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

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

Six, eight, eleven Enswaled
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 fastest 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 steamspiralized 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

Boulder Glacier-chaff Crouch
in its blind Enswaled

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
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*.