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The Penultimate Dodo

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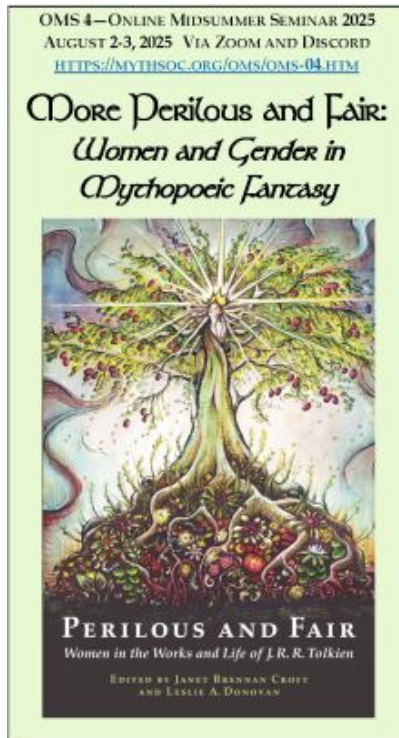
Online MidSummer Seminar 2025

More Perilous and Fair: Women and Gender in Mythopoeic Fantasy

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Additional Keywords

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*Fetch ewe's milk to keep her young,
Living with mama is awfully fun.
Balls cut off one by one ...*

Unlike Hilda, Wynona, Loretta, and Jolene dared not drift off. They sat in full attention as Geraldine crooned song after song, verse after chorus after verse, long into the lonely night.

To be concluded summer 2024!

The Penultimate Dodo

by Geoffrey Reiter

He peers through plumage, grey like clouds of storm
At sunset, toward his mate—her arc-prowed beak
Is parted in a dull half-honk, a weak
Alert, a warning from the placid warm
Wide margin of the pond. A prowling form
Appears from waging west, a streak
Of straw-brown fur, across the creek,
And followed by its fellows in a swarm.
He dumbly gapes and gasps, then fleetly flutters,
A feather-flurry fleeing from the pack
Attacking with foam-frothing jaws, and fast
In flightless flight he runs. But now, he sputters
Bile-blood from out his beak at canines' wrack,
and sees his mate, and knows she is the last.