

OCTOBER SAIL

By Lorenzo Caricchio

The fall came when the proud ships stopped sailing
When winter's desolation led to blood and human failing

The spring promised a brave new world
As the ships went to sea with their sails unfurled
The course was charted and a compass gave true directions
Across a sea shining with the summer sun's reflections

Warm breezes impelled the proud ships on their way
Hardship and boredom were endured day after day
But camaraderie and the sea provide their own pleasure
Mixed with man's natural curiosity and lust for treasure

Then with gathering clouds the horizon was dotted
The salt air smelled earthy, birds appeared and land was soon spotted
New sights for sea weary eyes. Trees, grass, sand and mud
Sparked old thoughts and desires, common to all flesh and blood.

The sea is forgotten, all eyes on the land, all hands at the railing.
The fall comes again when the proud ships stop sailing.