

Sojourner of The Orient

O'er the toddy, past fall of dusk
Fishermen tell a saga, oft with a sus
To the wide-eyed fawns do the grandpas caw
Of buccaneers and mermaids, their atavus saw!

There dwelt a demon, lank but stout
Any kind of tides, he was heard to flout
The demon was corporeally just a man
His fiendish sense made but a separate clan

When of your age, he got smitten
The charm of waves, had him bitten
I'll live with them, did he decide:
One moonlit night, he sailed o'er the tide

A passing ship force-picked him up
Behold! It started the run of his luck
Few years of lavish hospitality, he got
This must be buccaneer's heaven, he thought

Another kid of his age, by fluke he met
As boisterous as them, a prodigy you bet
O'er the time their brotherhood grew
Later, prodigy was initiated into the crew

We have a demigod, sitting seven seas apart
O Trifling Juvenile! Some apprenticeship must you start
O Chieftain! Like you, must I pillage some day
To learn the art, shall I soon go away

So one day, he sailed away
Few years, no one heard his say
Living or dead, they did not know
Sometimes missed him during carousal, though

Time flew by, changes took place
New gang of pirates, prodigy put in place
By some fluke, stupidest and gross
On their ships, brothers of yore did cross!

You a trained lad now, my pal?
Or did they throw you out of the ball?
Neither of them, but that now is history
I come back now, to search for a mystery

Near that promontory, where sea spews it's barm
I did oft see, a mermaid of sublime charm
There was an invite, every cast of her pry
Alas! At that time, why was I too shy?

While away from you all, strange dreams did I see
Of the invitation by her, every night shall it be
What a strange love, would I think
Ah! Increased besotting, every night would bring

"Good luck mate!" did the other buccaneer say -
"But keep on pillaging, else you'll die by May
If you find her, marry her, plain
If luck permits, we will meet, again"

By strangest of chance, did both next meet
One had a wife, the mermaid sweet
Pillaging at will, thick business did he do
Vanity of the couple, had multiplied and grew

Other was struggling, having lost his hold
But for his valour, his raids still were bold
Few halcyon days, together did they spend
And then respective courses, did they tend

Often they crossed each other again
And exchanged their stories, and losses and gain
After cheer and hug, at the bower
They would call it "Au Revoir"

And then one day, when they met
Smile on one's face had already fled
"What ails you? Why do your shoulders droop?"
Asked the other, with a boyish stupe

Now in my region, hardly vessels pass
All in my family, have been losing mass
It's been months, and I cannot brook more
So I've decided to move to hinterlands' shore

Time flows by, changes take place
And constant heartburns is all we face
In by-lanes of destiny, do destined people meet
Before crack of next dawn, they must but fleet

Thus the sojourner steered the ship
Casting sails towards the "west"
The stoic buccaneer did salute
And wished the couple all the best!