

Foregoing the use of forethought I felt most awfully broken as I took but one step past the point where Morgan Bennett fell.

I felt upon my weeping an involuntary easing that brought to thought cacophony akin to both the hogs of mourning or perhaps a screaming bell.

I elaborate.

Morgan Bennett was aloft without a single thought for scoff yet those he hurt may think a thought so quite as foul as those which wriggle far far low where only sustenance may go.

So in the gut the folk that thought to watch him cavorting his cavort on such a bright yet scoffy morning knew there where the wriggly feelings go that come sunrise all that be yawning may be at threat of also mourning.

What?

Who's Morgan Bennett?

Such a silly question, however can't you know?

Alright then, I shall tell you, though you really ought to know, The long sung tale of Morgan Bennett, The man who lost his soul. Now hear me tell, for I know it well, his story far more slow.

It goes thusly:

Morgan Bennett, though a craftsman, thought only ever of flotsam or jetsam, for as a youth he once caught silver thrown up by the waves. So on one morning, while scratching, yawning, at the beach of Pripyalli he thought to hunt for treasures, trinkets, spat up by the sea. It was there he came upon the sun's own moon in the claw of a crab of the genus 'Pontoon'.

Now, I'm sure you know as well as me that pontoon crabs can be rather crafty though in this case it was especially so as this young crab was long at sea so while out there he saw the moon amongst the waves of the cricket sea whose waters shone with eerie light which brought the crab to see what secrets there just may be from this light of all lights that lit up the sea.

Morgan, upon seeing the moon, felt the urge perchance to swoon, for lust of lusts began boiling, as is the way of coveting. A shiny thing, no more no less, like most of man's riches often will be, so the shiniest object Morgan Bennett may ever see bore a hole in his heart the size of the sea. Not the cricket sea neither, nor the bear or the beaver, But the biggest yet bluest you will ever see, a hole in his heart vaster than the Lone Limpet sea.

Such love is not love, that burns holes in ones heart, love is warm, lust is hot. So it was lust alone which tore him apart, lust was the cause for his lips to part, lust was the reason he then went on to beg, lust was the screaming, lust was the leg, then lost was the leg as Morgan

Bennett thought to kick, which in horror went straight to the pontoon crabs grip. A click of the claw in pure protection, the crab began to cry from Morgan Bennett's transgression. Other crabs came at the youngest crab's call, the panic of the sight shook Morgan Bennett to fall, the shock may quell pain but it won't stop the loss, so Morgan Bennett then slept on the crimsoning floor. While the crab kept on weeping, as Morgan lost consciousness they all began speaking.

Pontoon crabs are crafty, but free of man's ways, so from care alone Morgan Bennetts treatment came. He awoke in his house, he began to sweat, there was no illusion, there was only regret. Yet on a small table, well, more of a keg, there sat the moon with a note, 'sorry bout the leg'.

Were Morgan Bennett a great man, or even a nice one, he might learn from the crabs, maybe take the moon back to them, but Morgan Bennett was selfish, not like the shellfish at all, so with one leg Morgan Bennett went to hop to the ball, he lay a finger on it, he saw how it shone, the lust in his heart, hotter than the sun, he took it, he began to crave it, it was his, his alone, Morgan Bennett took the moon to the roof of his home.

Now! Here we are, back where I began, are you all caught up now? Will you remember this man? That's how we got there, why all the yawning were mourning come morning. Though given a chance by the ones who he hurt, Morgan Bennett was selfish, with a lust aflame heart. While up on his rooftop, the moon to the sky, the thoughts in his brain saying only 'mine, mine,' passersby there bellow, going two, going fro, saw Morgan Bennett, saw him, saw the moon, a spark quickly lit, Bennett's lust took them too, so all of those people, who perish the thought, felt wriggling nastiness where sustenance goes, each, every one, the short, squat, the tall, felt a hole in their heart, burning bright as the sun.

Little I can tell, of what they then took up there, when they broke Morgan's walls, when they ran up the stair, when they got to the rooftop, like slaving beasts,... such things are of no use to anyone. Let Morgan Bennett be a warning, as I tell, come that morning, the yawning were mourning, Morgan Bennett never knew lust again.

Pripyalii? Oh the town where he was? Yes I've been there, I spoke so before, my feet were where his were I took a breath of the air, the scent of the ocean was everywhere there, I saw the pontoon crabs, they sang me a tale, they sang it for centuries so the youngest will tell, the tale of Morgan Bennett, of the town on the hill, where people lost their souls, in their lust for the moon.

Where is it? Where? Oh, Pripyalli? It's far far away, at the bottom of the sea. What were you expecting? That the sea may not care? Lust is a curse, to which love is the cure, by all means, show me a romance more ancient or true, a love that is warmer, or higher, or lower, than that of the moon's own love for the ocean.

