

Alex Francis

Mrs. Robins

LA Honors 10

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Our Captain

Winds howling, waves crashing, and a storm well fit for death.

The crew is battered and bruised from the fray,

Afraid of the lost and those losing their way.

The situation becomes dreary as the sun is swallowed away,

Our journey coming to an end, The Sea sealing our fate.

But wait, where is our Hope, our Peace, our Light?

Here is Our Captain, soft is the word and deed.

“Mend your sails, save the raft! I will never forsake you,” he speaks.

Sails swing, the raft reports, waves appear to obey.

Yet our path is hard, a way not fit for the faint of heart.

May we all press on, for our part is a start,

Against the great and Stormy Sea.