



**SEAFARERS**

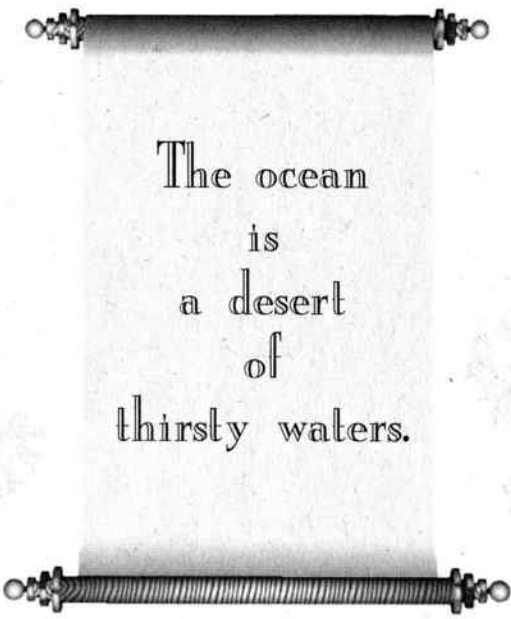
**CLAUDIO**

**OSWALD**

**NIEDWOROK**

*Chronicles of the  
Suspense & Romance  
of the Sea*

V i s i o n E r a C o n c e p t s



The ocean  
is  
a desert  
of  
thirsty waters.

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# Foreword

I was born and raised close to the sea, near the coast of Maine. The sea has an inexplicable presence in my spirit. The more I try to express that presence, the less I succeed. Yet, I enjoy merely trying, knowing well that it will forever overpower my pen.

The sea helps affirm the magnificence of God's design of our planet; it evokes images of beauty, life, adventure, and the mysteries of its depths. For thousands of years, the sea has been a silent witness to the history of mankind - trading, fishing, whaling, exploration, wars and conquests. Untamed, the sea has no rival - and never will.

Claudio, my dear friend, whose spirit and mine are linked by our love and respect for the sea, has produced in *Seafarers* a masterful collection of prose and poetry. His pen has captured magnificently the mystical power of the sea and its endless capacity for tales of adventure. *Seafarers* draws its strength from the integrity of Claudio's soul, from his many years at sea, and from his uncanny ability to transform into rich, evocative images what he has so keenly observed, felt and imagined.

*Seafarers* can cast you onto the open sea and be your companion throughout the journey. May your journey be as fulfilling for you as it has been - and will always be - for me.

Dr. Myles Martel

*U.S. President Ronald Reagan's Communications Counsel and Debate Advisor*

Dedicated first and foremost to our  
Father/Creator and Mother Ocean herself

And to all of those ships that do not pass in the  
night...Friendships

Gary Jensen

Marcel Marceau

Sea Captain and lifetime friend, Don Punkka

In loving remembrances to Mama Mia and Papa

My Cherokee Best Friend Rickey Lynch and  
Ruby

The Mayor of Lizard Lick, NC ~ Charles Wood,  
Shirley, Ma Pearl and my Wood family

Buddy and Tascha and all of the dogs and  
animals that have touched my life

And for all of My Family of Friends and  
Readership

~

Prosperous winds and clear horizons. Cheers!

The Artist CLAUDIO.

# Seafarers

"Chronicles of the Suspense and Romance of the Sea"

by

Claudio Oswald Niedworok

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# Seafarers





# No Man's Land

It is said that the sea is the devil's domain  
where angels move only in silent refrain  
Where the waters may leap like a demon on high  
and the visions about are a seed in the eye

With her bounty of sorrows stored fathoms below  
by the skulls of her tempters that roll in her tow  
This no man's land; This pirate's abode  
that tugs at the sinews of her every load

I bid you, I bid you - if only you dare  
to lend me your vision these visions to share  
Of sun, moon, of shadow and the lure of the sea  
of all that is kindred to the soul that is me.



The sea has a rage  
that is fathoms deep,  
Heed neer to cause  
her soul to leap.

# Windsong

I have lived my life on foreign shores  
as a lover of the sea  
Drinking down my nevermores  
when they wouldn't set me free.

I spent my years saluting winds  
which gave my sails direction  
And ever was it plain to see  
my youth in my reflection.

