

## Transfiguration in North Minneapolis

by [Francine Marie Tolf](#) in the [October 23, 2019](#) issue

Blinding white, the sudden wings beat  
in front of my windshield, as if  
the gull had dropped from a horizon  
of sapphire sea and chalk-bright cliff  
instead of this dreary March sky  
hanging low over a parking lot edged with a Dollar Tree, a Taco Bell,  
black-cruised snow.

I watched him ascend, dazzling white,  
*such as no fuller on earth could bleach. . . .*  
wings that might have flown straight from the womb  
of the first day.