UNDER THE GAZEBO
~ Abigail Faye Hobbs

Under the gazebo
Strong wind tugs my hair
Salt stings my eyes
watching over the rail

Gulls circle on their merry way
to lead their lives unknown

The sand stretches a blank canvas
beyond the reach of the *Spartina alterniflora*

An island cat strolls casually
down the middle of the paved lane

Leaves of the mangroves are dancing
in a hurried capoeira with the breeze—
neither yielding, neither winning

Pelicans bob casually on the waves—
biological brown buoys
upending occasionally for fish

Whitecaps ride the seawater into the estuary
A sunny evening with few wispy clouds
dotting the horizon

The cool evening air begs forgiveness
for the steamy day that preceded it