

THE GULLS OF MARCO

Some fly from cliffs where rocks and limbs are patched  
With ice and snow-- to sueded cypress knees  
Where shade-striped quietude is laced and thatched  
With sun-bleached moss festooned from wading trees.  
For weeks gulls ply deep sea, its folding foam  
Uncertain as the earthbound ways of men.  
But once the birds have claimed a southern home,  
They troll tidepools and settle down again.  
Some plumb the light-probed wells of tepid green  
Or dive where sequin-flashing smelt appear  
In silver schools against a coral screen;  
Some hang around to steal fish from the weir.  
    White wings pursue all boats. And gulls in flocks  
    Of dark-eyed patience spend their days on docks.

--Glenna Holloway