

The Sea

The sea! That vast, majestic plain
Of foam-flecked wave and windswept rain
And howling gales that bend the bairn
And fill brave men with dread.

The sea! That sparkling crystal pool
Bedecked with phosphorescent jewel
Where dolphins play the merry fool
And Neptune makes his bed.

The sea! That final resting place
For sailing men of every race
Where seaweed shrouds are commonplace
Among the grateful dead.

No grave for me, nor crypt, nor tomb
Nor roaring furnace in contained room
But Nature's cool and watery womb
Is where I'll lay my head.

By Ron Baker

To J.C. & Sylvie
Thank you for
letting us be part
of your family
Ron
1994