

# SALTBURN by Brian Withers ©

Seagulls wheeling diving  
Screeching, squabbling for scraps  
Crashing waves on shore  
Rasping pebbles.

Ships bobbing on the horizon  
Lovers walking hand in hand  
Buttoned up against the storm  
Fishermen along the pier  
Sun slowly setting  
Wind wiping up the sand  
Winking lights from far at sea  
Captain in his cabin drinking rum  
First mate in the wheelhouse  
Keeping watch.

A cormorant skims the water  
Heading for home.  
Drinkers huddling round the Ship Inn  
fire for warmth.  
Telling tales of smuggling long ago  
As the moon rises the lovers enter  
the bar, order drinks and find a seat.  
Evening passes, eventually everyone  
staggers thro' the ghostly night home.