

Windsong

I have lived my life on Foreign shores
as a lover of the sea

Drinking down my nevermores
when they wouldn't set me free.

I spent my years saluting winds
which gave my sails direction
And ever was it plain to see
my youth in my reflection.

Though now I greet my Autumn season
like a leaf upon the wind
Who, in having lived by love and reason,
will bear my self once more to journey.

This body, though merely a shell,
has truly lived and served me well.

These eyes, though rugged by the years,
have smiled their smiles and shed their tears.

So all in all I am rejoicing
upon this sea alone

For in the wind is a spirit voicing
a call to bring me home.



I pray the prayer of every sinner
and poets much alike

That my spirit clothes me a winner
upon that final hour's strike.

And as I journey from here
to hence
where there is neither gate
nor fence

As an older man I must concede...
a windsong now
is all I need.

Claudio Oswald Niedworok

From:

"Seafarers."

www.ClaudioArts.com

Dedicated to the memory of Gary James
Jensen. It was his favourite of our performance
poetry art. He crossed the bar in 2010.