

**for music like the sea**  
*(Curlew at Redmires)*

don't say we miss the sea –  
we bring you this day our voices of water

we pour down our voices  
we bring you our falling voices of water

*curlee – curlee curlee*  
*to us belong*  
*the grass and the heathery*

higher we fly than pipits than linnets  
dropping their idle note-snippets

their scraps or careless oddments of thoughts  
but ours are the ceaseless voices of water

*curlee – curlee curlee*  
*to us belong*  
*the gorse and the heathery*

for the past is larger than the sky  
and we are made of ever and after

we're made of song and shapes of song  
and of the movings and the fallings of the water

*curlee – curlee curlee*  
*for the sea like music is everywhere*  
*and music like the sea is everywhere –*