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*In Memory of Hegel, Philosopher among Toque Macaques*

For the animal shall not be measured by man...  
They are not brethren, they are not underlings;  
they are other nations...

—Henry Beston, *The Outermost House*

In memory of Hegel, who scaled  
the Buddha in his lifetime,  
who twined his tail among the stone  
tendrils and trunks of the hidden temple  
his kind inherited and he held,  
Hegel who found offerings sweet  
as all the other flowers.

In memory of Hegel, philosopher  
among toque macaques and leader  
of his troop for more than five years,  
always kind to his mates, playful  
and gentle with his many offspring,  
Hegel of the black lips, quick  
orange eyes and upswept hair,  
the long-armed, short-legged lord  
of ancient fig trees, thick vines,  
and lagoons overgrown with lilies  
for whose bulbs he dove and braved  
the crocodile. In memory of Hegel,  
friend of Jeeves, Hegel who is no  
fable, his face in notebooks  
and on video, immortal, documented,  
Hegel for whom my eyes tear,  
even when his *Wild Asia* footage  
is rerun as a clip on *Primary Emotions*.  
In memory of Hegel, who died when  
monkey politics and show of teeth  
met shrieking will to power:  
Duci bit his face so deeply

he went into shock, and although  
Jeeves held him as he shivered,  
looked into his eyes and licked  
his golden face fur tenderly,  
in the end nothing could hold Hegel  
but the earth he curled into,  
not even love. The macaques come  
where he lies on the leaf-litter,  
one or two at a time, circle  
in memory of Hegel, and some  
wave the flies from the corpse  
to touch his forehead and cheek  
with their long, crooked fingers  
and press their faces to his.  
All but Duci, now the leader,  
who is rough with his mates  
and terrorizes the young, chasing  
them down to shake them, throw  
them, poke their genitals.  
One morning three months later,  
Duci is found severely beaten,  
a swathe of skin ripped from his scalp:  
a field biologist says the females  
toppled his regime. They have chosen  
Jeeves to be the new father  
of their children and Hegel's,  
his nature or culture a force  
for change, still to be reckoned  
with, Hegel and the memory  
of Hegel, who was known to them  
by some other name, in a language  
of cry and call, posture and fur,  
gesturings of tail and hand.