

Siobhan Wilson (AH) St Mary's Music School

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!