

The Ever Searching Seagull Poem

F.O.B.

Our lives seem to be well entwined
odd chemistry acting as an intermediary
Like a seagull fishing in the sea
starstruck with each potential prey

Should you know chemical bonds dissolve
stay back from thrusting into unknown waters
back to bevy among your mates
you never cared, you never cared

Guess what you're not the only fish in the sea.

Tonight you'll be fishing in the sea of the dead.

Then greed took over and sky rained blood
fluff of feathers snowing down on the ground
natal bevy's gone, he survived alone
Now there's no friend, there's no fish in the sea.