

# 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.)*