



BEFORE PASSING

Winter thin firmament cousins
in their bright ^{eyes} ~~soft~~ flesh
pinty — even more than ^{other} rainbow skin

The Amys Apologize

AMY WRIGHT

Dear ghost moose, whatever we do—assuming we choose
to act, or react,
won't reinstate your glossy

hide. Hoary and grizzled with tick-bitten patches,
your tattered coat goosepimples Amys all over
Minnesota and out-of-state Amys where moose are not

“on the way out.”

Whether shorter winters and hotter summers
manage parasites poorly or compromise more

well-insulated creatures' immunity
is indeterminable. Snowslide-
steep decline, though, is certain, forcing

Chippewa tribes to scrap hunts, as brain worm
populations fatal to moose rise. News-knocked
Amys count not in the 97.5% dieoff

nor time lost picking her selves up.
But legions of Beloveds, betrothed, single, bibliophilic,
wingéd and bang-less

draft far-ranging missives. Forgive us
our daily deli sushi trip carbon emissions.
We are compensating

for audience-applauded pageants, wage gaps, glass ceilings,
unsuperlative high school yearbook pictures,

ankles tube socks cannot thicken.
You bear our weak spots, freak shows.
Pattern baldness spreads like housing

developments. Civilization's waistline displaces
dwarf-birch forests. Apoplectic Amys in electric hatchbacks
barrel over past-bog zones, stitch recycled-floor-mat moose

turnouts, eat Tofupups© in your honor,
bedraggled Bullwinkle, if research deems such gestures useless.
We jumping-jack up our couch potato buttocks,

palms smacked overhead, televisions berating
us sweating on the floor—pathetic even, skin weeping
tears our eyes refuse to shed.