

## URBAN LANDSCAPE: SEAGULLS IN VAN CORTLAND PARK

*Lee Slonimsky*

You'd think this was the ocean: sea of grass  
where seagulls congregate, this earth their shore,  
this wind their surf, until the fall months pass  
and they retreat while ice and sleet make war  
upon the last gold traces of the fall.

And where they winter, no, I do not know,  
but then, late March, I'll hear their clamorous call  
and know they have survived the freeze and snow  
to tautly muscle air in slow, curved glides,  
to shy from no bird but a red-tailed hawk,  
yet huddle, grounded, when the sky decides  
on April's fiercest rain and soaks my walk.  
Right after: wind erases mist, gray cloud,  
and bursting trash cans draw a festive crowd.

"Urban Landscape: Seagulls in Van Cortland Park" © 2005 by Lee Slonimsky