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GULLS

Charles Rossiter Trumpeter Old fishbreath, old saltbeak, the sea is your father grandmother sun is your iron tooth your heartbeats fan the dance of angels your nomad eyes have seen the void.
Old feathersoul, old sandbegger, your breadfeet score where cavemen stared in wonderment your savage fire is stronger than a curse.
I nod to your kingdom old airlord, your worship needs no cathedral when night speaks, you complete its reason you are deep enough to know the wind.

Citation Format