From Up High

Day dawned silent
The summer sea blue
My beach smooth and untouched
I circle it
Looking down and thinking
Nothing on the horizon

But now
As I turn on the air currents
The horizon is blackened
By countless shapes
That move towards my shoreline

Vibrations reach me over the wind
The strange noises of panic
But also of excitement and anger
Fro my wheeling viewpoint I'm safe
But I add my cry to the chaos

I swoop down to my beach
I rise back up
The stench of hate is rich
Stronger still the reek of fear

And now the sun slips down
My beach is quiet again
No longer smooth, no longer untouched
And strewn with the silent remnants
Of this June day

By Rowan Newland