Bound

Joshua Tenney*
Bound
Joshua Tenney

Though tempted, not deafened
By wax in the ears,
Enthralled by songs sweetened
By crippling fears,
I steer not toward shipwreck
Nor death by the beast,
For I’m bound to the mast
As the ship sails east.

My men cannot hear it,
And were I not tied,
I would follow that hymn
To weep by your side.
For it’s lilting, your voice,
It haunts from the sea,
I would shatter this vessel
But never be free.