me no recompense. I do not wish to embarrass or use her. She inspires me. If there is a great accident and there is recompense, the funds will go to an appropriate environmental charity.



By Robert L. Reynolds. Discarded by the Bay View Library, Bay View, Michigan. Given by Mr. & Mrs. Marvin H. Swift, 1984.

Thus, there are three themes that drive the poem: the story of Far-seeing Greta sailing from the US to Japan, following Perry's route to warn of the dangers of building sixteen new coal-fired power plants; the historical story of Commodore Perry, who appears as a ghost or a memory of America's once strong belief in Manifest Destiny; and the details of Bruce's painting as the monsters, dreams, and heroes of the sailors on Far-seeing Greta's craft.

Emily Wilson's new translation of Homer's *Odyssey* (Norton, 2018) gave a basis for the sea epic. Margaret Atwood's *The Penelopiad* (Canongate, 2005) nurtured ideas of the lost female voice. Seamus Heaney's *Beowulf* (Norton, 2000) gave more clues on the proper behavior of heroes. The ship's crew of endangered animal species was inspired by the Alexandre Dumas (père) fairy tale, *The Two Brothers* that I had earlier adapted and translated (Bahar Books, 2014). An exhibit of paintings of the Ramayana with the Monkey King and his army at the Metropolitan Museum of Art also inspired the ship's endangered species crew.

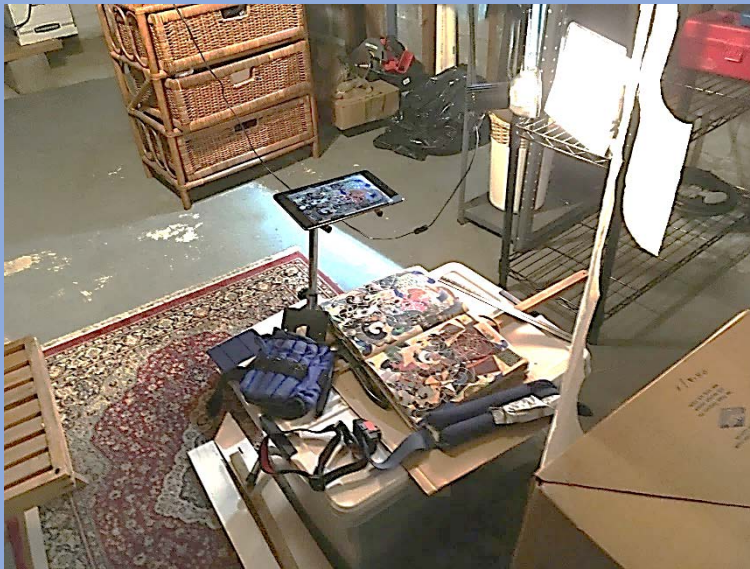
My favorite animals with the crew are the gibbons. I once had an apartment in Adams-Morgan at the back door of the zoo—a fourth-floor walk-up. In the evening the gibbons would serenade me. My, they could scream. Now, habitat degradation threatens them.

As a warning, the Commodore is herein called Como Perry, a sly reference, decodable only by those who watched the Ed Sullivan Show in the 1950s.

Each page has received two stanzas of four lines. Each line is (almost always) twelve syllables long. Every other line in the stanza rhymes. The rhymes are mostly good, very few near, sometimes made with an invented word, sometimes with a weird word order. The beats in the

rhythm, however, are sloppy. A thousand-year oral tradition will not form around this epic. While my meters are hexa, my iambs are ick, in other words.

I photographed each page of Bruce's book. I am not a photographer. I used my iPad mini. I did not flatten the book. I had enough trouble with the reflections. My photos do not do the paintings justice. The metallic silvers and golds lose their sheen. The bends in the page cause shadows, even though I used four indirect lights. I had trouble getting many of the reds to look true. (And if they aren't true to me, a red-green colorblind person, woe unto you!) I could have scanned the pages to get better color authenticity, but that would destroy the book.



My workshop photography studio

You are a rare, privileged reader. I hope you enjoy it, although you may find it hard to finish. Please use the poems to tease you into looking more carefully at each painting. Look for things I missed.

You may say that the paintings were not intended to hold a narrative. I cannot speak for Bruce's intention, but I know that every day of our lives is a chapter in our own narratives. Bruce's life is no different. He is a New Yorker, a

Pratt graduate, where he fenced. His life's narrative continued as he painted.

About the time I was retiring, Bruce died momentarily. In front of a LaGuardia building he suffered a heart attack and fell to the sidewalk. One of our nursing faculty was heading for class. She and security brought Bruce back. A quadruple bypass gave him hope to return to the handball courts.

He may have more to add to this initial draft. He is one cool dude!

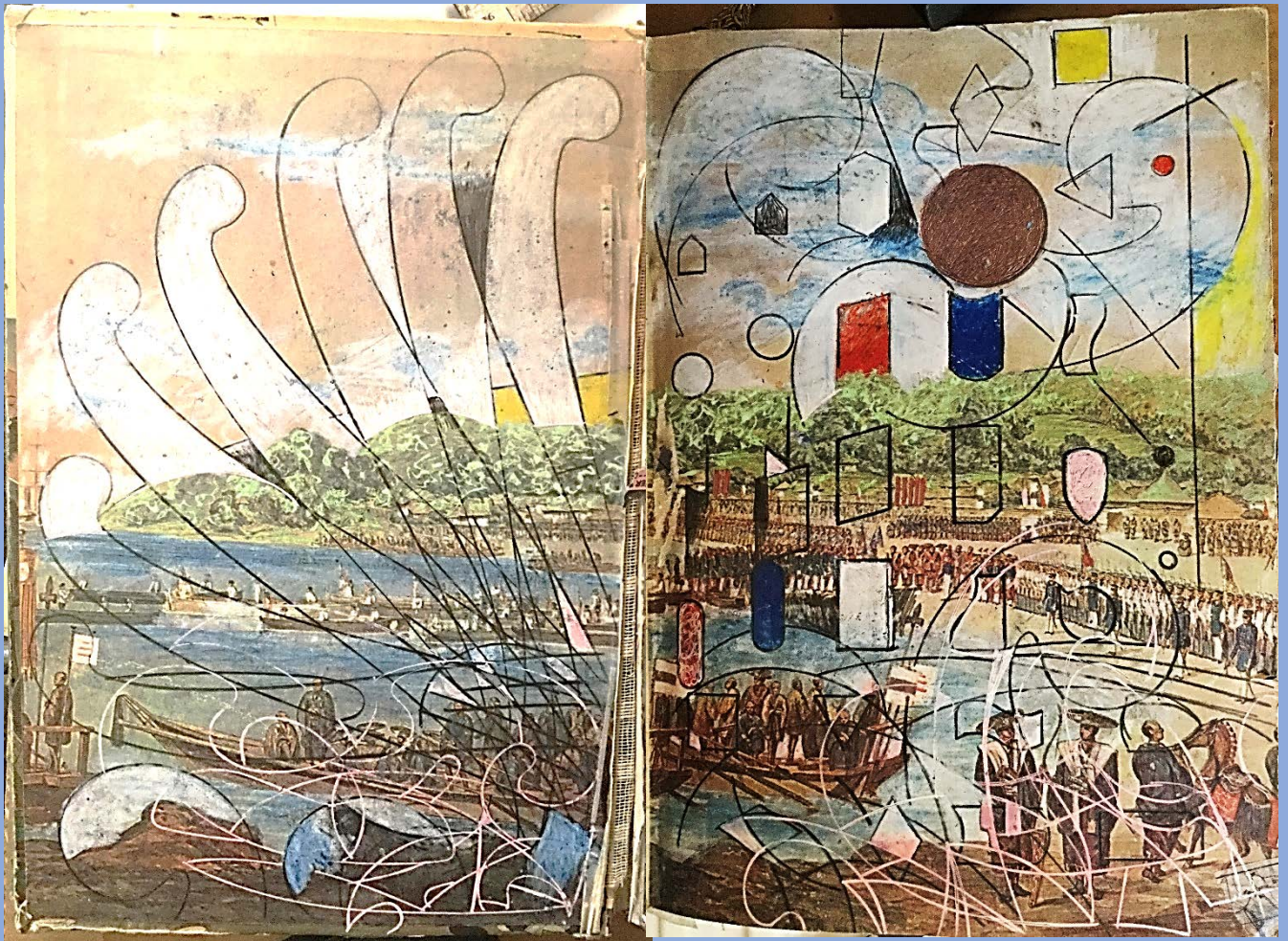
There is much whimsy in Bruce's paintings. There is much whimsy in the poem, but the story turns serious as the ship approaches the end of its journey. If we do not give our children a future, we may lose them.



This is the cover Bruce created. The frame is glued on and sticks out about three-quarters of an inch. Inside the frame are spruce needles.

This is an edge view of the book. You can see the width of the frame on the cover.





Inside the front cover. Note that the book with Bruce's art, unlike the library copy, is well worn.



Part One:
Beginning the
Voyage

There was and there wasn't a time when the future
was sold, cash collected, quickly spent, then squandered,
up in smoke, burned to a crisp, sewn with silk suture,
as a red Belgium donut through the sea wandered.

Uneaten, except by silver bacteria
and the soul's cockroaches, progressively worn down,
as the band played gold piano hysteria.
The tin soldiers dance as he grinned, the fat orange clown.



We will all be dead by then, they said, as the sea rose and rose, glaciers melted, beautiful species were lost. No bears were polar. The last manatee starved in a plastic-filled ocean of man's feces.

They danced in yellows and green boughs. We will just build our cities higher. Who needs hawks and bald eagles? With Maine's mountains, we'll make swampy Florida filled. Why birds? We have enough of them ugly seagulls.



Our hero's a Swedish girl, Far-seeing Greta.
A lion she was, although only youth believed,
and an old man, doddering, sailing the better
to keep carbon from the air, also, not deceived.

She had been saddened to learn that Japan had planned
to build seventeen foul, coal-burning power plants.
The young woman must sail far from her green, loved land
to fight against those who lined their pockets with grants.



She must sail on and on, through mists and foul monsters,
golden-coated, sharp nailed, pink tongued with fangs and spikes.
Blue windows waving, spiraling winds, not rock stars.
Forewarned and ignored, water overfills the dikes.

The mad, spinning lines will cross and arc, twist and spark.
We will land for fresh food and beg for bananas.
We'll crew the craft with rare animals, like an ark.
We will warn the young their future's not so glam'rous.



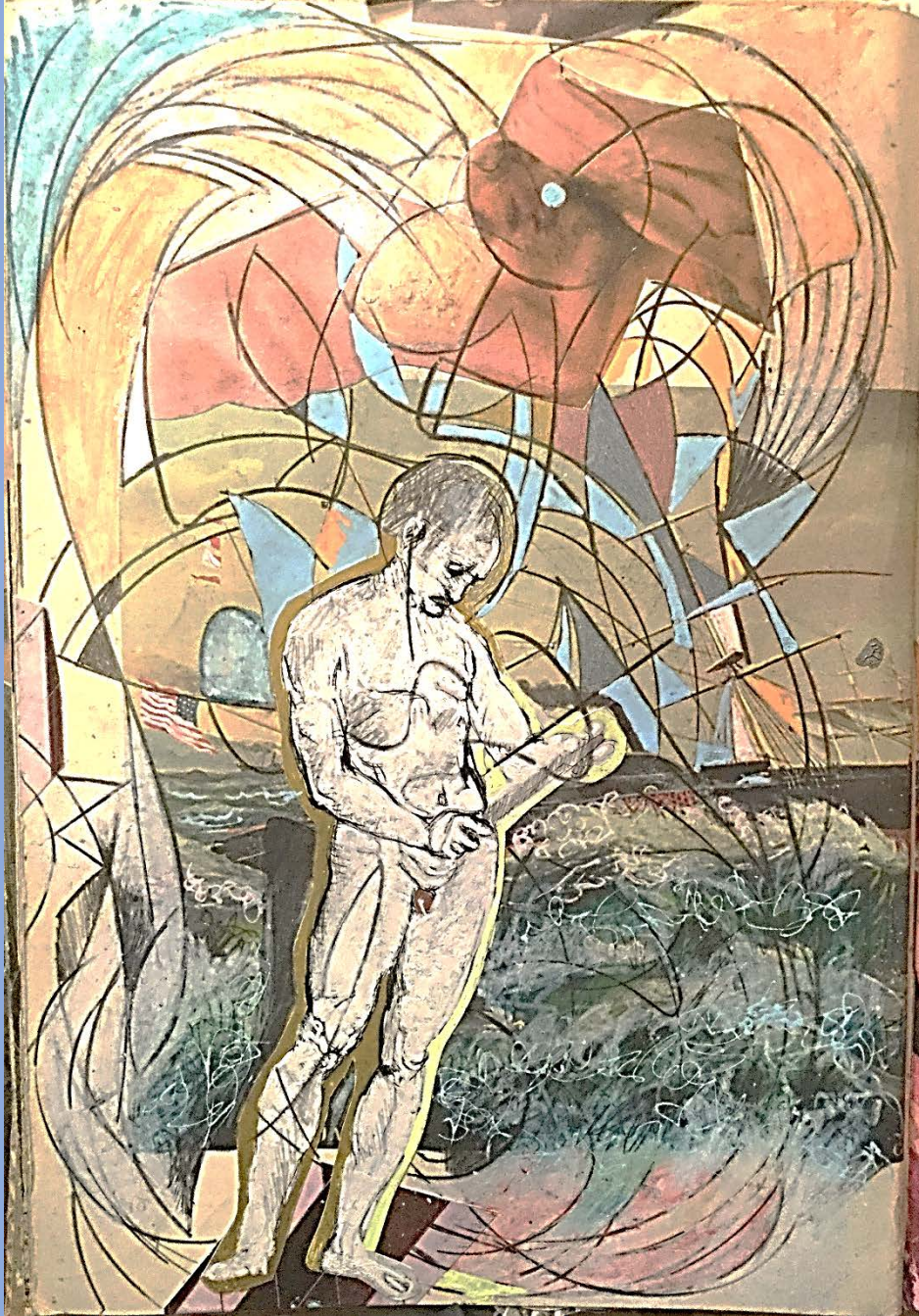
We will catch the sun's rays with our solar panels,
she told the daft old man who could only write code.
We will go around the Cape and wear bright flannels,
Pink pipes will flow to turbines to carry the load.

Back, they said, though you be far-seeing Joan of Arc.
The elders will restrain you, tie you to a stake.
All they will need is some tinder, wood and a spark,
and you will not stand in their way, those on the take.



Let them smoke their pink opium, drill and practice.
Our hands will spin the blue-grey, spiraled nautilus,
until fate brings an end to our quest for fractious
futures unleashed, when a jagged storm can't kill us.

What weak country is this that raises stripes with stars,
yet, crushes Arctic tundra with speculation?
What country is led by men in hungry black cars,
who rob their children of truth and information?



Unclothed, the old man took his first theodolite,
measured the churning blue heavens and computed,
forty days and forty nights will put poor us quite
near the blue-eyed Cape vortex, badly reputed.

Those winds will hard smash and tilt our stout boat and churn
the wine-dark sea to scribbles, gnashing, smashing all.
The cabins will empty, the generators burn.
We'll be upside down. Our timid bodies might fall.



Have no baseless fear, Far-seeing Greta stood tall,
like some chin-proud, gold-vested Stalinesque leader.
We'll find a path. A yellow aqueduct might call.
There'll be blue in the sky when we soundly beat 'er.

Black ships may follow us to the end of the sea,
but we'll point the way to a generation saved.
We'll slash at their fool's blind folly. Winds may twist lee.
Pink sails up! We worship no images engraved.



On horseback they rode for many long days' supplies.
With the upper limit of the visual field,
they found mean lower limit of daily surprise
was the standard adult's ability to yield.

They circled around and around, like knights at chess.
They filled the hold with colorful beans and flours.
The snake-eyed decks were slick with mast and mess.
They would sleep on beds of legumes in tall towers.



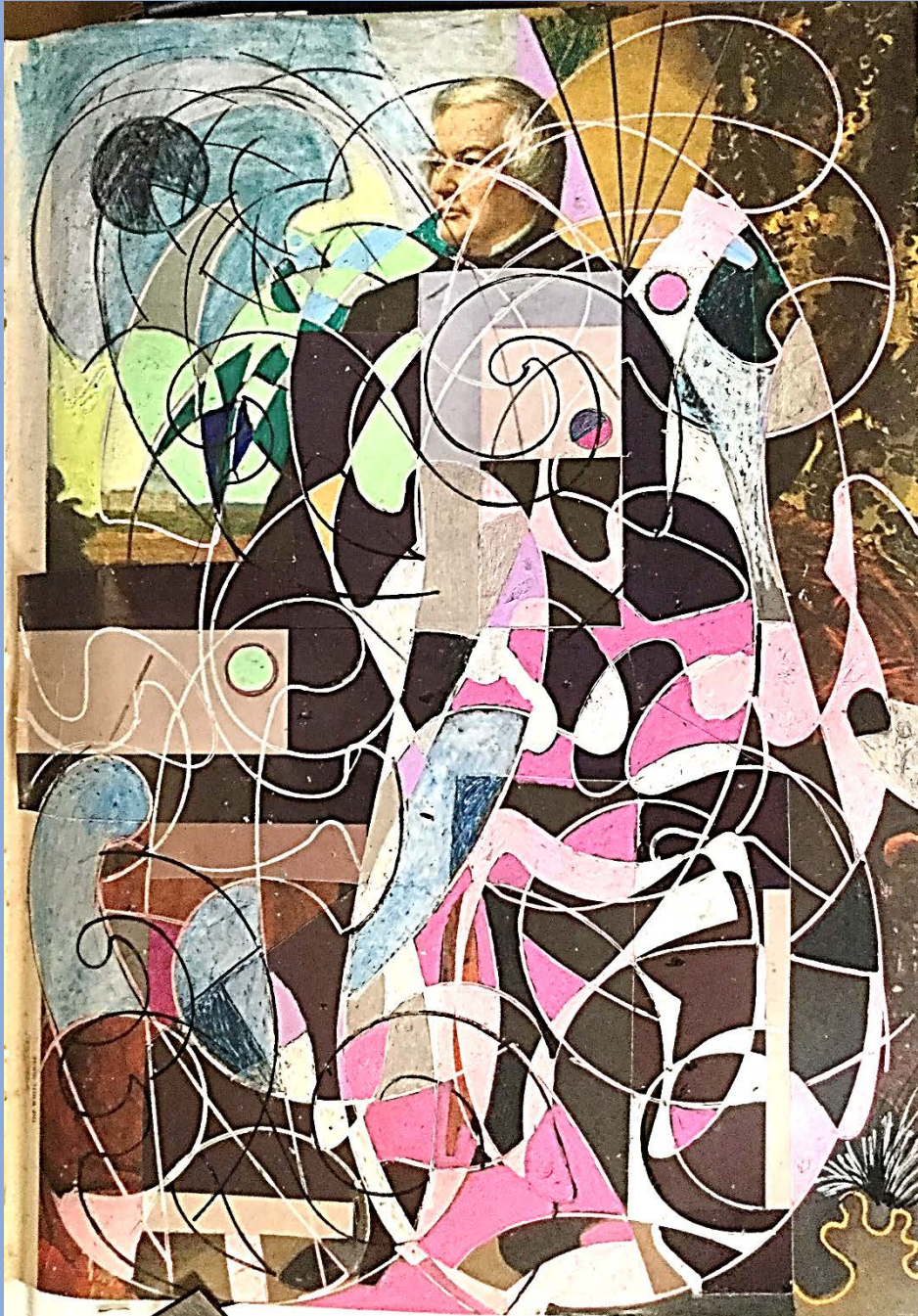
The elders say they need no future confusions.
They were fat with medals like a kang'roo captain.
Their bridges were bright, cascading brown illusions.
Death was their future. Why worry what might happen?

