



There Be Dragons

Just one last shot, the needle's now hot,
He makes a tight fist and finds the right spot.
The liquid, it floods him like fire and ice,
Finally, some peace, his soul's delight.
He slips into stupor, so far, far away,
Encompassing darkness shows him the way.

Billowing sails on the pirate ship, '*Light*,'
Onward, onward, on into the night.
"Attention all hands!" the Captain he yells,
"We aim to sail near the very gates of Hell."
All the lads they be quiet at Captain's words,
They let the thought settle, the adrenaline surge.

They ponder why he'd take them to certain death,
To skim past hell is to take one's last breath.
But good 'ol Cap'n they trust, never he'd failed,
To bring them back safely, from where e'er they'd sailed.
Choking back fear, they all answer his call,
Saluting him smartly, in line they all fall.

"All aboard!" on the pirate ship, '*Light*,'
Onward, onward, on into the night.
Captain follows the stars, they show him the way,
They've sailed many hours with no sign of day.
The mates grow restless as the night gets darker,
But steadily Captain watches for markers.

Lost markers that only he seems to see,
Amidst the so black, and now stormy sea.
"Hold ye all tight mates!" He yells with a smile,
Cutting the waves with such skill and such style.
The sea, it has risen in anger and hate,
It floods o'r the ship and some mates it did take.

At last the sea calms, and the lads they do cry,
For their lost mates yelling, "Captain, but why!?"
Captain sighs, so stoic, patient and brave,
He explains the sea chose which ones it would save.
To save who was left from destructive desires;
To purge them of evil and those who'd conspire.



The lads all are dumbfounded and dare not speak,
How dare Cap'n say that their mates were so weak.
That their weakness in mind, body, and soul,
Unworthy of Captain's unconscious goal.
But Captain just nods and straightens his hat,
He winks, "Lads, we be here and that is that."

The mates all are baffled, there's nothing in sight,
Just endless blackness on the pirate ship, '*Light*.'
Captain winks and nimbly jumps over the side,
"What a madman!" "A kook!" "He surely will die!"
Not a splash or a sound, follows Cap'n down,
The mates are now curious, "What has he found?"

So girded with courage so meagre and frail,
They follow him, follow him, follow his trail.
Overboard they leap from the very same spot,
Overcoming the blight their own fears had wrought.
They fall and fall, into a time unknown,
Landing softly, but with exhausted groans.

Sighs of relief as their feet meet the ground,
But where is the Captain? Nowhere to be found.
A very dim light, can be seen far away.
They follow it, follow it, it shows the way.
In a tiny rock cavern hidden from sight,
They see Cap'n on his knees below a faint light.

"Captain!" They exclaim, and begin to impart,
Their fears and hesitations felt from the start.
A journey so risky, haphazard and bold,
But as they gripe on Captain's reasons unfold.
Cap'n rolls up his sleeves, reveals bruises and tracks,
The mates are all stunned and taken rather aback.

Captain says nothing, just points up and away,
To the small light above him now blazing like day.
The mates shield their eyes as they struggle to look,
It's a memory of the day Cap's wife was took.
Kidnapped, raped, beaten, and tortured to death,
Another man stole his dear wife's last breath.

And so in his grief and hatred so deep,
He began chasing dragons, to make him not weep.
The mates all are silent in reverent respect,
Allowing good Captain his time to reflect.
They understand now why the sea took the others,
Despair, Anguish and Rage, their darker half-brothers.



So Acceptance, Love, Compassion and Hope,
Help dear old Captain back to the boat.
Again they set sail on the pirate ship '*Light*,'
Onward, onward, on into the light.
Sirens now wail, a teen sobs in reserve,
As medics take dad where he'll be observed.

Though Dad be asleep somewhere closer to hell,
He's going to return, his story to tell.
To tell his young teen of the pain on this earth,
And teach him to know that pain too has its worth.
It cleanses the spirit, the fire within,
And can lift you to heights, where dreams can begin.

"All aboard!" on the pirate ship '*Light*,'
Onward, onward, on into the light.
The choice now made to awaken within,
To free the soul and let the healing begin.
The pirate ship docks at it's harbour, the mind.
Where Captain begins to leave his darkness behind.

Bionote:



Christina Wilson is an outstanding poet and perceptive critic whose extraordinary humility keeps her from seeking the limelight. An insightful and nuanced reviewer, she is also a unique spiritual healer and freelancer. She has a passion for Constitutional law and justice and is one of the most important members of the advisory board of *Afflatus Creations*, an international journal, where she plays a dynamic role. She is currently based in Edmonton, Canada.