

Poem for Guided Practice

The Last Northern White Rhinoceros

No longer bold
as rhinos go,
weakened, slow,
sick, old.

Didn't know
his kind had passed,
he was the last
male white rhino.

Fate was cast.
One by one.
Poacher's gun.
Blast by blast.

Nowhere to run.
Ancient breed.
Human's need.
Greed won.

Senseless deed.
Butchers' scorn.
Last male born.
Too late to heed.

Tired, worn,
future denied,
the last male died.
Who's to mourn?