Short is the only scale worth our small attention.
We plan for today. Tomorrow is your problem.
We grow fatter and blue-haired. Did we mention
that we love our children, though we might rob them?



Yellow death was their future. The young would invent
some way out of this mess. Pray to the grave totems.
We must confess, we only know how to subvert.
We talk about progress, always sugar coat 'em.

We are not far-seeing. We leave it to the youth
to create their future. We have stolen their air,
wild animals, sea creatures, now, even the truth.
We are rich and don't care. We are no Dan Web-stare.



Like white-haired Millard Fillmore, we've pushed our way west.
Onward, conquer all, in the name of pink commerce,
sending Perry the Commo on a Japan quest.
How dare those backward heathens resist our white curse.

The White House stands under his sallow, sullen gaze.
Current occupants no better in truth than he.
Let pink obscure what we know of the poison haze.
Orange-headed would never allow even a tree.



Then bright Marilyn brought down the word from Andy.
Fill your boat with animals, the last of their kind.
Gather them from deserts and soft shores sandy.
Let Noah be not jealous. Don't leave some behind.

Pangolins, Asian Elephants, Bengal Tigers,
Black-footed ferrets, sea lions and sea turtles.
In a tan-rainbow's swirl, we'll keep peace, no fighters.
Good words, strong thoughts, kind deeds, but many blue hurdles.



And the Bell Ross watch cards are all but chance arrayed.
Death looks in from above Hong Kong's quiet harbor.
Even the Hulk is not immune when fate is played.
Diamonds, clubs, spades and hearts may yet shave the barber.

Superheroes may express our wild emotions,
but, Far-seeing Greta said, they can't be summoned
with chants and extra special purple devotions.
We go on our own. Our hearts can't be with rum led.



Far-seeing Greta, wear your long-vision goggles,
that we might know why the old easel has fallen,
why missionaries preach their disease, it boggles,
and why this first permanent foothold is walled in.

Old man, you make no sense with your red-peopled dreams.
Circle your eye to see, that easel's a ladder.
Now, old man, climb down from across the muddy streams.
Lend a pink arm before rare animals scatter.



My mother looks on and has sold all her jewels.
Rare rubies and fat garnets and black opals too.
She wants the present happy, but the future rules.
She worries a lot but knows that nothing is new.

Blue rings circle my eyes. I bend from black darkness.
My mind is a whirl of all I must quickly do.
Though the maelstrom's monsters be worse than Lock Ness,
I will see this horrible, bitter, black quest through.



And the cold-hearted world watched with suspicious eyes,
as rare beasts were found in the markets of China.
A boat was readied to specifications wise
with tall masts like the Vincennes, but 'twas much finer.

Now Commo Biddle lost what little face he had,
when tiny craft towed his great boat back out to sea,
and he left Japan with no deal and was quite sad
that his mission was nipped in the bud, bought no tea.



So the blue-jacketed old man dug for worms rare,
and knew that new, red Teslas were no way to save
the world, needing more power from plants without care.
His mother, still alive, knew he could not behave.

And they knew the Biddle folly was not quite dead,
but perhaps few could resist the wisdom of youth.
They built cages and rooms and filled the hold ahead
of the launch they knew would be their moment of truth.



Part Two:
The
Atlantic

And the world was covered in wine dark sea yearning,
except the pyramid places that held the dead,
and all we wanted was a room of junk spurning.
We tossed all we could. Still we sank, as others fled.

A pink-tongued, yellow-winged cardinal spoke from its perch,
To the flagrant snows of Mount Fuji you must go.
Leave behind all hindrance, every home, every church.
Cast the anchor, raise the sail, let the stern winds blow.



From behind her bead veil, the dark-eyed woman said,
Leave the chest-thumping, threatening men of the West.
Soon as not they all will be heroically dead.
The sun will rise and fall. Then, obey my behest.

Then Far-Seeing Greta looked to the cold, wine-dark sea.
From Providence they would sail, like Commo Perry,
Sails of sun-loving solar panels on masts three
that spun turbines to twist the blades, element'ry!



We must avoid the skull winds of the red-blue west,
or the golden and black lightning will blindly fall,
though Grecian goddesses may protect us at best,
we must make gay Havana our first port of call.

And the wine-dark sea lay flat and untroubled.
The lunging Atlantic held back its mighty winds,
and the rising sun brightened panels and bubbled
watts on watts for batteries as it slowly rescinds.



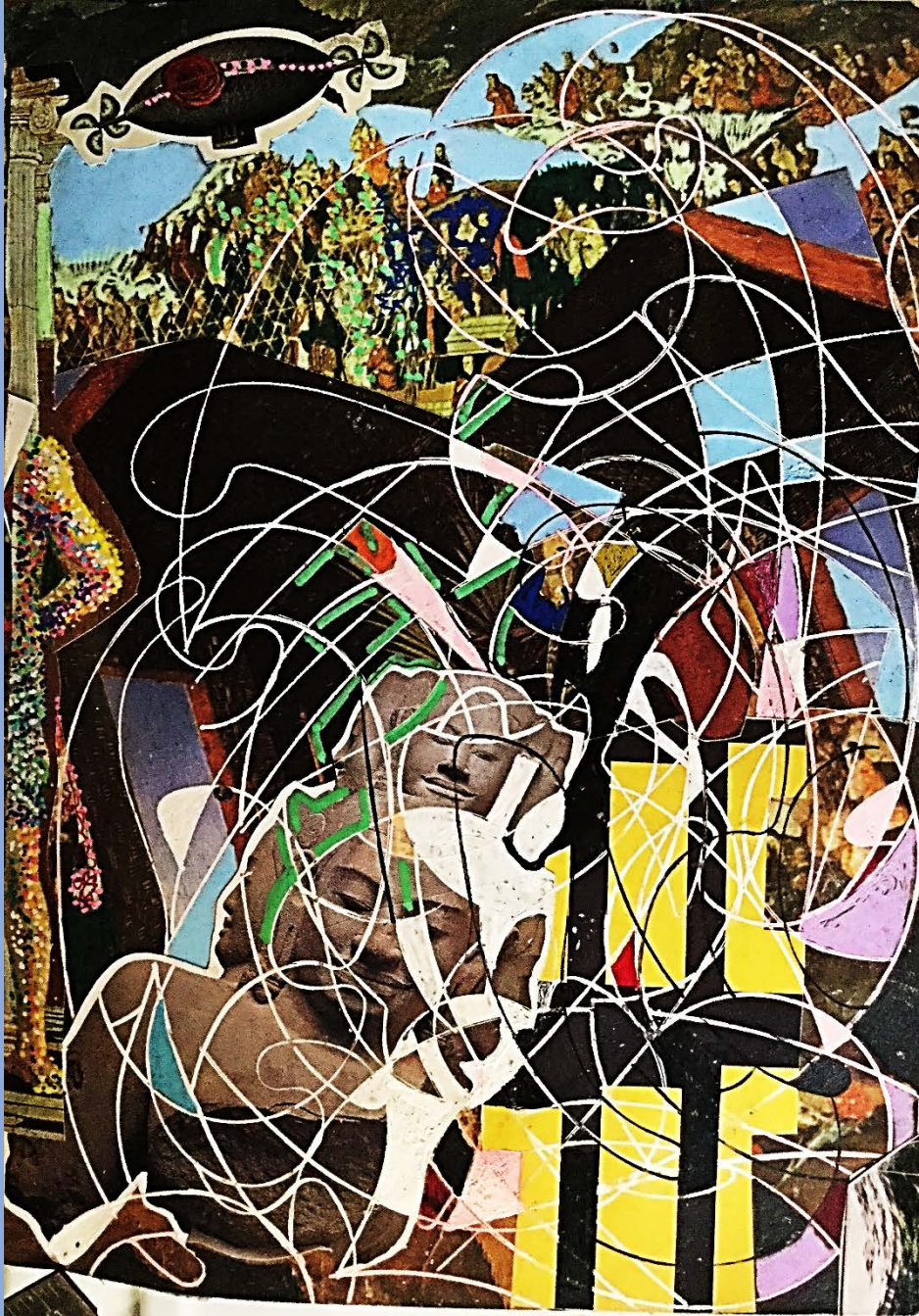
These are the right best people so far discovered
said the Jesuit missionary Francis Xavier,
and the island may have never quite recovered
from the rough handling of those who sought a savior.

Poor Francis' head is here caught under the arm crook
of a reclining Greek contemplating the saint.
Days of hard sailing yield strange visions, and now look!
A map of Cathedrals of Japan what now ain't.



An open watch work timed the golden days slowly.
Monks awaited their fate as raging fires burned.
The old man broke out in horrid spots most showy.
Priests prayed in silver halls as the sturdy craft churned.

Is that a porpoise attacking a golden coin?
Or does a fever rob the old man of calm sense?
No, said Far-seeing Greta, just trash. Don't purloin.
A stick, coconut shell, a broken picket fence.



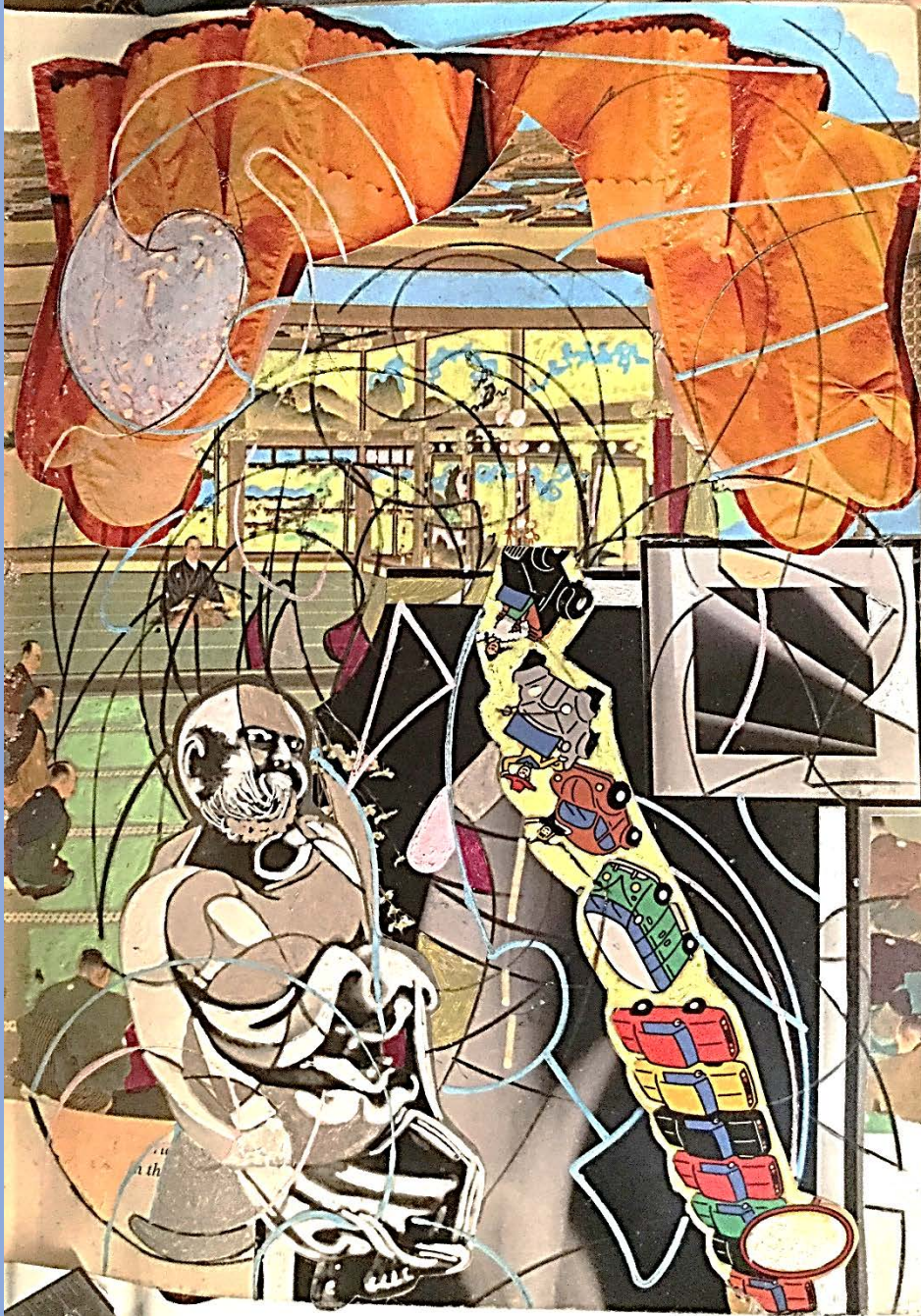
If we had a dirigible, red rose attached,
propellers of giant kiwi both fore and aft,
we would float above the roiling crowd unmatched,
and good Buddha's many faces would speed our craft.

Oh dear, old man, you have too many sly visions.
Go study your charts until your speckles detach.
Black winds lie ahead calling for slim incisions.
Cut we must our use of juice, your love of Versace.



The dark goddess of the Caribe juggled check'd quilts
with her bent toes, stirring currents and breezes strange.
Her braids in gold encased as the day's weak sun wilts.
Earth spins on axes bizarre. Porpoises derange.

But Far-seeing Greta, holds fast, the great wheel grips.
More power, more power, a brown storm approaches!
And ensign black-footed ferret up a mast rips,
throws down sail upon sail, as the storm encroaches.



The silver-cloaked storm god madly grumbled and coughed.
Orange clouds passed over like cloth-covered best room chairs.
The shogun gave audience on tatami soft,
while gay cars insouciantly parked on gold flares.

The storm passed north-northwest, not much of a tempest.
Far-seeing Gret' gives the wheel to Tiger Bengal
to rest below in the gold room, not quite the best.
The tiger steers straight, knowing not Marx from Engel.



From the dark hold climbed a young, golden saola.
What's a small storm, said she, at least I'm not breakfast?
A lamp tipped, couches slid, monkeys gone a howla,
but the divine emperor's court in peace has passed.

Far-seeing Greta made right her motel-like room.
Through the sinuous port, many animals passed.
The sturdy solar craft rolled and rose like the moon.
Her young energy sapped, she to bed fell at last.



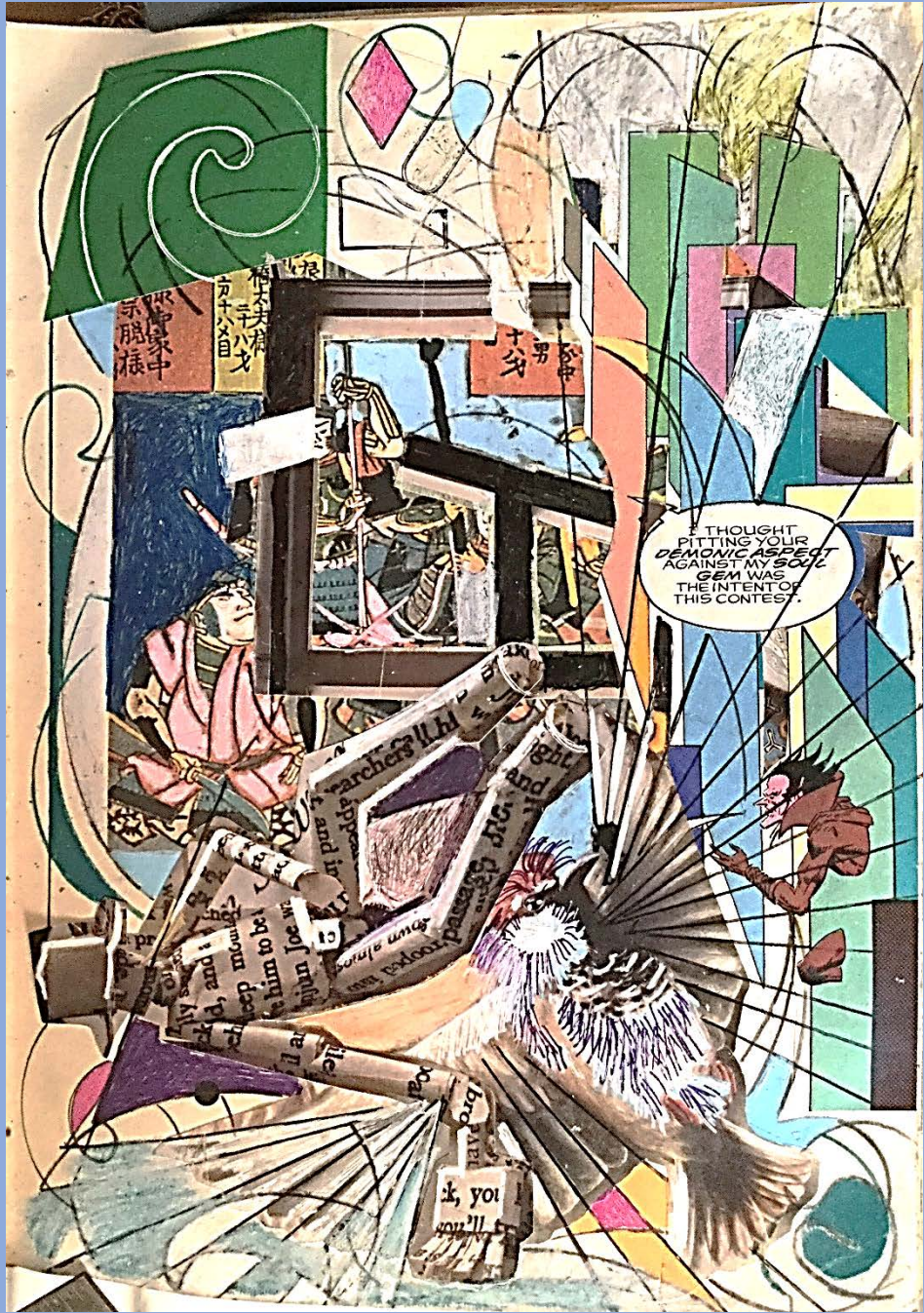
And though she dreamed of the wild dog of Namibia,
its bark was sketchy, and she slept, as Dorothy's house
fell from the Kansas sky, breaking a tibia,
as Japanese shoguns add a twenty-sixth spouse.

She dreamt she manned the poor-masted Mary Celeste,
caught in the four currents of the Atlantic gyre.
Lifeboat and pump gone, one considers pointing west.
The Sargasso Sea's taught twists, an unconsumed pyre.



A green ghost, a model, a warrior in bamboo,
spreading thin files from a silver-grey windowpane,
an orange diamond, even Weinstein's name comes through.
Rogers Fund 04 throws provenance his small fame.

Tie a long, red scarf around the pine treed ghost's neck.
Raise the muscled, dark man from where he has fallen.
Let the bamboo warrior see that all is in check.
A lost piece of blue sketches the sky like Walden.



Pink samurai gathered in hopeless conference,
while devils spoke of their soul demonic aspects.
What is this right-rolled paper injun Joe defense?
The blue-scratch eagle is hurt and begs our respects.

A spiraled, green rhomboid looms not that far ahead.
Take the blue pill on the right to grow much taller,
Unless you might desire something else instead.
Then take the big pink diamond, left, for a dollar.



Oh, may good St. Maurice protect our pink-sailed ship.
The many four-square sides of this terrible gyre
sail us square and square, though the curling wind does rip.
Safe to the false island Deshima, we aspire.

