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.)