

# The Thing That Made Search

Ahab

We looked at one another  
Through the smoke  
Through the growing dark  
The devil take the hindmost

Aye - an unseen thing stood  
And cried upon the decks  
Through planks of groaning wood  
Right above our heads  
And scrubbed at the woodwork

Now take the pipe right from your mouth!  
At outmost tension - listen! Crouch!  
Be aware of horrid powers!  
Few moments seem like endless hours

With sheer destructive urge  
A many-flapped thing strives  
The thing that made search -  
Like raw flesh - but it was alive

Secure the fastening, aye!  
Brace yourselves!  
There's more to it than meets the eye