Far-seeing Greta awoke from her mad, fraught dreams.
The answer she already knew was to sail straight north,
though sailing purely south was the true goal it seems,
the strange rule of the opposites holds the most worth.



Like Captain America smacking a Nazi,
she spun the ship about to fool the feisty gyre.
Against her they pushed, exactly her bright fancy,
And yielding, the sturdy ship did southward inspire.

The spirits of the gyre blew against each other,
in French curve vortexes and long tails of fire.
They blew themselves out. Their crossing flames did smother.
Till blue appeared high in the sky, play fast the lyre.



Rising seas and Florida starts to float away.
Joists to beams, flooring float, just a shipping hazard.
The sturdy craft pivots and the blue molded tray
collapses at Deshima's bridge, graft the mazzard.

Saltwater incursion, still, a slow tsunami.
Neverglades' puma-gators choke a saline death,
Suck the falling aquifer to quench Miami.
Life support for the poor manatee's final breath.



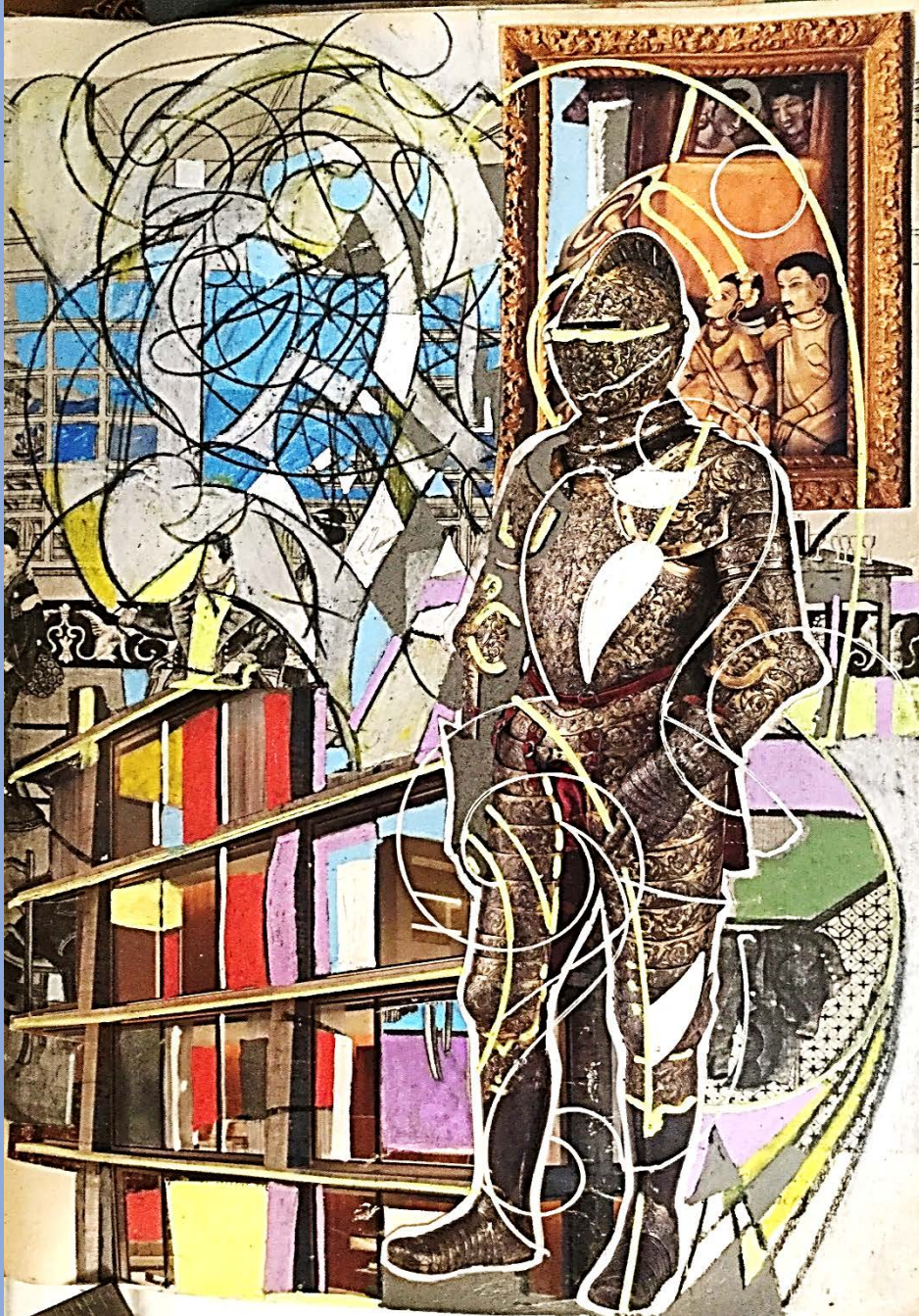
Selling silk to buy cotton, cotton to buy silk.
Hands turn inside an Audemars Piguet bezel.
An ellipse is split in a prism's pure pawn bilk.
Whistler's half-night falls on a bridge to embezzle.

Far-seeing Greta must throw off this misty curse,
that this land's degradation throws from its sinking.
Wet wealth soaks the rich: for the poor, just the reverse.
Bountiful future rots at sea and is stinking.



A dark knight's head bursts, boomerang at the ready.
A dripping blue hero looks on, starting to freeze,
as Dutch traders host charming Geishas, al fredri,
and illumination takes blue panes out of seas.

A plastered Grecian yearns for bright cubes of Tetris,
while skyward towers pencil deep into the earth,
powered by speculators on high, to buttress
their evanescent glory, their postscriptless worth.



Port of Havana, guarded by a single knight,
wonderfully engraved, but quite missing inside.
Through a frame of long-eared ones, tall parasol bright,
they refreshed their shelves, books of pastel Naugahyde.

Perhaps the people of Cuba did not pollute,
but missing were iguana, trogon, and hutia.
Street marching, saluting and playing the blue flute
would not bring back species lost, gone away, see ya!



The people slept like a pair of babes, pink and white.
Though the media proclaimed from the Old North Church
to the colored panes of Shanghai that one so slight
as Far-seeing Greta could win such a doomed search.

Tattooed evils awaited her on her journey.
Who would listen to one so senseless and so young?
She might well joust orange-headed dragons at tourney,
if all she wants is to be bitten and hard stung.



Though cartoon crowds gathered to give her a stern look,
none smiled and worshiped at celebrity temples.
Red-lipped wooden gods with bone helmets of skull shook.
Red alligators laughed and nipped at their ankles.

Fire ran from the green hills as the anchor weighed.
Far-seeing Greta set course for calm Barbados.
Globally warmed hurricane threats were solemn made.
It was only a rapid exit that saved us.



Let a rock maiden gather fruit with her children.
Let us spin rangoli in the darkening sky.
Let our cannon shoot pink flame, near vermilion.
Let our angry toothsome prow make them scream and cry.

Raise the black-pink sails, fly the banners, all speed south!
Let the white-haired sea god stare in complete wonder.
Let the fractured sea foam go quite blue at the mouth.
Let the yellow checkered past not pull us under.



Let the smoke of the sky be pulled into our stacks.
We will convert the carbon to diamonds you'll see.
As wheels turn and philosophers cover our tracks.
Along the lines climbed the last black spider monkey.

A red-masked demon screamed that the craft must halt,
but Far-seeing Greta said, add more solar sails,
and the great ship rode high on that water of salt.
Those on land saw only the craft's curling blue tails.



If 'twere possible to unsail old Columbus,
to have Isabela laugh in his clean-shav'd face.
Go away! Ferdinand is ample incubus.
You might just discover some new, quarrelsome race.

Let's split Aragon from Castile and bring back Jews.
May the earth be flat. Keep the sun circling round.
Golden cloth is cold. No tomatoes in beef stews.
Red hearts are broken. Corn is a penny a pound.



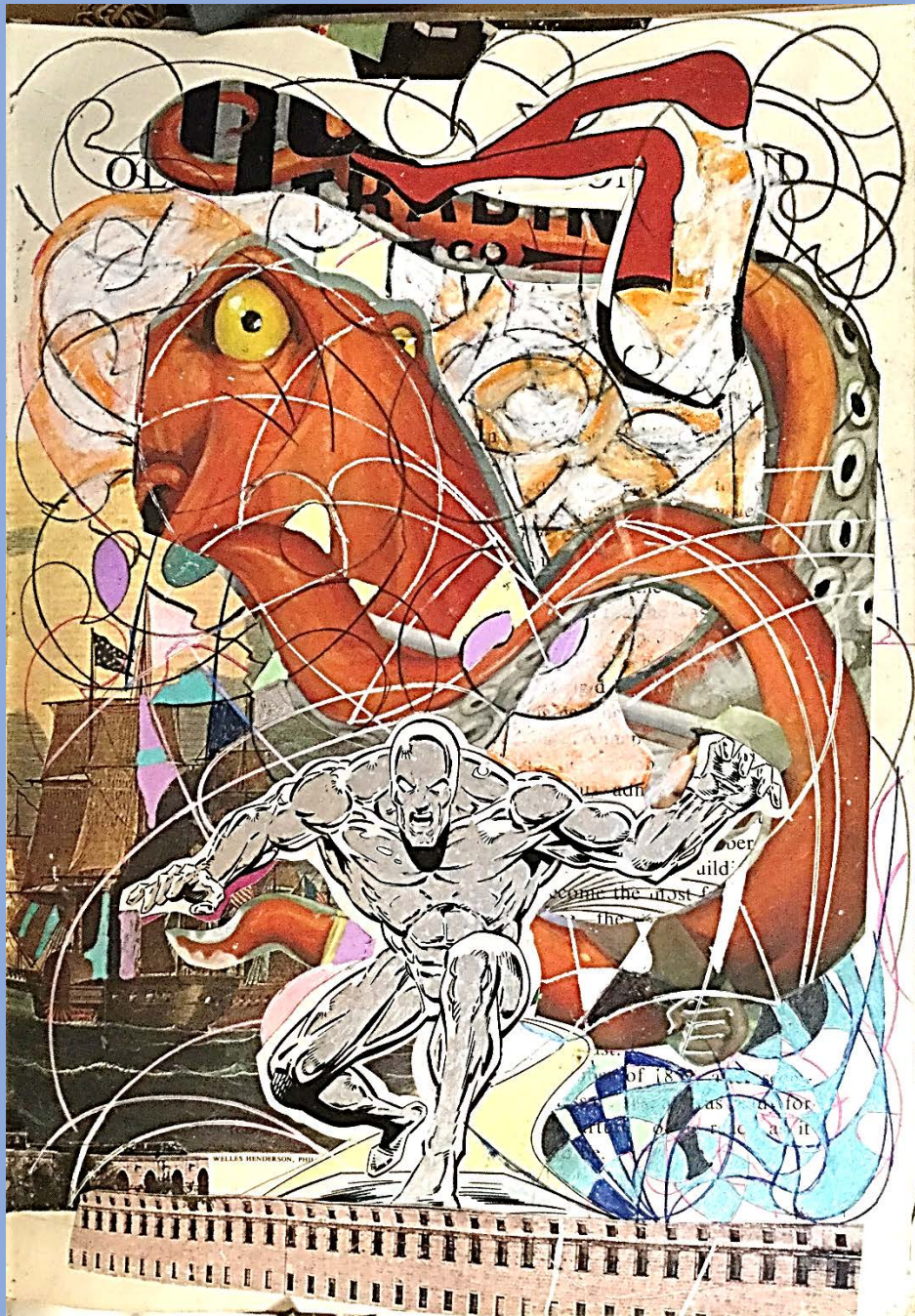
Mr. Washankton meets a merry Vespucci,
which gives super Clark Kent a red-burning head pain.
The whole yarn unspools into fuzz in your Gucci.
Shutters open to let in green slime and orange stain.

The sturdy craft ducked under a spinning cyclone,
going left when the world had already right turned,
the circling wind was fast but stayed mellow in tone.
The storm hit hard. As usual, just PR burned.



Overhead, NASA's Sofia churned the black sky,
but a twisted hand flipped over the smoking plane,
as cannoned warships gathered to smudge a black eye,
while Commo Perry led the criminals insane.

Empty freight trains rolled beneath the green swirling sea
on grey, brick viaducts built by nine great white sharks
with hammerheads of cobalt steel and thick black tea
to carry souls of whales on the tails of skylarks.



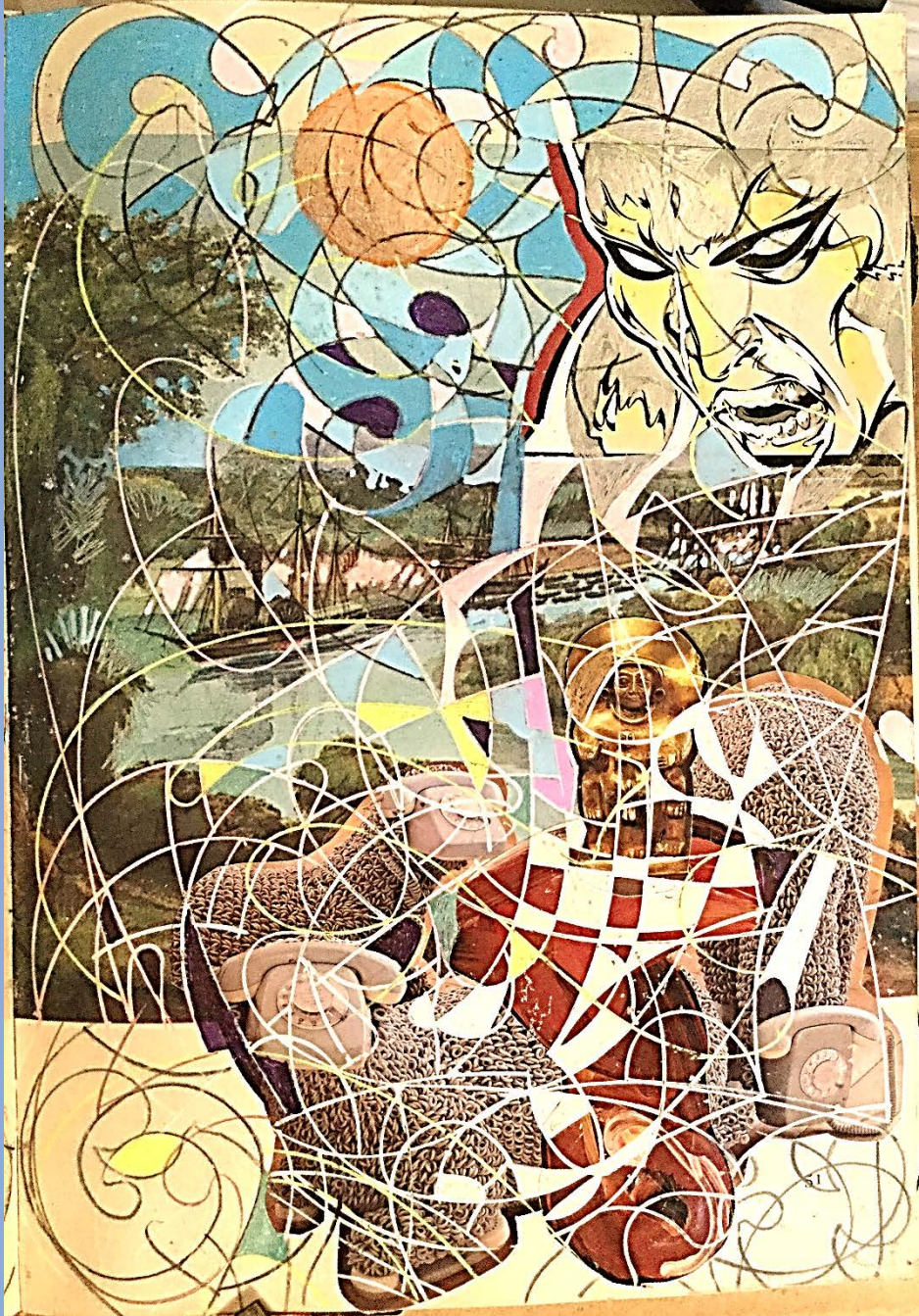
Then Silver Surfer arose to break the blockade,
unleashing an orange octopus with egg yolk eyes,
emptying Anderson Prison of sins unpaid,
the fleet evanesced into a contrail of sighs.

Hard chop as Far-seeing Greta climbed the rigging.
And the next port came over the curved horizon,
crowded with fat tourists, walking the plank singing,
breaking rare coral to show on their Verizon.



She let slip the anchor chain of gold and of jade
into the wine-dark sea of shelved and open books.
Speakers blared a fake welcome from a faceless maid,
while a tortured pink figure writhed on tenterhooks.

They held their silver sparklers to the black below.
They stuttered a silent, false welcome and short-waved
violet hands, while cool-lisping a fallen hello.
They buttoned up their overcoats. Beards were half shaved.



Three old telephones rang in a cord-twisted sea.
Though Commo Perry rode the River Tabasco
to win Pie Alamo on the Mississippi,
riling the eyeliner god, no sympatico.

No trust have we in fat gods of gold, great halo.
The not pink sun trundled through a blue, broken sky.
Let us not stop, the old harbor's much too shallow.
Further south we shall sail, leaving this foul pig sty.



Poor Commo Perry up in sailor blue heaven
looked down upon this scene with Shiva on his chest,
breaking out in a horrid rash or, yes, seven
and another long drink he again did ingest.

A spotted boy at his feet fell to his dun knees,
losing his small, pink cap in pretty obeisance.
Old Commo's doughty epaulettes dusted his fleas.
Sails, he wisely said, have met their obsolescence.



Another Perry we forget, his Own Hazard,
purple locks and matching flair for the dramatic.
The red moon sank through a waterfaling blizzard.
The pastel sky swept radio waves to static.

Another night upon the swells, rolling rocket.
Set a true course south east to Ponta do Seixas.
Sails are up. The driving wrench is in the socket.
More speed! This lazy old wind can never sate us.



Though they threw gold bands, wings at Far-seeing Greta,
she cared for fine honors and great wealth not a wit.
What good are they? Our sacred earth has no beta.
A breathing forest is not something one can knit.

The ship crashed the waves like a superb, red surfboard,
rising to meet the wind, gulp the sun's energy.
Beside the craft teams of sleek, grey porpoises soared.
As all on board succumbed to blue sky lethargy.



Ex libris, passe-partout, rejected and secret
were stamped on the ship's maps as good for a single.
From La Guaira the eyeless head was the culprit
who refused to sit in the down chair or mingle.

Yellow-headed, red boobies kept close to the oars.
Blue pillars held frames near the lost skeleton key.
A couple danced as the great albatross high soars.
A curving wind blew fumes from the dismal abbey.



The crew slept on with sliding dreams of sunbathers.
The red deer has hybridized to near extinction.
The blue moon rose pink from a sea of pea feathers.
The khaki wind ying-yanged without clear distinction.

Note the diagram of a side-lever engine.
Sails were cheap supplements on old Mississippi.
Commo Perry burned coal and drank his cotton gin.
Smoke took away the sky until Matt got trippy.



Oh, these sainted Brazilians, leaning to port.
 A cityscape rises above the suspension
 of the USS M. Pi, a floating steam fort,
 pre-Commo Perry's 1841 pension.

A stone lamb indicates halo-watering John,
 obscuring words as true as any religion,
 leaning left, pointing right, bare-chested, so strong,
 head now attached, not quite yet danced to the dungeon.



They dreamed of paraded land, green with envy,
log cabins with ladders, barrels of maple syrup,
palm leaf fans, waving away the green dots heavy
with skies blue rained up. Horses trot with no stirrup.

