

At The Harbour

Renaissance

Out at daybreak to the sun
Seas are drifting glass
The tides were turning to the storm
Winds were moving fast
Women waiting at the harbour
Silent stand around
Weather storms another day
For men the sea had found

Fisherman were laying nets
The barrels spread the bait
The seagulls warning echoed round
Winds that wouldn't wait
People gathered at the harbour
Waiting for the tide
Eyes half closed against the spray
And tears they cannot hide

Shadows falling at the harbour
Women stand around
Weather storms another way
For men the sea had drowned

Hulls were creaking crashing sails
Rains were slating down
The oilskins flapping, decks awash
Slanting turning round
Thunder roaring at the harbour
Women drawn in fear
Huddle up to wait the time
And pray the sky will clear

Howling winds and the raging waves
Cracked upon the boats
And torn from safety torn from life
Men with little hope
Ghostly echoes at the harbour
Whispering of death
Women weeping holding hands
Of those they still have left