

SEAGULLS

In the evening when the sun sets
and seagulls settle on the rocks
my rejuvenated soul scans the horizon.

It is that moment of the day
when no dichotomy exists
between a tired body
and this young soul of mine.

Unhurried evening hours
of the Valencian Levant
arrive laden with longings
while twilight enshrouds me.

I drown in a thousand wistful memories,
so many paths have I wandered!
My brief youth lived
and my parents buried.

I will sit on the rocks
beside the timeless seagulls,
and as they take off in flight
my soul will fly with them.

I will leave a part of my whole,
that part which always remains,
and I will travel lightly, unburdened,
in search of the light which never ends.

Altea, Spring 2011