'Though now I greet my autumn season  
like a leaf upon the wind  
Who, in having lived by love and reason,  
will bear my self once more to journey.

This body, 'though merely a shell,  
has truly lived and served me well.  
These eyes, 'though rugged by the years,  
have smiled their smiles and shed their tears.

So all in all I am rejoicing  
upon this sea alone  
For in the wind is a spirit voicing  
a call to bring me home.

I pray the prayer of every sinner  
and poets much alike  
That my spirit clothes me a winner  
upon that final hour's strike.

And as I journey from here to hence  
where there is neither gate nor fence  
As an older man I must concede...  
a windsong now is all I need.



Death I fear thee not,  
for I have stared long  
into your stillborn eye,  
and shall but for a moment  
bear that vacant yoke  
ere I depart.



# Scafarers

The captain cried, "We're home at last!"  
as the ship came close to shore  
I swore I'd leave the ocean then  
and ride her waves no more.

We drank of the first of a loaded round  
of which we'd all be drinking more,  
The toasting of mugs was the only sound  
until a drunkard struck the floor.

"We made it safe," the captain said,  
"assail that savage sea.  
Now you go home and I'll explain  
of the two that died for me."

The First-mate staggered outward  
then turned to say goodbye,  
The Chef, he headed homeward  
as he belched his last reply.

It was soon that the crew had left him  
before long they'd all bade farewell.  
And so we drank, aye, the captain and I  
for we'd still many a drunk tale to tell.

"I propose a toast to Arthur  
for a mighty fine lad was he  
Who'd saved the heads of the captain and crew  
then drowned in the savage sea."

"So I propose a toast to Benjamin,"  
said I with a tear-eyed grin,  
"Who never knew what struck him  
'til the great white pulled him in."

We soon drank down every promise  
that another sun would rise  
And then slept upon the premise  
that I'd spare my last goodbyes.

The day broke gray and sullen  
as I awakened on the deck  
Today he would be sailing  
alone upon this wreck.

I climbed down to his cabin  
through a galley ruined below  
To suggest he hire crewmen  
as he yawned and then said, "No!"

"No!" said he, "My friend,  
I'll not take the chance again  
Of reaching troubled waters,  
and losing a few good men."

He said he hadn't slept well  
for the night was moist and hot.  
I could tell his dreams were troubled  
'though he spoke as they were not.

The captain felt it duty  
to sail another thousand miles  
To bring tidings of dead crewmen  
to their loved ones on the isles.

I had sworn to leave the ocean  
'though somehow I felt refrain  
For without a friend's devotion  
I felt his journey'd be in vain.

Well, I soon replaced the mastmen  
    who had lost their lives at sea  
As I saw a weary captain  
    look in disbelief at me.

“I thought you were set to leave lad?  
    Could’ve sworn I’d seen you go.”  
Said I, “No, my friend, I’m staying  
    for another wicked blow!”

Once we’d stocked with food and drink  
    we set her tattered sails for sea  
And then we prayed she wouldn’t sink  
    and leave a faring memory.

So I swore to leave the ocean  
    and to ride her waves no more  
‘Though I’d taken such a notion  
    o’er a hundred times before.

From the sailour’s viewpoint, the sea is  
the journey and land is at best a  
temporary destination.

# Adrift

Once again a chill night wind  
blows its gales across the sea  
as the sunset casts  
an enflamed  
and rippled hue  
across the waters.  
Vast distances  
of *Liquid Motion*  
stretch their infinity before me  
and I have rarely felt  
so free.  
The sails are drawn  
for a night of rest  
where I go from here  
the sea knows best.  
As the veils of night  
descend upon me  
the moon emits  
its silvery canvas  
against a spectacle  
of aquatic celebration  
as is only seen by night.  
The stars are  
scattered worlds  
of light  
against an opaque sky  
and the nightfall  
is a constant whisper  
of the mysteries around me.  
Truly  
all description  
would defy the beauty  
I choose herein to proclaim  
yet still  
'though encompassed  
by more wonder  
than many a man



