

Norma Winstone

"Youth"

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Youth, I see
In your heart the red blood flows
Down like a river to the sea it goes
Youth, I see
Through all the trouble, the work and pain
You laugh like a child in a warm spring rain
Youth, I See

From the heavens the moon looks down
And the lapping of the tide is the only sound
The jungle lurks where the firelight fades
The stars are swimming in a moonlit bay
Women cry in their native tongue
Singing of the days when they were young
Hear the black eyed women pray
For all their lovers who have sailed away
On the altar the incense burns
For all the men who will never return

Youth, I see
Muscles ripple across your back
As you grab the rope and hold it fast
Youth, I see
Laughing faces at the end of the day
Hands that clap as the music plays
Youth, I See

See the temple on the hill above
A black bird circling a nesting dove

See the monks in their crimson robes
Walking single file down a dusty road
In the market the hawkers sing
Of aromatic spice and copper rings
Dice are thrown and rattling fall
At the feet of the soldiers on er) ancient wall
And the bones of those who climbed and died
Lie gleaming in the sand on the other side

See all of them dream

Youth, I see
A clear horizon the colour of lead
The sea is green like a blanket spread
Over thee
On the sheltering shore the breezes sing
But here the wind like a big bell rings
Over thee

A white-haired King with a withered hand
Bowed to the youth from a foreign land
Behind the curtains a young girl sighed
Basking in the light of his deep, blue eyes
The King decreed that the youth should know
All the secrets of his treasure trove
But never again would he roam free
From that kingdom he would never leave
The young man looked, the young man learned
And never to his home did he return

See all of them dream

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