

Thar Be Four

When I embarked on me maiden voyage
In search of the finest booty there be
I left the small lands and ponds of me birth
To join all the fish in the great Seven Seas

But after the years of traversing the seas
Navigating by stars and sextant
It seemed like the doldrums 'rounded me sails
Making movement, and thus hope, nonextant

But then I spied land with me monocular glass
Shouting, "Ahoy!" to my First Mate
"Anchors away! Landing party to bay!
And all mutineers walk off the plank!"

I scuttled to shore, a landlover with sealegs
What a sight that must have been
I searched for a place to bury me treasure
Until I found the heart of the island

Now with treasure long buried deep in the earth
And time many a man's memory erased
I remember as sharply as the hook on me hand
That marvelous, wonderful place

I'm sure that erosion has weathered the beaches
And shallowed reef become shipwrecker of lore
But I know that me treasure, she's buried in safe
For the years she's long weathered thar before¹

¹ 4th anniversary. Play on the four years together as well as the foundation the past (before) gives for surety of the future.