Message in a Bottle:

“I’m all out of brandy,

And all out of shanty,

So come let’s have a good rhyme!

Let’s talk of the seas,

And talk of the breeze,

Before we run out of time!

The wind of my mind,

Sails from behind,

And pushes me ‘cross the sea!

The inspiration,

Of exploration,

Continues to capture me!

Think of the Earth,

Think of your mirth,

Be it down or up above!

But drink not of beer,

From this bottle here,

But liquidate your love!”

—1692, Atlantic Ocean, Golden Age of Piracy

“I came across you on the beaches up nigh,

When I’d nothing to do but sit there and cry.

For the damnable masses are played like a doll,

By the clerical asses who’re greedy for all.

To fight with a sword is distant to me,

So too with concord and tolerant treaty.

But war with the pen must surely go on,

‘Till thoughts open and free have won.

Thank you good stranger for giving me laugh,

Let’s off to more danger ‘cross uncharted graph!”

—1730, France, Age of Enlightenment

“My precedent sir of gloomy past,

My critical soldier, my knight of lambast,

Why, you’d happily cry from contrast,

If you saw that freedom had won at last.

For the home of the brave and the land of the free,

Have secured their liberty with Locke and Key.

Though it took more than time for the stars to align,

The halo protects and may God let it shine.

So odd to be writing to ghosts of hope,

But better than writing to ghosts of mope!

So sail away friends ‘till the next man writes,

Sail across oceans, dreams, and nights!”

—1788, U.S., Ratification of U.S. Constitution

“O, freedom of mind and body is nice,

But for greedy man it won’t suffice,

For by way of the mills,

Curiosity kills,

All of the humans as if they were mice.

Advancement ideal is a noble quest,

Bettering man and all of the rest,

But it’s only an end,

With means they don’t tend,

For they’ll smog the city to be the best.

So I’ll give you advice whoever’s to come,

Fight for your love but don’t become numb,

To the routes you take,

And the rules you break,

Else you’ll be marching to a deadbeat drum.”

—1825, England, Industrial Revolution

“I’ve unshackled our brothers in light of our foe,

I’ve unfettered my ego in light of my woe.

For a slave only wants a slave for his own,

Blind to the truth he’d never been shown.

And the millionaire man who seeks his own thrill,

More often than not leaves with no bill.

He stirs up commotion and makes a great wreck,

Leaving his playthings the generational check.

Be haughty and keen, daring and bright,

But let not your pride dissolve into spite.

For a rose is a rose as long as it’s red,

And pitiful dust the moment it’s dead.

We’re meant to reflect in pivotal times,

So I thank thee, O Chance, for these luminous rhymes.”

—1892, Ivory Coast, African Colonialization

“If only you could see how the world waits in fear,

How unless it’s them they won’t go near.

Your neighbor is dying but you invoke appeasement,

Does your lack of aid grant you easement?

But I don’t blame just the others,

I too call upon my own brothers.

You’re too greedy and blind for any coalition,

But without it we can’t succeed in our mission.

So call me dramatic towards a war sporadic,

But this is emblematic of a world autocratic.

So I’ll send you away, let’s see if it’s true,

When one day at bay you read me to you.”

—1937, Spain, Spanish Civil War