

***Cape St. George (CG-71) 1 January 2021***

0000-0800

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I have assumed the watch moored as before

I have walked STBD to PORT and AFT to FORE

The CO, XO, and CMC have all three gone ashore

We're receiving various services from up on the shore

I've checked all eight lines ; shore power cables 8 and 9

It's raining and windy, a dark and stormy night.

Here on Naval Base Everett, moored STBD side.

Pier A, Berth 2, with the SAMPSON alongside.

The KIDD is PIER SOPA, she sits off our tail.

They've only just returned from a week under sail

It finally stopped raining, I expected it to hail

The wind still whips at me with hurricane gale

Its 2021 ; past midnight on New Year's Eve

I still have eight hours until I'm relieved

Now one doesn't need 20/20 vision to see

That this year's been rougher than a ship swept by the sea

But a ship is made tougher than the waves that test her haul

We will never waiver, nor stumble, nor stall.

On the deckplates we'll muster, from the deckplates we'll call

"A sailor stands ready! With honor, over honor, over all!"

Because a sailor's life is longing for leave or liberty

For port or distant shores, or to see our families

It's the dreaming that's important, like the dream that sets us free

Unshackled from our chains, set loose from tyranny

That watch is far from over, the night is young in age

The clouds remove their cover as moonlight sets the stage

And I await the rover, with readings from his gauge

Happy New Year everyone, no further entries this page