

## Mystery

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [May 2025](#) issue

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### *For Ned*

I don't know why hummingbirds,  
sparks of joy we love to watch,  
refuse to share with one another  
the feeder with its plastic flowers  
hung from clothesline on our deck,

or what night creature plucked  
the blooms, revealing holes through  
which he drank to leave the feeder  
emptied, stained, dangling from  
its fragile hook, or why I wrote

when we first met, *I've met the man*  
*I'm going to marry*, thinking you were  
like my father (you both were sailors  
after all), not knowing then how wrong  
I was, and how right to marry you, and

how these many decades later despite  
the mystery that remains, I clean, repair,  
refill the feeder with nectar that I made  
today, and sit with you in evening light,  
delighting in the birds' return.