

Larry

Yesterday while on a mission to fetch some fish for my sons,
I noticed something black under the midday sun,
Instead of the bright, blue cover that laid under,
A thick, ugly blanket struck me in awe!

As I swooped down with my beak opened wide,
A disgusting substance filled the cavity inside,
No fish to be caught in a diseased, empty bay,
My children remain hungry, I don't know what to do!

I am a seagull, Larry is my name,
There are no fish to be caught but who's to be blamed?
The seas are polluted, the fishes are dead,
This is the result of oil spills, unfathomable in my head!

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