

Feast

by Estelle Bruno

I watch the sea gulls making their quacking noises,
they are friends with the match stick Sandpipers.
So much companionship.

Searching my car for something to give them
I find potato chips.
I empty the bag on the dock.

One of the gulls spots the chips,
I expect him to swoop down
and grab some.

He doesn't.

Instead he flies high, quacking to let the others
come and see this feast.

They all swoop down sharing with the sandpipers.
I think to myself, how wonderful. No greed.
They all share

