

Birds of welcome

It had been a long day
I was tired
Went to beach to pray
As I arrived and parked
Twenty or so seagulls immediately appeared
Some sleepy, all came and sat
Around the car
There was a pink sky sunset
My friends, the seagulls
My tiredness transformed
Not by eagles wings
Seagulls and sunset lifted me up
I was raised
Soul raised
To offer
Evening Prayer
Creation transformed
Transformed tiredness
To spiritual energy
Inexplicable, there gift