has e'er freed his soul  
to admire,

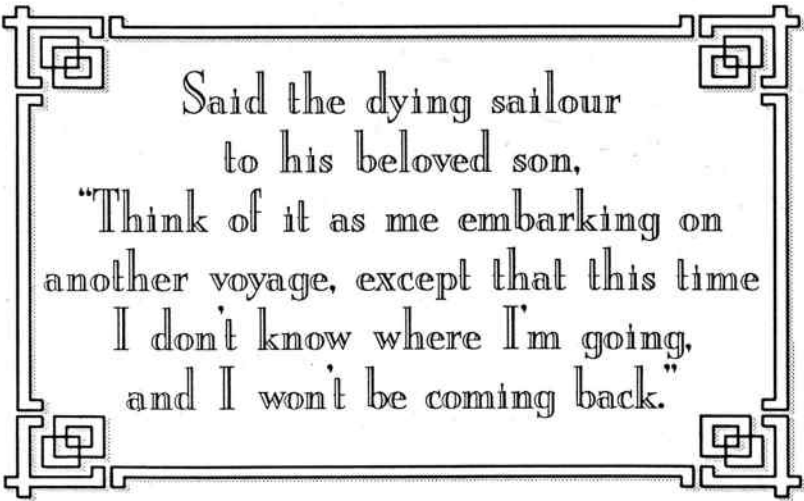
my thoughts are adrift  
with the song of my heart  
and the song of my heart  
with the voice of my soul.

Adrift...

adrift...

adrift...

Drifting ever back to you.



Said the dying sailour  
to his beloved son,

“Think of it as me embarking on  
another voyage, except that this time  
I don't know where I'm going,  
and I won't be coming back.”

## Atlantic Serenade

Dreamer on a sleepy ocean  
travelling on your waveless seas  
Timeless thoughts steal your devotion  
while you fly life's memories.

Sail the seas within your mind  
walk on water, ride the waves  
For before long, my friend, you'll find-  
you have found freedom from the graves.

You face the midnight purple haze  
of autumn ways too soon passed by  
And you embrace those yesterdays  
with life's last kiss and then they die.

Dreamer on your sleepy oceans  
travelling with your clouded skies  
Sing your songs of love's emotions  
and spare the world your sad goodbyes.

# Echoe of a Thousand Seasons

Her eyes were deep with many years  
graduated through her tears.

Her hair hung in timeless descent,  
her smile the season's ornament.

And like the scent of flowered spring  
her voice became my song to sing.

We stole our only night to be  
sand pebbled moments by the sea.

As timeless as the sky we'd race  
to fall into our warm embrace.

I loved her then for many reasons;  
her echoe of a thousand seasons.

And although her twilight sunset smile  
dawned to be mine for just a while.

And she gave no promise of tomorrow  
my heart contends a happy sorrow.

In gratitude I will accept her reasons  
for the night she echoed a thousand seasons.

# The Mercenary Tide

This ship has sailed from sea to shore  
    'though it will take me home no more  
For I shall leave her deck at sea  
    and soon become a memory.

The tale I have to tell is long  
    and concerns the devil's daughters.  
I pray my words will be as strong  
    as these tormenting waters.

The clouds hung low in dreary skies  
    as we sailed the wicked waves  
And mine must have met the devil's eyes  
    as we crossed these watery graves.

The ship was tossed from side to side,  
    the crew lay weak and ill.  
And soon this mercenary tide  
    prepared us for the kill.

The crewmen left me one by one,  
    the mast hung loose and broken.  
And then there 'rose a midday sun;  
    it was the devil's token.

The waters reached a steady calm  
    and clouds all disappeared  
I felt a finger touch my palm,  
    to say the least - I feared!

I soon beheld a lovely lady  
    standing by my side.  
Her eyes appeared a trifle shady,  
    said I - Woe betide!

And then I soon beheld two more  
    entangled in my view.  
Stood I more baffled than before  
    for what was I to do?

And then they spoke, each one in turn...  
    In words for which I will not yearn.

“The ruler has a place for you  
    beneath these hostile waters  
And bids that you will be so true  
    as to follow us - his daughters.”

“He says your cruel and wicked ways  
    have brought you to his favour  
And that in the ending of your days  
    you need no longer labour.”

“He has for you a mansion built  
    so far beneath the sea  
Where in the ending of your days  
    you will dwell eternally.”

It was as I heard  
    the ending word  
I fell to my knees and prayed...  
    and the devil's daughters strayed.

I've asked the forgiveness  
    and I pray He has heard  
For I could not bear  
    the ending word.

