

THE LADY AND THE SEA

A Lady sits at her window and sighs
Looks out across the moors
She listens while her heart tells lies
The far horizon lures

The waves grind rock to sand and mud
Crabs scurry to and fro
Picking bones clean in the ebb and flood
The patient dark below

The Lady stands at her stable and calls
Answering soundless summons
She saddles her grey and flees her halls
Heartstrings clutched by demons

A Man debates his dance with doom
Nothing can he hear
In his mind a death knell looms
Grinning skulls breathe fear

The Lady rides and races the fates
Wind tears cloak and hair
She will nae' stop 'fore Hell's own gates
Driven by despair

The waves pull timbers from hull and deck
Strong servant of the deep
To the God of Storms they offer this wreck
With lives and souls to keep

The Lady casts reins and cloak away
Flies swiftly down the cliffs
She runs o'er rock and sand and clay
Eyes to the sea she lifts

A Man battles foam and tow and tide
Arm-wrestling Ocean's wrath
But half a mile to the safe land side
From death to life, the path

The Lady stands by the water and waits
Staring at the ship
She prays with age old curses and hates
Flaying her mind with whips

The waves pull breath from mouth and chest
The sight from out of eyes
They tear at the heart beating in the breast
Silent reefs sharpened lie

The Lady trembles on the brink of fools
To run into the tide
She feels the horror of slimy pools
Her life on the water rides

The Man walks from his death, alive
Another's doom was his
And ends the flooding of her eyes
With a gentle, warming kiss

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