

What was

by [Deb Baker](#) in the [May 2026](#) issue

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What was was wind and air before microplastics,
was water before forever chemicals, was forever
made eternal, we thought, forests for days and birds
that blacked the sky, wild cats and stag, fish leaping.
What was, was. Land so fertile, vegetation so thick,
song that picked up one verse after another, bird
by bird. Hum and thrum, abuzz among blossoms.
What was was paradise that we never realized was
ours, chip on our shoulders over that serpent incident,
thought we'd been expelled when all around us, every
where on this whole wide sky earth stars sea, was
everything we'd dreamed, all of it was what was.