

Exploration

The palisades kept no fever out
 Nor bite of bug, nor stink of rain
 Nor savage green, nor rot of chinquapin.
 All drifted in and laid us out

On boards laid out for all eternity

We drank our water raw in thatch
 And wattle, boiled our mud. George
 Flowre died of swelling. Of a
 Wound, William Bruster, Gentleman

On the tenth day, died a' raving

Before we'd settled in properly
 Mounds of us were bolting for the sea

Smith took sail in the Discovery

Poked mananose of Shellfish Bay
 And dined on ray, Smith in fits
 Of laughing, sicke, with poisoned Blood
 Thought nothing of it. He, "Shoot me," sayd

"Shoot me," sayd the Captain in his bed
 With no thought but to be obeyed
 Blood flows like Blood in expiring light
 With no more meaning than water might

With no more meaning than water might
 Pocahontas, when Smith returned
 Cartwheeled naked in raped Jamestown
 Blood floods like Blood and Blood alone

We paid respects, buried dead
 And then were gone