

# 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.

