

"Oh, mariner, cast off fast from this shore,
Go back to your brine-bitch love.
Your pale ocean eyes and your nimbus hair
I'd never be willing to share.

"Take your ripe words far away from here,
She owns you brain and beard.
Why, even the taste of your kiss concurs
Your thoughts at the wheel are hers!"

He laughed, "The ocean's part god, part nymph,
Most scornful of mortal blades
Who waste their sighing fantasies
On any but live young maids."

She frowned so he said, "It's my livelihood!
There's much to both love and hate.
Whatever I am is completely yours;
I'll be a dependable mate."

But rigid she stood and he raised her chin.
"Still jealous of the main?" he smiled.
"Of course. If not lover then bastard son.
And you'll never forsake your kin.

"How many heads have you beguiled with your
Pirate's mouth and mahogany chest?"
"Far fewer than you with the lift of your
Lip and the up-tilt of your breast!"