

Lost at Sea

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"Batten the hatches" put on your life vests yelled the captain!
"Secure the rigging and nets...watch that loose boom", Before it knocks a man overboard!

The rain, and heavy seas, made fishing quite a nasty night, aboard the Sea-Cook that early night. We, had been trolling, and filling our nets, with freshly caught fish, that Mac Donald's and Long John Silver, needed for their restaurants. It was a valuable load for sure, and it would be my last trip aboard, the old Sea-Cook.

I, had made plans with my wife. This was to be my last trip out, as it would give us enough money to buy that little house in the valley. The one overlooking the Village, and the ocean. Then we could open that store, that we had been saving for.

"Every thing secured my captain" I, replied. Along with our two other crew members. Then we retired inside our vessel and ride out the storm, still wearing our life vests which is required, in case one of us are swept overboard. Or one of us falls over the side and into the water.

I, began to think of my lovely new bride. As I, left her there at the dock waving good-bye... Leaving her there, was so extremely hard for me to bear. When we kissed good-bye the feelings in my heart began an outcry.
As our fishing vessel pulled away from the dock.

Watching, as she got into our car and drove away.

Silently deep inside I, began to cry the days spent with her had been more than a dream come true.

The bubble bath, that awaited her presence. Surrounded with white carnations. Feelings, of love for which there was no absence.

The sensuous softness of her skin, as I placed butterfly kisses on her ear, lips, and chin.

Then brushing her long silken hair, words of love spoken softly. As our passions began to flair.

Never can I forget, the look on her beautiful face, or the feelings that followed.
Events that took place, after our vows that lasted several days.

Such pure bliss, as we enjoyed one another. Going for hours.

Whew! What a kiss!

My heart pleads for her soft, and tender touch again. Never again will I, say good-bye.

But for now, all I can do, is sigh!

"Hold on mates" "The sea's getting rough" Grab something, and hold on! The captain shouted". He saw the waves getting even bigger than before.

Suddenly...I, can feel the ship being lifted, as if in slow motion, the aft rising high.

Tossing us backwards, against the wall, loosing my grip... my head banging against the rear of the crew cabin, then flung forward, knocked unconscious, as my head was being slammed into the table, when I lost my ballance and grip.

Waking... I find myself in the water, alone. My vest kept me afloat, for I don't know how long. I try yelling for the others, but each time I would yell, my head would have great pain. It was then that I noticed blood... My blood! And it was coming from my forehead.

I started to panic, as I know sharks can smell blood, in the water from a great distance.

Out of the corner of my right eye, I saw something in the water, could it be?
Yes... an inflatable life boat still hooked to part of the wall from our vessel. I guess this means that the storm and waves, had torn our ship to shreds. I wonder if the others made it out or went down with it?

Somehow I managed to get too it, unhook it and pull the plug. Making it inflate with air.

I was able to climb in the life raft, causing me to pass out again.

In and out, of consciousness I went.
No food, or water, just the blazing sun, cooking me, little by little in the tiny life raft.

"As I lay there, my strength being slowly drained. As I began to dream... of my new bride".

I'm just a lost soul like a tiny fish, in a giant fish bowl.
Face worn and chapped, my destination unmapped.

Adrift, in this ocean so blue, wondering as the days pass bye, if I'll ever see you?

Lord Please!!!

Please, keep me alive, one more day.
If, some-how, some-way, you could guide this tiny raft.

Use my memory, dear Lord.
As my lips, are dry, and chapped.

Guide me home to the woman that I love.
She, has the beauty of an Angel.
Skin soft, as feathers on a dove.

Please, hurry Lord, I'm, in a lot of pain.

Guide this tiny raft, into a steamship lane.

I've been adrift six long days.
In, and out, I go. My mind a haze.

Not much longer, will I be able to sustain life...
The memories of my woman, my wife.

I'm fading away slowly, feeling very drowsy.
My strength slipping away.
Lord soon, I'll be at your doorway.

That noise?

My eyes...do they, deceive me?
I... must be delirious.

Is it?
Yes!
It's a plane!

It's going on bye...Please God!...
Oh Please
I don't want to die.

Wait!

It's, coming back!

Publication Date: February 13th 2011