

Seagulls

Listening to the waves noisily rolling over the stones,
I collect smooth pebbles, lined in white.

Beneath the cloudy sky, under the clear horizon,
In the depths of the murky green-blue sea
A night with you that has not yet come is quietly asleep.

Your lips,
Fingers,
Arms,
Chest, and thighs
Will be gentle and fiery.

-- Will the night come?

Boys continue to throw flat stones onto the water surface.
Girls are playing with the waves that gently come back and forth.
Each seagull in the flock
Stands still alone watching the sea,

The darkening brine that may eternally hide
My sweet time with you.