

Anchors Assail

The wind whispers, like the blowhole of a whale
It shares the maturing of a young male
As a sailor pulls up the anchor of life and sets sail
He stands on the bow and through his hair the mist did plow, as he grabbed the rail.
The sun beats down on his brow, he reflects on her tale,
Optimistic, his cup has no bottom it's always full,
He joined the navy to escape the chance of prison, or parole.
He longed to get away, he never heard them say, the way, waves roll,
Or what his roll would be on the large oversized steel gray wale.
He used a diamond to cut that whole hole in his whole soul before he'd set sail.
It shined in his eyes, his love, his light, his life,
It was a heavy burden to carry but he made it light and carried that weight with no strife.
It was the smell of Liz Claiborne lying in bed with Ralph Lauren
It was as bold as a trumpet and as soft as a violin.
He was his own man with nothing to prove,
He loved the way that California would move
The ground would shake in sync with the radio groove.
Just the same unpredictable way the earth could not be tame
He received new orders and the Pacific Ocean was calling his name.
His heart was an indoor cat outside in the rain,
No shelter from fear or anxiety and grief was his pain.

He set sail for the longest time but right after the first,
He came home with a strong desire to quench a hunger and thirst.
You know the deal, hot action, tires squeal, and so do ladies
That's how it is when sailors make babies.
Three months gone out to sea, three years for three months out to see.
She said, "I won't forget you, don't forget me,"

Port after port, day after day, night after night,
A married man's nightmare, a single sailor's delight,
One day out to sea is longer than an eternity with your lover.
The night is black, but not as black as being without your significant other.

What happens underway stays underway,
That's what the whoremongers would say everyday
Mack would wonder, "what do the navy wives say?"
May be an old cliché, "when the cat's away the mice will play."
After all they couldn't be that original.
Cranky whoremongers of the south pacific
Are sick ships sinking as they sway to be specific
Port to starboard, and forward to aft
The waves of their destruction roared as the tide in their path would laugh.

Good ole Mack could not be yoked with this kind of beast
Mack had to find something to keep his soul at peace
When he hit those foreign towns of lonesome lies
He would walk the streets with quick feet and speak with his eyes
These guys knew each other for years but felt at home no one knows us
They had to smell with their ears and listen with their noses
Mack bought some more beers and dreamed of a Mandwich
Instead when Mack came back all he got was an ear sandwich
Helping after helping, topping after topping,
There was no stopping; he was sopped from the sopping,
His heart was sinking as the floor was dropping.

Lost Lovers Longing for each other to be alone with one another
Absence makes the heart grow weaker when you are around a pleasure seeker.
As day fades tonight, and night turns to day
As the sun turns the dashboard in his truck from tan to gray
As snails crawl along their path to reach that final destination
As a family waits two more years for that overdue vacation
Mack waited for his dream but it had no anchor
The fire of his desire was nothing but canker
Now he goes to places that remind him of way back when
He tried to be a good husband, he ponders on how it could have been.
As bottles of beers sing karaoke
Hazy white streams dance from the Smokey
The rise of smoke causes the ceiling to fall
Tears from Mack's memories drip down the bar room wall.