

Jerah Chadwick

Near No Name Cove
–Unalaska

Scrim of green over rock
seeded by storm, this volcano
top island Noah's ravens kept

to themselves, where I watch
fledglings bicker through
adults hammering mussels

from heights plunge
back to the broken
garden. Bustling squawks

they winnow kelp, shell
scrap, shreds of mist
dragging the tide flats in.

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Jeffers, a Coliseum of gulls
this morning, circling
and protesting, driven

from the dead seal by an avalanche
of eagles already ripped through
the hide. Watching from rocks

only words for wings
I crouch closer in the tide's *yes*
yes, taste the rank

bite of rot in salt air.
Among a hundred snapping fans
gulls fight out scraps.

Eagles mantle and warn
with whistled trill. Some startle
up, snagging me skywards.