

# Museum of Natural History

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Nothing moves me much at the museum  
though I listen to the right music, read all the plaques.

Not the taxidermy, even less-so the bones.  
How can we grasp it, toys tall as the ceiling,

dinosaurs dropping like that—quartz deforming,  
atmosphere pouring flame? And that space rock?

Not even half the length of Manhattan—  
one playground pebble and the planet came undone.

At the end of a hallway, walls glossed green,  
I snap a picture of a toddler and a chimpanzee,

skeletons side by side, in stride, little sticks clutched  
in little bleached fingers. So similar, so animal,

that human with its bobble head and brittle bones.  
Here, even life forms still living are dead.

Back in Brooklyn, I stretch to the top shelf,  
arms evolved long for swinging through trees.

Over dinner, we debate: are we worth it? Franny says  
no; Avi says everything's died before though.

It could all end anyway, with an asteroid, after all.  
I stare at where the city sprawls beyond the window,

no single building built by a solitary set of hands.  
A bird cocks its head on the balcony,

looking in at us through glass—sky dinosaur,  
a hundred million years old. It flies away, unmoved.