

Consider

MARY CROW

Consider the polar bear
whose every white hair is a heat pipe,
whose skin is black-
drawing the sun's heat in.

I want you to know
I'm taking it all in-
your formulae, your hand on your chin,
the bear with its heat pipes . . .

He's not what he seems
as he lopes in that easy stride
crossing the ice.

No, he's another equation
for power, another problem
to solve, settled back
on its haunches.

Meanwhile he rolls on the ice-
a study in energy-
constantly radiating,
tumultuous ocean before him
where the plankton churn
up and over in the waves.