

## **A Woolly Mammoth on the Shore**

He is at the beach this Sunday, watching the sand, wondering where the sea had gone.

The tea vendors and the pickle-sellers are gone too,  
the crows caw and wait to pick his bone clean off.

He hears the sea over the din of kites fluttering in the branches, but still couldn't see.

He remembers the artist who once drew  
a portrait to be hung on his wall. He was  
posed as a thinker with a limb resting on  
his chin. He puts aside his orange-brown  
coat he bought from a foreign market, at  
a bargain, one winter on his way to a week-  
end fair. In his prime, he worked twenty  
hours a day some days and even gave up  
his rest days. Now, he is relaxed, sits back  
and enjoys the sand and salt on his face.

And he dreams  
of his tusks  
drenched  
in sea-  
water

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