

The Watch

By Michael L. Bilby

*A father stands at the ocean shore.
A seal skin boat he's looking for. For
days on end his watch will be. For his
son to see.*

*Beneath the waters, the deadly ice.
The sharpened edges are like a knife.
A father's mind on all of these. He
hopes to God his mind to ease.*

*The sparkling water will hide a boat
until upon the shore it does float.
With his eyes so tired and legs so weak,*

He goes to bed and tries to sleep.

*Very tired from days on end. He
dreams of the shores and when his watch
began. His dreams are short, his son he
seeks. A dreamed-filled tear runs down
his cheek.*

*His son not lost, but a moment away.
His father found one beautiful day. No
more tears and no more nights. I can see
their smiling faces. In the Northern Lights.*

— Michael L. Bilby