

Spirit Of The West, Rocks At Thieves Bay

'Twas a November storm, not a ship dared the waters,
Except Tom Hawkins' Good Times;
All thirty-two feet has been chopped up like meat,
And the wind sent her chills up his spine.
From Lady Smith the Harbour he ran the gulf mail,
Twenty years through Stuart Channel to the tip of Camp Bay;
But that night the waves crashed o'er her starboard,
And fear grabbed his heart.

He staggered on deck as the Good Times was tossed,
Like a toy in a tub with a child;
And the waves in their anger spat foam in his eyes,
And threw themselves hard at her bow.
The rocks at Thieves Bay took a piece from her side,
In less than a minute the Good Times capsized;
And Tom Hawkins met God
In the eye of a five metre wave.

Half mast on the Coast Guard in Canadian colours,
The Maple Leaf flies in the wind;
On deck stands Liz Hawkins wrapped in Tom's duffle,
Surrounded by close friends and kin;
As she leans o'er the railing carnations fall free,
The salt from her tears meets the salt of the sea;
As the boat leaves Thieves Bay for the last time,
She calls out his name.