

Her/My Arctic

Corpse Whale

It comes back to the Inuit me:

images in the mirror are closer than they appear

on my kayak skin boat. She/I was forged by sea salt
by snow hammered into iron ore red herring.

While she's/I'm paddling another floating corpse,
a spotted human pelt a narwhal is passing
a turquoise iceberg.

Of plucked bones of ivory with spiral blood stained ribbons

reduced to a single tusk. She/I pass/es, and keep/s paddling,
in a sea with gray and choppy scarlet walls of water.

Our carnage fuel oil wicks in lighted igloos
on polar seaboard next to washed up
empty blue-green coke bottle fishing floats,
floats mark a thread bare seine net packed with arms

of purple octopus grabbing the rearview mirrors.
She/I keep/s paddling.

Towing a nine-foot tusk draggle a blood trail,

gaff the glass and blink. The eyelids shun risky long-handed

Braille rope: pacts. Her/my eardrums playing an
old throat song,
dry as sunspots.

She/I keep/s paddling.

In a lidless cesarean section of ozone layer is a white giant
looks through a tainted glass rope porthole

adopts young Inuit like mottled jellyfish, suck
blood quantum and raises underground flags beneath Polaris Star.
She/I keep/s paddling.

Her/my flouncing caribou in dark moonlight are dodging Bush laws.

Her/my Malamute trots in Arctic circles
before the midnight storm.

Her/my ringed seal barks couplets of foreshadows in an oval
tasting

room
with white columns and musty yellowed law books.
She/I keep/s paddling.

Reaching the shore of the Beaufort Sea landing the kayak

she/I witness/es in triple-thick permafrost of sea and land merging,
the Inuit skeletons are rising like brittle driftwood ivory
as the Stellar Eagle plummets and she/I try/ies pushing,

pushing, and shoving the sinew back into the threaded
bones of the land.