

# The Seagulls at the Parking lot

*by* Agnes Ezra Arabella

Turning  
turning  
the pale grey spot  
she sits in her car  
in the parking lot  
with the radio on  
leaning back  
picking a thin  
piece of skin from her finger  
turning  
turning  
the seagulls  
move around  
and around  
above  
the asphalt  
as though it was  
the wave  
with its white  
crest  
and the salt  
one dives down  
to pick up the french  
fry  
spread on the ground