“Though it's been so many days now  
    that I've been lost at sea  
And none other than the devil  
    bade his return to me.

Alas, my prayers have been in vain,  
    for God has chosen to refrain.

With weakened eyes  
    I stare at the sky  
For the moment has come  
    that I must die...

And it is not for the friends  
    I shall see in hell  
But for the other few  
    that I bid farewell!

Man is his  
own curse  
and he wears it  
far too casually.



# Seafarer's Lady

'Twas ne'er a gust of kismet winds  
that danced against my sails  
But rather a direction given  
to where love beckons and prevails.

For hands far greater than our own  
wish not that we should sail alone  
Where depths far deeper than the sea  
recede and flow in you and me.

As constant as the longest stream  
that ever winds and flows,  
The child within pursues a dream  
which only love reveals and knows.

So love being which the child pursue  
'twas God's own will that I find you.  
There is but one thing to proclaim  
that we may understand the same:

Kismet winds, destiny and fate  
are all of the world that was yours of late.  
In this world, which you have reached from that distant shore,  
such beliefs are adhered to nevermore.

For in this world and without reserve  
we receive what He feels we deserve.  
So may we ever dance to the music of the blessings He gives  
for here alone is where the soul truly lives.

# A Drunken Sailour

This sailour's set his battered sails  
upon many a restless sea  
'Though now as the autumn wind prevails  
it's home to land for me.


I've spent my rum and tonic nights  
sailing her angry tides  
'Though now as I see the harbour lights  
all memory subsides.

I'll head for shore as I've done before  
and rest my weary soul  
But not before, landsakes galore!  
some rum and rock & roll.


There'll be some jokes amongst the blokes  
as the booze begins to flow  
And then some weed to numb the creed  
from things they don't choose to know.

They'll all be looking forward  
to several weeks assail,  
A shake of hands a friend demands  
and it's off to no avail.

Well, I'll spend this night in tropics  
I may never see again,  
And I'll speak of many topics  
I may never free again.



A sailour sets his dreams on  
shoreside notions.





I'll be drinking with the runners  
    who hide within these isles  
And I'll drink a toast to sunners  
    who've come to change their styles.

Yes I've seen my better days at sea  
    and the last of this bottle of rum  
So I wearily set my memory free  
    of these islands in the sun.

'Though before I sleep without solution,  
    for even a drunk has resolution,  
I must take to heart this last desire...  
    for it ain't the rum that burns like fire!

Well, I'll set my sails if but once more  
    and just for old times' sake,  
Then from the ocean to the shore  
    I'll live on a fisher's take.

So once again I'll sail my dreams  
    across this restless sea  
And once again it seems, it seems,  
    I'm home at last and free.



I'm off to get high on her breezes  
and drunk in her wake.



# Indiscretions of Infidelity

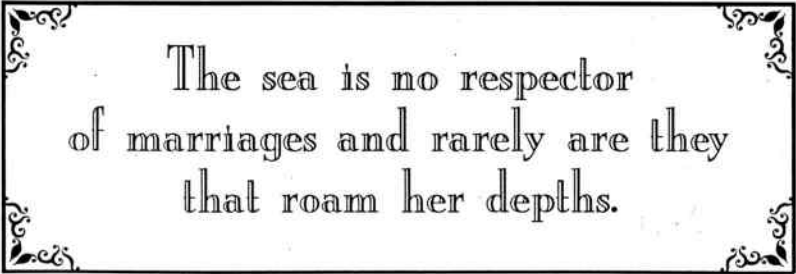
Your wife it was with which I bedded  
nearly to find myself beheaded!  
And although, to convince, my efforts are vain  
please allow me to explain.

Last night a drunken lad was I,  
unfit to tackle or bruise a fly.  
Or so I thought from my detection  
unconscious of my grand erection.

So rudely awakened this early morn  
I mocked my sin and denied my scorn.  
So for my sake you must believe  
I was rehearsing Adam and the lady Eve.

Now before you pose as the vengeful judge  
please pardon me for I hold a grudge.  
A man's duties can not be denied  
when a wife is left unsatisfied.

So consider in your verdict  
how it is plain to see  
That her burden of frustration  
was cured by me.



The sea is no respecter  
of marriages and rarely are they  
that roam her depths.

