

“Death by Water”

Kingfisher weather, with a light fair breeze,
Full canvas, and the eight sails drawing well
We beat around the cape and laid our course
From the Dry Salvages to the eastern banks.
A porpoise snored upon the phosphorescent swell,
A triton rang the final warning bell
Astern, and the sea rolled, asleep.
Three knots, four knots, at dawn; at eight o'clock
And through the forenoon watch, the wind declined;
There after everything went wrong.