

Obnoxious seagulls echo on my street. Loud squawks appear to be internal code, citing quadrants of spilled contents of a caged garbage bin. A strut in steps implies genuine success – discovered recent gain from the local fish and chips, announce a baby born, found a tall building to amplify sound. Their white feathers are slick in contrast to pigeon grey. Land on distinct feet. Admire themselves in the sun their sounds loud once again at end of the day. The birds glide and soar, swoop and dive; furtively waiting and glancing in my window. Turning, a beady eye looking at me, thinking, I wonder what creature you are.

