

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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