

## VOYAGE

We, all, are mates—all—in this ship of life,  
be it grim warship or prize pleasure craft,  
Veer leeward a-sea, longitude globe bound,  
well-blached crisp canvas sails unfurled aloft;  
Mates—all—hands on deck, oarsmen or helmsman,  
resting, working, or standing alert watch.  
Tempest crests pound us; doldrums stall our craft.  
Sail on—when winds resume the journeys' course.  
Sheared by passing prow, salt-spray, encrust us;  
We sing, O shanty, heartened voices propel  
against the burly gales' resounding crash.  
Billow—into the swells—so journey forth,  
the black-blue seas swirl, restless tides, south, north.  
We follow no compass, only the winds  
that speed us forth into climes more tranquil.  
Sail, sail, approach, mate, farthest distant shore  
where uncharted isles await; take the mates ashore,

**lead them o'er sands, virgin, warm, stretching more**

**—explore.**

**--J. F. Lowe**