# Father Blessing

Father Blessing was an Irishman  
of an Irish disposition  
And rather quick to lose his calm  
for a man of his ambition.

When his blood ran thin by a bottle of gin  
he was a hard man to console.  
"Though none the less and by more than a guess  
he did well in his priestly role.

He'd saved many the neck of a self imposed wreck  
and kept many a ship from its sinking.  
So needless to say, it was quite a dismay  
when the old man himself took to drinking.

It seems his inner view changed, so with his mind rearranged,  
he assumed a new mode in his teaching.  
So as his church became smaller and his tales all grew taller  
he gave his soul to this new way of preaching.

Said he:  
To all you followers here who come guided by fear  
and a lacking in inner ambition  
I've concocted a cure that'll heal you for sure  
and remedy your futile condition.

Since from inner neglect we all lose self respect  
let's at least make good use of our loss.  
And since you've lost your direction which is plain to detection  
ain't it time to stop bearing that cross?

There's nothing quite as fearful as a life less than cheerful  
due to ways you have learned to perceive.  
So when you lose all good senses due to inner pretenses  
it's quite a cure when you learn to believe.

Now if you'd like just a sample of the perfect example  
keep your eye on this spokesman of sin  
Who has gone to great length to muster courage and strength  
by the neck of a bottle of gin.

Well, you've heard of such preachers as are only good teachers  
by the way of their weakness and woes.  
So just learn to detect what such fools do reflect  
and perceive that not anything goes.

So learn from the mistakes of such preachers and fakes  
and discover the meaning of life  
For although they seem fools, they are heavenly tools  
who guide by their misfortunes and strife.

Well, now that I have spoken which is my gift and your token,  
I so hope you have learned to perceive  
There is no need for the strife on the wrong end of life  
and it sure is a cure to believe.



“You’ve gone from theology to theory,”  
said the poet to the priest.

“How dare you oppose me as such.  
I am a man of the cloth,”  
he responded.

“Yes, indeed,” said the poet,  
“and equally as fabricated!”

# Pilgrims On The Pathway

Strong is the spirit that knows its own light  
Obscuring the wrong from the path of the right  
Like the eyes of an owl ever piercing the night  
And rejoicing in life as it dances in flight.

We are all shepherds and we are all sheep.  
Some of us waking whilst some of us sleep.  
And lost in the moment when the child is awake  
We reap of the laughter only friends may partake.

To live in the heart without limit by time  
Is the gift of a friendship such as yours and as mine.  
Like the touch of the healer upon wounds unseen  
Ours is the childhood that follows the dream.

We are the pilgrims upon the path of the Soul  
Redeemed from the fragments as we strive to be whole.  
And we'll follow the rivers, the pathways and trends  
To the ocean of reaping of the laughter of friends.



# Heart and Soul

You've got me on a wavelength  
that I simply can't deny  
where souls can touch and embrace as such  
and feelings reach on high.

You touch me with your kind concern  
and the smile within your glance  
with the gentle flame that lovers burn  
and the will to take the chance.

So reach out and let yourself go  
where your spirit bids you be  
with certainty - I do not know -  
'though it may lead you to me.

For spirits - they may not be bound -  
where freedom is a song unfound.

Much as a river seeks the sea  
the immortal Soul will always be  
where the look within one's eyes reveal  
the gentle things the heart can feel.

# The Crown of Thorns

The morning breaks with frosty glow  
as a man walks silent by the sea  
and in his heart the memories flow  
of when He died for you and me.  
So as He walks He sees a child  
playing in the sand  
and to the infant young and wild  
He reaches out His hand.  
He speaks to him in words of love  
and not those of confusion  
of where the people far above  
live not in false illusion.  
And then He speaks of how it could be  
here forevermore  
Says: "For this miracle to happen  
we must open every door."  
The young child then in verge of tears  
touches Him on the shoulder  
and relating to Him his many fears,  
Says: "I'll get there when I'm older."  
The man responds: "My child, my son,  
live but in love forever  
and I'll prepare for you a place  
in the land of Never-Never."  
Then slowly rising He leaves the child  
to his playing in the sand  
and in reflections of the sun  
come visions of His hands.  
The visions linger like the nightly stars  
as the child discerns the healing scars.



