

## I Held a Hummingbird in my Hand

Oh, wind-blown bird,  
your long beak impaled on my porch screen,  
how you flutter frantically and beat iridescent wings  
against that plastic mesh on which you swing.

Oh, storm-blown bird,  
first seen to be a magnificent moth  
fluttering on the dark screen soon  
to be on your way; but stay you do  
even as I come close, admiring  
your brilliant beauty only to see  
a hummingbird humbled to its knees.

Oh, wind-blown bird,  
I gently still frantic wings cupping your body in my hand.  
You are so frightened, so sure of death from my fleshy grip  
yet thumb and fingers grasp your tiny head  
to pull the beak back from the dead, as the  
Dreaded Reaper awaits your crucifixion  
on a black-mesh bed.

I open my hand giving a runway for your resurrection  
and you lift off, hovering, giving heart-felt thanks with  
your eyes, then fly into the storm again.  
And I give thanks, too, for you, oh  
wind-blown bird I held in my hand.

Yes, I held a hummingbird in my hand.

(3/31/05)

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