And the sleek Gretaship carried on with no name.
Rare animals kept watch from high in the rigging.
Seeking justice not riches, gold, rubies or fame,
the secret is size, to go smalling, not bigging.



Suddenly a firespout rose from the mad sea.
Yellows and reds fed up from the deepest bottom.
Blue flames topped the fiery torch, consuming a tree,
as monks watch from their balsa hut, robed in cotton.

Hard to lee, screamed a blue-bodied Spix's macaw.
And the ship pulled by the tower of spinning flames.
While the African wild dog just licked his brown paw,
and from a stone tower a window took in claims.



The sacred, carved boomerang is thrown to the sea
only to turn again o'er Mayan hieroglyphs.
An empire builds above the Formosan army.
Whirling winds cascade down from sanded khaki cliffs.

Far-seeing Greta awakens from troubled dreams.
The old man blindly putters in the engine room.
Lost animals follow a course on the map's seams.
Sharks hide as gliding whales spout their impending doom.



Alexander Graham Dingdong dreams of Hokkaido.
Two laced ladies carry kielbasa o'er their heads.
A white-haired gentleman seems to have lost Fido.
Why have they carried us so far from our soft beds?

The orange winds made the solar-sails all a tussle.
But the sun grinned brightly and fed the great panels.
The engine pulled the sleek Gretacraft with muscle.
Onward! Onward! Straight for the thick jungle channels!



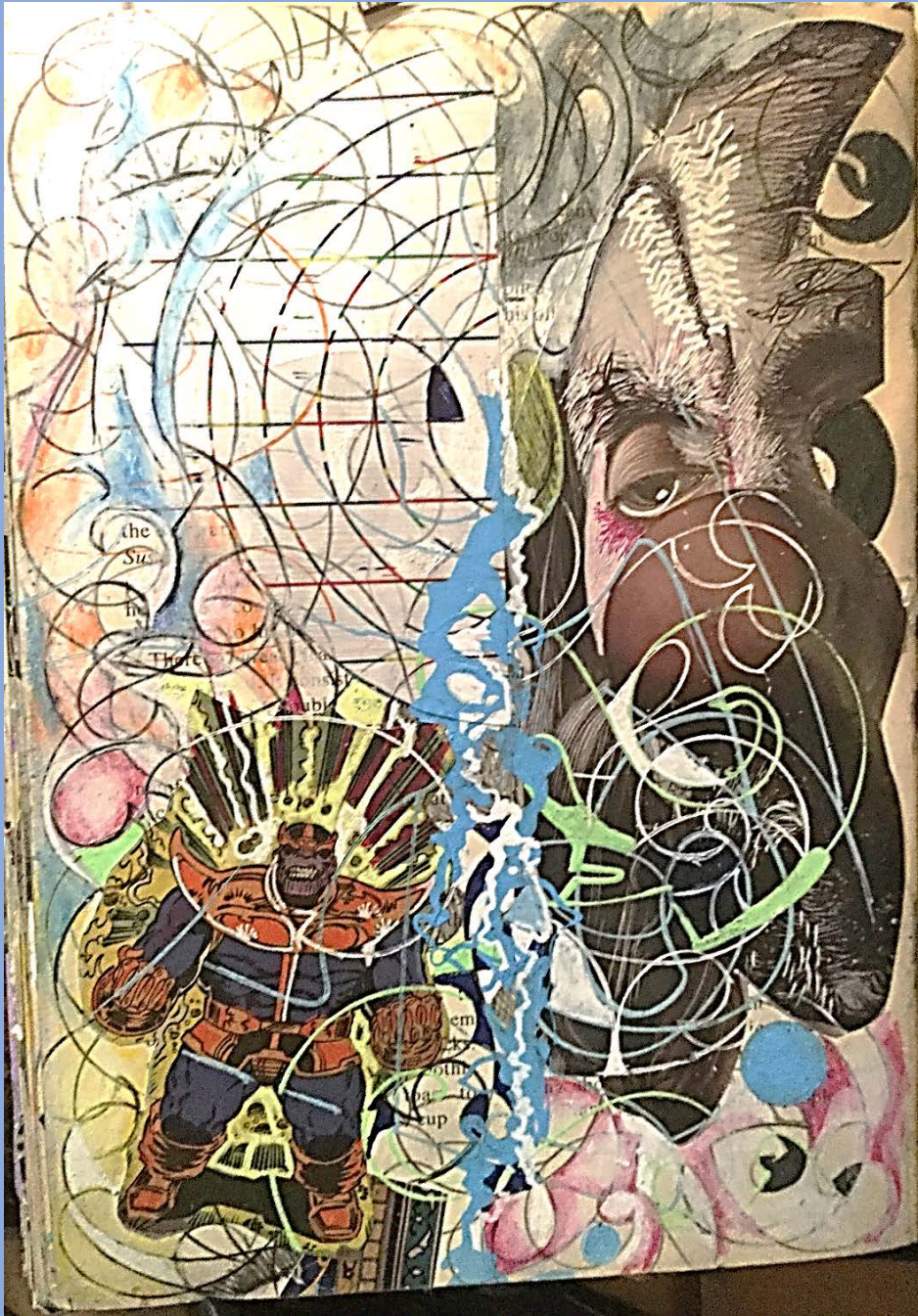
The aged regent Ryukyu in royal robe
looked down attended by two pinups bare of breast,
but the platinum maid's real name was Sugy A. Strobe.
This bogus story falls from plowed fields as a test.

The dashing violet robes with slick black cummerbund,
will make quite an impression when we reach Japan,
but we can't afford the hats from my summer fund,
which I hide beneath my bunk in a hot saucepan.



A bewhiskered sandstone idol rose from the waves.
Our breathing jungle is strangled on cocoa fields.
Our inlaid wood made wallpaper by grasping knaves.
Their cowardly cows belch blue methane. No one yields.

The stone idol then sank again into sea dirt.
Lacking arms, he could not swim, nor easily float.
From the cratered Yucatan he gave his alert.
We, like dinosaurs, will die off, take a stern note.



On the sea, walked a superhero robed in blue.
Cobalt glass shielded his eyes from the flames he shot.
His grimace told of his righteous anger, it's true,
but he could not help the crew, too near, oh, too hot!

A tired sage looked down from the unraveling gray sky.
Superhero, he mumbled, do not get too close.
You'll melt their sails and torch their tall pine masts, big guy.
Their message is clear. They don't need an extra dose.



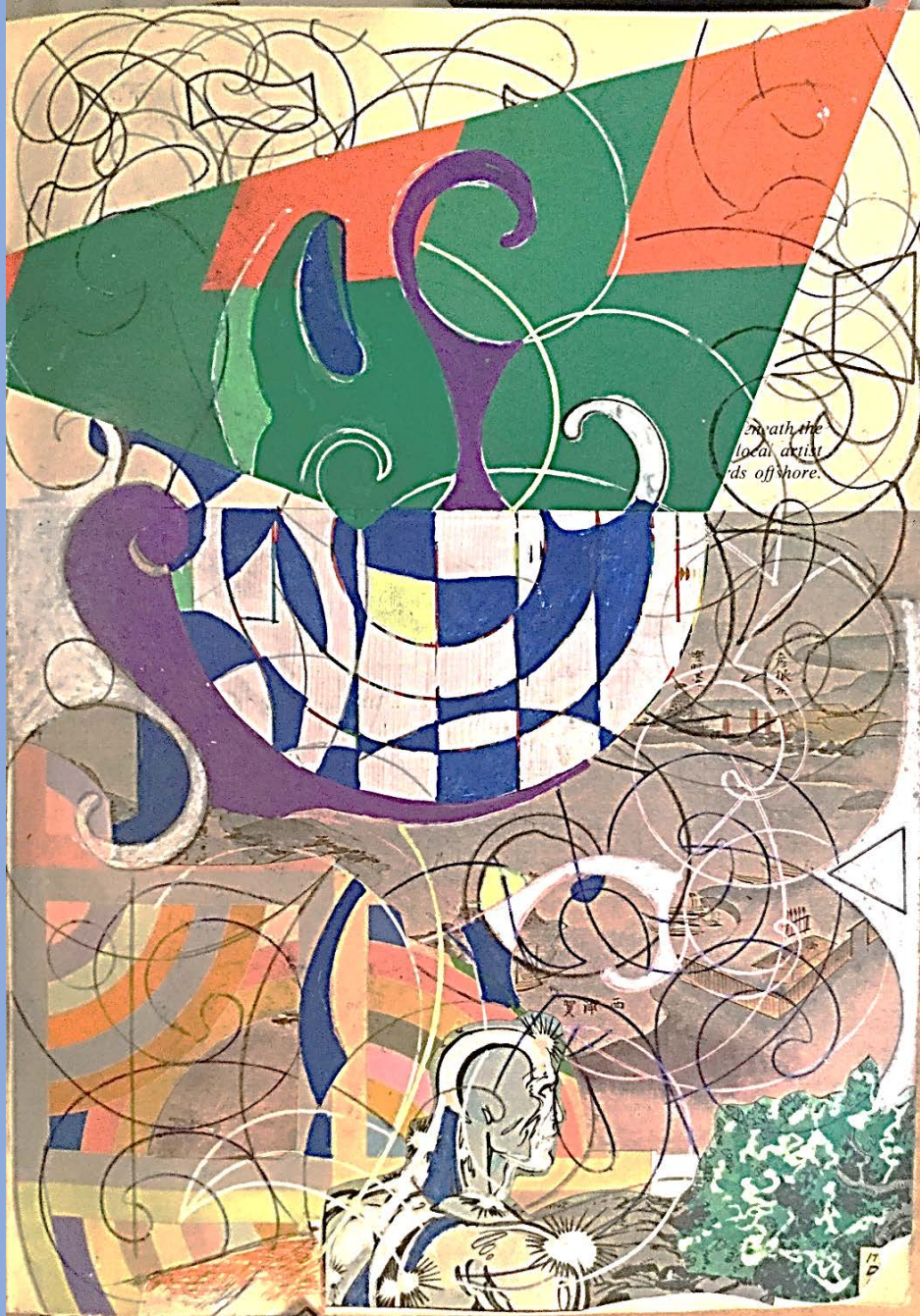
An ancient junk sailed out of the curlicue sky.
Flotsam of a carved harpsichord bumped the pink bow.
Brooks near a December midnight painted a cry.
Everything that could happen, happens, it seems, now.

The nautical miles passed beneath the silent ship.
Many fingered waves reached up and crossed the blunt prow.
Whales high breached and saluted with stiff upper lip,
said now is no time a treaty to disavow.



A glove-speckled hand reached the president's letter.
An eye cast its glare upon the steady reader.
The pink ocean twisted past the calm pace setter.
Heavy seas! Hold the handrails of ancient cedar.

Acid water will kill the red, drifting plankton.
Krill will become still as passing whales slowly starve.
Imagine the blankness of our inner sanctum.
Just empty plates with nothing left to sadly carve.



Beneath the local artist offshore the earth shifts,
as the Silver Surfer thinks his head in his head.
The bay is calm, despite a string of local gifts.
St. Elmo's fire leaps to the green algae's bed.

An oil slick, lush with red auburn trapezoids
pushes semi-circles of ocean and white foam
toward dull rainbows caught in the bright sun's deltoids
as the ship nears a harbor where king oil is home.



A poor, speckled girl awaits the boat's arrival.
 The pluribus eagle drags a kite of girl saints,
 but not all are happy to see the festival.
 Behind dark glasses, dictated suspicion paints.

Boca Grande cannot be a safe port of call.
 The speckled one urges Gretaboat to avoid
 rusting refineries, old, leaking ships and all
 that remains of a land, living life paranoid.



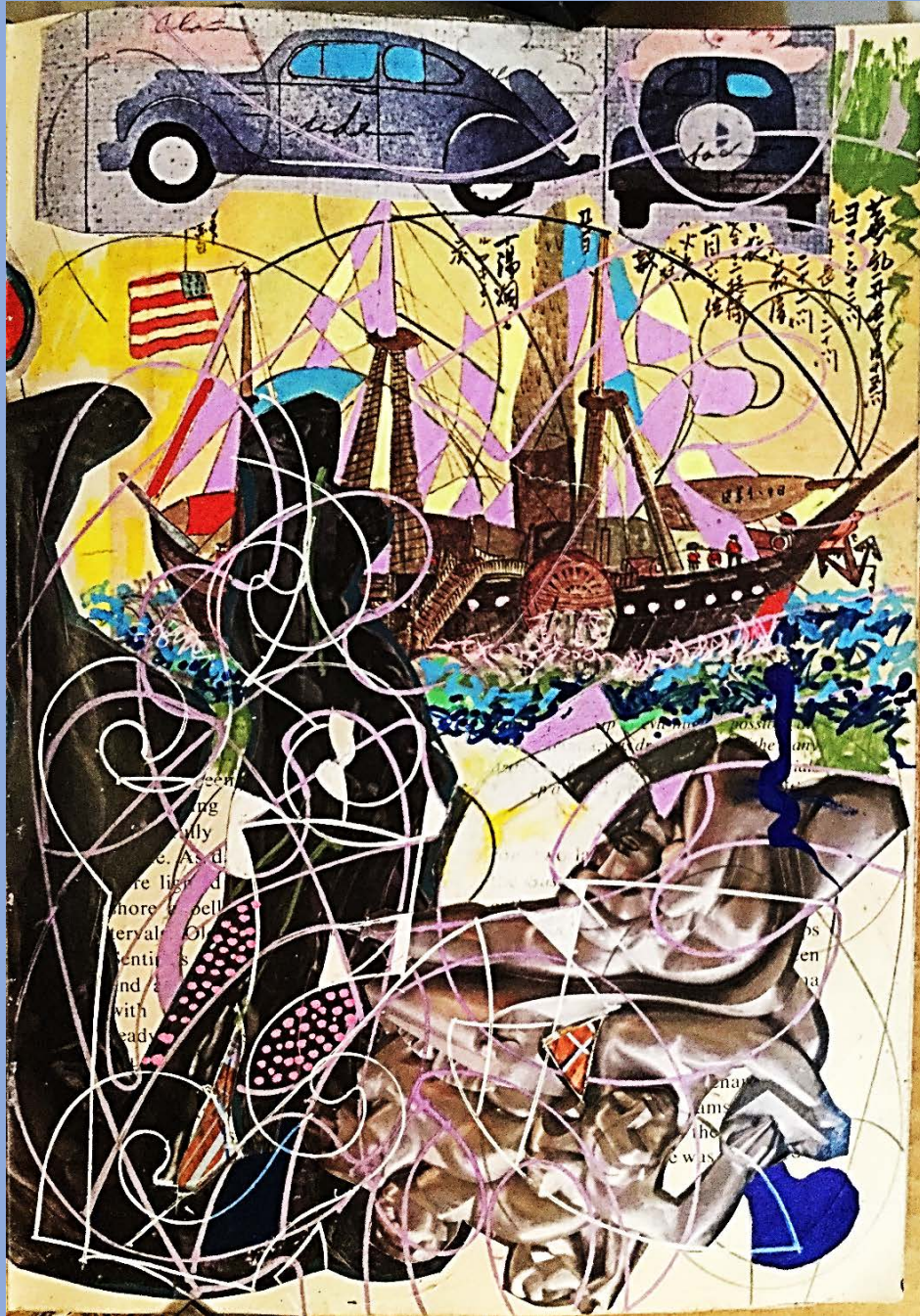
A beauty floats above Uruga, hair afire,
shore guns await sad Commo Perry's coal black fleet.
A river of molten gold pours from his pyre.
A cubist fantasy lulls the blind world to sleep.

East and south and east till Cape Branco is sighted.
From there the Atlantic narrows for swift crossing.
Have those who love the land fled Brazil far righted?
The rain forest flows mud as the boat goes tossing.



Poor Commo Perry was green with chipmunk scurvy.
A black gutted red wiggly arose from the depths.
One hundred ten Yen buys four stamps, topsy turvy.
But pasted stamps don't stop pink-red-green lightening deaths.

The great ocean swam with horrid plastic litter,
violet strings, red tabs, blue tank tops and bubble wrap
surrounded Far-seeking Greta's swift sea knitter.
So much junk in the ocean seemed the boat to trap.



An aerodynamic car floated low over
Commo Perry's pink-sheeted ship, belching hot smoke.
Four red, three yellow stripes flew rear, hardly sober.
The ghost vessel of the Commo came to provoke.

The sea twisted with silver figures, black blobs,
red-spotted symptoms of sea measles and far worse.
Indigo grew in wormy squiggles and hard gobs.
Characters descended like rain. Praise or a curse?



A seaman mops blue. A stern soldier faces pink.
Sweet Bessie, a giant sixteen pounder bolted.
Perpendicular, concentric rings made a stink.
A hairy apparition appeared revolted.

Does old Commo's ghost not want poor us to succeed?
His destiny was manifest, wrapped around earth.
Though th'old man fretted, Far-seeing Greta indeed
saw no point in gainsaying the last ghost's thin worth.



The old man stood straight and touched the bill of his cap.
I don't mind the soggy ephemeral old ghouls.
It's the ringed psychedelic polygons and crap
that drive me mad like a dinghy of shaking fools.

The sea whipped into French curves of yellow and blue.
All violet were the tangy grapes of wrath up stirred.
Green seizures irrupted through a porthole or two.
All that ignore the cause can be badly injured.



A great wave of silver and black o'ertopped the masts
carrying a flint brick engraved in white circles.
The orange and yellow dotted wheel spun, horn blasts.
Driftwood crashed down and badly scared two rare gerbils.

The angry, pounding storm tore sails to striped ribbons.
The low sky shattered into blue and white pieces.
Water came fast, but the pumps were manned by gibbons.
The strong ship would not sink with all these brave species.



A spotted Egyptian turned over in his wrap,
while other, less brave sailors rowed to the far shore.
A mauve wind blew in from the west with a dance slap.
Black tendrils were tossed askew to even the score.

Roger Bannister raced in to beat a green plague.
A white cometfish spun from the turbaned mummy.
A vet's pink tear was shed by whom was much too vague.
Plastic trash raised up and made the panels gummy.



The storm blew in a parade of court officials.
Imperial, they were spotted with pink faces.
Superheroes looked on with dismal, grim facials.
A silvery ballooning ghost death embraces.

The ship turned purple cartwheels in the spinning air.
As the blind cursing ghost curve-surfed his black board near.
All sails down, the Amur tiger yelled from her lair.
As porpoises pulled those overboard without fear.



The old man sat calm thinking in his measles coat,
I guess I'm a very flawed person he first thought.
Then his yellow brain pushed a spark through his small throat.
What would the silver surfer do that we now ought?

The checkered floor rose and fell as the band played on.
The spotted coat parade followed Commo Perry,
guns bristling and ready to keep the boat's raid on.
A red-caped figure provoked the surfer very.



The silver surfer would elbow the mauve ape's mouth.
Full power from storage to the east we must go.
A carved lyre threw out fresh flowers from the south.
Next to a black canon, the governor sat low.

The ship sped from under the intemperate storm.
J. C. Schleip played upright piano in Berlin,
while tamarins played Columbia's Hail Reform.
All hands and feet accounted for after the whirlin'.



A few books had spilled, including Allen Ginsburg's.
The flag of PR sat in a salsa red dress.
Brass ants marched over boated marines in homburgs.
Violet cutout bilge was pumped from the low mess.

The yellow storm's teeth moved to clay mounded Brazil.
Campbell Soup and Washington Bridge lay on the floor.
A red lighthouse was seen on the BB easel.
Spare solar white sails replaced those that were no more.



