

Ode to Isco

8/4/97

Many years the tide changes
 rolled beneath your keel.
Many hands have held the spokes
 upon your trusty wheel.
Now a green marsh claims you
 for her very own.
Your last days of sun and sea
 spent rotting all alone.

Carpenters and Boatwrights
 fussed about your planks.
Storms and seas rolled 'cross your deck
 Kept safe the men with thanks.
With all your business over
 Your contracts now complete
All your watches are relieved
 Your crews, at last, at last can sleep.

Shipworms in your engine spaces
 Birds nest on your bridge.
Cruel river destination
 sad your last voyage.
You look like you've been sitting there
 about a hundred years.
But on you men who work today
 began their tug careers.

Captain Binky got his start
 In 1964.
Upon your deck he threw your lines
 Became your paramour.
Now he pilots other tugs
 With tows of every kind.
Through the shallow waters
 Of coastal Caroline.



Steel hulls now replace
 All you wooden boats.
Harbors all around the world
 List you as just footnotes.
Nature has her way with you
 And all the works of man.
Only she is permanent
 living heavens plan.

BUT.....

Heaven has a special place
 for the dead boat soul.
Where no Northeast Winds will blow
 Grim seas will not roll.
There no shoals will grab a tow
 and all the pumps will start.
And the master's hands will guide you
 Along heaven's chart.