

## **Pelican Capitalists and Seagull Socialists**

or

### **A Birdseye View Of Tobago**

Torrential rains visited the palms outside our window last night  
surprisingly, a pleasant thing, helping rest seem more restful  
This morning the sun slept in a bit and seemed to think it a good idea  
the day drifting forward in lovely discomfort, tourist plans changed  
Down to the sea I went, just a brief jaunt from our lazy room  
my shoes following my poetic imagination to the shop by the beach  
Under thatched roof I dreamed with strong coffee and a currant roll in hand  
plans dashed by change in the weather, by weather the better became  
Tobago's nature welcomed me like Van Gogh has never done  
pelicans by the dozen roaming the aires above their native waters  
Like capitalists, taking a risk, diving like kamikaze pilots into the shallows  
sea gulls, like socialists, circling the risk-takers to share the spoils  
The skies were full of creatures loving to live and working to survive  
each creature for himself yet part of a wonderful harmony  
Motions of creatures, and two lads working nylon fishnets cast into the tide  
a functioning collage, midst seas disturbed and skies annoyed  
To me, it was a delightful observation and participation in another world  
to them, a serious exercise of survival for one more day's provision

