

The Price of Culture

Yoake's song hugs the steam from the delicate—
Tea bowl, kimono silk adorns crossed legs.

**Bastarding yells strike down below though the filthy wet dogs
Flash and recoil from mother nature's whip provoke the ghoulish sea.**

Ivory hair pins, embellished hand fans, and lacquered wood chop sticks lay dormant
Rice, seafood with seaweed, wasabi, sansho, ginger, and speech without words.

**The captain slams against the tumultuous Royal Katherine
Bestowed from King Charly himself the overripen bottle stains the deck.**

The women graced before bartered trinkets and spice in the koenoshō market, but roles split
Samurai to the land of darkness, shigo no sekai, bow goodbye to a lost brother.

**While the only spirit lapped up by the raucous crew be grog
As the landlubber's in the corner over the barrel with Davy Jones sickness.**

Seppuku grotesquely performed taking blame in honor of the lost
Held above life the principles and culture of the Samurai.

**Shiver up lad, yells the crew as the play put on from the old sea dog goes on
Flickering shadows near flame chart on walls the boorish and whimsic mockery of the east.**

Far off wind whispers against broad paneled armour, alerts of strange gusts
Rise the Samurai taken notice of what's to come.

**Swaying in the raging storm are the stories I write, some seen, some only heard, and some yet to be
I fear the tales that follow will need to be written by those that follow.**