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A Wolves' History of Yellowstone National Park: 1915 to Present

The U.S. government fought super predators since the early 1900s, pre Hillary

Clinton white men decimated Gray Wolves in Yellowstone Park, shot this many specifically:

"Several" in 1915 14 in 1916 4 in 1917 36 in 1918 6 in 1919 28 in 1920

12 in 1921 24 in 1922 then 8 in 1923

But lord knows how many niggers are killed by the state each year

In 1926, the last official wolf killing took place park rangers killed two lone pups at Soda

Butte Creek the wolves were bused out to early graves Yellowstone suffered the Elk population grew wildly, decimating vegetation and eroding soil. In 1929 a scientist called the conditions "deplorable."

So the Elk were slaughtered

Yellowstone gasped for breath until wolves were brought back vegetation returned, songbirds nested and ravens and bald eagles flew; rabbits and mice hopped and scurried and hawks and foxes

followed suit. Bears came to kick it. Muskrats and badgers too. Beavers built dams for ducks and

fish, and the park, the world, its corpses and all, were better than new but this woman named Henrietta kept on giving

Even the trees had shit to do in WWI and II they built nigger chairs with holes for the

tails while Ponderosa pines held rope, now on the internet we see it elevating Laura Nelson's body

after all this time we became modern and constructed said wood for poles to say that

lynching was okay but not okay so Eula Biss made it lyric and Time and Distance were Overcome

plus we got White Papers but even Justin Bieber knows it's too late now to say sorry

That wood kindled crosses too! Big burning beauties where white families pop popcorn and roast

marshmallows on negro lawns, the reel of black suffering torn but still rolling behind shattered

windows where children earn a hatred they can never express. Do we know that bulletproof glass is

racist too? I'm told. And what if Saidiya ain't really lose her mother, but the state de-conceptualized

her from having one?

By what epistemology are we even permitted to ask?

How about this, in a California wildfire this white couple stops to save a rabbit, was the rabbit white and was it racist? Is it okay to hate white tail deer or ask how many brown rabbits they ran over along the way? And

how often does language miss a step, leave children of John Henry and Lila Mae

Watson endlessly intuiting our own vacated bodies