

## Gull\*

Gull gliding against  
gray-silver autumn sky  
sees a vast miasma of greed  
slowly encompass our entire planet  
cries out to unheeding stars  
to whom wails of children rise  
in shrill unending caterwauls

Gull sees traps and snares  
lethal pellets of noxious lead  
noisome sewers of excreta  
dribbling across continents  
rivers of pesticide  
oozing from lush golfcourses

Gull gasps, chokes on acrid billows  
from rainforests rampaging fires  
rancid with roasting flesh  
ashen with cindered bones

Gull breasts with buckling wing  
fierce gusts of questions  
strives, resists against questions  
slowly droops against questions  
succumbs twisting against question  
submits to extinction: Questions

—Dennis Brutus