

HIGH SEA

Early in the morning you embark, still drowsy,
Late the game at the bar was over,
You look, silent, at the polar star,
Some of you lie on the starboard side.

A fierce task lies ahead:
The nets will smile as you sail,
Dignified in the harbour, bold on the high seas,
Your home will be this ship, fisherman

Soft the breeze caresses on deck,
You set sail for the icy North Atlantic,
Your son and she are left behind.
the voyage looks uncertain,
And, though it's of no comfort to you,
In a few months' time you will get back.

“Here again, wherever the Wind Takes us” (2014-2018)