Then bowing low to morning skies  
    he kneels into the sand  
and first he whispers then he cries  
    for help to understand.  
And as lessons after many years  
    make every child a man  
he soon defeats his many fears  
    and strives to understand.  
Then soon for him a son is borne  
    by strong and loving wife.  
The birth takes place one frosty morn  
    as the gift of love is life.  
And as many, many years go by  
    and seasons bid their change  
some will live and some will die  
    for life to rearrange.  
So the father is buried by the son  
    one bright and wondrous day.  
And when the work was all but done  
    I heard the youngster say:  
"He spoke of people who worshipped kings  
    and other all such foolish things.  
Then one day, crying, he spoke to me  
    of his encounter by the sea.  
And through his tears I can still hear him say:  
    'Live in love for every day  
And should you live yet a thousand morns  
    remember well The Crown of Thorns.'"



*Vignettes*

# The River

The river runs its winding distance  
endless in its ebb and flow  
as from the crags of crooked mountains  
watchful eyes perceive below  
so sudden in their lethal gesture  
they descend with folded wings  
once they capture from the river  
to their heights they then ascend  
sustaining life as life is given  
from their ever flowing friend.

# The Secret Place

Once again the sunset casts a smile upon her face  
and she becomes the secret place  
Where lovers mingle and embrace.

'Though innocent as she appears  
I've come to know her through the years.  
She is majestic yet alone  
a lover she has never known.

She speaks, yet not in conversation,  
and lures astray all contemplation.  
Much as the woman she lies in waiting  
yet bids her love too devastating.

Though all to be said  
she is a redeemer  
For she has captured the heart  
of another dreamer.



## The Sea

Far the sailing seamen roam  
across the depths beneath her foam  
roaring with the wind she raves  
raging fiercely with her waves  
many a ship lies in her bosom  
and many a seafaring soul  
many a romantic has never returned home  
and many a brave man she's broken  
still none of her secrets are spoken  
deep and fierce her silent waters  
with hidden memories stored below  
silent death has come a stealing  
many a life she's come to know  
yet life goes on and still seamen roam  
across the dead beneath her foam.



## Passion's Decree

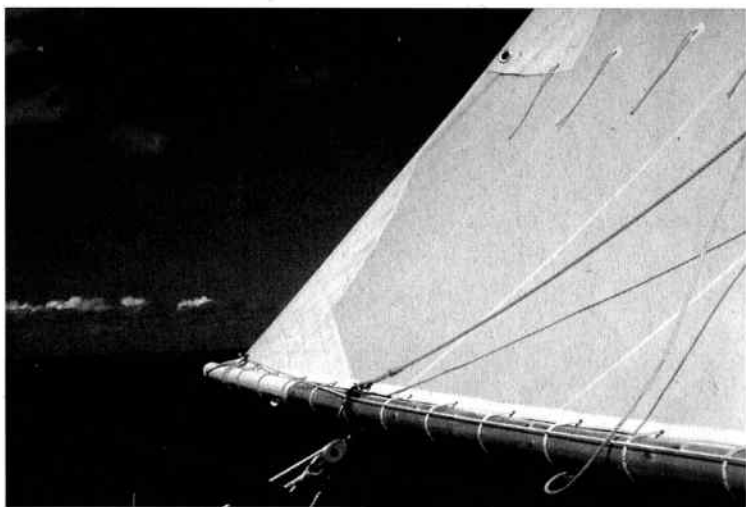
There swells an urge in this heart of mine  
for flocks of gulls o'er that brackish brine.  
Where the stench of decay yields a stink to the air  
of fisheries and markets with their gutted despair.  
Where the surf and the shoreline link in passion's decree  
and the dead in her froth are the gift of the sea.  
...Tis a cycle of life man nor beast may exhume  
and her token of memory is like no earthly perfume.

# NightFall

As one early dusk of evening drew  
the faintest of a purple hue  
surrendering then to shades of red  
as a silvery moon befell the stead.

Then scattered with their distant eye  
the first of stars belit the sky  
as subtle breezes sang their tune  
in ceremonies to the moon.

The evening soon embraced by night  
lost every shimmer of its light  
and so the ghost which light finds sleeping  
commits itself to nightfall's keeping.



