

### **The Last of Its Kind**

The song flew on graceful wings.

It soared through skies above,  
singing of life and beautiful things.

It sought another, it yearned for love.

And so the bird waited, chirping a hopeful  
falsetto.

Days became months as it sang.

It listened for an echo  
that never came.

The bird believed its song was beautiful.

It sang its heart out, but its call was  
dwindling.

Still it waited for a voice return so musical.

Did no one hear it? Was no one listening?

The bird followed its song.

Days became weeks as it flew.

Hoping that it would not search for long.

If only it really knew.

Horrors befell the 'o'o

The island's greatest treasure  
hunted for sport, caged for show.

Humankind's device of pleasure.

Clothes and capes, their feathers adorned.

Short lived lives, songs of sorrow.

A tragedy with no sound of concern,

no consideration of careless harm and  
harrow.

Exhausted, hopeless, forlorn, and frail,  
the bird rested upon final perch.

It knew full well that it had failed.

It need not continue its search.

Yet still it sang with hopeless abandon.

No song of love, no lifelong companion.

The empty skies now served to remind  
that it was now the last of its kind.