

Hummers

by [J. Barrie Shepherd](#) in the [June 29, 2004](#) issue

Even in Maine's rain and fog I catch them,
often in pairs, or waiting, patient, perched on
a scarcely bending twig of our aged forsythia,
then working the window box petunias
till the coast seems clear, while I hover, motionless,
on the shadowed porch, hungry for still another glimpse
of ruby throat and emerald layered coat,
the delicate dip of beak in cup, the tilted head,
the blur of wings, that sudden flash of movement—
now-you-see-me-now-you-don't.
Whatever it may be in me—
some wandered/wondered child—
that makes me watch and wait, this late,
the daily hours to catch their, almost holy, visitations,
I'm grateful for it, mindful too
of one who, every once in a long while, still hovers
back there just beyond, behind the nearest edge
of solitude, or prayer, or even glimpses of the tiniest of birds.