Part Three:
Around
Africa

The boat moved like a child on a dark demon's nose.
An old mountain gorilla took a quick reading,
that's the Senate of Senegal, good words he chose.
To Africa they had stormily come speeding.

A hairy spider whirled hip hoping on the deck.
Gentle blue waves moved toward the emerald shore.
A howler monkey turned them south, halting a wreck.
To the Cape! To the Cape! Came the cry from the fore.



A coffin-shaped clavichord arrived in the mail.
Computer screens expressed the dreaded green scurvy.
Red claws removed a sliding, green infested sail.
Fleshy patches were cleansed in a bright blue derby.

Far-seeing Greta said there's not much time to lose.
The crew scraped the hull of French-curved grey barnacles.
And replaced a motor, two pistons and a fuse.
Rare frigatebirds searched ahead for new debacles.



Red sky delight, say ruby-lipped sailors at night.
A silent skull floated near St. George's Castle.
Gliding iridescent forms swam in the craft's light.
A Fell pony watched two red octopi wrassle.

A white-haired Madonna was seen cradling a child.
Green slime departed from the mouths of lost rivers.
All was calm as the ship moved from the recent wild.
The night was humid. All hands slept without shivers.



A blood-stained gold H floated with the river slime.
A one-eyed speckled Fat Tuesday mask mouthed blue.
A green multi-legged crab walked the deck so sublime.
The moon's surface was reflected in the night's dew.

Millions of whiskers floated in tongues from the shore.
A golden T floated on a hard violet raft.
Breakfast fermented in gray jars in the ship's store.
White flies congregated in the ship's back draft aft.



An anatomy lesson stands atop an arch,
Washington's Square is gated, bright yellow painted,
arms removed for cleaning, spot removal next March.
Ships passing at the waist. Water, red-flag tainted.

Crocheting open grillwork to pass the slow time,
the kiwi watch crew counted cresting bluefin sharks,
as the sun rose over Angola like old lime,
and the Gretaboat sped along, said fast Twain Marks.



I dreamt Silver Surfer came down with chicken pox,
stepping on his fast silver board, said the old man,
rubbing his sandy eyes, shaking his atomic clocks,
he tried to grab me, but I ducked and swiftly ran.

The rare gibbons howled at the old man's foolish thought.
Your dreams bend like a bookcase over an old town.
Sleep with those gold and black striped covers you ought not.
You've flipped out of bed, hit your bald head, you old clown.



A pox on his head, the old man returned to dream.
The light through the painted windows of his cabin
played pink and blue in a wavering color scheme
his formal jacket tight even with a tab in.

Commo Perry's ships cruised beneath scratchy red skies,
in the old man's restless dream in words of Farsi.
The time is turning back. The maps tell only lies.
Something's wrong. I suspect there's been a sly larc'ny.



The sleepy old man unrolled the blue ocean chart,
showing Far-Seeing Greta dots of occlusion.
Oh, there's no here there, he said, thinking it half-smart.
We've passed the Gold Coast without a revolution.

Far-seeing Greta put on her toothed purple mask.
The rare gibbons sent me a two-legged message
saying that your pinks had yellowed from a small flask.
We are where we are. Your good maps should show less age.



The sun turned red and the dark waves grew taller.
Armies marched on the shore on brick dormitories.
Dogs chased above purple roofs and signs of squalor.
Squares and triangles passed in scribbled short stories.

Namibia passed, sending white fish and mollusks.
A short-tailed albatross saw good weather ahead.
Cheering, an Andean condor, named Gonzales,
flew down with the news, after waiting to be fed.



Approaching Cape Town, a flower might walk the plank.
Echelons ran yellow through a lavender cloud.
Tall soldiers closed formal ranks along the tan bank.
Commo was himself in a gilded frame endowed.

A tall, crossed steeple grazed a stiff soldier's right hand.
A tumultuous sky fell into calm pastels.
The Cape welcomed Far-seeing Greta with a band.
Bright anemones came down from high hotels.



A many-dotted maiden swam from the sand beach.
She brought a small, green dolphin, sick with blonde liver.
The dashing ship flared gold in a sky colored peach.
Small boats came out with messages to deliver.

Poston Park and Recreation sent a letter.
The celebration was a jigsaw's green and red.
But Far-seeing Greta stopped not, knew better.
In the meeting of the gyres, wellbeing may have fled.



White-haired Superman would not read of predawn war.
Cadmium-striped blackfish swam in the turning wake.
The old man raised a staff to support a low spar.
A red, eyed fungus near a blue bush seemed a fake.

Around the calm cape two oceans blindly argued.
The wine-dark seas did dispute their top dominance.
The brave ship, spinning clockwise, nearly came unglued.
Atlantic versus Indian fought for prominence.



A line of soldiers marched, dark mustaches ready.
Red-gunned, the soldiers watched the brave ship disappear.
As he was born, the old man held tight and steady.
The water spat red, yellow, blue, sharp as a spear.

On shore, a boy held a red ball on a green court.
Above a blanket of many stripes, a face broke.
A glaucous macaw prayed softly for a near port.
A Javan warty pig walked the deck for a soak.



Gold-hatted Commo Perry led his color guard,
while Far-Seeing Greta stayed calm, hair unbraided.
Wind from starboard, more from lee, both fast, loose and hard.
The teenager steered straight, with one hand, unaided.

The scattered blue sky broke to mauve and tan pieces.
The rumbling wine-dark sea took on a greenish cast,
but the solar sails held fast with no new creases,
as blind night crept over the stout ship at long last.



A blue camo-panted aid to Commo Perry
read out a prediction of a future journey.
A child will follow this path around Cape Scary,
all while putting carbon dominance on her knee.

Future leaders will sit, tilted, untroubled,
while men, women and children spin in round, green roads.
Gold-roped curtains will fall on false claims bubbled.
So much good future lost to reduce small workloads.



Blue-helmeted soldiers kept tan protesters out,
while hairy cool dudes smoked in calm disputation.
A Fox clown soldier said yellow warming's in doubt.
Disagree? A child might lose her reputation.

The endangered animals found the golden path.
The lights of Port Elizabeth marked the crossing.
Past Commo Perry's dream, now it's time for a bath.
An orange moon reflected the stout ship's light tossing.



A thin ghost smoked up from a crossing pirate ship.
Yawning, he appeared quite bored with the proceedings.
Lights from the shore raspberried the clouds at their tip.
A green ghost grasped the boat after too few feedings.

First mate Iberian Lynx studied a depth chart.
We must beware as the Great Kei empties its mouth.
Staying close to and far from the shore is art.
Head quickly north and west, yet praise east and south.



A ball dropped in a purple pond sends a shock,
red, then yellow, then green to blue rings concentric.
Windows framed a prince. Let it be, doc.
A palm waved on the shore, like a pony ten trick.

The Gretacraft flew past the city of Durbin.
A kakapo spread its wings beneath a parquet.
This one dappled earth is not the rich man's dustbin,
said a European eel in a blue beret.



Two tuco-tucos, both Reig's and Roig's, played on deck,
wrapping a long string of pearls around a capstan.
Fossil exoskeletons were dredged from a wreck.
On shore, legs scurried to find the missing batsman.

A far lighthouse glowed red in a white triangle.
Fun-loving bands played above the glowing night sky.
A rare tiger paced below. With her, don't tangle.
Violet amoebas slid in their Petri dish-pie.



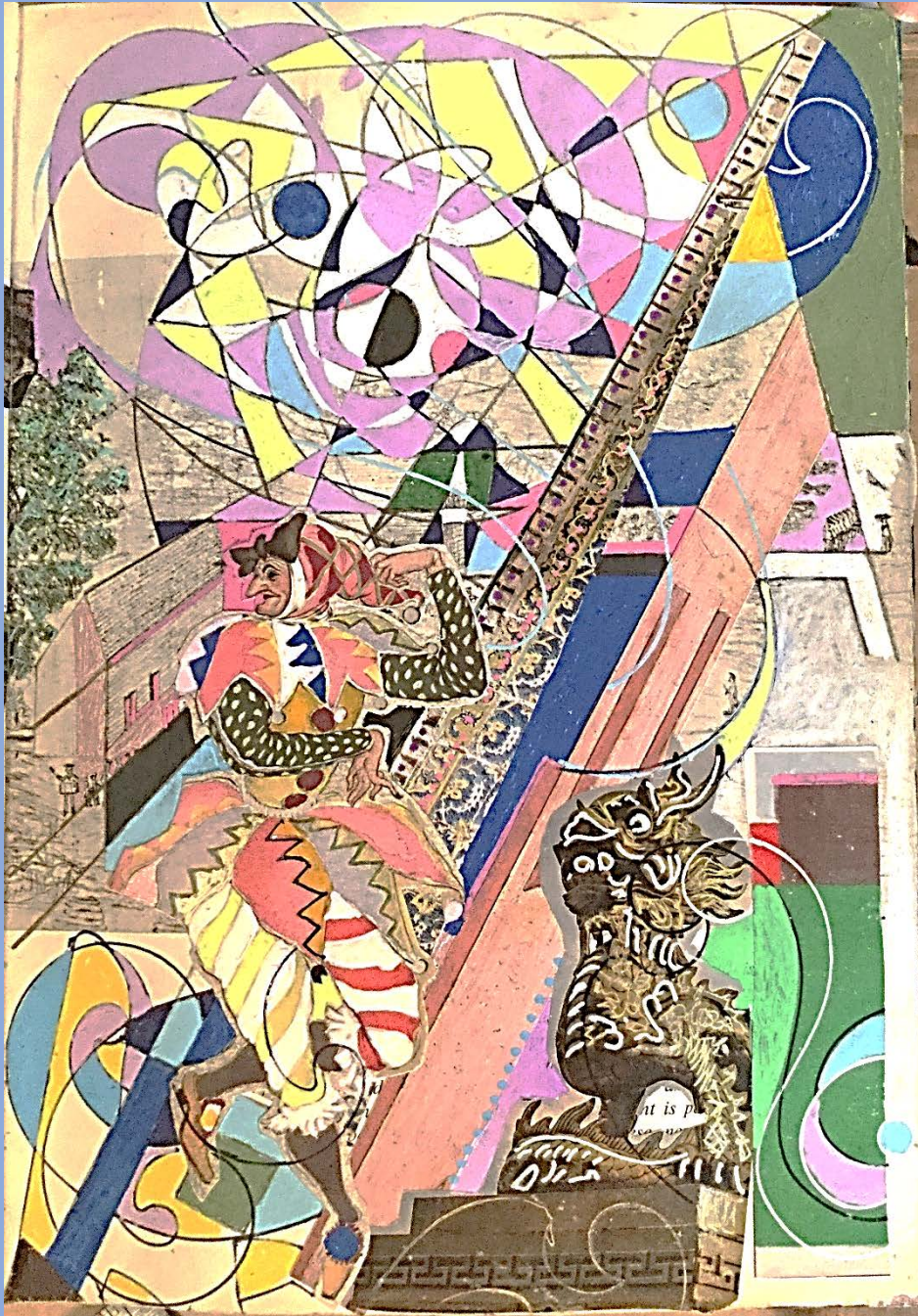
A banana slug reached for the red feathered sky,
as a slow four-rotor drone watched in infrared.
A crowd of gray mourners marched with tears in one eye.
Caramels stood skewered on a factory bed.

Two girls sent a nightmare into a belted globe.
Hope had been hard stolen when the safe future fled.
Air, water, life all taken by a wisdom-phobe.
GDP growth at all costs. The future is dead.



The tearful eye grew spotted and could close no more.
Gaudi set tables down to work upon his board.
Rusted trusses kept open the land's only door.
A violet jaw ate a nation and its word hoard.

Through the Mozambique Channel the Gretacraft sped.
A faint pink began to light the island's blue sky,
as coalfish whales guided the boat past deep dread,
and African wild dogs loosed their sharp, lonely cry.



A hook-nosed jester danced upon a Persian rug,
stared at by a mythic lion etched in bright gold.
Weather forecasters in this part of the world mug,
while a man waved good-bye outside a building old.

A broken sky of lilac and lemon tilted
around the new, blue moon as the scorched earth slow turned.
A hot day, but the ship's lettuce had not wilted.
A black rhino, new onboard, showed what he had learned.



Madagascar's tide brought two black and ruffed lemurs.
A bag of sharps and Christmas pistachios passed by.
Brown current to red tide turned the crew to dreamers.
Spotted jellyfish bought herring in one vast buy.

East of the Comoros the sky began to pale.
Calmly, the open ocean hungered for their doom.
Carefully the stalwart crew prepared for a gale.
The smallest animals were tucked into their room.



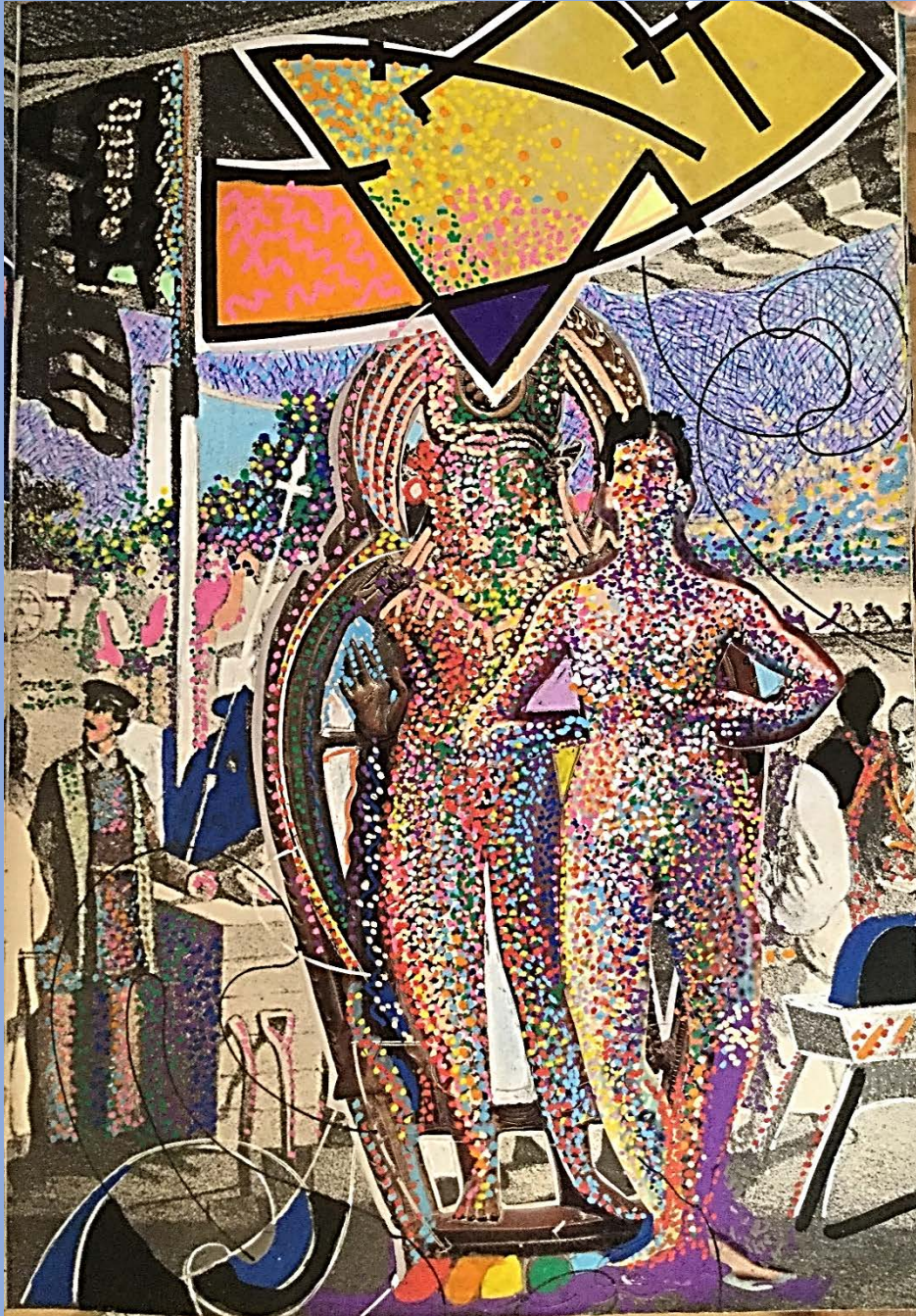
A blue-spotted crab attacked a brown set of rounds.
A half-cat was seen walking into clouds of gray.
The crew could not stomach food and left it in mounds.
U of M library sent a spotted p.j.

The sky burned mustard and peach in a heavy swell.
A Livingston's fruit bat came from the Comoros.
The wind, he said, will soon rise, but he did not dwell.
His journey was long, and he was soon comatose.



A black ship saved an astronaut from his wreck.
Under a bamboo sky, sailors showed their bright wares.
High waves threw violet jellyfish on the wet deck.
Black clouds forecast hard rain: cats, dogs and spotted mares.

A pacing lesser kudu sniffed the warm, damp air.
Thomson's gazelle stowed breakables in the galley.
A black rhinoceros guarded the wide main stair.
The hirola sang, this is not the finale.



Part four:
The Indian
Ocean

A golden cloud laden with spots wore a bow tie.
A band of blue sky sped quickly away, cross-hatched.
A bad sign, said the gibbon, pink worms in orange sky.
A good chance to escape was by heavy seas snatched.

A spotted pair rose from the sea and crossly glared,
as ghosts of Commo's men set two shovels to dig
the graves of endangered beasts, their awful fate shared,
and more primates rowed from the shore, their heartache big.



The storm grew close. Model factories slid away.
Green slime rose from the depths, slicing grey bulbous forms.
Silver surfer flipped. His blue thoughts lost in the spray.
The twisting sea spat bolts, like a turned thunderstorm.

At first other words were said, as little as not.
A hardy black-capped petrel brought news of great winds.
Close the hatches. Lower the sails, now, on the spot.
Brace the masts. Clear the deck. All freedom she rescinds.



A Russian rocket blasted under a small train.
Norris Works marked number seven with three pink ports.
Three gray, Red-Spot turbochargers began to strain.
Blue shades red-shifted to violet, then to rose quartz.

Far-seeing Greta steadied by two colobines,
steered into the gale, as a Tristan albatross
predicted each wayward shift of the winds' spines,
and cleared the bending windscreen of seaweed and dross.



The sea was a hammer on the grey anvil deck.
The ship left its blood, turning black, in its tan wake.
Six emblems were seen, as if to predict a wreck.
The sea rose and rose and gave the boat a great shake.

The old man held his maps, his knuckles turning pink.
Go northeast with the wind. Hold steady when it shifts.
The storm tried every trick, sputtering up a stink.
Then, all was quiet as they hit the eye, such gifts.



The ghost of Hayashi sent a spotted virus.
The old man cleansed his sore hands but began to cough.
He quarantined himself below. The girl sent an iris.
The storm returned, as the boat fell deep in a trough.

A brown shark greedily circled the rolling ship,
its pink blood woven with strands of angry water.
The trough rose and made the boat do a complete flip.
The boat landed right. The gibbons could only saunter.



The old man's fever came with cascading visions.
A dotted colonial glanced at him askance.
Four screaming women cursed his youthful decisions.
Japanese dignitaries asked, Who came to dance?

Pretzel-sworded men looked at bodies in pink silk.
The ship tilted hard. He tied himself to his bunk.
His poor food would not stay down, not even skim milk.
His breath became short. He lost all his youthful spunk.



At this storm, even Silver Surfer could not go.
The nightmare of two girls arrived with a tear,
as a spotted hulk tried to muffle the night blow.
More bodies in pink silk, the old man saw with fear.

