

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The old stories warn you about shooting albatross. The old sailors warn you too. Everyone says don't shoot the birds with wings like kalamazoo. But nobody tells you what to do when hunger is all that's left. Fifteen days lost at sea and we are all bereft? We are three: a tinker, a tailor, a candlestick maker. The second of those is me. Fishing for sport, fishing for pleasure, was never thought to be bad. But have a few beers and lose fifteen years then you'll be like us three. We are lost at sea and pity me for I never liked these three. We are three bad men alive in sin and now we are stuck at sea.

The tinker's name was Julius Robert, a man of many means. He owned this boat from whence we float forever on the seas. He thought he owned the waves because he dug the grave, long ago over the sea. It would be best for all that he went and drowned, but alas I'm on his boat. What an evil man, what an evil plan. Thanks to him we killed the man.

Enola Gay was the maker that day. But candles weren't his game. He loved his mom but he should have wrote a song rather than what he did that day. She would not be proud to know how loud it was that her son smote. We called him hero and he dropped a zero on that woeful day.

That leaves me. I am number three. McKnight of yonder green. Do not ask, I was not on horse back on that fateful day. I was the one of three who left unneeded, lost without a pay. An albatross shot by us, but at least not by me.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

It was August sixth of the forty-fifth, the day we shot that bird. So many died but I didn't cry because it was not me. I did not lose my pay. I've seen the

maidens, our gift for saving the world from one another. Twenty-five in all, covered with pall forever in my dreams. But it was not me, I do not see why I am the one they curse. I was there that day. I saw it fall, the albatross to its death. I cannot say why I stayed or why I went on that boat. I volunteered, I never feared what would hang about my throat.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.