

# LIFE

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She heard the seas breaking!  
The rout they were making  
Tormented her soul with its story of fear,  
Her man was out fishing,  
And by now would be wishing  
For a sight of her lamp that had ever shone clear.

Beating up through a smother  
Like a child for its mother  
Joe watched for the gleam that would show his land-fall.  
But Mary was lying  
In dark, alone, dying;  
Dark shrouding the sea, and her soul like a pall.

A giant wave heaving,  
Crashing downward, and leaving  
The boat broken, helpless, and drifting aside!  
The day's work was ended,  
The broken soul mended,  
As Joe and his Mary went out with the tide.