

# 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.