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This loneliness is nothing compared to moose. Antlers like hands mid-clap, a body’s volume, the inexecutable bending of knees. I have encountered moose, inconsolable and dusty, drooping from a lodge wall into air close with pancakes, smoked wool, the unwashed parts of men; zoo moose on concrete, ink-blot shadows, austere among zebras, the anomalous apes swinging, climbing, swinging.

I have witnessed a wake of moose penetrating water, heads disembodied by moon; sudden moose in dense forest from another order of magnitude; mother and young, fibrous, impersonating wood, fading into lake vapors.

Stupid desolation—my empty room, dark street, silence— I have followed a lovesick bull catapulted through birch by a violent affinity, head fat with grief. He mutilated the woods with declarations of belligerent love.