

I look out the grey beyond,

To see a bird just going beyond;

A seagull to blend in with the sky,

A squawk, a sound, a glance of eye.

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The waters grey, it reflects from above,

The colour grey, it's a mixture of love;

A boat or two remain in ocean view,

As I wait the return of the words humble due.

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It might cost money to sit here and write,

But to be free as a bird is always right;

The weather changes slightly in seasoned light,

As we draw closer to the closure from day to night.

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I lend an ear to the road as cars go by,

On listen to the talk of the passersby;

The days of the year are missed and shone,

As I wait the appearance of the sun to shine.

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I'll brighten up and cheer on a bit more,

If I go to Bristol or leave Cornwells shore;

Perhaps tomorrow will go and have a way of its own,

Or I'll head to Brighton on the way to London, home.

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Signed,

The Grail or the Grave.