

Donovan, Starfish-On-The-Toast

Fine rock pooling coast
this starfish on the toast
the men in the crabbing boats they cry

Far across the harbor
and 'round the sandy cove
the shepard with his pipe and sheepy drove

big cloud tumbling high
the amazing flying sky
how the gulls are pillaging the town

fan faring daffodilly
trumpetingly small
all along the bathing hut wall

far across the empty beach
the tide has left this world
old men in tweed find study there

Holding whelks and periwinkles
tingling in his hand
little does he know they hold him too

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