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Part and Counterpart in NC

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Part and Counterpart in NC

What does the sloping seagull, 
with oblong body rotating 
to catch the flow of air 
drifting high on wind gusts, 
gliding with still wings like a harmony 
over a slim bar, suddenly slipping down 
piercing the crinkling suit of the water's surface 
searching the surf and then landing, 
disenchanting hushed sands for footprints, 
dodging and teetering in stutter steps 
pushing with reed thin, stalk like legs, 
rocking and twisting their grayed necks 
for beady sight, have to do with 

the slow drifting camber of a woman's 
reluctant arching, the drowsy settling 
of knees and back into soft right angles 
the rotating torso, the rocking hips 
or the delicate twist of piano dream 
fingers that follows, 
the easing of breath from mouth 
to lung, oxygen rushing 
along the blood stream, 
or the white limbering of vocal chord 
moans attesting to the warmth of knotted sheets 
or sleep, the simplest of motions, 
as it winds its way around the waist and she slips, 

drifting under its surface?

Probably nothing— but when watched 
the feeling infused is the undulation 
of airborne stillness, dancing, the recurring 
ebb and flood, the mimicry of waves 
being pulled from water, the same oscillating, 
fluttering pulse.

| DB Ross |