

The Flying Dutchman

Zed Yago

There is a world not world,
beyond the water
where nothing is but what is not,
where she live.

Unreal creature
but her father was a man
wicked and cursed
her mother was the water
formless form.

She has a ship and sails the sea
year in year out the Flying Dutchman's daughter
more than a ghost and less who will redeem her,
and those hopeless souls that cry about her
those twilight creatures in a tortured chaos.

Pink fog turns purple, in the slime
the daughter and the lords of chaos meet
Oh, give me form,
and I'll bring back sweet fantasy
She cries, give me a human body, heaven
give me a human body, hell.

And it is done a female body goes ashore
in search of fantasy, a mysterious,
beautiful woman leaves the sea.