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Albion in the Rain

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ALBION IN THE RAIN

Be with me for a while in this long rain over the Navarro and the Albion Rivers, where women with strong faces and weary children weep but rarely cry, skunks with rabies roam bobcat turf, mammals sleep among trees, and whitened earths of the Pygmy Forest grow little huckleberries and stunted pines. It's strange to be from this place, in the air of another who somehow sleeps through storms and dreams of water crashing the roof. The rivers build and willows flay while children grow to adolescence, leave home, and go to hell. The footpath under the bridge sways west through heavy winds and whines with steel cables. The sea lies dangerous and vulnerable, while to the east the redwood forest is dark with shadowed clearcuts—where the wilds lose the war to human hunger.