

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.)