

A Petition to Gulls

Dear Gulls,

We love to see you soar
Above the sea, above the shore,
But please – stop eyeing up our chips!
We'd like for them to reach our lips
Without you fluttering and swooping,
Screeching, pecking, snatching, pooping ...

Go away! Why should you steal
Our suppers for an easy meal?
Tag behind a herring fleet
Or pick some winkles. Use your feet
For swimming or to grip a cliff
Instead of scaring kids as if
You had a right to grab ice creams
Upon the wing, and haunt their dreams.

You may believe it lesser sin
To fish out litter from a bin
But when you make a sorry mess
Across the street, you'll never guess
Our cunning plans to deal with you.

One way would be – long overdue -
To bring our rubbish home with us
On bikes, in cars or on the bus
Which means you'd have a proper diet
Even if you made a fuss
Or tried to instigate a riot.

We're not daunted by you fellers.

Ever yours,

All Coastal Dwellers