

Charted Waters

High waves would role up under the clouds. Throwing up themselves to the sky, roaring and crashing,
Bashing on rock along the shore. Thunder there would strike, temper of the sea, anger there
To fault the bolt that follows. The flash of the sky, when it pours down upon the waters,
Is no match for the deep. It is not calm. The depth in this storm, would it brew,
Is a depth to silence all anger, so that the only fury to rise, is dreadful in its absence.
What strength would a sailor need, to cast out boat in waters that leap higher than can be seen.
Why on earth would ropes and sails be spread on waters, such the like that can make blood cold.
Well in any case, the ropes are tossed, the sails set and the boat pushed. It may not just be one,
Many may cast off, sharing in ship and sailing others. Off the shore, into the horizon at
The edge of the world. The rain pummeling down on the heads of those pulling oars.
Like drums, never missing a beat, they would row, pushing and pulling, sliding
Those pads of wood across the surface of the deep, plunging them into its grasp.
Buckets of ice cold spray, as courtesy of the sea, at every wave. It would be those
Sailors, with their eyes set on a new shore, waters untouched, that would stave off the
Freezing grasp of salty water. In hardship they would sail on and on, passing bread and
Singing song, on rafts to sit upon, made by skill of their own. And at last, would there
Be a glimpse from sun on sand afar, of a land that bares no name. Through honour
They might gain fame. Landing their boats, they would step on the golden grains
And plant their feet and breathe the air, which no lip before has touched. If only
Feet were to be planted, then the soil might rejoice. However hunger prevails,
So seed is sown. The dirt is stroked and turned by plough. And later, those seeds
May grow, into trees and fruits of all different kinds. And so, it is those sailors, who,
By casting off their home to meet another of which they might also call, have now
Got more than their fill, of what might be called a journey well travelled, but also
A destination well met, with no less than joy of their excitement. Having hearts
Whole, and their mind's eyes set, yet again to new land for new purpose. The
Oars are taken up in hand and push to the rhythm, with waves splashing at
Faces happy to receive such greetings. An eye is caught and steps once more
Taken. Until another day when the fruits are harvested and the waters are met
Once more by sailors striding to the crashing of the waves. The wonder then,
Might lie upon the children, who did inherit the names of those that did not
Sit idle. How far might they also take their vessels, against the rage of the
Ocean. How much courage would they muster, to tackle the raw depths
Of dark blue, to reach shores yet again, that might have never seen the
Sight of one to walk them. How these questions and wonders, might
Now seem spent, knowing the great legacy left for all these children
Is a world with no surface left uncombed and not one pebble left
Unturned. With no need to call upon bravery of their own,
As they stand on greater shoulders, with hollow
Hearts left stale, at the sight of a
Horizon, that now has
An end.