

## UPON THE DEEP

I wish I were an ocean wave to travel o'er the seas so brave,  
To journey gladly ever more, to lap and wash a foreign shore.  
Where tropic waters raise and fall and fisher folk cast nets and trawl:  
Sometimes to rest and shimmer warm, a refuge from the angry storm.

I want to be the sweeping swell and roam the earth to live and tell,  
Of places strange both near and far that shares the sun and evening star.  
I only live to see the sights of distant lands and sweet delights,  
Of fisher folk who plough the deep, whose lights reflect while others  
sleep.

I long to sweep, to curl and plunge; to nobly rise, to roll and lunge;  
To try and catch my friend ahead who went before 'till on he sped.  
To frolic with the flying fish, to tumble and to share their wish;  
That we shall find our lifelong goal where e'r the ocean waves will roll.

To go with fish where fish will go beneath the gentle winds that blow.  
To offer rides while dolphins play then bid them farewell on their way.  
To curl at night beneath the moon, on coral reefs and blue lagoon.  
Reflect the stars and waving palms that dance and sway to sea winds  
psalm.

I yearn to drift with turtles slow and talk of things such creatures know.  
Lofty talk quite magisterial; sea winds, currents - piscatorial.  
To wallow as the whale fleet turned to waters warm, the Arctic spurned.  
And gently sigh and rock to sleep sonorous giants of the deep.

To curl and roll, to toss my spray upon the porpoise as they play,  
And feel the rise of ocean tide across the seas so deep and wide.  
Come the storm when dark shall fall to race and chase the sudden squall:  
Yea, bid the heed of tempest blast upon the seas its fury cast.

To break upon the rusted decks of ships marooned and ocean wrecks.  
Deck them out, once pride o' line, with seaweed coats all washed in brine.  
Sea moss silk with thongs that wave, that dance the tune of wind and  
wave;  
And here and there a starfish crown upon the tomb of those who drown.

A cenotaph of steel not stone - recalling sailormen who roam,  
Across the oceans of the earth to rest their bones in Neptune's berth.  
To be the hammock for their souls that slumber deep to ocean roll.  
Gently swirl my shroud of foam and claim their spirits for my own;  
And far from shipping lanes that splice to slumber 'neath the frozen ice,  
Where darkness calls me to my sleep to rest my waves upon the deep.