

Mutiny On the Ark of the Blood Brothers

The Blood Brothers

The last mariner alive on the ark of the Blood Brothers
hears the five howls of its haunting.
One in the sail when the scales of the oil ocean glow pink.
One in the cabin for the swollen navels of pregnant sirens,
the fins on the backs of dead pirates.
Three in the lookout tower for the temptation of cursed pineapples,
the deadly lure of Piano Island.
Oh oh oh oh oh you never know.
The hints of phantom revolt might never ever show
until you find yourself shaved,
poisoned and dismembered down the throat of the sea.
Raise the fucking flag.
The flag of mutiny.

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