

Hummingbird Heart

What exactly am I looking for
when I sit still and watch
the birds, when the yard erupts
In a flutter as the doves
and band-tailed pigeons fight in the grass
for the fallen seed.
Am I looking for th house finch, the chickadee,
the location of this year's nests? Or maybe
those rare glances and long calls of the western
tanagers as the yellow & red flash

or the bathing in the mist
of the fountain—he must know
I am watching him, tiny heart
beating as he hovers mid-air.

The human heart does not
beat this fast,
but also it beats just the same.