One hundred eighty thousand bison skulls are stacked into a mountain featured here, the caption reads, or so some archivists approximate—an educated shrug. This faded photo from 1870 blurs everywhere except the ghostly horns, and they are blank as photocopied tests a substitute hands out, each desk a sigh she cannot name. If prayer-dance returned the herd, if we peered resurrected furs from our lookout on a cliff, would we count migration’s steaming snouts across the snow and mark the mothers from their calves that strayed behind in search of clumps of onion grass? Or would sunset rifles smear the ice so red again we’d drop down to our knees so not to slip, butchering by starlight, contented as the dapper merchant perched atop the pile, assured his grin is profit? The caption states the best market price a ton of skulls might fetch was fifteen bucks. Most shipped to China where they were ground for fertilizer, though some were fashioned into cups. Teacher, I have a bellyache. Collect my test. You’ll see I’ve left it blank.