Etched in Stone

A Poem by Bob Alves
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She waits for those - who cannot return

They she gave port - seasons past and once again
She looks back and leaves not without remembrance
For etched are the names - knelt at the entrance

She is a warm blanket, providing comfort and alike
Well read, silently-still, amid promise - watching leaders voice in the lights

Though garments worn while seasons pass become frail
Life’s renewing cause, she inertly hales

For she will live long and has been taught
Comforted by garments of eld, provides not

A Nor-easter, a heartfelt sigh
The clouds forewarn, some may die

It is now we silently watched with a grin
She waits for those - who cannot return

They she gave port - seasons past - and once again

ABOUT THE AUTHOR
Bob Alves is a graduate of Gloucester High School and Boston College. Bob’s waterfront roots go back to the early 70s when he worked as a dock-boy for John Cluett and his brother Dean at Bickford’s Marina in Rocky Neck. At the age of 15 Bob’s grandmother bought him the first of many boats, a Montgomery Fish Sailboat. Now in his mid-sixties, Bob continues to be a waterfront activist and enjoys his time with his brother aboard the “Message She Gave.”

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