

SANDSCAPE, SOUNDSCAPE
(Larus, assorted)

The surf is on edge today. Last night's tide
hauled in miles of coastal wrack and a wreck
from upstate's gale. Gull cries, raucous
as crows, pitch higher as patches of sun
fall between leftover clouds. Broken light
spatters wings, shatters on piles
of ocean's damaged private stock,
on stacks of unknown flora from far and deep,
on buckets and backpacks of shell hunters.

They've haunted this shoal for years,
picking through the afterstrew of storms:
Birds flying in from the cays
with scooping beaks to fill their crops.
Shellers with prongs and buckram bags
arriving on bikes. They flock the shore
sharing the shrill treble of discovery.