Saskatchewan

Alan Mills

The moon hung high, in the canopy of sky.
Home, Caroline, home.
The coastline neared, and the deckhands cheered.
Home, Caroline, home.
The mast stood tall, like the best of us all.
Home, Caroline, home.
I thought of the clear light on your hands and on the wood
In a church in Saskatchewan.

On the shore appeared men, like a welcoming parade.
Banners, flags and arsenal.
But they were not what they appeared to be... as their white flags fell.
Banners, flags and arsenal.
I looked up at the moon, and at the water down below.
Home Caroline home.
I tried to remember things, that the pastor used to say.
In a church in Saskatchewan.

Everyone raced onto the deck.
I tried to shoot but I just wretched.
We must wrestle back what we had sown.
We must wrestle back what we had left.

I could not fire, and I don't know why.
Then I knew the truth.
I felt I got what I deserved.
Then I knew the truth.

I lay on the deck, as the cannonballs soared by overhead.
Home, Caroline, home.
The hull gave in, water came rushing in across the deck.
Home, Caroline, home.
I thought of the farm, and the work to be done.
Home, Caroline, home.
I thought of the clean light, and the places that we'd hide
In a church in Saskatchewan.

Everyone raced onto the deck.
I tried to shoot but I could not.
We must wrestle back what we had sown.

We must wrestle back what we had left.

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