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Mrs. Hebert
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Cabin

The sheets wrinkle and wave,
spreading a blanket of ocean across the earth's plain.
The soft blankets drown me in warmth like a bearded mane,
and I find myself safely secluded in a seaside cave
where time is only a lost sailor I cannot save
and sound is miles of memory away, I only hear a soft storm rain.
A sense of comfortable confinement, an anchor tied to my chain...
My captain sacrificed everything, even his life he gave.

He was a lion of the sea who lead without fear.
The death of even one of his men was an idea so far away
that he would cut off his only arm
before he let one man's life leave his body that day.
That day when the storm screamed like hell for all to hear...
Because of my captain, I am now in bed, safe from any harm.