Ode to the Great Ships

By Karen Gersonde

**My eyes have seen the steel hull ships that were docked
at the great Jones Island.
In blue and silver and red and white,
These working ships were an amazing sight.**

**With mysterious names in foreign languages, and rugged
men on deck,
When out in the wide open deep blue waters, these
masses looked like specs.**

**These working ships, mighty ships, floating machines,
were carrying cargo that was yet to be seen.
Was it iron ore, cement, autos or grain?
Or salt, coal, or even cranes?**

**Their rusty, time weathered, time honored hulls, with
paint that was barely visible,
Had endured the unforgiving Great Lakes waters,
In good times and in miserable.**

**So we pay homage to these amazing ships, working
ships
of all lands,
That forever defines the Great Lakes
And make these Great Lakes "Grand."**

Photo by Henry Berry