

Elephant

by Michelle Elvy

They say we can't jump, and they're probably right, but I've never tried truth be told.

They say they're in charge. They say.

They say they believe in conservation, in protection; they want to save the environment. They say.

They make *Animal fucking Planet* but I never watch it. I'm busy here with too much sun and sky and not enough water for my baby.

They say they love animals, and they got details to prove it. They collect lists. Bulls are colorblind. Butterflies were flutterbies. Polar bears are lefties, snails like to sleep.

Do the details matter? Do the details make them feel better, feel *more*? Do they recall the massacres, the bodies, the wretched reek of death? Do they know my grief? It's not in their fact list, but it is real. I am a whale of a being, and I barely exist.

Here's what matters. I have been here for millennia, my mind stretches across space and time and knows the softest part of skin, the smell of life, the touch of memory, the taste of my mother, the sound of my brother.

Urine is essence. I piss gallons on what they say.

And I never forget.

