“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