

Pilgrim's Progress

By Sally Maxted

She stood on the deck of Pilgrim
She'd nowhere else to go
Jim was playing golf again
She turned and went below

Checking the supplies
She'd gather over time
This was it, she told herself
Nothing left to prime

After raising up the anchor
On that extraordinary day
She slip out of the harbour
And quietly sailed away

Totally in control
The Pilgrim with bone in her teeth
She then sent a text to Jim
"your tea's in the fridge, its corned beef"

The day turned into night
The week a month became
The stormy seas were tortuous
but she sailed then just the same

A problem with the rigging
But having sailed so far
Totally undaunted
She repaired it with her bra

Of those Somali pirates
She was not afraid
She gave them Devon toffee
She earlier had made

With this in Piratical recess
No kidnap took place that day
They just demanded Clotted Cream
Be sent back from the UK

This intrepid female
Began to feel forlorn
Seeing for the first time
The perious Cape Horn

With great determination
She faced this dreadful test
And knowing Pilgrims strength and speed
She let her do the rest

The danger now behind her
And grateful for the calm
She embroidered flowers on the sails
Giving Pilgrim added charm

Having sailed around the world
And what's more, single handed
A hero's welcome she received
In Brixham when she landed

Their front door closed behind her
She called out "Jim, it's me"
He said "yes I know it is, so what we got for tea?"