

At The Harbour

Renaissance

Out at daybreak to the sun seas are drifting glass
The tides were turning to the storm winds were moving fast
Women waiting at the harbor silent stand around
Weather storms another day for men the sea had found
Fisherman were laying nets the barrels spread the bait
The seagulls warning echoed round winds that wouldn't wait
People gathered at the harbor waiting for the tide
Eyes half closed against the spray and tears they cannot hide
Shadows falling at the harbor
Women stand around
Weather storms another way
For men the sea had drowned
Hulls were creaking crashing sails rains were slating down
The oilskins flapping, decks awash slanting turning round
Thunder roaring at the harbor, women drawn in fear
Huddle up to wait the time and pray the sky will clear
Howling winds and the raging waves, cracked upon the
boats
And torn from safety torn from life men with little hope
Ghostly echoes at the harbor whispering of death
Women weeping holding hands of those they still have left
Shadows falling at the harbor
Women stand around
Weather storms another way
For men the sea had drowned

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