



When His Ship Comes In

With an air of expectancy about him
My grandpa would tell with a grin
All the wonderful things that would happen
On the day that his ship comes in.

We'd sit 'round his knee by the hour
Spellbound by the tales he'd relate
Of travel, adventure, and wonder
Sure to come - there was no debate.

Although wealth was not his possession
He was rich in so many ways
His zest for living was contagious
When near him - my happiest days.

As he grew older and slower
Eyes dimmer, and weaker his grip
His enthusiasm never waivered
Cause just around the corner - his ship!

On his last day he still looked with wonder
At life and things he'd do with kin
On that wonderful day that was sure to come
The day that his ship comes in.

His ship didn't come in the form I expected
Saddened, I wondered what had gone wrong
Then I discovered the secret he'd hidden
His ship was there all along!