




Drifters In The Wind

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Storm-petrels bouncing on the swell
Then disappearing
Inside a wave trough parallel,
And re-appearing.

With dainty tread and wings spread wide,
Balancing their feet.
At times a bounce, at times a glide
Or a brief wing beat.

They glean the waters with intent,
Taking tiny prey.
Their presence with us is wind-sent
Soon they'll drift away.

So small to live life on the wing,
Like leaves in the wind,
Not knowing what next day will bring;
A path undestined.