

**Ice Age
Seagull**

I wish I were a seagull
picking over scraps
of memories left on beaches
and last year's summer snaps

I wish I were a scavenger
hooked beak, cold eyed,
a strange to caring
if I lived or died

and when I'd had my fill
I'd let the sweet wind take me
arms outstretched,
head flung back,
no fear of falling
back into the sea.

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