

Camelops hesternus

Must I fly to Old Crow
to find you, arctic camel?
Here, weary of me,
I finger-rasp the ripped
cardboard tube of your tibia.
I shouldn't remember
the bamboo necklaces
my father made under
the tarpaulin shade
on the beach in Spain,
that I and my sister
were still wearing
in the photograph of us
in front of Notre-Dame.
I want to think of you.
You're the surprise:
north as well as south,
more Sahara than llama.
Your humerus is knuckled.
I want to wrap my grasp
around it – paddle handle –
canoe the Porcupine River,
catch your bones
from sloughing banks.
Why must my human
mind think *tool*?
One-humped, long-legged,
pelted. Your giant originator
escaped us. But you,
we hunted you.