

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE SORCERER

FERALIN

Across the sea where water monsters hiss
Bow of the ship turned towards the isle of bliss
Carved fierce faces on painted timbers, all showered in mist
Dawn burns over bladed birds, smoldering tigers, bronze apes, waiting while the master makes a list
Examining his crew the sorcerer sighs; this voyage might lead to his doom,
Fearfully Feralin glances at the sea, prophesied to be his tomb
Gently the nymphs sing to him, saying that in their depths he would come to no harm
However, he ignores their petty charm,
Into his mind the sickness wormed, making beauty a blur and music a din
Just as he evaded death once, now he must do it again.
Keeping away from the shallows for fear of the great poisonous reef
Lightly skimming over the water, the boat moves like a thief
Midnight comes on the seventh night,
Now pain so great he couldn't tell darkness from light,
Only through a bitter brew of powder diamonds, enchanted ash, and scarlet lion blood,
Poor Feralin's body returns to feeling like fresh from cold, weak mud.
Quickly getting up from where he was sprawled on the enchanted ship
Remembering the sickness soon would re-tighten its crushing grip
Shouted "Onward," to his magical crew even as he swallowed the potion so vile,
Torture for him as they sailed towards the legendary isle
Until a great, golden dragon rose from where it lived in a coral maze

Vibrating the ship with his wings, fighting Feralin's creatures before lighting the deck ablaze

When the vessel was lost he swam from the burning trap,

X-Marked island as clear in his mind as on his stolen map

Yet, in sight of the white sand and emerald grasses, Feralin was turned away, broken forever to his core,

Zero were left of his days; he never reached the healing shore

-Cody Hipkind