



## **Pirates**

by Jack Healey

I dreamt of pirates all night long.  
Bold and daring, young and strong,  
They fear no peril and cross all seas  
In search of treasures they can seize.

They named their ship '*the Merciless*,'  
And aptly so, for thus they fight –  
No quarter given. No quarter sought.  
'Tis death to all who take up arms.

The sea is home, if one there is.  
Most have no kin, or claim there's none.  
They live as brothers – trusted friends.  
Their bond is strong. Their love runs deep.

"To arms! To arms!" A sail appears.  
A prize draws near. The catch – a must.  
A game begins of skill and chance,  
And luck, and hope, and fear – a test.

As cannons blast at broadside foe,  
The helpless vessel soon falls prey.  
Fleeting, wounded, burning, sinking,  
She flounders, falls, her bounty taken.

Tomorrow, yet another day,  
To course the boundless seas and skies.  
For now they drink and revel long,  
With song and dance and tales of woe.

It's said a pirate never dies.  
Ghosts sail the seas relentlessly.  
To say a treasure's never safe  
Is truth indeed in pirates' minds.

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