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## Martha

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# gillian harding-russell

poetry



#### Martha

(on visiting the Royal Saskatchewan Museum)

Just past the plaster crescent-flame of meteorite that finished off the dinosaurs near the entrance and then at our elbow on the way back from the final exhibit with cement simulacrum of garbage heaps' electronic apparatus discarded for bigger and better, Martha sits on a glass-encased pedestal in the aisle's mid-stream. A downy creature, her deceased

mate is more spectacular, brighter, purpler but Martha shines iridescent garnet, her long neck and red irises blue-circled, a dove-grey bird with solitary elegance how life-like my companion says, but I see no spark just the shell of Martha, her spirit fled

when her kindred dwindled, once
a gregarious bird making nests among
the eastern deciduous trees, her domain
as far as the Rockies, so many of Martha's
kind once upon a time. *Amimi, omiinnii, tourtre Colombia migratoria* or just wood pigeons boys beat
with sticks, hunters drove from the bushes

smoke them out with sulphur or dement their birdwits with alcohol-soaked grain to catch them live in nets or just set fire to nestling bushes cooking their scrawny goslings alive for dainty finger foods (no plucking needed). Bird stew or potpie popular or as feed for hogs – The birds a magenta cloud against the sky

flying in silken V-strings like geese — how could there be danger of running out? With one side of our face we guard ourselves: colder winters killing those migrating north too early in the spring or could it be logging along the eastern sea border?

Martha perched, looks out mid-air at my thoughts, but no lies may be told today, how a world-size population of birds was reduced

to a population of one: Martha coming from large stock and family unable to breed in captivity, a spinster at twenty-nine years dreaming of a mate who'd fluff his tail feathers most handsomely and do a winsome drooping wing dance just for her. *Kee kee* or more softly *keck, keeho*. For this pigeon was also a dove and icon of all that was plentiful

that could be lost. Pigeons common as sparrows and the dove on Mt Ararat was also a pigeon.

<sup>\*</sup> Martha was the last passenger pigeon and is preserved. She was exhibited at the Royal Saskatchewan Museum during the autumn 2014.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Amimi" (Lenape) and Omiimii" (Objibwe) are name for the passenger pigeon, and "tourtre Columbia migratoria" is French/Latin for the passenger pigeon pie.

**gillian harding-russell** was born in Toronto and grew up in St Jean, Quebec, outside of Montreal. She now lives in Regina, Saskatchewan. Between 1986 and 2005, she was poetry editor for <a href="Event magazine">Event magazine</a> and at present works for the <a href="Event Reading Service">Event Reading Service</a> editorial. She reviews books for many literary journals, most regularly for the <a href="Prairie Fire">Prairie Fire</a> website. She runs creative writing workshops privately or through the <a href="Saskatchewan Writers">Saskatchewan Writers</a> 'Guild. (<a href="https://hardingrussell.wordpress.com/">https://hardingrussell.wordpress.com/</a>)

To read harding-russell's excerpts from "Stories of Snow" in *The Goose* go to <a href="http://www.alecc.ca/uploads/goose/TheGOOSE2012Winter10.pdf">http://www.alecc.ca/uploads/goose/TheGOOSE2012Winter10.pdf</a>

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