

Down in the Doldrums

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This is a poem about someone who's life is at an ebb waiting for a flow with no choice but to wait



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He was down in the doldrums trying to move on, no wind in his sails.

When will it end being marooned in this sea?

Flat and calm. Alone.

For a lifetime he sat there straining his eyes on the horizon waiting for some thing to change. Looking up at his sheets fearful of them filling but willing them to.

The nothingness gnawed at the soul.

He was down in the doldrums, unable to move on, no wind in his sails.

No one came near, they kept their distance, they all move on, full steam ahead.

In the doldrums the plagued ship waited for the storm to build.

For days he sat on the stricken bow looking deep into the cold grey sea. It would be so easy, just a small slip. A new tree planted and a small plaque â Missing at seaâ the kindest thing to say.

No. The doldrums are no place for a fighter to accept defeat.

He was down in the doldrums, scared to move on, no wind in his sails.

Gazing out at the sky as flat and grey as the deep, dead calm, drifting in a soulless sea. He screamed for the wind then laughed like a mad man at the futility of it.

He held no cards; he was nothing, a lost soul. The winds will howl and the storm will rise at a time of their calling.

No rights. No choice. A pawn in a larger game.

He was down in the doldrums, he needed to move on, still no wind in his sails.

Nimbostratus off to the east heavy and as black as coal.

He stood at the helm hands tight on the wheel. Is this his storm? Will the winds of injustice finally blow? Yet still the sails hang limp, mocking, taunting and cruel.

No, the towering cloud stretched out its arms wide on the horizon, not for him but for some other poor soul. Their time, not his, not his. His time will come but not today!

He is down in the doldrums, a price to be paid. Imprisoned, no wind in his sails.

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