

Seabird

(A rare moment with a strong feeling of loneliness)



Right there in the middle,
On the sea of my life,
I do feel quite gentle
I don't care if I die...

Have you tasted ever
So much salt in the sea?
I could float forever,
Let the wind carry me...

I have seen the sunset
And the moon gently rise,
I endured cold and wet
And never felt so wise...

And why should I worry
About such little things?
They are mean and petty
But soon I will have wings...

I am a little gull
Who feeds on little scraps
And life is not that dull,
Only lonely, perhaps...

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