

Land gulls

White agitation
sudden swirl ascending
from the brown, ploughed field.
Inland gulls, scourge of rubbish tips,
strangely silent, rarely letting out
that mad, wild, exultant call
that smells of the sea.

Do they know the call of the sea
through some ancestral memory?
Can they hear
the raucous scream
of distant cousins
on the distant cliffs?

White swooping
behind the slow, blue, plough,
new furrows gleam
in the low winter sun.
Do they see a
grey sea heaving, and the
dark trawler bobbing?
And
the gulls of the sea
swirl and dive
for the flailing fish
and screech
the cry of freedom.