

“Suisun Marsh”
by Mary Eichbauer

What we learn from a place
comes first through the eyes.

Green reeds reflect their color
into the sky.

Storm clouds brim
over the horizon,
honing the water’s silver glint,
keen as steel.

Tules shiver
under the wind
that soothes your cheek.

Scents of brackish water,
salt-sweet and foul,
layers of hidden life
press up through eternities of rot,
struggling to breathe.

From this great arena
of air and water,
a bird’s piercing wail
speaks not to us
but to this place:
hybrid world,
half land, half water,
under a blustering sky.



“Suisun View”
by Jean Purnell