

Seagull of the Mist

by Sarah Van Antwerp

My little seagull of the mist
Soaring up above the rocky shore,
Rounding the lighthouse, calling her desperate call,
Looking for something, that, like the lobster boats here in this ferocious storm,
Have been swept away

Her grey body gets caught in the light and casts a worrisome shadow upon the
Raging ocean below,

My little grey seagull disappears into the eerie misty-fog
Only to return again,
Into the loneliness of the night,

She dips down, as if she is a fighter plane dodging the splashing bullets of the
Sea,
Along the sea wall she goes,
Only to rise back up again,

The fog has changed everything, like a giant grey paint brush, sweeping over
This little fishing town,
A depressing noise blows,
A warning for all to stay away,

For you my little seagull of the mist,
Who is always casting her gloomy shadow among the sea
Watching over our little fishing town