

Even When

Matt Weisberg

Even when the seas are calm
And no clouds are in the sky
While soft, the ship sways to the song

Of gulls that sing, “nothing’s wrong”
The sailor cannot stop and sigh
Even when the seas are calm

For fear that black, the blue will don—
The happy sounds of birds will die
But soft, the ship sways to their song

He feels an ache that something’s wrong
The gentle breeze must carry lies
All the while, the seas are calm

As dancing dolphins glide along
His jaws clamp shut and hair awry
Still soft the ship sways to the song

A sense of peace is what he longs
Yet purest days, he will deny
Even when the seas are calm
And soft, the ship sways to the song