

The Chief

A large, weathered anchor with two flukes and a shank, resting on a sandy beach. The anchor is heavily rusted and has a thick rope coiled around its shank. The background shows the ocean and a sky with soft, orange-hued clouds, suggesting a sunset or sunrise.

A Poem
Colin Ryan

The Chief

Let them look upon the Chief,
His stature stands tall,
And yet casts no shadow,

Let those who stand behind him,
Stand behind him,
And find shelter from the storm,

Let howling gales break upon his back,
Let the weight of seas rest upon his shoulders,
And tides will ebb around him.

Let them see the shape of the Chief,
Forged not of half-wisdoms,
And molded not of half-truths,

Let them stand behind him,
Until their backs are strong,
And until their shoulders sturdy,

Let them build upon his image,
Until he's washed away by salt,
Then let them step upon him,

And provide shelter,
From the storm.
