

WILD LIFE

(Ursus maritimus)

Go out to scatter bread crumbs
for the birds, see the snout
of a polar bear sticking
out of the snow—I'm standing

on its back! & there's another
beside it, & another—
seven in a row, no,
three rows of seven—

twenty-one polar bears
tucked under the snow
asleep side by side
filling the whole back yard

like blintzes in a pan
or stepping stones
I could hop across
to the end of the world

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