

THE GULLS OF WINTER

Some fly from cliffs where needy limbs are patched  
With ice and snow-- to sueded cypress knees  
Where shadowed quietude is laced and thatched  
With sun-bleached moss festooned from wading trees.  
No longer do they plumb the darker seas,  
For now, the birds have claimed a southern home.  
They troll tidepools or hover on a breeze,  
Awaiting shellfish rolling in on foam.  
Some probe the estuary's monochrome  
Or dive where sequin-flashing smelt appear  
In schools beneath the jetty's catacomb;  
Some hang around to steal bait from the weir.  
White wings pursue all boats, while gulls in flocks  
Of dark-eyed patience spend their days on docks.

-- Glenna Holloway