



BULLYBOYS Sept. 23 1982

As morning broke the grey bleak sky
I watched a Heron perched on high,
Upon a bridge it seemed to be
As high as a receding tree,
Sharply etched in black and white
Contrasting with the passing night,
Blurring with the misty dawn
I watched a charade then perform.

Screech of seagulls broke the air
From here and there, and everywhere
Like threatening darts, thrown distraught
Towards the Heron who was caught,
Centred on the bridge it stood
A statue now, carved in wood
It gently raised its' wings and swerved
Above the gulls it slowly curved.

Like bats it held its' wings on high
To disappear into the sky.
The bullyboys had won the day,
I watched him as he flew away.

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