

A Smooth Sea

Gripping the mast
And swayed side to side
She rose from the past
She moved with the tide

She rode the waves gracefully
Weathered and wise
Prayers spat faithlessly
A glare in her eyes

She lifted her hat
She breathed through the pain
She hauled great buckets
Of grief through the rain

And in the end of the rough
All was calm, all was sweet
Never a smooth sea
Did a skilled sailor meet