

# THE BELLMAN

*& Other Narrative Poetry*



Lewi G

# **The Bellman**

## & Other Narrative Poetry

Lewi G

This book is for sale at <http://leanpub.com/thebellman>

This version was published on 2012-11-25

This is a Leanpub book. Leanpub helps authors to self-publish in-progress ebooks. We call this idea Lean Publishing.

To learn more about Lean Publishing, go to <http://leanpub.com/manifesto>.

To learn more about Leanpub, go to <http://leanpub.com>.



©2012 Leanpub

## **Tweet This Book!**

Please help Lewi G by spreading the word about this book on [Twitter](#)!

The suggested hashtag for this book is [#bellmanpoetry](#).

Find out what other people are saying about the book by clicking on this link to search for this hashtag on Twitter:

<https://twitter.com/search/#bellmanpoetry>

## **Also By Lewi G**

Dual Blades

*For those who dream wakefully*

# **Contents**

<b>The Bellman</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>Brimstone City</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>Galleon's Grace</b>	<b>8</b>

# The Bellman

A woman sat there in black  
frock and coat.

The mist woven and stacked  
to her throat.

A pond lay in her vision,  
flat, perfect and mirrored.

There a rose sat in precision,  
its felt surface appeared-  
To be bloated,  
ugly and cankered.

Up to her foot it floated.  
On the shore it anchored.

A lithe, gloved hand  
took it to palm  
And unfurled its bands  
with stony calm.

Inside lay a pearl  
of quiet black.

Like a lonely young girl

or a deep crack.

The woman's body  
cast a shudder.

Her throat turned shoddy  
as she began to stutter.

"What sickness,  
I did touch,  
that causes such ill fitness,  
my throat to clutch?"

With a heavy heave  
she said no more;  
Red bilge did leave  
and grace the floor.

She stood with a shake  
from the bench,  
Her frame now that of rake,  
thin as a wrench.

Her hat felt as if  
it was shrinking.

She managed to lift  
up and off the cap of thinking.

She tore a few blond hairs  
out as well.

This is when her cares  
raised to Hell.

For she caught sight  
of the now restless pond.

A white cloak broke its height,  
plainly no vagabond.

The cloaked stranger,  
rose up above her.

He oozed a great danger,  
and a primal stir.

His hair was that  
of white fur.

Down to his knees, it hung at,  
Its ends a watery blur.

He looked down at the woman,  
with proud blue eyes.

Identifying himself as “The Bellman,”  
he gave her a prize.  
“You are now passing on

the torch,”  
he said as he donned  
and gave her hat a perch.  
“I’m not done yet,”  
she said guardedly.  
The rose and pearl duet  
still in her hand, charmingly.  
A sweep of his arm  
and the pearl flew to him.  
The rose still firm,  
rolled to the water’s trim.  
The Bellman raised his voice  
to a hymn.  
The pearl did rejoice  
and opened to phantom limbs.  
A young boy sat in the orb,  
mind gazing at the world.  
He looked hopeful and superb  
but went back, tired and curled.  
The Bellman looked from  
the orb to the lady.

“The boy is numb  
and may return from the shady.”

The woman was now bare  
of much skin and health.

Distraction was rare  
and yet she tried for stealth.

As she began to slowly crawl away  
The Bellman shook his head.

He thought, *You will obey,*  
*you're as good as dead.*

As he clawed at her with his mind  
so she clawed the dirt.

When she finally became resigned  
the cold water did on her assert.

Water filled her mouth and nose  
soothing her pained throat.

So she did not go in throes  
but softly wrapped in her soggy coat.

The Bellman dropped the pearl  
to the grassy ground.

It spun and rolled, with a twirl

as it moved off, totally unbound.

So The Bellman went back to his games,  
before sinking, taking a final breath.

He has been called many names:  
Thanatos, Reaper, Death.

The lake, wood, and bench did still sit  
unencumbered by such creature's wit.

# Brimstone City

I wish to go to Pandemonium  
Where the demons are so very fancy  
And Lucifer speaks from his podium.  
  
Stronger men in the Fields are shown pansy  
When the punisher brandishes his whip  
In disdain for those who have sinned in vain.  
  
When an angel does venture his wing tip  
He will find himself the Lord's only thane.  
Fire is not fire, it is justice's fist.  
  
Death is not blessed, when he walks the steps  
Headlong and courageous through the bloody mist  
For want of receiving his respects.  
  
You may wonder why I wish to go there.  
In sad truth, it is because it is fair.

# Galleon's Grace

Borne on islands that no longer exist,  
quickly riding the breath of mermaid's mist  
was a ship of the highest caliber.

No man of the sea could ever resist.

This was the tale Captain Manning did hear.

Drinking the hearty ale that banished fear,

He yelled to his men in the gruffest voice,

“If ye wish to win tonight, raise a cheer!”

The tavern was then filled with drunk delight.

The next morn held headaches and loss of sight

so the crew decided to wait a day.

Even the Captain fled visible light.

Manning held in his possession a map

and description of the galleon's wrap.

Apparently, it was white as lightning

and empty as a dirty beggar's lap.

Half a week later, their poor ship set off.

It was immediately plagued with coughs,

malnutrition, scurvy, fevers and chills.

Many men died and the sea turned them soft.

Finally, they reached their destination.

Before they could emote their elation,

Manning looked over the vista and saw

just a turtle of white gradiation.