

Oars In The Dusk

Skepticism

The sun may stopped rising
Light in mornings growing
Horizon sky from sea dividing
Clouds of waves separating

Grey have been our days
For longer than one will remember
Not a breath of wind in weeks
And ages of the last rainfall

Yet the oars strike into the dusk
Steady keep the rowlocks sounding
Let the morning bring land or more sea
Into the dusk will the oars lead us

Grey is night
Grey new dawn
Grey the light
Grey light gone

Feel no wind
See no shores
Never shall we turn back
Never shall we stop

Let the sun stop rising
Moon at nights appearing
Clear sky between clouds flashing
Night from day differing

Grey shall be our days
For as long as journey remains
We welcome cold and rough wind
Into the dusk will the oars lead us