# Night Sail

A camp fire yielded its smoke  
like a ghost  
against the canvas  
of an opaque sky.  
The boundless wings of night  
descended swiftly  
embracing and concealing  
all the day belit.  
Stars fell  
like distant portholes of light  
to seafarers assail  
and the murmur  
of another close of day  
became the whisper  
the gulfwinds breathed  
across the bay.  
The ancient mariners  
upon her waters  
cast their nets  
of ancient dreams  
and patiently spend  
lifetimes pursuing  
depths unknown.  
Seagulls dance their dance of life  
spotlighted  
by certain stars  
suspended low...  
And the swaying of this vessel  
as it sails from sea to shore  
lends itself the dancers motion  
of another night-sky serenade.





❧ A Poetic Trilogy ❧





## Bonnie

Drifting together  
like two currents  
on a wayward journey home  
where the ocean meets the shoreline  
and the froth recedes to foam.  
When the distances are conquered  
and the ravages are run  
another journey's yet ensuing;  
another pilgrimage begun.  
So embrace me with emotion  
and the song you hold inside  
like the moon ignites the ocean  
and its rhythms reign the tide.



At sea one is free from the shores of  
the burdened land and without the  
concerns that are woven there.

...

Yet, she is an unforgiving mistress  
without a learned instinct and a  
well-cultivated understanding  
of her passions and her depths.



# Songbird

I can see the gift of freedom that you harbour in your soul  
by the way you cast your glances when desires take control.

I can see the wings outstretched within you  
and feel the trembling of your heart  
As you stand upon your perch of yesterday's memories  
facing the crosswinds soon to bear you apart.

Your thoughts will bear wings of their own  
and may often bring you tears  
'Though someday soon you will have flown  
to where love will shed your fears.

Yes, someday soon my friend, you'll find  
if you only live to try,  
Your every want will so unwind  
as for one who's learned to fly.

So songbird sing your songs of life  
and keep your spirit free.  
Soar high above this worldly strife  
and sing a song for me.



# Of Salts, Seadogs and Sons o'Bitches

He was a hustler on the high tide  
and a gambler on the low  
Just a drifter on a wavelength  
as far as faring seadogs go.

Spending his days on the ocean  
amid tropical women and rum  
Following a turbulent motion  
in the Isles of the salt and the sun.

He was a salt, a seadog and a son of a bitch  
with a compass philosophy of life  
Who'd weigh down his anchor in the Isles of the rich  
and bed many a slumberer's wife.


By the salty law of aquatic domain  
he steered himself more drunk than sane  
And cast his nets of ancient dreams  
where gales and heatwaves bore extremes.

Once too hungry for sleep and too tired for sight  
he took to himself to make plunder his plight  
But got caught in the wake of a seven year wait;  
like a pirate two centuries too late.


So from the vines in jail's arbour  
to his ship in the harbour  
His demeanor remained quite the same  
with but a saltier crust to his gain.

So it was back to the watery stench  
with the silvery moon in his wake  
By the rhythm of adventures and wenches  
and all that were his for the take.

A salt, a seadog, a son of a bitch  
adrift in a salty domain  
Ever dreaming, ever scheming, ever striking it rich  
by the lure of the ocean's refrain.



Friendships are the  
islands of the  
seafaring soul and  
ports of embarkation.



# Captain's Farewell

“He was a slain man  
when love finally found him.  
Broadsided him completely,  
like a boom flung loose  
by a true Nor'Easter!  
I sure would like to know  
if that old bastard survived it  
after the first few months.  
Or if he wound up like you and me,  
old fish that we are,  
with a few dozen good hooks in 'im  
rusted into his jaw.  
And a few in his belly  
from swimming too close  
to a good line  
more than once,  
if you know what I mean.”

# Afterword

I am by my gypsy nature curious, adventurous and a romantic. Travel has been my education. Not that I could necessarily afford it, but neither that I could afford not to. I am, like so many with whom my paths have crossed, a student of life. For life. I enjoy natives of all cultures and the idea of being enjoyed by them. I have explored many with a curious enthusiasm and a rare few with a dwindling one. Upon visiting new lands and foreign ones my chosen path has always been to go native, wherever I go.

*To learn it from the street and other ventures of the feet.*

To see the world through the eyes of a tourist would be too great a denial of the many wondrous rewards in truly knowing and understanding the native soul. It would make inspiring storytellers of those even least inclined to do so. Go Native Friend, Go Native! I am truly a lover of land, sea and sky but in recent years have found my soul lured ever more seaward. Not to the exclusion of all else but I am often adrift in another realm entirely. Free from the shores of the burdened land and without the concerns that are woven there. A realm in which the spirit of imagination takes flight.

