The Watchers

By William Stanley Braithwaite

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

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

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

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