

The Crabs

The people in the town of Cain
All boarded up their quarters.
A gyre turning ocean rain
Would carry out God's orders.

As townsfolk braced themselves and prayed
Performing their devotion,
An oddity the Devil made
Was stirring in the ocean.

A wild, wayward cast of crabs
Forsook the murky dregs.
They clamored shoreward, trading jabs
And stretching out their legs.

The interloping arthropods
Were quick to seize the bay,
And on the beach, a lightning rod
Threw light upon their prey.

A seaside shack of Spanish stone
Stood sturdy in the squall.
The door swung when the wind was blown
And beckoned to them all.

They swarmed the beachside bungalow
And made their home inside.
They found the shelter apropos
For keeping out the tide.

The squatters in their swindling
Found rations foul and fresh,
For in the bedroom, dwindling,
Was gray, decaying flesh.

Pincers picking through his bones,
Collectors took the beast.
For though he'd thwarted Davy Jones,
He would not fare the feast.

Gnawing at his every part,
The crabs consumed him whole.
And when they ate the fisher's heart,
The crabs subsumed his soul.

And each began to wonder why
They'd lingered for so long
In inky, frigid waters by
A seaside warm and strong.

Merrily, they mimicked Man,
Their host on which to dine,
A sinful and unnatural clan
Departing from the brine.

They spoke just as the human had
In hollow, husky sounds;
An intonation low and mad
Of voices through the grounds.

They drank his drinks and played his games
And read his magazines.
They called each other vulgar names
As rain came through the screens.

But remnants of the offal
Stained the fisher's treasured quilt,
And suddenly, an awful
Wave imbued the crabs with guilt.

The tempest finally touched the plain,
Each creature warm inside,
But wind and rain devoured Cain,
Not one allowed to hide.

Amid the breach, a villain prayed,
The veil of magic thinning.
"Forgive me tempest, I have strayed,
But it's my first time sinning."

The hurricane's indifference
Echoed out in raucous thunder.
A deluge of deliverance
Arrived to pull them under.

The sinners in a tick of shock
Dispersed throughout the room,
And God above expelled the flock
Back toward the ocean's womb.

She washed away their human ways,
Absorbed their every fault.
Recast them to their early days
Of blood and mud and salt.