

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 the french
fry
spread on the ground.

