

Memories of the sounds of the legs of boll weevils: *lift and fall and then lift and then fall*. A man by the name of Captain is a living effigy. A crew by any other name is not a dog with a taste for the blood of its men. Hands reach out from both sides of the dark, arms pulling ever downward at the sound of each bitten sigh. Thoughts of carousels—horses painted up like port-town hags. Captain gauges his chances of scurrying away into the cracks of the faceless dark. Two broken knees make the sound of water-crashed rocks. The sea stutters quiet as it snaps his eyelids shut. Songs of the calliope: *lift and fall and then lift and then fall*. The boll weevil's work is never done.