Those blasts of migration must have been spectacular. Like Blue Angels that covered miles of above, speeding overhead, darkness and light simultaneously. They overdid it, those pigeons, and so did we. How could we have known the acres and acres of nests and broken branches and bird talk heard for miles would not suffice? How could such surplus erase?

Paradise Parrot Reunion Owl Alaotra Grebe, 2010

Maurifius Might Heron Reunion Night Heron Rodriguez Night Heron Ascension Night Heron

Thick Billed Ground Dove Pile Builder Megapode Antillean Cave-rail South Island Snipe

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Pike County, Ohio, March 24, 1900, the last one was captured, and zoo-ed and named Martha, after the wife of the father of our country. A mourning dove, but different.

The numbers would amaze.

Billions. Why passenger? Who did they carry or what were they carried on? The currents, their plans. Gregarious, they are said, as though they had a bird personality for parties and friendship.

IV. Passenger Pigeon Perhaps we could put a pin in a map, have a toast with warm and comforting tea, maybe with a bit of spice, and name her, honor her, for feeding the indentured laborers, the settlers, no doubt the Wampanoag, the French and the English, whoever arrived.

The last one was seen, recorded 1932, West Tisbury, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. She scuttled under a low bush and became the last. She had a witness but not a name.

III. Heath Hen The behemoth of New Zealand.

Twelve feet tall, five hundred pounds, with featherless leg/trunks.

Maori drove these reddish freaks into pits to kill, rob their nests.

Just three centuries before Europeans landed, just that tiny window before LaSOO when the boats began to land.

What a scare those creatures would have given the sailors, what a useful beast

II. Giant Moa

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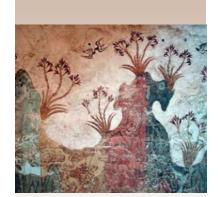
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Gone



Cathy Barber

This poem, written in 2010, was published in *Canary* in 2015 in a slightly different form.

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They were the imagination of our planet. Let us have a bird that lives here and spirals so, and migrates in a sky-blanketing single movement from Quebec to Texas. Are wrens and robins better than the Dodo?

Three wishes, which would you choose?