

Poetry Series

Isabel Szurlej
- poems -

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Isabel Szurlej()

Ghosts (From Pirates Songs)

After bloody fight we became ghosts that night
Moon derisively laughed
Ocean devoured us and marked
We died living forever in wonder
Ho hey ho girl from hell killed us all
We are part of the biome
Absorb the red part a the light
We walk naturally with
Marine snow and flashlight fish
Haul ropes all the time
Right above us stretches the horizon
What you have to do is reach out and touch it.
It seems so close but it is unreal
Hypnotic lull sways us
With a half-moon and every soaking sail
We dream of whores
Will not pay them,
We are ghost
Want blondes and like redheads
Though that color makes us mad
Our chat recalled hoyden with one eye

Negative impacts in the shallow water
Can be positive in the deep sea
Storm is coming, unbridled dragon
Batten down the hatches,
Everyone salute the death
Fury swallowed our gold
Dropping many doubloons
It doesn't know articles of code
The tone of water swirls around
Long rage and slowdown
Unmerciful sea caused another
Ship went down

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Rick Cahoon (From Pirates Songs)

Imagine the land where it snows and
The red bearded man with an ax
White snowflakes cover all
Even his ire and grudge
Look at Rick Cahoon
Who rise higher than us
The giant with a disturbing gaze
Our quartermaster, second in command
When the ship is not in battle he is in charge
He knows shipmates from all over the world and
Free ports where he meets with merchants to trade
He doesn't trust authority and division power
But plunder and gain he likes as well
They say he led the mutiny on a leaking vessel
Where half of the crew took it and turning pirates
He wore very fine coats
More appropriated to royalty than to him
To hide a hole in hand
He supervised a duel once
Its details are inconsistent
The majority of us reported what transpired:
Rick gave the signal and
At odds pirates fired shots
One smoothbore flintlock jammed
The ball stuck and Rick knocked the gun out
Stray bullet passed right through
Made a slit in his hand the size of a walnut
Despite the fact that Rick blood was spilled by accident,
It caused the duel to end
That way issue was untied

One man, one vote
Pirates have their democracy and code
Became well-established
At Port Royal and St Mary's Island
We usually elect quartermasters
To represent the best interests of us
They could veto decisions of masters
But also punish us

Quartermaster is responsible for all supplies

For his double share:

Keeps track of ship's stores

Distributes food and drink

Keeps custody on booty

There will always be someone among us

Who craves more than was offered by his fate

Can Rick be that man?

Will he induce revolt and depose our captain?

Bosun has eye on him

It will be not easy beat Jim Grey

Invincible in the combat Grey became a legend

Rick is on quarter deck

The Spanish galleon with its painting sails is coming

He is first aboard and leads pirates boarding

He will secure any plunder to divide shares

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Who Takes The Glory Of Dead Heroes?

The angel spread wings black
In the rays of the first sun
Although bestowed with divine light
He is a gory herald of war
Which will shed your blood

The sun is going down but the battle lasts
These ones so pure colors of nature
Had been covered with dead men of arms:
Centuries wash away entire shame
Who takes the glory of dead heroes?
Splendor victorious empires
It is too much for everyone
Only angels can bear human blood

Where lying dormant treasures from South Seas?
They sleep forgotten in sunken ships
Many tried to reach them and never returned
Did they find the treasures before their death?

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Alone On Earth

I am alone on earth
Thinking of universe inside my empire
Some moments in my existence are
Like freshly cut flowers:
They are alive dying

Enclosed bundles of fibers
Transmit information to the cells
Building life in my consciousness
Between bliss and enormity

The ticking of clocks is not for me
It disappears in outer space
I move freely
Landing on the naked peaks in ecstasy
Charged electrically
The ego of gravitoelectromagnetism

I am nobody, like you
Fading away
Wearing the same veil decorated mealy callas
That makes me mysterious
Predominantly

I was creating my soul
Shaped her from nothingness
In mortal nudity
Until she came to life,
Excellent
Acting against metempsychosis

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Ocean Pearl

(From Pirates Songs)

The ship like a well-dressed woman:
Slender and fast
Ballasted well with a crowd of men around her
Rustling sails like wide skirts
Touched by the wind she comes to life
Skitters lightly, this way and that
Tunes with the sea and shakes her stern
Lifts her forecastle high
Tossing her masts around in figure eights
Sails around and shallow and deep
Holds firm in the face of the worst
Endlessly variable and extremely fast
Always protects and nurtures us
She replaced the Sweet Mary
A ship that burned down
Her name is Ocean' Pearl
Brig about 100 feet long and 25 feet wide
With twelve oars on each side,
Two masts and square sails
She carried about ten guns
Three decks accommodate one hundred pirates
We are the men of desperate courage
Always ready for new expeditions
But first we clean marine growth off the bottom
At uninhabited island to keep a ship fast

Now in the grip of the ocean we indulge the time
Trying to save what has been lost
Our punishment wasn't death
Protracted our fate
We spun out whole life

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Between My Guts And Stars

Between my guts and stars
Somewhere in the middle
Where the heavens stand apart
My mortal excellence
Creates an exemplar
Focused on a divine idea

The clock spins indicates the hours
Pendulum swings
Could it be eternal?
I'm sure that I discovered something
That I do not comprehend

I idealized the space in the inverse square
The period was timed again
My body turned upside down
On moveable scales and
I saw the Absolute on the edge of justice

I covered all doubts tightly under many shells
To finally be away from uncertainty
The rigid rules weighed heavily on me
So I lost them in the abyss.
I looked for a universal law in vain
In the center of my self
Manifested by matter I became infinitely small and
I was canceled

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Achilles Treads Among Lying Warriors

Achilles treads among lying warriors
they are dead
all of them have their feast in the Olympus land
leaving behind their bodies upon bloody fields
they share own guts and corpses with the enemies
Achilles wants to gain the glory
the tribute that is due to heroes
his silver armor shines in the battle tumult
in splendor that is always so violent
facilitated by sword killing sharply
his accursed rage will be ahead of the fate
blessing moments in the face of agony

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Helmsman William Lee

(From Pirates Songs)

Once upon a time
Sailing ship was beached on ghostly island
Helmsman William Lee was the one
Who didn't die in the wreck
But he didn't live either
He stuck for years between worlds
Doomed to sail through an endless storm
Perpetuity haunted him
Remained his body intact
But his soul became a skeleton
No one remembers now
How he ended up on our brig
He said he was a trained seaman
But no one heard of him
His steering skills were supreme
Though he never did ded reckoning
To reveal a latitude
He used the sun and the horizon line
(With sailing charts)
He could sail from east to west with his eyes closed
But sailing from north to south was hard
Even for him because
The water is constantly moving
Going to the direction which is opposite and
There are no land-marks
In the coming tempest
You are sailing into the enormous surge
Winds rip sails to shreds and
You end up overboard
Between the devil and the sea
plunged to your doom
Finally death requires her due
You can beg for the mercy
But your life is ending
The sea is not merciful
William Lee knew that storm was coming and
How long it would last

He set the ship closest to the oncoming waves
We wrapped ropes around the waists
The prow survived tons of falling water and
We survived
It was terrifying and intriguing
How he dealt with storms
Each of us individually felt that
There was something out of this world about him
But no one said it aloud

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