LAUGHING GULL 2

On the pilings by the ferry
Shagging cheetos on the beach
Coming close to lounging bathers
Yet staying out of reach.

The black-headed gull with the raucous cry
Is taking me to task
As she floats on air in front of me
Laughing, but about what I ask?

Does the laughing gull find humor
In our failure to say nay?
Does her harsh cry render judgment
About our own American way?

So, I tell myself again and again
To think about my needs,
About what it is I think I want
And what desire it feeds.

Does it give me food and cover
Or does it address my pain?
Or is it merely ornamental,
A statement that I am vain?

It does not mean that I cease to partake
In a normal healthy life,
It’s just that I see in a different way
And cut out the excess with my knife
I use enough, I have enough
And for that I am grateful.
I am content to purchase less
And try to be ever humble.

The gull flies up before my chair
It’s time for us to part.
I run the mantra through my head
And feel it in my heart.

I use enough, I have enough
I am content with what I am.
And hope the time will quickly pass
Till I hear the gull laugh again.
SEE ONLY THE DIVINE IN THE EVERYDAY EXPERIENCE. LIFE IS A GRACE. EVERYTHING MUST BECOME THAT WHICH YOU CONSCIOUSLY MUST PERceive.

PEACE TO THE MEND.
The Laughing Gull 4

On the waterfront on the shore
Of Galveston Bay in Seabrook Texas.

The bay is flat,
The tide is slack,
The birds are loafing,
The wind like breath from the water.

No sound comes from the laughing gulls
Sitting on the pilings extending like
A stand of dead trees rising from the bay,
All that remains of the piers that once
Proclaimed human provenance over the bay.

Today there is no sense – no clue -
Of the power of those storms,
Of the battering, smashing forces
That wreak havoc with what humans build,
Storms generated by ocean waters
That are warmer than they used to be,
Storms that are becoming bigger
Than they used to be,
Storms that we name and fear,
Storms written in human misery,
Storms like Ike, Alicia, Carla, Harvey,
Imelda and the big one of 1900 –
All points in time that generated horror,
Horror that is hard to recall
When the laughing gull sits quietly
On the dead pilings of the old pier
On a calm, beautiful day on Galveston Bay.