

# 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  
fries  
spread on the ground.

