

TO BUTCH



He stayed but briefly
On this wretched sea
Of life.

And set a course
That ever drew his craft
Into the gales.

But once the course was set
He could not seem
To bring the bark about.

Though valiantly
He fought the tiller
And the sails.

What then shall be
The fate of this
Poor sailor lad?

Have wind and wave
At last prevailed
O Master of the Sea?

Not so! For once he bade me
Come into that struggling
Craft with him.

And there I stayed
Until he reached the port
With Me.



David Morsey

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