

“In the Eye of the Egret”
By Deborah Schmidt

Lowering sun flames the rippled shallows
as the snowy egret lifts her catch
in her long beak. Her world is not
the one we see—or think we know.
Her amber eyes focus
both near and far, despite
turbulence and reflection.
How does this sunset manifest to her?
Even for us, who only perceive
red, green, and blue,
this play of light on the estuary
is a shimmering fairyland,
a magical fusion of fire and water.
But she and her kind also see ultraviolet,
a range of hues for which we have no names,
an unknown and unknowable beauty.



“Sunset Catch”
by Ok Kyong Hanrahan