

## Birds

More bodies of seaweed than humans are on shore this morning, the last day of this job. A new one waits for tomorrow. The seagulls squawk at reflections in the restaurant down at the end of the pier. Cops jog, shoes beat against the wooden boards. They sound like the birds shouting commands, then answers. An old man smells as bad as the ocean. He beats the crowd and catches the bait for the day. He will barter for beer, for cigarettes. Sharks are in season but they will probably put on a show with a worthless Bat ray. Dragging it in from the depths of the ocean floor, gaffing it's left wing, then remove its stinger only to drop it back to the water.

Across the country in Florida Helicopters herd cattle protecting them from Crocodiles, yet death is inevitable. I am told Alligator tastes like chicken and I wonder if this is true for Crocs. It is hot and swampy. Next, you are caught in the middle of a storm. Rain and lightning draw attention up from the ground. Try to look without blinking. There is comfort in finding fresh Macaroons in the window when it rains. Patrons will buy them in each color and pair them with Organic black coffee.

In the morning it is cold near the Pacific with its blanket of the marine layer. Inside the small apartment the couple protects themselves with space heater, fly swatter, and Fabreeze. No matter the season sex, ice cream, and cigarettes will always bring a degree of satisfaction. At BevMo next to Fresh&Easy a boy walks with his father. He spots the meat and cheese case, he tells his dad that mommy likes salami. His father laughs and confirms. It is Friday and beer tasting is only a dollar.

What would run away parrots that are now wild say? I suppose it would depend where they live. A new job in the same city but with bigger windows waits for tomorrow. The sand will not stick to my car and there will be less flies but the scent of the sweet Pacific will stick to my hair. The birds will look the same.