

Tull Jethro

"European Legacy"

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She smiles at me
from beyond the eastern sea-shore.
Flashing jewelled eyes,
she hoists her skirts so high.
Nouvelle cuisine or an oyster bar --
it's really up to her.
I'll write every cheque she brings to me.
She shoots on sight --
it's her European Legacy.
Round the castle walls --
about the Highlands and the Islands
the faint reminders stand.
Visitors who took a hand
a thousand years ago, or so --
stranded high and dry by tides --
washed up a new identity.
The channel's wide --
but it's their European legacy.
I strain my eyes
against the southern light advancing.
On whiter cliffs I'm high.

The sea birds roll and tumble as they fly.

I hear distant mainland music echo

in my island ears.

My feet begin to move instinctively

to the warmer beat of my European

Legacy

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