

Hummingbird

hummingbird hovers
drawn to yellow tomato blossoms
growing in pots on the deck
the bird sips pollen into its beak
its hidden fledglings wait
they have a taste for the sweetness
of flowers they have never seen
but will discover before summer's end

my children called
checking in to see how I'm doing
I give them a story or two about
when we were all young together

like the hummingbird I hover sipping
love's flowers taking my fill
without alighting or finding a perch

I return to the nest where my heart
ever the fledgling
never growing up, reluctantly self-sufficient
needing to be dependent
a burden for everyone concerned
waits for the sweetness that guardians share

the satisfaction I need
will never be the place I land
only the hidden nest where demands
must be fed

could the hummingbirds disappear
into a magic flower following the sweet

down the stalk's veins into the roots

my roots remains in the hidden urges

I imagine extending through soil

Watered by my tears in a nursery tale

a magical giant forms

in the buried treasure

he climbs from his hiding place

gentle feats to accomplish