

Found at Sea

Surya's smile warms me as Vayu's breath fills my sails.

I thank Varuna for his gentle waves as my boat prances in glistening spray.
I am no admiral with cannon and shot;
I am no pirate with a pearl in one ear and a spike in one hand.
I follow where the fish lead and cast my net where they frolic beneath my keel.

Surya's smile warms me as Vayu's breath fills my sails.

A satchel of rice and a compass are all I need.
I'll be no curmudgeon, vexing my kin at home.
My boat is not a pretty craft, a dainty bauble in a Raj's berth.
She appears a tatterdemalion, but her lines are strong and no tear mars her sail.

Surya's smile warms me as Vayu's breath fills my sails.

Manu tied his vessel to the horn of the great fish Matsya
to rescue kin and kine when the world flooded so deep;
rejoicing in memory of a tiny minnow rescued...
I trust never to need so much.

The Sun warms me as wind fills my sails.

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Performed as "Maraha Kahanikar"

on June 29, 2024 at Atlantian Bardic Madness

Terms of the Challenge:

Fyt 3, Challenge 2: "Lobscouse—A Sailors' Stew"

Here is your list of words. Your challenge is to write and perform a piece including as many of the words as possible. Bonus applause if you manage to use all of them. Extra boasting rights if you use the last two as well.

Pearl	Bow	Lead	Wind	Tear	Live
Compass	Satchel	Keel	Cannon	Wave	Horn
Glisten	Spike	Curmudgeon	Tatterdemalion		