



From the Stern

There is beauty just looking at the ocean,
It fills a sailor with deep emotion.
To stand on the stern and depart the pier,
I pray to God I can see you my dear.
But the murky color of the harbor water,
Grows clearer as the ship moves farther.
Out to sea is the destination course,
My heart feels pain and distance is the source.
Sailors know the drill of underway,
I just wish it wasn't today.
To know that it will be months 'til return,
My heart can only ache and burn.
But until that fateful day gets here,
My heart will be with you my dear.
But now I must engage my brain,
To do my nation's work and endure the pain.
Each day I make a special trip to the stern,
I stand there and reflect and yearn.
To just see your face in the crystal blue sea,
Staring so sweetly in search of me.
But back to work I must go,
I can't stay and enjoy the show.
Twelve on, twelve off is the drill,
Most days I get more than my fill.
The only thing that keeps me moving,
Is to know the minutes just keep on grooving.
Till the days are gone and I'm standing on the bow,
Somehow I survived the torment and don't know how.
For the sea color is changing again you see,
And none too soon it will be just you and me.
Thank you God for bringing me home again,
I thought those days would never end!