Dear dove, tell me your name. My mouth, bit by drought, has nothing to call you. A loss
not of words but of form, your silhouette depleted. What then, a dedication?

With regret, my most belated vow, I write to you, curassow, and stroke your black gloss.

I rinse a bluish muck, laughing owl, and flick your lantern tongue. Even on paper, you are lost.

Grackle, how to search for you in the engine? Extinct & endangered & threatened, the lists
a torrent to sift, a shattering. The last parrot is no sky-scaped plummet—rather, you die
digging a dirt hole. I am at a wilderness, echoing as if vastness were emptiness, as if

either could make amends. Did you notice, petrel, how I settled in the water, over land?

Dear night heron, you stood still but blinked, plucking frogs from a drain, and slid into
the sea. Dear auk shuffling ice, grebe rippling a mirror, I am out with binoculars, spotting your

absence. Even the passenger pigeon vanished, so all dangers are now spoken ones.