With apologies to Ogden Nash

(Verse 1)
Yesterday I dove for scraps where fishing trawlers dock
Today I soar on thermals high above the mountain rock
My beak's now curved for tearing flesh, not snatching chips and fries
But telling this to my dear mate—that's where my trouble lies
(Chorus)
Hark to the wonder of the eagle's cry
As air currents lift him to the sky
But deep inside he knows quite well
He was just a seagull until the spell
(Verse 2)
"My dear," my mate chirped cautiously, "your plumage looks quite strange
Your wingspan's grown enormous, and your hunting grounds have changed
You're eyeing rabbits on the slopes instead of clams at shore
And that screech—it's not the gull-call that I've always heard before"
(Chorus)
(Verse 3)
"I know our brood expects the fish I'd pluck from shallow pools
But think—I'll bring them rodents now, and teach them eagle rules
No more we'll battle pigeons for a tourist's scattered bread
We'll claim vast hunting ranges and we'll all be royally fed!"
(Chorus)
(Verse 4)
My mate just ruffled feathers and said, "Wind beneath your wings,
But molting season's coming soon, and other seagull things
Our chicks can't yet fly mountain slopes —their wings are not full-grown,
And frankly, dear, I fear the height might chill them to the bone"
(Verse 5)
"I'll build our nest where tides meet cliffs," I said with lowered crest
"And hunt the peaks at daybreak, but return to our shore nest
The chicks can learn both ways of life—the mountains and the foam"
She preened my feathers gently, "Soar high, but come back home"
(Final Chorus)
Hark to the wonder of the eagle's cry
As air currents lift him to the sky
But deep inside he knows quite well
That he's just a seagull under a spell