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**Why Do Gulls Need to Cry?**

Never was there such a day in my life as the skyless day that the  
Gulls swooped down and cried.  
And sitting in numbed senseless silence I learned the news of death  
Deaden'd and mute I cried.  
And silent and ominous as sky without light or life I trembled  
Pins prickling my skin and eyes.

Next day silent corridors and nothing but crying pupils crying  
And standing hand in hand.  
Such respect on such a day for such a friend, while silent snow shapes  
Float oblivious and free  
Smiling on faces stunned by the grim reality that their lives  
Can be snapped up as  
Quickly and crudely as animals kill and swallow their prey.  
And why do gulls need to cry?

Never was there such a painful memory in my life as your smiling  
Happy, content face  
Smiling and running, my shoes in your hands and then so so suddenly  
You were still!  
Beaming, piggy-backing me round the last corner — you were preyed on  
And eaten by life itself.  
A lesson some told me. A lesson to value life and to be thankful.  
Such ignorance and rage  
Intruding on a helpless mind whilst others attempt to comfort you  
Tolerating your frustrated eyes  
And the gulls circled and circled the church endlessly crying, crying  
God is an animal!

Never was there such an awful deadline placed where seconds ticked  
Faster. Faster than life.  
And the ambulance halts outside death's door waiting for the snow to stop  
In a decent respect.  
And the gulls now as silent as your white face flaked with the white snow  
Melting in puddles of desperation.  
Immobility rains down on you  
And weeps down my cheeks  
And the seconds halt.  
And you are gone!