

ELANA WOLFF

## **GAME DRIVE**

A tiger appeared in the clearing,  
he caught our breath. I felt the animal

nearness—my eyes as big & round as his,  
not vertical slits, like cats’—

that was half the wonder.  
We photographed and filmed him from the jeep.

He cocked his leg at us and sprayed,  
a faint basmati rice-smell wafted over—

What did we know . . .  
My skin—I noticed first my hands—turned tiger-

striped—pale grey. Later, back at camp, the stripes  
migrated to my chest—where they are kept.

## MISSION CREEP

Dusk the colour of fig: a moment as thin as human  
limbs. We call it day, it slips to nursing something pre-  
historic. Mosquitoes came this afternoon—the blood  
they took from us will pay it forward— So it goes.  
The jagged marijuana leaves remind me of incisors—  
underneath our porcelain crowns are centrals filed to spikes  
as sharp as monster teeth and leaves. The ants go marching  
two-by-two like troopers on a mission. Composites or  
crossbreeds—how they navigate the wall and deck, sway  
their shiny nether sections, touring so expertly with hardly  
any leg turned out for foot. Eyes like compound crystal  
balls that mobilize all images in bits. Their mission  
creep implacable, unforced. What we are to them  
must be redundant.