

GIBRALTAR

*My soul lately troubled, feels sedated:
My weary spirit freshened, reinvigorated
By a cool, caressing light breeze
That travels landwards across the seas.
Its salty wares on my lips settle,
Translucent, dry, coarse as nettle.
My senses imbibe the unfolding sight
Like tinsel, Gibraltar glimmers on the edge of night.*

*I see the sun, ablaze, submerging
Into unruffled waters as night is surging.
In the throes of its twilight pangs
It fierily emits from its scorched lungs
A torrent of blood, crisp scarlet red
That smears the unsoiled sky as it's shed.
Calmly, the creeping, swelling, reddish hue
Blankets the sky's seductive deep blue.
The crimson canopy is tinged by sprinkles of blush
Enveloping the Rock's contours in fraternal hush!*

*All too soon, the black cloak of night
Erases all traces of the solar light.
In its place instead countless diamonds shine
Divinely culled from a celestial mine.
Like a lion resting on emerald breasts
Gibraltar cradles a People's epic zest.
Like an amulet ministered by indigo seas
My country's a fortress standing firm in the breeze.
Scattered remnants of Fascism's withering leaves
Will never bring the Spirit of my People to its knees.*

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