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Hummingbird of Ur

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KATHERINE SONIAT

Hummingbird of Ur

Wings fresh from the realm of wild horses. Fast
and faster, a little bird zips through the fushcia,
through the occasional shade of a palm.

Who keeps track of speed in this great world
of spin and fledgling sadness?

Bullets all night, bombings by day:
Buildings from the sky must look like hummingbird eggs
to war's shiney pilots.

Grids of city blocks,
the immaculate dead carried as dolls on the faraway stretchers.
A new-born's skull closes to such mad fluttering.

The heavy human heart.
Baby and bird turn to ashes, and the sun goes down
in its broken-flesh colors.

Exotic, the red gashes halt us. We
linger,
second glance at a second world.

Any which garden should be okay for a bird with less
than an ounce of meaning,
with a breast not meant for consumption.

"Filet of hummingbird,"
one poet said over the night grill, her mind watering.
Touch a ghost lightly, and dust purples the dirt
where the frail things are laid.