

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.

