Hummingbird of Ur

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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.