The Watchers

By William Stanley Braithwaite

Two women on the lone wet strand
(The wind’s out with a will to roam)
The waves wage war on rocks and sand,
(And a ship is long due home)

The sea sprays in the women’s eyes—
(Hearts can writhe like the sea’s wild foam)
Lower descend the tempestuous skies,
(For the wind’s out with a will to roam)

“O daughter, thine eyes be better than mine,“
(The waves ascend high as yonder dome)
“North or south is there never a sign?“
(And a ship is long due home)

They watched there all the long night through—
(The wind’s out with a will to roam)
Wind and rain and sorrow for two—
(And heaven on the long reach home)