

# Mellow Candle, Messenger Birds

She sat thinking under a black sky  
With a white child, a white child on her knee,  
Leaning to the dim, grim grey sea  
Into a silent sleep.

He lay wondering under the same coal sky  
What the white child and she had gone to see.  
It was the clouded and cold night, bright sea,  
A woman kneel where her child used to be.

While the wind will bring them secret tears  
Wash away their smiles in a rain across the sand.  
Seagulls take to a land where they'll not hear of his cries  
Nor see the fallen tears of the white child's eyes.