

SAILORS

ALWAYS when he would go for walks with me
We'd climb the little hill beyond the town,
From there he said it seemed so like the sea
To look upon the fields when winds had blown
The grasses till they fell aslant the sun.
The blossoms were, he said, as plumes of spray
That broke above the waves in noisy fun.
And often I would pause upon my way
From school and wait for him outside his door,
He always seemed so glad to come with me
And tell me of sea tales from his great store.
For I had such deep yearning for the sea,
Which in my life-time I had never seen,