

An apology for Kaitlyn:

The Captain, The Iceberg, and The Ship

He was the Captain of the Titanic,
The most impressive ship on this Earth.
And he, the most impressive Captain,
But I ask now what is that worth?

Whenever the ship was brought up
The Captain beamed with pride.
It was the thing that brought him the most joy in life,
The true apple of his eye.
One day he was guiding the Titanic,
As it crashed its way through the sea.
The air was unforgivably frigid,
But that was of no concern to he.
The captain had a destination
On the front of his mind.
And was paying no attention
To the danger growing over time.
The meteorologist had warned of ill winds.
The cartographer saw treachery in the route.
His first mate thought their speed was too fast,
But the captain found these concerns, minute.
For he had the brains and the skill,
To tackle any challenge that came.
He'd captained this ship, for thousands of trips,
And each had turned out the same.
With cheers and a hero's welcome!
When he finally stepped foot back on land.
Sure, the winds were heavy today,
He thought, but why wouldn't everything go as planned?

The day began to grow darker,
And the waves on the sea began to rise.
But the captain paid no attention
For he was too skilled, too savvy, too wise.
A deckhand called from below,
That he saw something off in the distance.
And a steady rain had begun falling,
But the captain chose insistence.
He pushed the crew to work harder,

Even as the distant shape took its form.
“An Iceberg, An Iceberg!” they called out loudly from below,
so as to be heard over the growing storm.
The captain’s determination had become hubris,
As he demanded the ship to go on.
“An Iceberg will not be our downfall,
For I am armed with my brain and my brawn.”
The crew’s desperate pleas to change course,
Were hopelessly lost in the winds’ howl.
Not that it would’ve concerned the captain,
His face frozen in scowl.
He bellowed at the Iceberg,
Laughing in a taunting craze,
“I am the greatest Captain alive,
And this ship, no iceberg could phase!”
The rain felt like bullets, the wind cut like knives,
The waves had flooded the ship.
But the Captain continued to roar into nothing,
Never once letting go of his grip.

I’ve heard tales from survivors,
Who were on the Titanic that night.
Each of them equally horrifying,
But only one that gives me real fright.
They say when the Titanic hit the Iceberg,
The Captain uttered no words,
Like he had this secret inside him.
To himself, he had already conferred.
That he knew the ship would not make it.
That he knew he was destined to fail.
How all the false confidence
Was nothing more than a veil.
The truth was that he was scared of the seas.
And the water, so icy and cold
He did not care for the wind in his hair.
Did not think he matched the captain’s mold.
He never wanted to be the Captain.
He saw it as a role that didn’t fit.
It always lurked within him,
In his stomach, a constant pit.

But if there’s one thing about this Captain,
That I can promise you all is true,

He loved his ship, and it made him very happy,
So all the rest, he went through.
It was for the ship he arose each morning,
And pretended to be brave.
The ship gave him enough courage
To boldly stare at the waves.

The Titanic now sits on the ocean's floor
And will never be seen from again.
But the Captain never let go, his grip still in tact,
Because that ship was his best friend.