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Cornucopia

by Michael A. Metzler

Oh beautiful feast, the least
we can do is make your parting
painless, our hands stainless.

The very least.

Brontosaurus, Stegosaurus—Rhinoceros.
Your name is like theirs.
Your fame will follow theirs.
Extinct. On the brink
of destruction we find you.
We cornered you.
And for what, Black Rhino?

Your wonderful horn of plenty.

Its power to make us well, excel. We fell
you like almighty oak in
a quest for your strongest branch.
But we can't take your branch
without taking you. Your power. Your being.

I see you fade now, your soul poached
in a dusty sack. On the back
of your betrayer it swings free.
As you are free now. Tormented no more
by the chase, your face finds peace
beneath the blood.
You like where you once stood
strong and black and beautiful.
But your horn for us was bountiful.
So we took
And we'll take.
And we'll take.

Oh, Black Rhino, go.
Go find your peace.
For you'll have none here
as long as we are taking.
And we'll have none here
as long as we are taking.

