"Drone," "Attempting to Persuade the Musk Ox You Are Not Unlike Not a Threat Not Other"

Elizabeth Bradfield

Brandeis University

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.odu.edu/gh

Part of the Critical and Cultural Studies Commons, Environmental Studies Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Bradfield, Elizabeth. ""Drone," "Attempting to Persuade the Musk Ox You Are Not Unlike Not a Threat Not Other". Green Humanities: A Journal of Ecological Thought in Literature, Philosophy & the Arts, vol. 4, 2024. DOI: 10.25779/aym8-fn33

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by ODU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Green Humanities: A Journal of Ecological Thought in Literature, Philosophy & the Arts by an authorized editor of ODU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@odu.edu.
Attempting to Persuade the Musk Ox You Are Not
Unlike Not a Threat Not Other

Six, eight, eleven Ensouled
We land Crest the rise
Hunker & glass them

Old hoof moons embedded () Bedded
now in ice Torn willow torn sedge
Upwind? Hunker tundra

Quiet the fastchest the
rush-urge () and ()

Asterisk of bloomed-out campion
footnoting Glass and pause

Pause No alarm Still
ambling the cottongrass still
low at the ridge Hunker low
seep () ice

The space between Nothing
No thing Eye

Ankle to scent gland Divotage
Rub Stomp
The snort steamspiraled out & industrializing Rub
& glare from the boss-brow

Arm along breast toward zoom
Hunker rustle Then hoof stomp
Boss salaam
which is not subjugation but threat

Bellow Startle charge
() () ()()()()
And quiviut skirting the juncus

Still Still All watching and
not Eyed through the brow fringe

we edge back beyond scent beyond sound
Still and hopefully absent
until
Drone

Over reindeer. Over swimming walrus glacial outwash cleft of nesting kittiwakes, their own wild swirl sounding up, harsh and louder.

Over us walking tundra or a river’s silt murmur (we look up, diverted).

If I had a slingshot, if my rifle were sanctioned for this.

Over moss campion over iceberg sweating on the beach.

Small solace only one’s sanctioned per ship, per trip. Eye of the voyage every videographer says they need. To sell what they shoot, unique.

Need

Whine of a word above us, interrupting.

One trip, permitted by the captain who gets to say yet doesn’t know or can’t see harm, flight from deck to hover over a polar bear.

Ambling bear, continuous bear, bear who craned to look, who, pulse up, sped getting hotter didn’t couldn’t swat, didn’t couldn’t stop, sit, scratch behind a tiny, white ear.

Said the bear would walk anyway so why not.