

MacQueen's Quinterly: Knock-your-socks-off Art and Literature

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Anacapa Island

The island is Eneepah to the Chumash Islanders, meaning ever-changing or deceptive or perhaps mirage. Like the picture of California's best view I saw online— the spine of Santa Monica Mountains rising from the Pacific, grey against deep blue, clouds purple bruises above them and the distant sunset gold. Nothing about thousands of squawking Western Gulls that descend for Spring mating and were everywhere the day I landed. Glaring and squawking and flying straight for the tallest person in the tour group—me—while I was doing my best to step around brown puffballs baby-stepping toward trails. Nothing about the overcast that hovered above us, a wet concrete shroud the sun pulled off us an hour or so before we were to leave—just long enough for fog to hide the scene. As if water were a mirage that became a couple hundred dolphins leaping alongside our boat to the mainland, a pod the size of which the captain said he'd never seen—

an eneepah before my eyes, the ocean ever-changing but anything but deceptive.

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