

Gull

When the wind is up and crests stream white
When the angry skies turn black
When I walk on the shore on the cusp of night
When I bend to the wind at my back

When the beach sands lift and dance away
In ripples that sway to a tune
When the wild winds revel in angry play
And small birds hide in the dune

Tis a bravely bird that takes to the wing
To surf on the billowing sky
To wheel and dive and rise again
To a place so majestically high

When the wild waves crash in demented rage
On the bleak and ravaged shores
When trees toss their heads on their hilltop stage
And good folk hide indoors

My gull sails high in a tattered sky
As he glides on the wind's slipstream
Released at last from his earthly tie
Now lost in his avian dream.

