The Seabirds

The Triffids

No foreign pair of dark sunglasses
will ever shield you from the light
that pierces your eyelids, the screaming
of the gulls / Feeding off the bodies
of the fish, thrashing up the bay till it was
red, turning the sky a cold dark colour
as they circled overhead.He swam out to the edge of the reef,
there were cuts across his skin,
saltwater on his eyes and arms, but
he could not feel the sting / There was
no one left to hold him back, no one
to call out his name, dress him feed
him drive him home, say 'Little boy
it doesn't have to end this way!'
He announced their trial separation, and
spent the night in a Park Beach Motel
bed, a total stranger lying next to him,
rain hitting the root hard over his head /
She said 'What's the matter now lover
boy, has the cat run off with your
tongue? Are you drinking to get
maudlin, or drinking to get numb?'He called out to the seabirds 'Take me
now, I'm no longer afraid to die', but
they pretended not to hear him, and just
watched him with their hard and bright
black eyes /
They could pick the eye
from any dying thing that lay within
their reach, but they would not touch
the solitary figure lying tossed up
on the beach.
So, where were you?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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