

The Boatman's Wyfe: *Aqua*

We lived in the lighthouse;
it was ours.

Every day, the sea would take you.
Always, you would return.

Love was constant.
I did not know longing.

I used to look out past the pier, where, from my window,
I could see your sail stretched across the curtains' width.

On that day, there was nothing but thick black smoke.
I lost you then.

A man appeared; he tried to comfort me.
He steered his boat past me with a long oar.

With great difficulty, he was going to you.
He would face doom that day, the same as you.

The ocean crept at my side.
From the look-out too, I called your name.

I swept the floor with our wooden broom, over and over
with nothing to do but weep.

Now when I speak of you; our loss multiplies.