Men of every color stared at the small bundles.
The old man saw a cold world of adults alone.
As children disappeared, infant birthrates crumbled.
Teenagers took themselves out of the dead earth's zone.



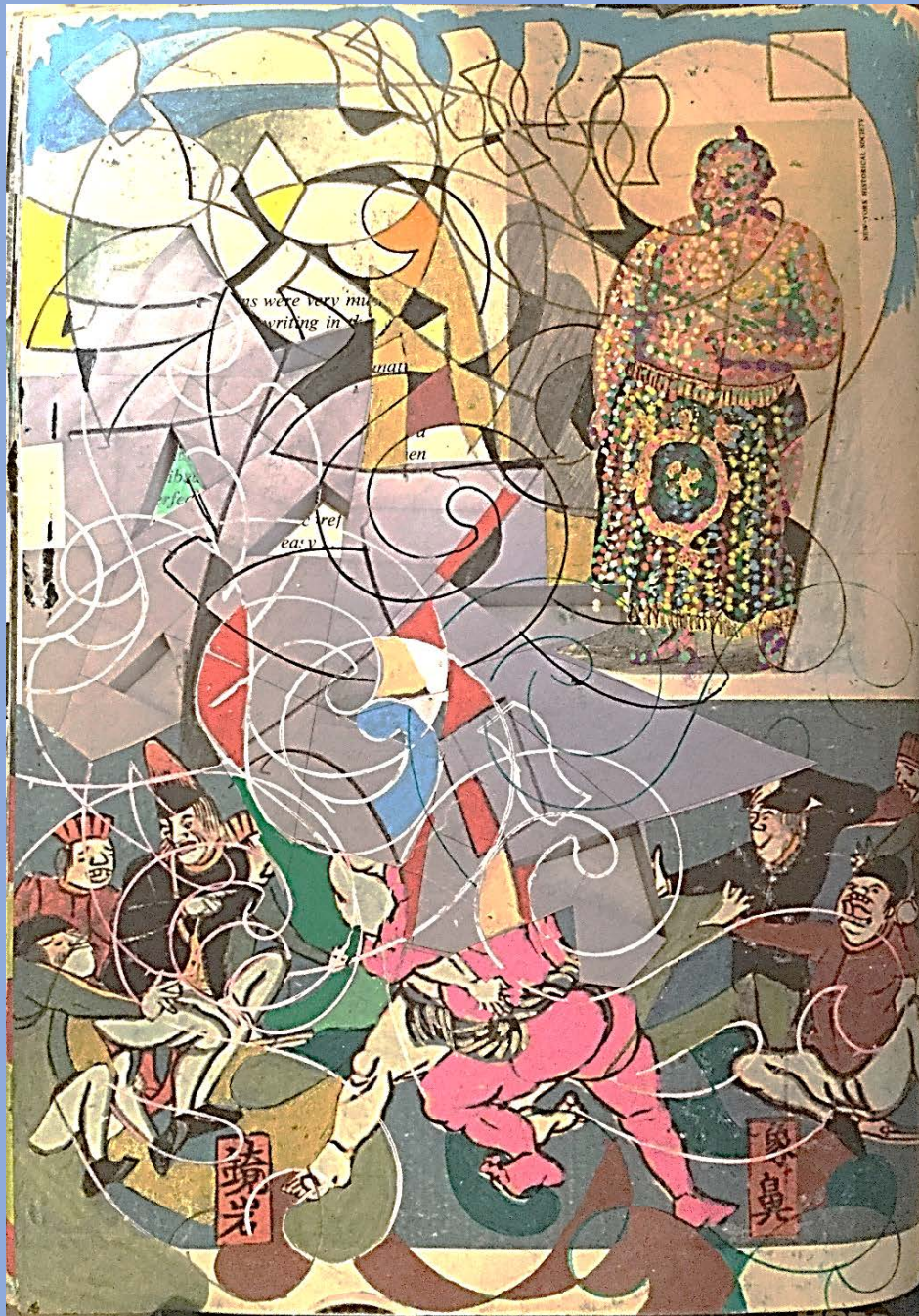
A stunned and angry Silverman looked on aghast
as a sumo and a sailor lifted bound bodies,
and green bile swept the greasy decks at half-mast,
while the fierce wind forced them nearly to the Saudis.

A chronometer said four-ten in Grand Rio,
and the old man hid from a silver and gold sun
that rolled through his fevered dreams of Galileo.
His breath labored. His weak heart came nearly undone.



The silver one glared into magnification
as a another young one came out on a stretcher.
Spotted pups looked on the scene in agitation.
By 6:30 death was near by any measure.

The poor, sick old man called for Far-seeing Greta
and told her of his dream, that youth was seen nowhere.
She slumped and hung her sad head like a pieta.
She said, what is there left? She said, what is left there?



As the old man drank in a coma, the winds died.
Like a champion sumo, Far-seeing Greta sighed
and wrestled with her thoughts. His bad dream hadn't lied.
They leave us a bare, doomed earth, she softly cried.

It seemed adults only laughed as her thoughts grappled.
The sturdy, old gibbons came down to relieve her,
though her champion wrestlers were pink and dappled.
So-called adults teased and still meant to deceive her.



A Seychelles palm frog hopped aboard the wind-blown craft.
The islands' paradise fly catcher arrived too.
Then its scops owl and a fruit bat came on a draft.
Our coast is toast, they all cried. We're in a bad stew.

Rising seas have eaten away our nice preserve.
Soon our trees will be sunk, our world under water.
Ionic notes were writ, but more they did deserve,
lines traced on black paper, sent to one's daughter.



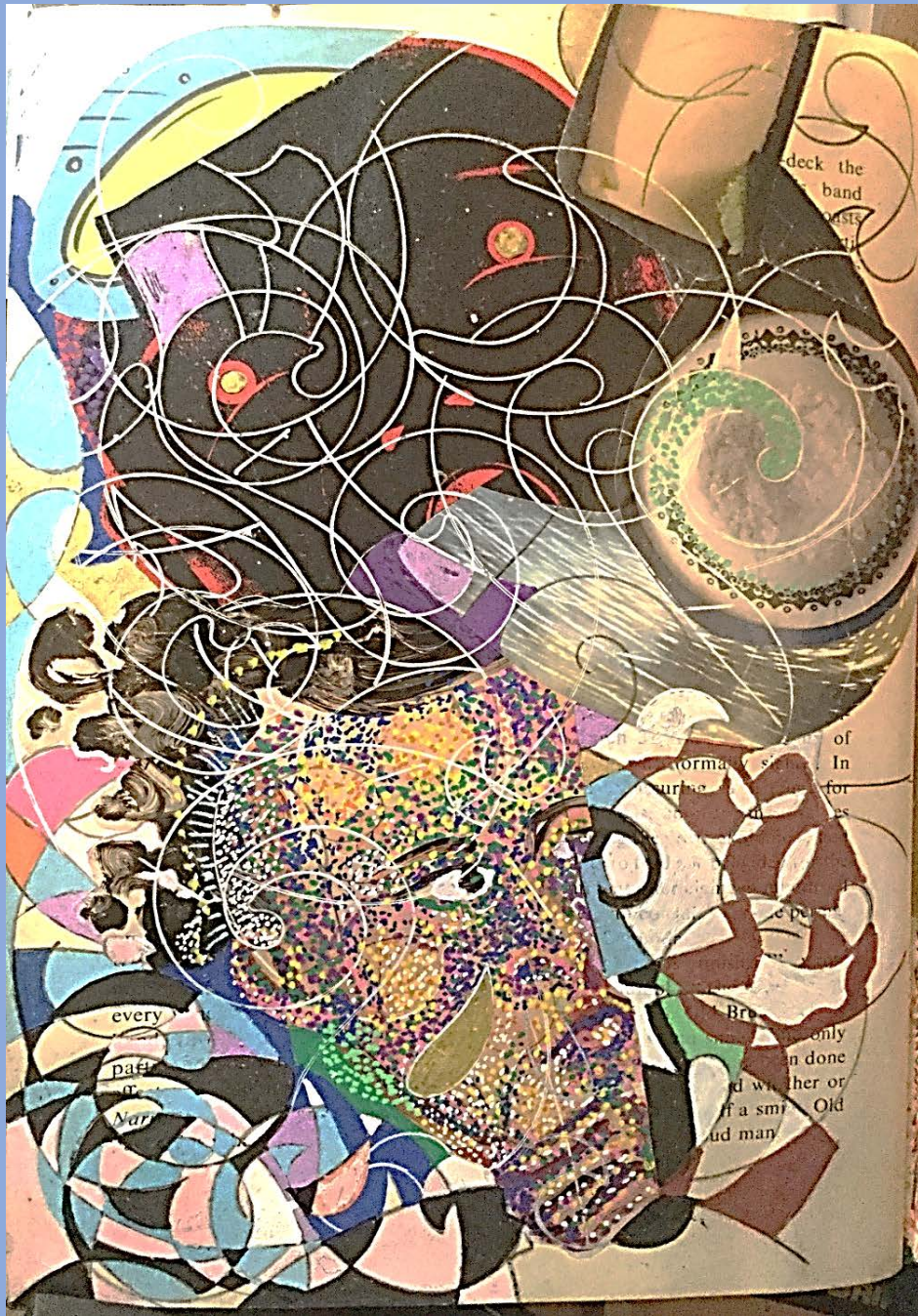
The old man saw a fish become a woman's skull,
while on land the striped stars hung over a great feast.
He heard big drums and a band playing on the hull.
He saw the twelve rise above him like a great beast.

The blood he coughed came out in geometric shapes.
The men toasted their great guns, while the band played on.
A blue swimmer tried to pull away the great apes.
Black smoke poured from the stacks as all the lights stayed on.



A pair bathed in an emerald tub, spots still on,
ignored by a dotted, emaciated one.
The man had lips, not a head, to swill on.
The bones gazed at the loud diners and the big gun.

Silver one swam through black stones to warn of danger.
Beware small boats that may come in the dark of night.
Tall poles were draped as the blue ocean rolled stranger.
The brave crew gathered on deck, ready for a fight.



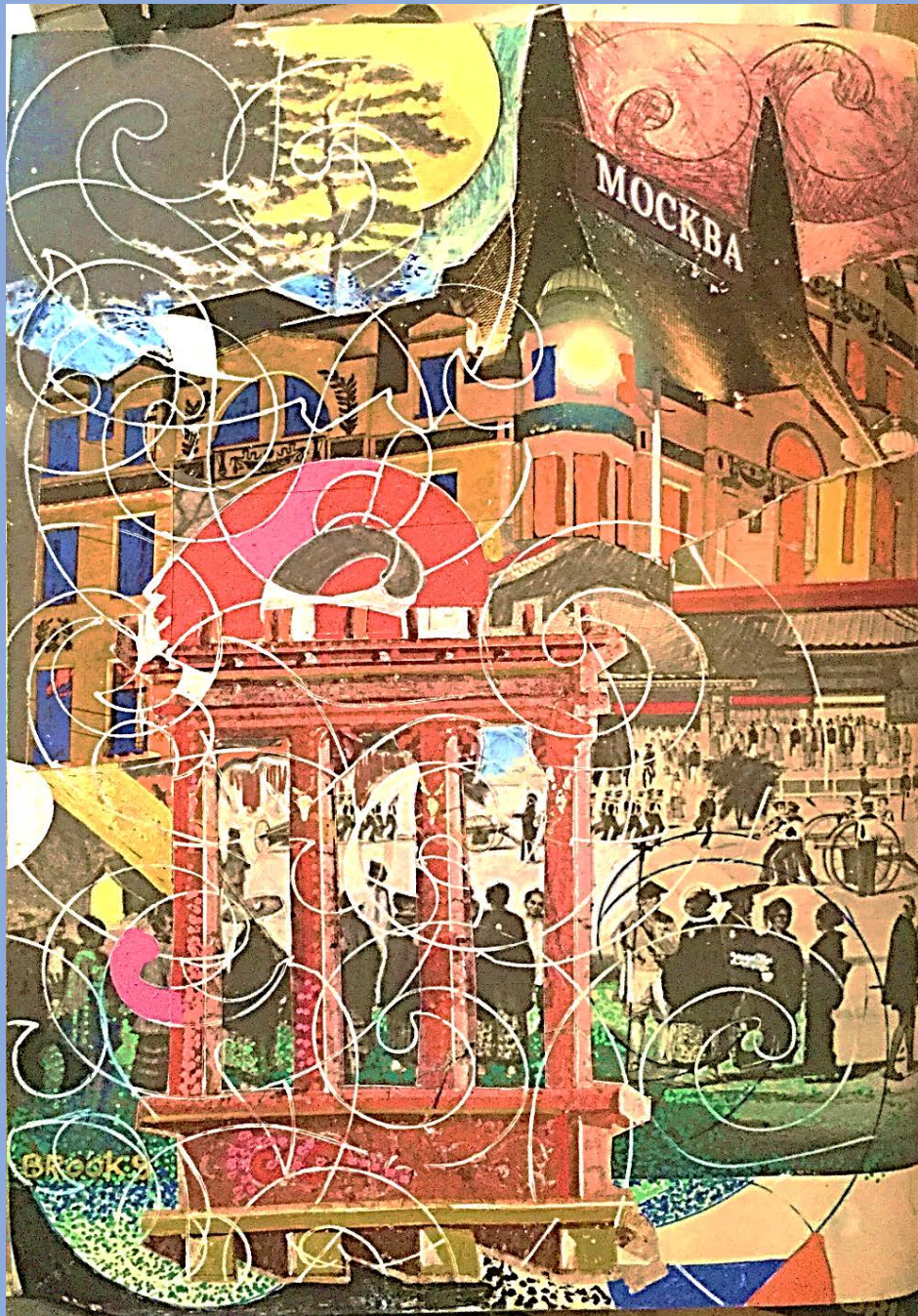
Set course for Maldives south, came the cry from the bridge.
A speckled face shed a golden tear, sad, one thinks
to see them leave under a soft cotton cloud ridge.
They left behind a swirl of green, far from hijinks.

But a dark face with red-gold eyes began to howl
as night closed in. Then a hard rain began to fall.
Too slow, Far-seeing Greta knew, and then to scowl.
Be ready, she said, for any bad thing at all.



Two spotted ones swam up from the black-red deep.
Small blue-tan boats crashed into the ship's twice-thick hull.
They threw their lines and up to the deck they did creep.
The gibbons and apes stood ready to crack a skull.

Then nine pirates tuned guitars and began to dance.
Their music was loud, their tight jackets much louder.
The crew put down their arms and looked themselves askance.
The pirates pranced overboard and took a powder.



The yellow moon came up behind a tree mirage.
Tonight, soldiers are marching under Moscow's lights.
Brooks flow by orange pillars and a strange entourage.
Children watch as navies play and other gun sights.

The weary crew bunked and dreamt of distant places.
The ship moved fast until the sky turned a bright pink.
The sea was a maelstrom of plastic vases.
From the far northeast came an awful, swirling stink.



The next day dawned into falling golden cubicles,
as a hard rain came down like pinned blue and red cloth.
Over a golden box of stick-tight barnacles,
red and green jellyfish swam like an Ostrogoth.

Flying foxes rode in on Ridley sea turtles.
From the Maldives came a pair of lesser kestrels
riding on ornate eagle rays that swam circles
around goniopora and their ancestrals.



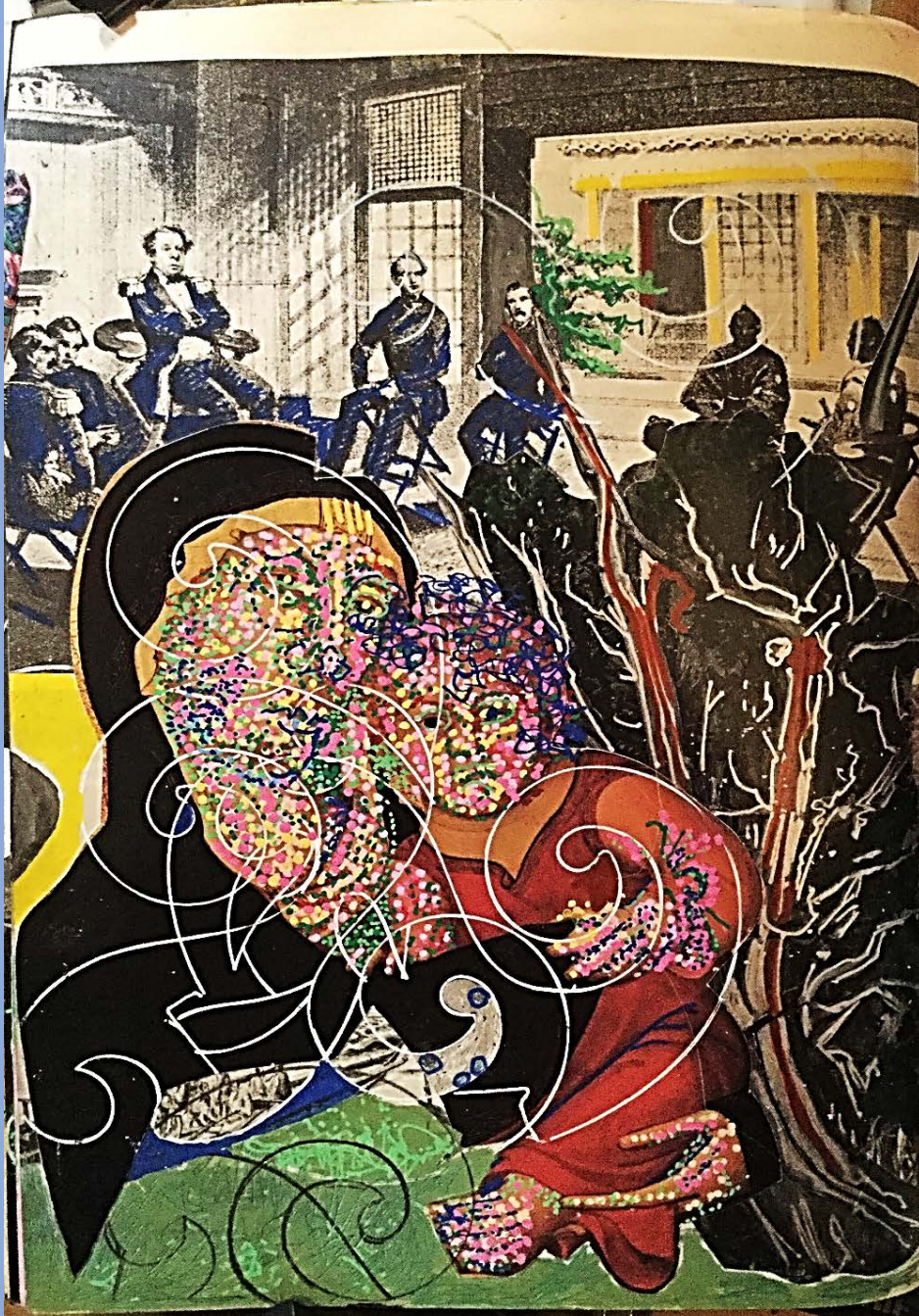
And the girl from the dream returned to try on shoes.
What do the five in green shirts want with those pale hands?
The old man consumed the dream with nothing to lose.
Digesting it, he died and was lost to time's sands.

The gibbons wrapped him and took him out to the sea.
Sharks, white tip reef and tawny nurse, guided him down.
The old man owned the awful dream, his destiny.
Even the whale shark held back, despite his renown.



