

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.