

FLORA DAVIS

Rain B, 2009

Patina on brass coated steel on two panels, 24 x 48 in



IRIS JAMAHL DUNKLE

Tending the Sedge

The land was first the lands. Then, the Pomo, the Miwok, and the Wappo lived on it. The tribelets of the Konhomtara, the Kataictemi and the Bitakomtara settled on different sections of the wide Laguna for over 10,000 years. Little changed except the roots and stalks of the coarse sedge plants that grew half-submerged in the water. The Pomo basket weavers cultivated the sedge fields, passed prayers for straight stalks and supple roots from mouth to ear to mouth. Prayed and sang, untangled and threaded. *The basket is in the roots, that's where it begins.*

Iris Jamahl Dunkle's poetry collection, *Gold Passage*, won the Trio Award and was published by Trio House Press in 2013. Her chapbooks *Inheritance* and *The Flying Trolley* were published by Finishing Line Press. "Tending the Sedge" is from her larger poem sequence called "There's a Ghost in this Machine of Air," about the untold history of Sonoma County, California.