

Land Fill at Morning

by Gary Hardaway

The seagulls here—no, no Sea,
just Gulls, I suppose—enjoy
the scraps of the Ray/Gonzales
wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Gonzales—

of course they took his father's name—
sip banana breakfast daiquiris
on a beach in Belize. The gulls
have somehow mastered the art

of avoiding the nooses of six-pack
plastic rings and swallow uneaten thirds
of sun-ripened jumbo shrimp.
They've acquired a taste for cocktail sauce.

Beyond, the Caterpillar-yellow dozers
bury the dried remains of deader days.
Further on, the matrix of white PVC pipe
vents methane to a rust-red sky.

