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# An Episode of Moose

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*Mary Quade*

AN EPISODE OF MOOSE

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.