

A reply to A Petition to Gulls

By Chips (aka Kate Gordon)

Dear coastal dwellers, what a fuss!

You have a nerve to lecture us,
complaining we disturb your quiet,
and criticizing our poor diet.

Of course, we flutter, peck and poo,
what do you want a bird to do?

Why should we swim around the sea,
or forage on a cliff or scree,
when we can get some decent scran
by hanging round the ice cream van?
And don't expect us to resist
a lovely bit of battered fish.

There's litter lying all around
because folk drop it on the ground,
but we'll admit that we are guilty
of helping make the pavements filthy.
We'll agree to take some blame,
but humankind must do the same.

Try to scare us if you dare,
we're not going anywhere,
go ahead and do your worst,
don't forget we were here first.
We'll be back beside the sea
when the water's plastic free.

You know full well what you must do,
the planet's fate is up to you.
Time's running out so heed our words,
Yours in hope,
A screech of birds.