

Gull Song

Gliding
slooshing swiftly
I flock the zoftig clouds
of Engel-land its rolling hills
and mellow mounds, its marshy mists,
its lofty luminosity with rays of sonnen
strings of shining screes erscheinung
ersatz illuminations its etchy hatchings and domes of density,
the fluffy flossisissity, the pale pampossity... .city on greycity,
urbaneing the musty muddle below somewhere but not
for me not here not now no but nor how
cos I'm a cool bird, a smooth bird, bird on a wing
on a sing,
bird on a wire wired up fired up
to sing to song to sound a caw
to screech 'n tell bird tale word tale
to swift lit swift crit
to whoop and scribe loop and dive,
to my coooool oasis my pool of caws
my poets' nest my learning thatch
the krik kaw caucus courses
krik kaw krik kaw crit cawing
soaring soaring
soaring.