

Ronda Broatch

## We Were Talking of White Birds

He tells me  
*deep down we know nothing*

I was watching ashes dust the Sound.  
I say

that's where cuttlefish lie,  
and the octopus sweeps light

under a rock. Give me another  
hue, distinctive minerals to sieve

through my fingers.  
Offer me a word that rhymes with fool

for what happens when sun unspools  
and a bear awakes

from hibernation.  
Something to replace the vessel

holding us in flux  
between two shores.

While no one watched  
the passenger took his leave.

Perhaps  
it was sun-blindness, a mistake of gulls



