

LA ISLA

A gull pecks at a fish cast up on the shore
It drags the carcass farther from the waves
tail first, head heavy facing the sea
The gull senses me watching.
It drops the prize walks away
not too far, waiting for me to lose interest
perhaps, containing its excitement
to trick me into thinking what it found
is of no value so I will go but little does it know
just as I did not quite know until I watch it watching me
from one side of its head that I am unlike the rest of
my species on this beach I am a pilgrim
meaning, I have nowhere to be but here
and that leaves plenty of time to watch the gulls
wait especially for this one to grow tired
of watching me.

SOTO DE LUNA

The seagull watches the ocean
for hints of shadow
that are not its own
sometimes
just before nightfall
it catches itself thinking:
I am prey.

VILALBA

The eucalyptus says:
Here I am, the infantry
shedding my dress
with every turn
whiskers curling
with the heat
skin me sun
not once
not twice
but every day
leave my bark stripped
bare
hanging cheap
like silk socklets
over foreign trees
and in return,
I will give mankind
my flesh
to pierce reckless-silly
with inky nibs
to finger
unfold
and seal

SOBRADO

The algae of Sobrado says:
I did not know I was alone until the scientists said so
prodding me live
cooking I was, in the microscope-glare Nitella Flexilis they said how
odd unheard of
in the whole Iberian peninsula.
the lily pads I now watch
multiplying like a thousand green moons
the flies I watch their reckless lives
the frogs catching the flies making their quiet plop-slips
from their lily pads into the water
like small mistakes. Paradise today
is much the same as it was some centuries ago,
except perhaps
for the weeds that choke the tongue of the bell
and the cupid's
broken fingers.