

II. **Giant Moa**

Gone.  
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 1500  
when the boats began to land.  
What a scare those creatures  
would have given the sailors,  
what a useful beast  
that Moa might have been.

III. **Heath Hen**

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.  
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.

IV. **Passenger Pigeon**

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.  
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.  
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?

V.

- Thick Billed Ground Dove
- Paradise Parrot
- Reunion Owl
- Alotra Grebe, 2010
- South Island Snipe
- Antillean Cave-rail
- File Builder Megapode
- Mauritius Night Heron
- Reunion Night Heron
- Rodriguez Night Heron
- Ascension Night Heron

I.  
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?

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