

The Gulls

By Cynthia Briscoe

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*How did you come to be landlocked,
Swarming above parking lots
Greedily feasting upon spilled Cheetos
And discarded arcs of bitten burger buns.*

*Even so, your crowded swirling cries
Draw me into your extended circle
Of aunts and uncles, grandparents and cousins,
A merry-go-round continuous family picnic.*

*Someday, I too, shall fly freely with you
But I shall choose the salted sea air
And a palette of small fish and crustaceans
And crisp pods of seaweed washed upon the sand.*

*Small children shall run leaving
Zigzagged trails of footprints
While gleefully collecting bouquets
Of my feathers to offer their mothers.*