

Burial at Sea

In ocean waters no poppies blow,
No crosses stand in ordered row,
There young hearts sleep beneath the wave,
The spirited, the good, the brave,
But stars a constant vigil keep
For them who lie beneath the deep.
'Tis true you cannot kneel in prayer
On certain spot and think. "He's there."
But you can to the ocean go...
See whitecaps marching row on row;
Know one for him will always ride,
In and out with every tide.
And when your span of life is passed,
He'll meet you at the "Captain's Mast."
And they who mourn on distant shore
For sailors who'll come home no more,
Can dry their tears and pray for these
Who rest beneath the heaving seas...
For stars that shine and winds that blow
And whitecaps marching row on row.
And they can never lonely be
For when they lived... they chose the sea.
IN WATERS DEEP
by Eileen Mahoney