

The Giant

Ahab

Steering southwards
Tsalal we flee
Into shady
Towards the polar sea
Falling prey to the grotesque
Falling prey to absurdity

Blurring layers of gray
We scend through scales of white
Monochrome perpetuity
We scend through time and tide
Of truth we can't catch sight
A tale too dark to light

Of blackness, of intensity,
of obscurity and glare,
of gloominess and brilliancy,
of somberness and gleam,
of murkiness and luminance,
of ashes soil the snow

Silver blood pours from wounded skies
Drowning our anxiety
Black man, white beast in dismay cries
Phantasmagoric me
Vaporize in sheer reality

In blackness, in intensity,
in obscurity and glare,
in gloominess, in brilliancy
in somberness and gleam,
in murkiness and luminance,
in ashes soil the snow

I hear thee chant my name
Faint voice distant and dim
I prithee, please enfold me
Colossus pale and grim
I reach you from Nantucket
I'm Arthur Gordon Pym!
I'm Arthur Gordon Pym!