The nine diamonds of Hublo pointed to India.
The rooms of Sri Lanka floated into the sky.
Men run from the schoolhouse as from bacteria.
The children speak of Tokyo and the great lie.

Young people gather quietly, like small, pink spots.
The swan, par avion, and arrow have the key.
On small, white signs they paint what is in all their thoughts.
Organize, they whisper, so that one will be we.



Purple-faced langurs and leopards now came on board.
Big men sat and conferred and did nothing at all.
A mother gripped her child to keep her from the hoard.
Red lava sought release from a black mountain tall.

As the ship passed by, children came to the green shores.
A chestnut-backed owlet whispered, wait 'til Japan.
The young people returned home, signs behind the doors.
Loggerhead sea turtles knew the Bengal gameplan.



Through clockwork, a small man passed a bright checkered wall.
Hairy, green-fringed mountains wore a black and blue dress.
A blue waterspout rose through soldiers standing tall,
spouting pink flames, too cute and charming to impress.

Spectral and pygmy tarsiers were soon on board.
A talaud bear cuscus said he could handle maps.
A pair of Sumatran laughing thrushes soon soared
above the ship only to crash on tiger laps.



A bare Amazon rose holding a humpback whale.
A single eye stared through many strings of gold pearls.
A silver-bearded mouth opened wide to inhale.
Two kimono clad women had their hair in whirls.

The sturdy craft slipped below nervous Malaysia.
The children of Kuala Lumpur lined the shore.
Below Singapore and above Indonesia,
the crew saw children from many cities and more.



Strong Silver Surfer hid his eyes in disbelief,
as dholes, pangolins and banteng watched from the deck.
Orangutans and sun bears joined to watch youths' grief.
In silence youth stood. This is no discotheque.

Black capped authorities watched from green-curtained hills.
The twin brown suns shone a charcoal and cobalt blue.
The purple sea hued a gar beige and smelled of stills.
Coral reefs were white as snow with live creatures few.



The green girl wore a pink and yellow kimono.
A near-sighted jester stepped out tweaking his long nose.
She had boxes and chop sticks like you-know Ono.
He wore a light green cloak and fashionable hose.

The pair ignored the boat, their fortunes had been made.
Malayan tapir and sea turtle futures sold,
the two need not worry or let evil invade.
Their time was limited. They need not be so bold.



A man in manacles learns of his death sentence
 for eating difficult laughing, the others said.
 He praised a proboscis monkey in its absence
 and insulted the president. Now he be dead.

A spiny sea urchin lives under a grey sea
 with pearls and a suspicious striped black and white flag.
 A flying squirrel and bay cat came over lee
 from Borneo as the ship went Java Sea drag.



The old man's ghost fought with the terrible nightmare.
A hooded soldier played bamboo accordion,
but the old man's spotted ghost bowed in sad despair.
He strong-armed the dream tight for a dreaded eon.

A pair of lowland brush mice brought word of Papua.
The two said, Bulmer's fruit bat is now rarely seen.
Our best friend was one. He was no dark Dracula.
Our great forests disappear at a rate obscene.



A cat man in a gray tux rose to the surface
to greet T. Harris, founder of City College,
although a skin thing, an allergy to pumice,
worsened without their, and that green-dressed girl's, knowledge.

Was that a tiger quoll in formal attire,
carrying a black-footed tree rat in her pouch?
The swift craft headed south, solar panels on fire.
Australia's marsupials fell with an ouch.



Two dental grapefruit engage in conversation,
as Commo Perry's ship goes to his country home,
and hands mold pink and gold earthly devastation.
At Darwin's shore, children silently line the foam.

Congress Library knew not of the Baw Baw frog.
Through a gap in the youth came a Gouldian finch.
A black-flanked rock wallaby was chased by a dog,
and moved to the boat by the children with a loose winch.



That's a South Asia tiger staring with blue eyes.
Blue-green Brussels sprouts above agave's fat moths,
and the swift boat spun north. To Manila it flies,
leaving a long trail of golden-green, bubbling froths.

Riding a crocodile, two Philippine eagles
were seen proudly approaching the north-bound swift ship.
Sulu hornbills sent messages via seagulls
to the children. Wait five days. Then we will unzip.



Part Five:
China and
On to Japan

The day cooled as the sun sank in a speckled sky.
Hong Kong's youth were told not to approach the harbor,
but a few men, Townsend H. in red sash, stood by
to protect the young from robed men, one a barber.

The authorities in brown with some yellow dots
were not happy about the men under girders,
and two Hainan black-crested gibbons on the spot
moved swiftly to the ship and past the surfers.



Silver Surfer stood by, up above the skyline.
A top-hatted man knelt and stared at the Surfer.
A David came, but a drawbridge rose from the brine.
With winged shoulders, elders sat before a burner.

Far-seeing Greta six times rehearsed her brave speech.
Japan must lead the reversal of the decline.
The world over, youth will withdraw, no longer reach,
no longer prepare for a future not benign.



Above her straw home, a mother fixes dumplings
that her sore, troubled children will never consume.
The white sun sets, but the western hills hear rumblings.
Phoenix and elephant stand in silver costume.

Blue clouds float in a yellow sky above the ship.
Surrounded in broken black, a great ear listens.
Far-seeing Greta says, give the harbor the slip.
As darkness settles, she engages all systems.



You may stick out your pink tongue, old person, and send
 a hospital ship to the green islands. We go
 to Taiwan. Our last stop before Japan to end
 global warming, youth's crisis, sacred lives in tow.

Two faced: man and orangutan, microphone nose.
 Silently, the sturdy craft plows the wine-dark sea.
 Tomorrow all hands will send the signal to close
 the voyage and call youth to meet the enemy.



ese painting of Emperor Meiji is being en-
eath an ornate canopy, his face hidden
er with ancient tradition. The date
1858, a time of violent political
een brought about in part by the
dea effectively with "barbarian

Far-seeing Greta asked rare birds to fly the word.
A moustached antpitta to South America flew.
North America got the yellow-shouldered blackbird.
Red-dotted children all read the words of the crew.

To Europe went a pretty slender-billed curlew.
To Asia went a rare white-bellied blue robin.
To Antarctica an Amsterdam albatross flew.
To Africa, swam fast a sleek banded penguin.



Winged serpent-dude steals a youth, riding a sneaker
of many bright laces as a neck-dotted man
looks up from a face with eyes of a spot seeker.
A billiard banana salutes: To reach Japan!

The messenger birds flew and called to their scarce friends.
We must tell all the world's youth of their future's end.
Organize, unify! On this the earth depends.
We all will have one simple, true message to send.



Adults know they will end before the old earth does.
Death haunts them with red eyes and bulloid gastropod
shells as a headdress, braved with a central Taurus.
Vacant-eyed and purple-robed, they wait upon death's rod.

They wave their red and blue flags and march in thin lines
below pink skies and plastic trees that wind stirs not.
Red fruit falls to the ground below and other signs
that those who can't taste the future, surely must rot.



The Japanese ship of state founders in a storm.
As checked mountains rise above the yellow-green clouds.
Perhaps in Elton's head a worthy song will form,
as Greta's swift craft neared Taipai and youthful crowds.

Clouded leopards and Taiwan serows came on board.
Asian black bears and Taiwan pangolins came too.
Fairy pittas and yellow tits were not ignored.
Swinhoe's pheasants arrived, still damp with morning dew.



A stiff green- and pink-faced delegation arrived
to awkwardly test Far-seeing Greta's resolve.
From their hot coal-fired plans they would not be deprived.
They thought young Greta's backbone would quickly dissolve.

My crew has sailed through storms on wind and bright solar.
Your nuclear and carbon puts youth's future hope
at risk, killing species and melting caps polar.
The world's young children have reached the end of our rope.



The delegation murmured but gave not a smile.
Red sky in mourning, dotted sailors take warning.
The gibbons rowed them to shore in single file.
The elders were clueless. No new thoughts were forming.

On the island, passive youth worried their mothers.
Orange, white, and pink bananas lined shelves uneaten.
Soft secrets were shared among sisters and brothers.
Far-seeing Greta told them never be beaten.



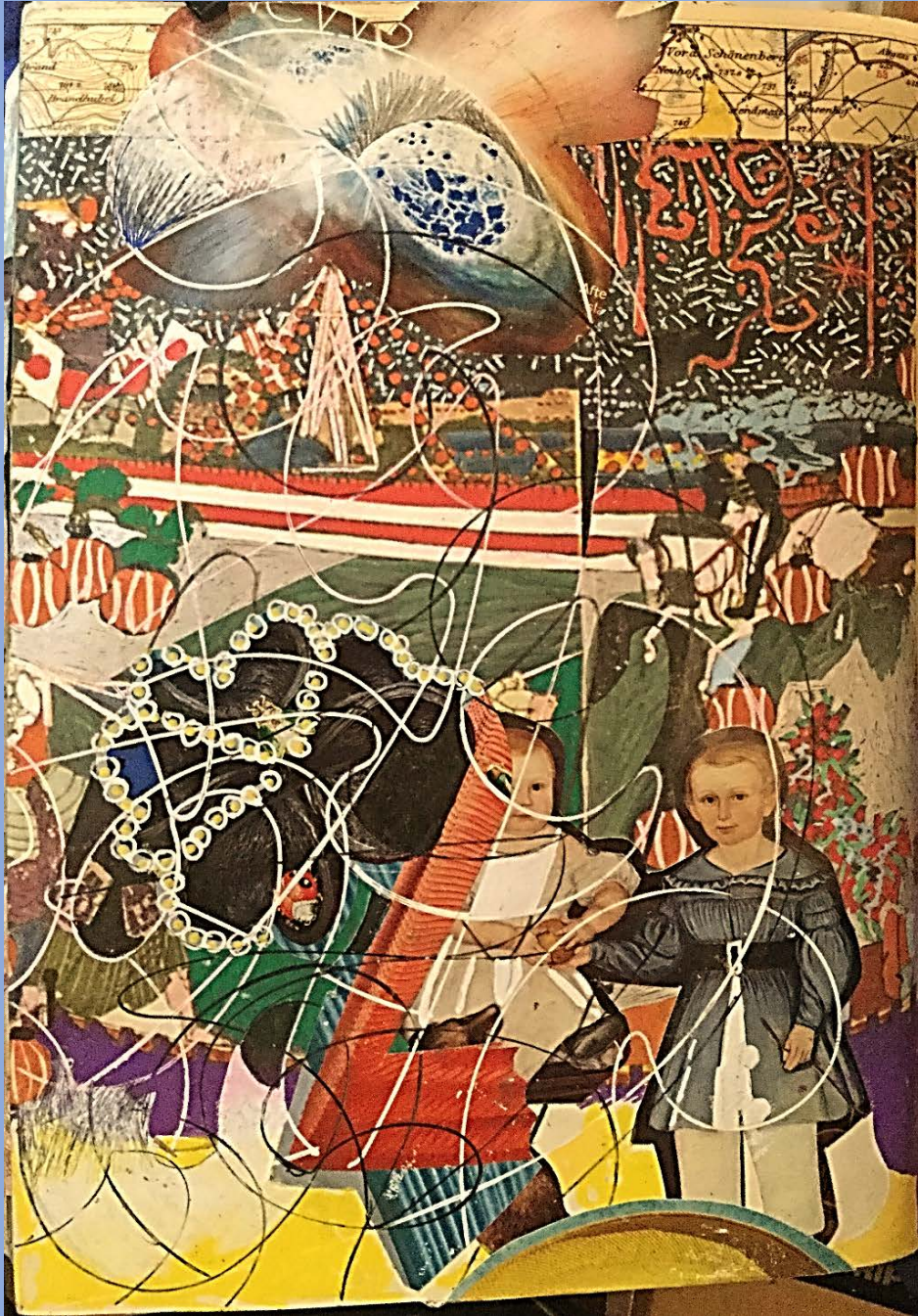
The elders gathered in black formal attire,
as ladies rose to great heights on the furniture.
Let us call a beast to scare the little liar.
Wings, teeth and flame-red tongue, a small expenditure.

And the beast rose from the sea and turned the sky green.
Curtains and chandeliers in checkered flames did curl.
The beast said, In my own home pollution, unclean!
Foolish blackened elders. I'm with this very brave girl.



Then Far-seeing Greta said, let us wear armor.
Let them get glassy-one-eyed, drinking their Brit gin.
With their pink-stacked chem plants, this poor world gets warmer.
Absolute passivity is key to our win.

Then she climbed on a Markhor as it reared high up.
And the broadcast crew of spotted owls caught the scene
and sent the signal world-wide by rare-bird hook-up
and every young person saw her on a small screen.



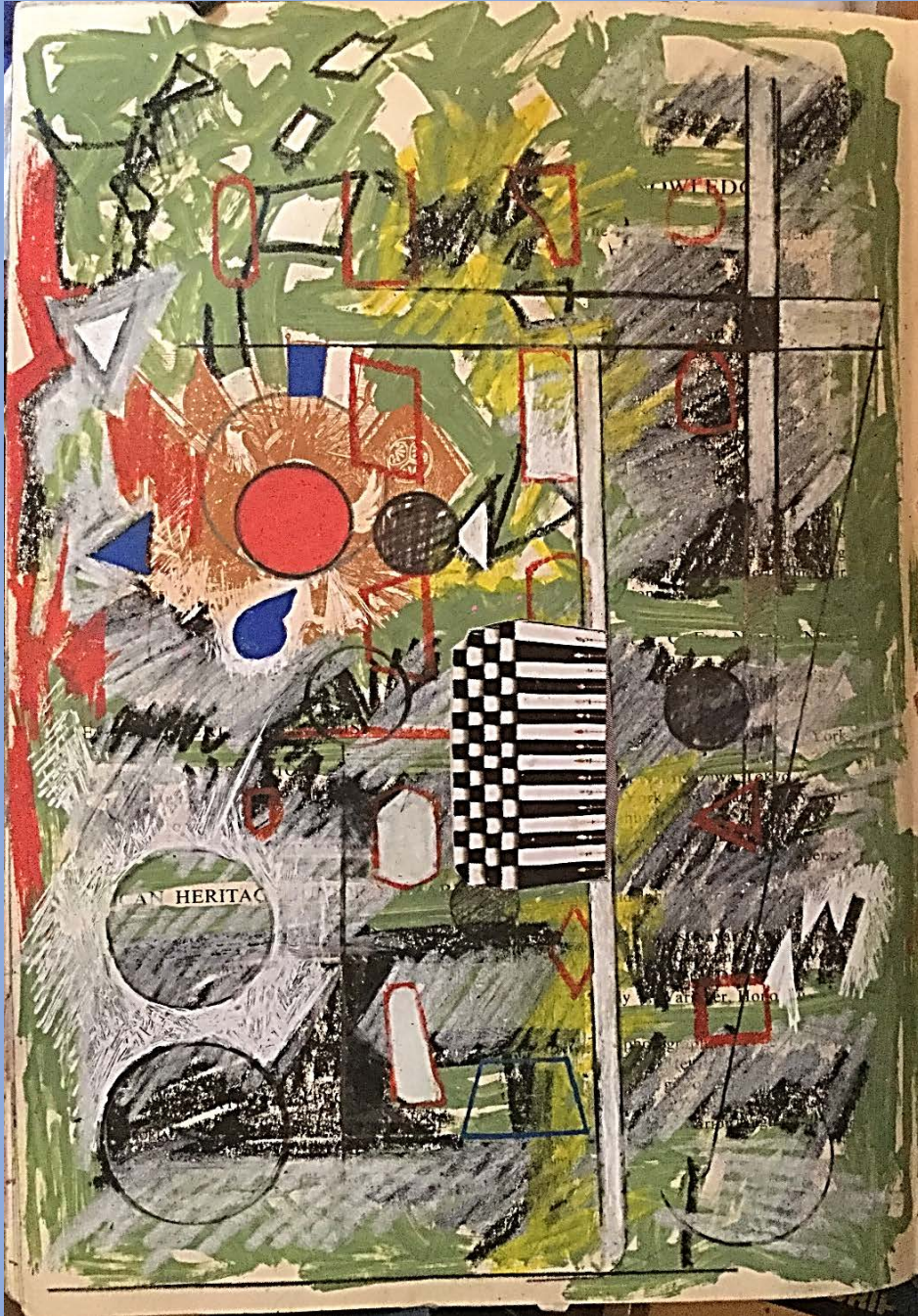
From Schönenberg and Ochsenhof children sent word.
Violent blue meteors will crash and explode.
Simple truth is in the call of the Millerbird.
The debt must be paid from the future they borrowed.

Paper lanterns were readied to light the dark way.
Tiny, red insects came out of the black to watch.
Red flags were painted white, ready for the right day,
Brown stones were dropped. This is not a time for hopscotch.



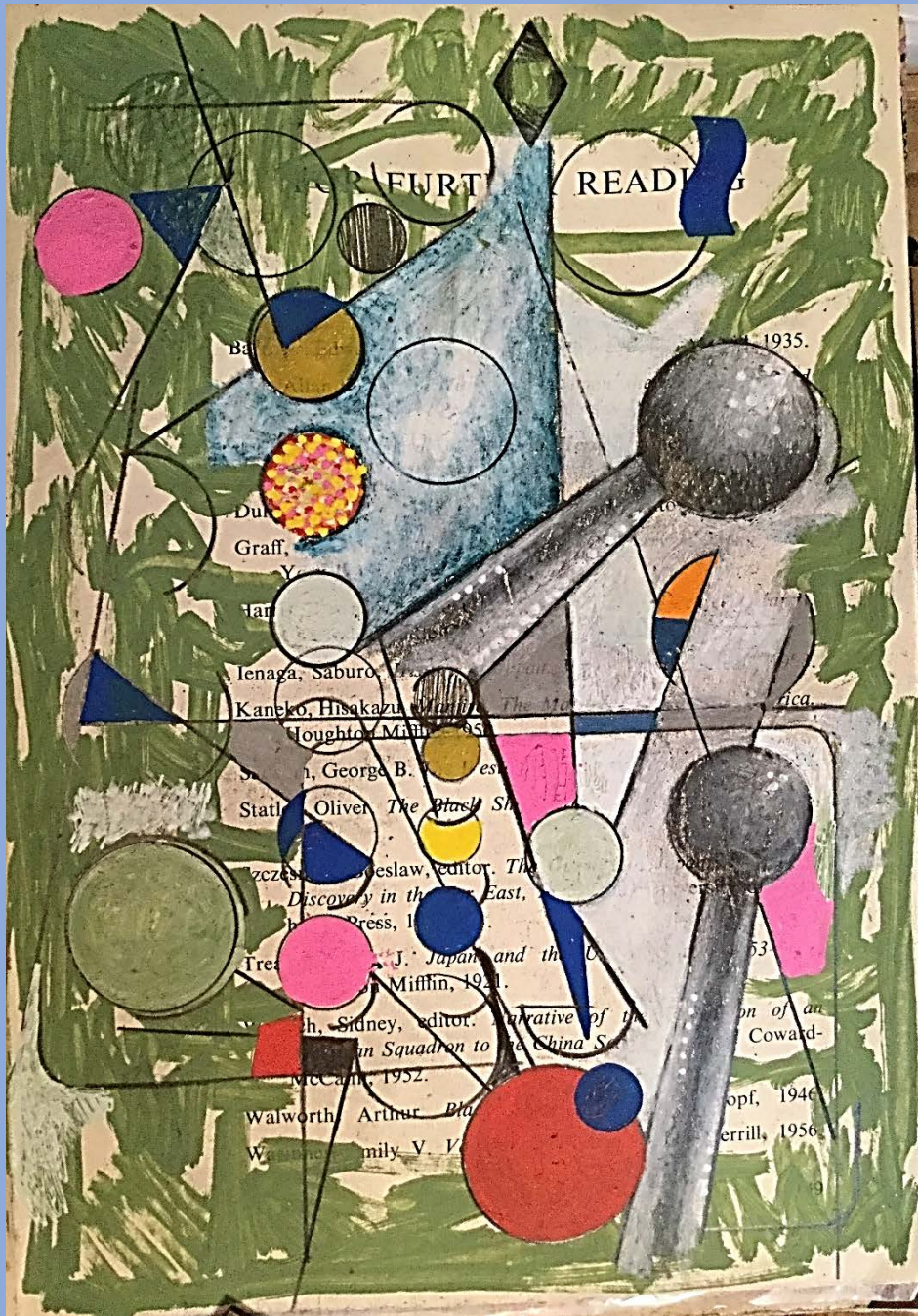
Beneath red-white flags the officials sat and laughed.
Bubbles rose as blue whales drowned in rising seas.
Turning to Japan, the sturdy craft was well staffed.
A red moon glistened in a black and white striptease.

