

Ship of Fools

Kris Symer

A tiny shred of doubt
Soon tears the market's sail
Skipper reels in disbelief
No forecast called for gales

He turns the bow upwind
Determined not to fail
A ragged sheet comes down
It's well beyond repair

All hands descend the cabin
Searching in despair
Every berth is empty
No one packed a spare

Long adrift without a chance
In howling wind and rain
A ship of fools begins to list
Weighted down by blame

A slighted force before unseen
Turned brightest visions pale
Their race would now be won
Had swifter minds prevailed