

# The Roaring Forties

In the realm where oceans clash and meet,  
Lies Drake's Passage, a sailor's feat,  
Where Atlantic greets Pacific's surge,  
A corridor of waters, fierce and large.

Named for Drake, that bold soul of yore,  
Who braved the waves, the tempest's roar,  
This legendary strait, wild and untamed,  
For its capricious seas, it is famed.

Winds, the Roaring Forties, sweep,  
With a force both relentless and deep,  
Their gales across the passage blow,  
In this corridor where giants grow.

Waves like mountains, towering high,  
Touch the belly of the sky,  
Majestic, ruthless, their dance unfolds,  
In a tale of power, timeless, bold.

Nantucket sailors, brave and keen,  
Sought the whale in this perilous scene,  
Masters of the sea, with skill and pride,  
Some prevailed, others, the sea's tide.

Into Davey's Locker, a watery grave,  
Went those who misjudged the wave,  
For Drake's Passage holds no remorse,  
It's a testament to nature's force.

Yet those who cross, who navigate,  
This formidable strait, this gate,  
They earn a tale of courage and might,  
For they've danced with nature's fiercest night.

In Drake's Passage, the waters wild,  
Nature's raw power is compiled,  
A monument to the untamed sea,  
Where brave hearts sail, forever free.



  
Thom Barrett