

I was number one,
 I tamed him,
I broke its neck,
 and he objected

leveraging knowledge,
 I was number one.
During rough weather
 aboard the lifeboat
I died

I objected, I wanted
 the lifeboat
I was going backwards
 to see who i was
I was number one.

He wanted control
 His head and neck gave up trying
I was number one
 he was number two.

From that day on my greatest wish
was either I tamed Richard Parker,
who was forever hungry,
or I died.

The hours were long, the weather was rough.
The fish were small
With Richard Parker,
Life was tough

I felt like my mastery was in question.
Whenever I'd climb aboard the lifeboat,
Richard Parker objected.

I master I master
I tamed I tamed

Food was apprehension
Water was anxiety
I was weary
And time would be gobbled up

Anger roused me
My heart was sinking
I was afraid
And time was gobbled up

Sometimes my heart would be gobbled up
into the Pacific
Desolation, I am the source
And time would be gobbled up

Today the only choice left was death
I will die today. Victims of the
sort of fights that came with might.
I die, I die.

It was rights that I needed,
I began to pick at fish heads, rather.
I die, I die.

The sort of death then tossed
to Richard Parker. I chose death
death by animal
I die, I die.

The sun and the salt
I use them as bait
or death by water or animal
I die, I die.

I got into the habit of this noisy, frantic, unchewing wolfing-down from a single smell

Like Richard Parker

I ate like a whole town of animals

Like Richard Parker

I launched into the water to clean up

Like Richard Parker

A message of mine arose, exactly

Like Richard Parker

Change was the ceaseless wind
These events were a sign that disturbed me
The sea was a jungle of deference
God was not the reality

Beyond the lumps in a mattress
He saw no river which he could
drink freely
God was not the reality

You can get used to anything, I promise. Salvation, I promise.
Don't give up - isn't that what all survivors say?
I became attached to Richard Parker again and again
That roar was still ringing in my guts
My greatest gift was to have new eyes and
a fresh understanding
Don't give up, though. Haven't I already said that?
Days later a book weighed down the raft a little
One I could read each time to these oceanic hitchhikers
With them I'll get you to land
You can get used to anything, I promise. Salvation, I promise.

The worst pair of opposites is
distance and contact
terror pushing up the neck
Time became boredom for me
in the way it was for all mortals

Pushing up and holding
breaks eyes
breaking the worst pair of opposites
Time became boredom for me
in the way it was for all mortals

Incomprehensible
supernatural
Time became boredom for me
in the way it was for all mortals

To pull me out of bitter emotion
To fight my family and fall for the same trap twice
From my limited experience I had a good chance to fight like an animal
Morality is a state of exalted wonder

When I advise fish with the intent to kill
They understand that they may be killed
Morality is a state of exalted wonder

Always I felt hope, raised and dashed
I was a wild animal
I was pulled with the understanding of family
To pull me out of the wild
Morality is a state of exalted wonder

Survival Manual

The good, nutritious, salt-free drink
promised every meal
was simply perfect
In no time, we would be sitting once again
We were emaciated mammals
parched and starving

Water that soaked me, emptied me
Red angry blood
It was its blood that tempted me
Salt-water boils-red, angry, disfiguring
Water - just beyond the reach of my hand
We were emaciated mammals
parched and starving

Thousands of tons of water
Promised by the sea
High seas hovering above us
Different from the last
We were emaciated mammals
parched and starving

How could I sleep if the present moment kept moving?
I can hardly believe it myself

None of the birds ever helped me find my way
I can hardly believe it myself

Anxiety sparks the remarkable feeling that things were different
I can hardly believe it myself

The stars got by on my survival
I can hardly believe it myself

I lived stark naked
Inner life was revealed
and the roller coaster would start again
the whistle

the whistle
dangled from my neck by a string
sea anchor ropes would snap to tautness
the turtle thrashed about

the whistle
inner life was revealed
the land would move once more
we perished away

the whistle
dangled from my neck by a string

I became insane in a moment
Don't give up

I looked Richard Parker dead in the eyes
Don't give up

Attached with fresh new eyes
Don't give up

I could understand these oceanic hitchhikers
Don't give up

Richard Parker weighed the raft down a little
Don't give up

Read again and again
Don't give up

Each time brought on by hunger
Don't give up

And so
Don't give up

I wanted a symbol of time
Either we come to see a symbol
or I die
like old friends that are
visibly trembling

I wanted a symbol of time
these curmudgeonly spots objected
the boat to
rough weather

I wanted a symbol of time
the day Hindus limbs around
spots of shine and silver
one and two are divine
I wanted a symbol of time

So you see, India, it's unreliable

So you see, my fantasy was not zookeeping

So you see, humanity could not be counted on

So you see, I looked for meals that might be of use to us

So you see, psychological bullying grew to be the size of anything

So you see