

The Stowaway

She was that kind of mother.
When the captain brought them up
To the bridge, their skinny legs knocking
Through the new long pants, questioning them

About the stowaway they hid in their room,
Whose passport was found by the cleaning crew,
Who was waving along with the rest of them
When the ship left, they thought

The ship would turn around and take them back,
In shame, in distress, to face the neighbors.
But he announced (the captain), the only reason
He wouldn't prosecute was that the mother

Had spoken to him when they boarded,
That he should look after her son, who of late
Was getting beside himself, and for her sake
And her sake alone, you'll sail on to England.

When did she do that, they wondered,
How did she know the way to the captain's
Room, let alone his heart, she who had never
Left the port of Port of Spain, who

Stayed in her room and made pants, and
Sewed costumes, and saved this coat from
When her daughter made her first trip,
So you would be warm when you landed.