

Venus Sands

The Creatures

The morning star has long since gone
The sun is high in the sky
Shadowless a figure stands
Stranded on Venus sands
Up in the blue and circling
The seabirds watch and wait
For movement of a certain kind
Down on their dinner plate
Where children played a flower lays
Pulled and torn up by its roots
And where it stood,
The empty space just screams...
Down on the flats, baby turtles race
For safety of the big deep
And white caps come crashing in
Indifferent to tender flesh
Shriek of attack, then moving in
A raucous clash, a gourmet din
Of cruel gull beaks
And tearing skin... screaming
Lit by the evening star at Venus sands
Against a blood orange sky
There's a shadow of a figure prone
Abandoned and all alone
Venus sands