



Seagulls Waitin' For A Train.

Tennessee Williams was her writer of choice
Whose yarns and reflections gave her artistry voice
Though Lost to the Forties for their Fashions and Flair
She yields to the nineties in her current despair
She's a Lady of song much in need of a tune
From a Whippoorwill or Sparrow or a Lark or a Loon
In dreams she may often just give out a cry
From those inner dimensions where realities pry
She's as sturdy as barnwood and as loose as a board;
A Lady of Laughter and a haunting discord
Though the World may not know her by skill or by trait
It is her strength, wit and wisdom that will open the gate
She has the beauty of nature and the nature of one
Whose internal regions are passionately strung
Her renderings and stories are all homespun and true
And her voices are native to their colour and hue
In the heart of this poet she has summoned a trust
That the years will not whither and the rains will not rust
The seasons shall prove her by no public disdain
For the World is a seagull that waits
For a train!