

# Going the Way of the Dodo

*by* Johnsienoel

In thunderous folds a belch reverberates  
down her rocky spine. We pitch  
and lurch in face of the affront  
beginning subtly enough with a tremor,  
her expressive sigh releasing. Sated.  
The last of our kind, evolving flightless  
we remain on the ground, culling  
through corpulent consumption.

Fatted pigs. Deforesting fruits  
of our labors, we eat our young  
and spit out seeds of climbing invaders  
fair scented creepers blocking the sun.

Along highways and byways we lay  
our wastes; discarded relics for some  
posthumous diggers to extol what  
we valued. Fossilized landfills of stuff,  
hoarding tundra for the freeloading  
homeless and throwaway pets, dotting the land—  
scape, goading the patchwork dress  
she struggles to keep seamed.

Stretching the natural fabric with  
polyester food supplies, we outlive  
our use by date and slowly grow old.  
Fashioned resistance to die, playing God  
we try to outrun the predator as she  
swallows back tidal waves and yawns  
in hurricanes, her menses of volcanic  
eruptions birthing canals of cratered  
mire tilling us over. Mother prepares  
to bury yet another child and we grapple  
to aid the Dodo, unable to unearth any  
skeletal remains proving their existence.

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