*There are no tangled webs at sea amid the ghosts of memory.*

There is, to the exclusion of all else, no substitute for leaving the concerns of the land behind you. As life is more the journey than it is the destination, so it is with sea and land. From the sailour's viewpoint the sea is the journey and land is at best a temporary destination. Friendships are the Islands of the seafaring soul and ports of embarkation. Beyond that lies little that is worthy of any lengthy distraction from Mother Ocean.

*Make no mistake, at sea you shall meet your self as in a mirror, whether you like it or not. So invest what time you can in*



*making the friend you desire of your inner self so that endless moments alone may come as no threat to you.*

**S**eafarers was written at sea under the many and varied influences and rhythms of Mother Ocean. It evolved as my diary of imagination during those tumultuous years and friendships.

*While hitchhiking across her tides like a drifter on a wavelength.*

**T**hose were the years in which I took my employ aboard the private yachts and schooners of the famous and infamous as their private European Gourm t Chef. That is however quite yet another story. In as much as it relates to this tapestry of writings, it was a fertile ground for my imagination. In looking back upon that adventurous era amid Caribbean waters I am haunted by the inspiration it yields the writer in me still.

**A**s I write this afterword it occurs to me that I would rather have myself reflected through the history of the work itself than to be separated from it in my introduction to you. It is after all the life of my life and ultimately, in this particular context, the expression I choose to make. I truly have little ambition in writing about myself in any other manner than that in which my works reveal me. In respect to whichever work or subject I choose to undertake I find it both necessary and undeniably helpful to adventure and reside in the realm of my descriptions. It authenticates my subject and expands my personal horizons. It is a departure from the vortex of ignorance.

Seafarers was written at sea....

# About The Author

Claudio Oswald Niedworok is a German-Italian who was raised in South Africa. He is fluent in English, German, Afrikaans and is conversational in French. Through the years he has performed *Seafarers* on stages internationally, to include Theatre in The Park and North Carolina State University's Thompson Theatre in Raleigh, N.C. and Bluebeard's Castle, St. Thomas U.S. Virgin Islands. Claudio is the recipient of a 1994-95 Emerging Artists Program Grant from the City of Raleigh Arts Commission.

The author is also a professionally trained European Gourm t Chef. In 1975 he established his own Private Chef Cooking Service known as "Reservations Only."

Claudio refers to himself as being currently landlocked in Raleigh, N.C. along with Tascha, his dog of fourteen years, his partner Tori Knight and her cat Gracie.

His other works are available on audio cassette from VisionEra Concepts:

*7 Sea Lyrics (from Seafarers)*

*One on One*

*Repertoire*

*Pilgrims On The Pathway*

Forthcoming books:

*Pilgrims On The Pathway*

*Primitives*

*Diary Of A Chef*

*Under A Primitive Moon ... and other stories.*

*“Seafarers paints pictures in the mind’s eye,*

of sailing ships, old salts and sweethearts whose embraces cannot stay their men from the lure of the sea. In Claudio’s words we meet the captain who has lost two of his crew to the savage stormy sea; the drunken sailor who, when confronted by the husband of the woman who shares his bed, still has enough wits about him to blame the man for his wife’s indiscretions. We feel the powerful winds that fill these sails, suffer through the endless hours of becalmed, motionless seas; feel the pull that makes a man, on the very same day, break his sacred vow never to go to sea again. These are rich and ageless images,



as potent and lasting in this age of steel and power as in those days of wood and wind. These images draw us in, lure us with our own imaginations, and make us wish to have these experiences that have been so perfectly captured in word and rhyme.”

*Alan R. Hall,  
The Chapel Hill  
News*

“If you love the sea - the passion and the power, the serenity and the storminess - you should treat yourself to “Seafarers”.”  
*Kay McLain,  
The Herald Sun*

“Claudio is an authentic poet.”  
*Marcel Marceau*

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# Seafarers

*Chronicles of the Suspense  
and Romance of the Sea*

By

*Claudio Oswald Niedworok*

*A classical production of  
Original Maritime Poetry and Storytelling*

