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## White Pelicans

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# WHITE PELICANS

Susan B. Auld

Royal Palms enclosed the courtyard,  
capturing southern sea breezes scented with jasmine.  
Fronds rustled, tinkling like beaded curtains,  
separating space, welcoming egress.

Warm winds ruffled his white hair,  
she raised her free hand toward her own  
and they walked, slowly now, savoring time,  
feeling each other's hand speak softly.

They did not turn toward the peace of the sound  
and they did not stop to taste the sweet fragrance,  
they did not see the sun bright on the white stucco walls  
or its brilliance float glimmering on the crests of the waves.

She spoke her dreams of losing him  
and he spoke his dreams of being lost  
while geckos scurried across the chalky path  
disappearing into the green coolness of red hibiscus.

They breathed the rhythm of the surf,  
their chests filled with the aching cries of gulls  
and they accepted the symmetry of white pelicans  
gliding away from shore toward a hazy horizon.