A red-crowned crane brought news of work in Tokyo.
From Hokkaido came a fast short-tailed albatross.
All was near ready, but the youth must now lie low.
Wait for the good ship and avoid a double cross.



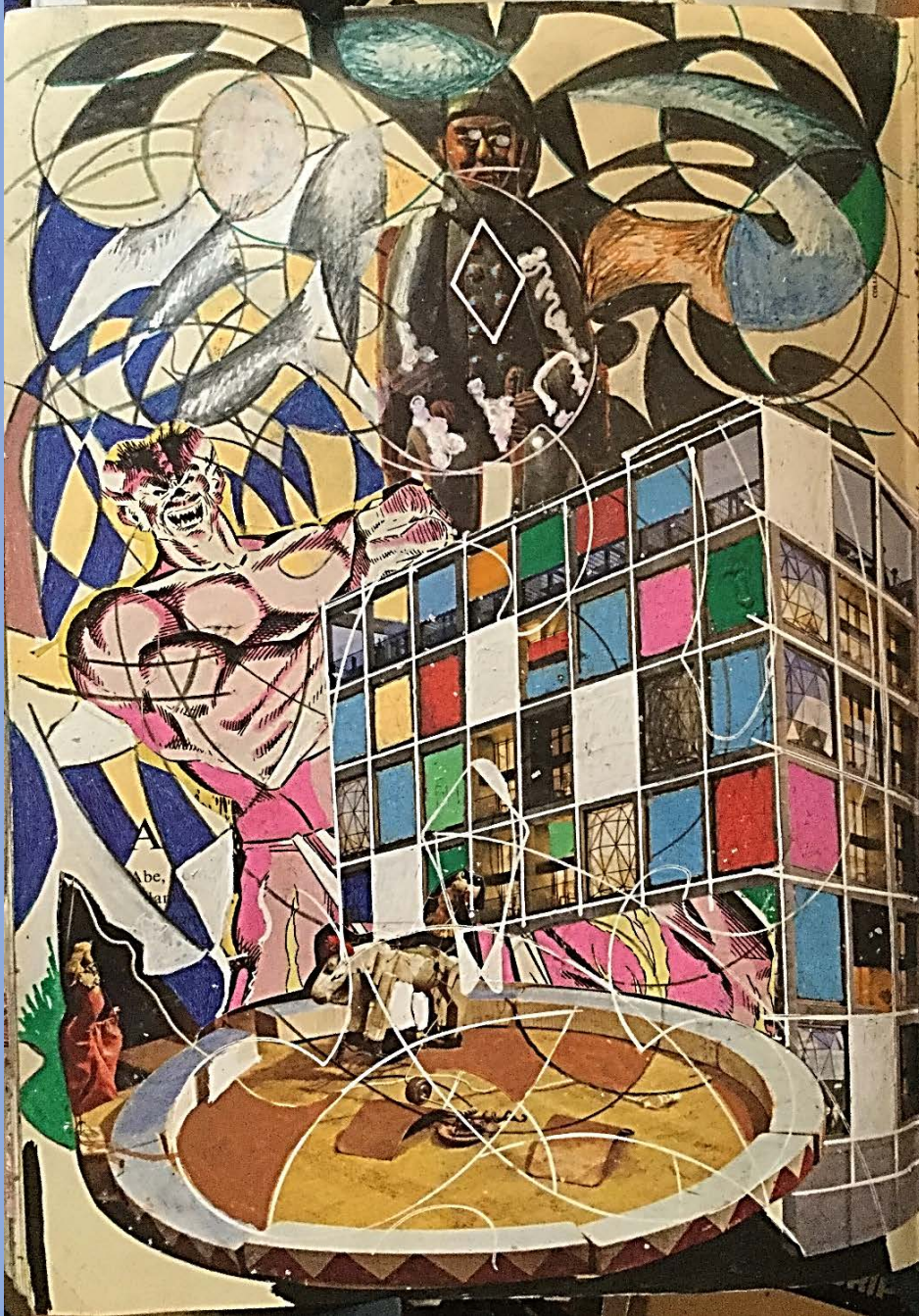
A red sun rose, then from a steamer's smoke turned black.
A bald eagle was chagrined by the waving flags.
Unseen, a junior library was not in the stack.
So many dire warnings, ignored, put in black bags.

Children busy making black marks on white paper,
and wooden cross bars, black and white, to hold the signs.
Then all this work disappears like water vapor,
not vulnerable, like bristle-spined porcupines.



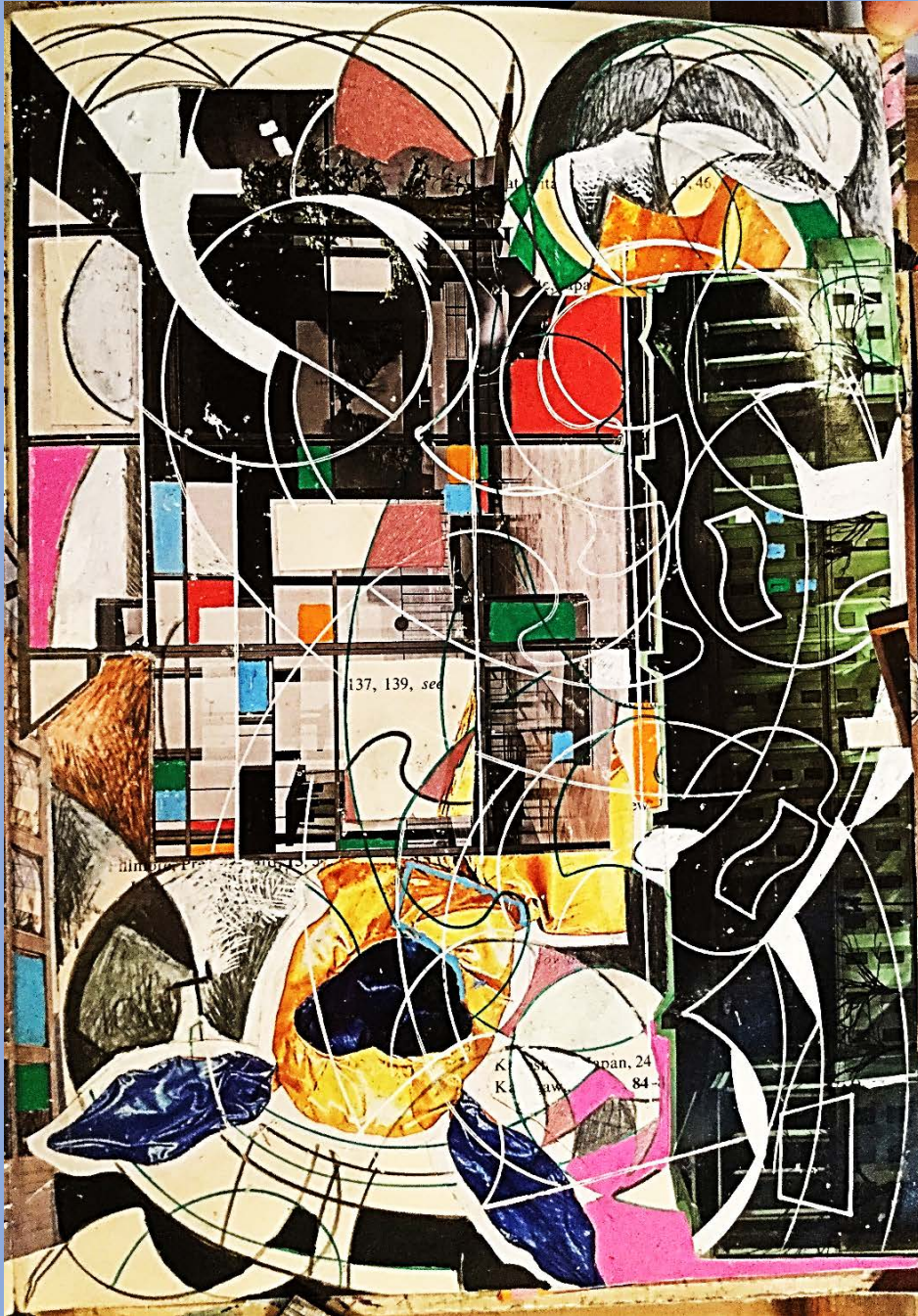
Every hour the sun turned a bright new color,
 as gray searchlights combed the green land for new trouble,
 Kaneko said youth must read, not worth half dollar,
 and Arthur Sidney George said, yes, that goes double.

No Japanese wolves or sea lions came on board.
 These animals have been extinct for fifty years.
 Kuroiwa's ground geckos guided the boat toward
 the Port of Yokohama and the waiting piers.



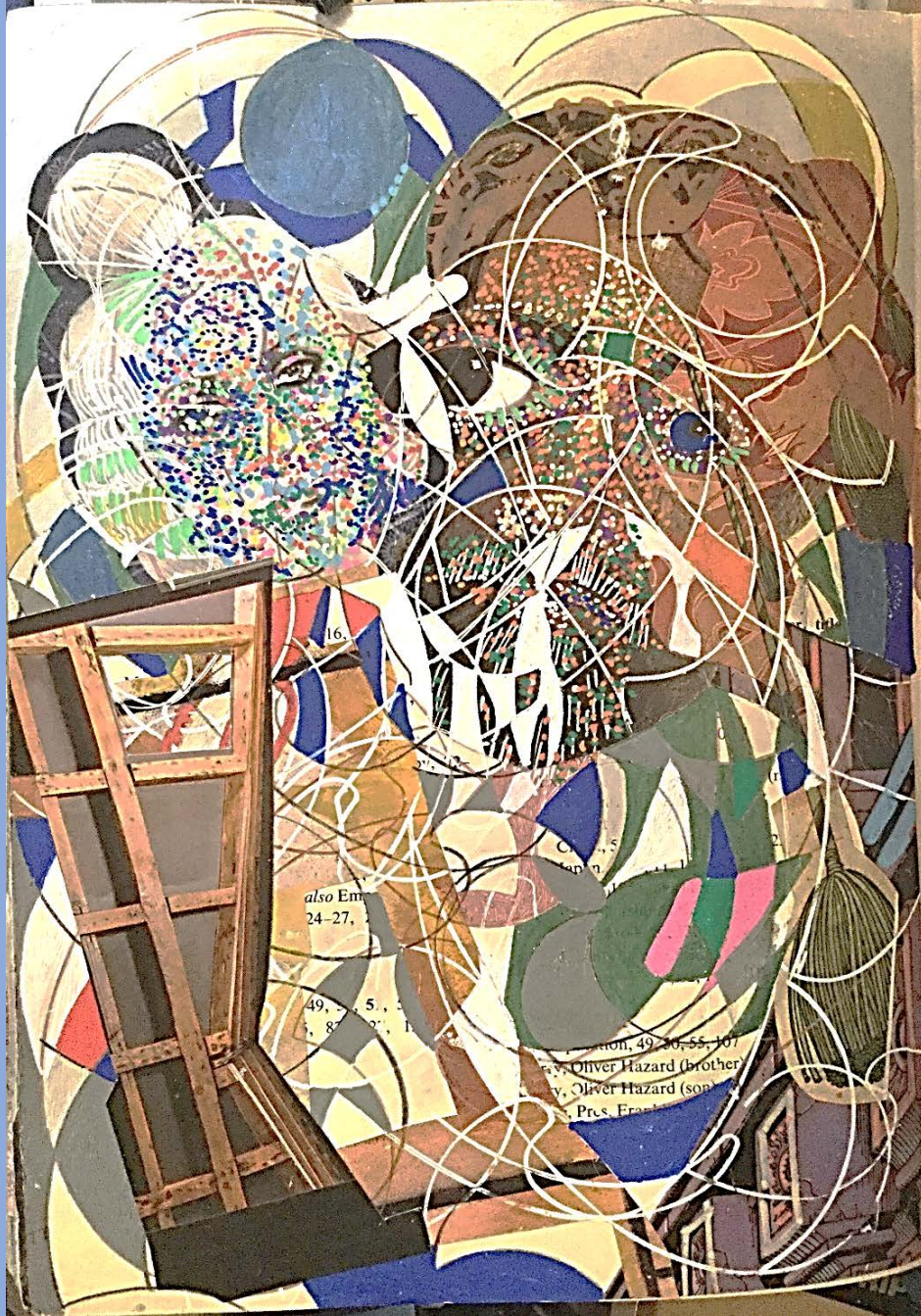
From the sea Far-seeing Greta called a monster.
The great, fanged beast shook pastel-hued buildings so hard
that double-buttoned men feared the old imposter.
For the demon was just the nightmare come unjarred.

The monster's fevered brains pushed out from its cut skull.
But she said, fear not the demon. Fear youth's attack.
Her bold message was unnerving and far from dull.
Thus, a little wood pony madly rounds its track.



Far-seeing Greta ordered each day go half-way.
One three seven one three nine two four eight four will see
that we still move closer and closer every day.
It's not the end or goal we seek but the journey.

Great blue-mouthed, blue finned fishes echoed her calm words,
and all was serene in the stacked buildings of green.
Night passed with a fluttering of endangered birds
carrying word to children, to adults, unseen.



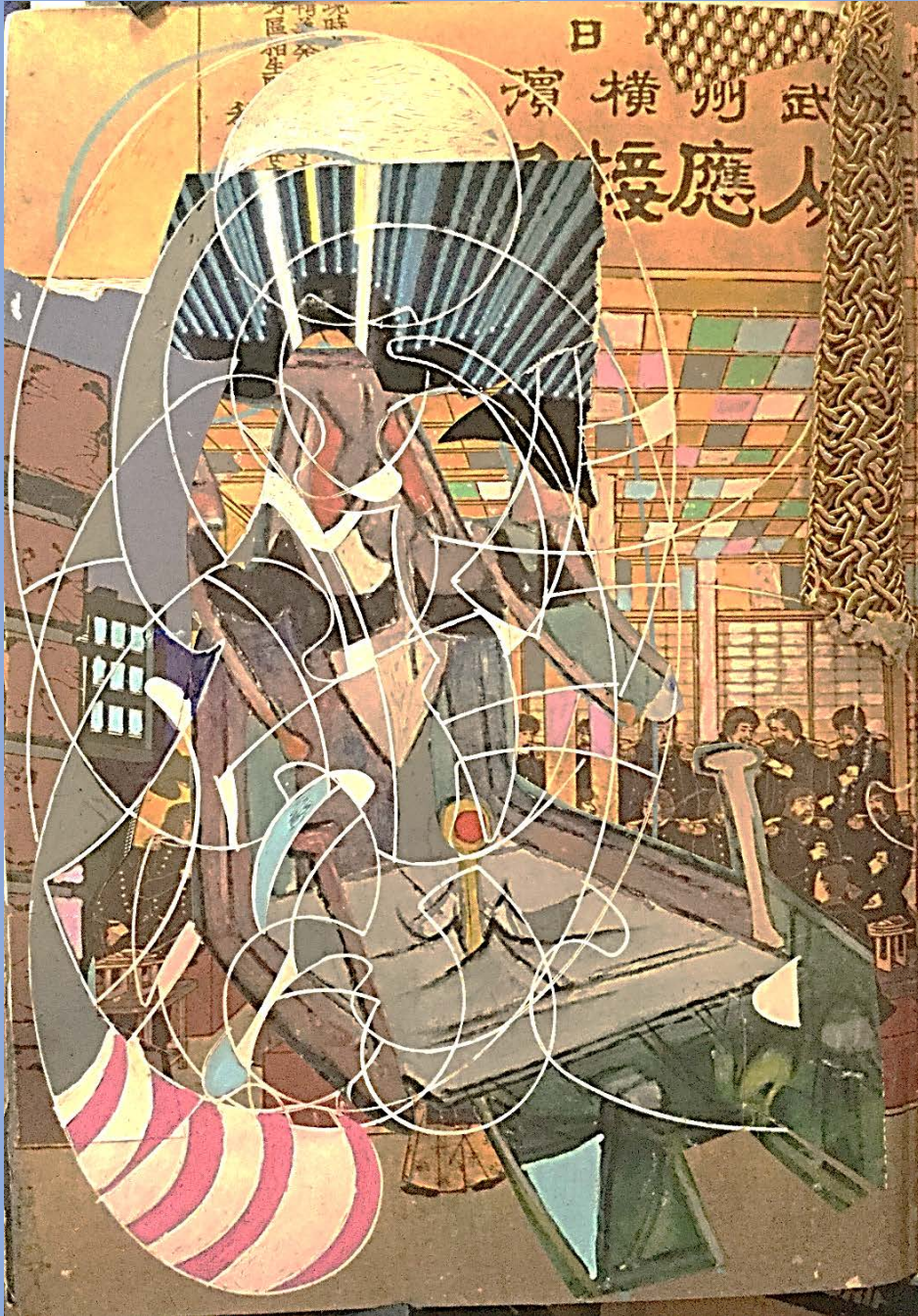
Black eye, blue eye spotted people grimly waited
behind irregular, wood-braced, one-window doors
to sweep out the invaders, fool's fears inflated.
What hazards could a young girl bring? Not dinosaurs.

Candled paper lanterns rose past ranks of tall piers,
a signal to the youth that their day had now come.
Blue shards of the sky fell as cities spit their fears.
Young people knew that now they must perform as one.



Adult eyes opened wide as the young marchers came.
Not diamonds, nor gold, nor blue bananas could halt
the silent stream of youth without lights, without flame.
The elders could not understand, nor could exalt.

A prince's blue moon set beneath a sky of gold,
but around the world in every time zone youth came
out to march, moon or sun, blue sky, gray, warm or cold.
The blue-green earth around, the message was the same.



The bearded elders in their checkered pastel rooms
offered to discuss until the situation cools,
but the silver chairs were badly bugged, like tombs.
Youth were so tired of being treated like fools.

Cranes and Izu thrushes made blue streaks in the sky.
Candy cane horns lay uneaten on the table.
From one billion children, the aged could not fly.
What had seemed so steady was no longer stable.



The pink cogs of the great machines ground to a halt.
Propeller rotors were stuck fast. Flights were grounded.
Quiet, robed youth in the streets, sitting without fault,
as rare birds flew, and the elders were astounded.

Crested serpent eagles raced high in the gold sky.
White signs appeared in each nation's own language.
The children waited for a signal they might spy
from Far-seeing Greta when she chose to engage.



Like Buddha she walked quietly from the brave ship.
As one, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, they chanted.
And the rare animals joined with a roar, a yip,
STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, on and on, enchanted.

Even those with yellow eyes and baby bottles
cried, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE without end.
The nightmare of no future as good earth wobbles
halts in STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, one message to send.

The End