

Ruby Throated

On invisible wings I traverse the Sea of Cortez. On land
I stake my claim with a song made of kisses. Intruders
of all sizes dodge the zip of my attack. When the feeder

hanging on your porch is dry, I track the moon
of your face, window to window, to marshal you to
your duty. With needle beak and thready tongue

I raid the bounty of flowers, rob spiders of their
prey. Plunder their webs to hold my young in a nest
that breathes wide as they grow, never tumbling

from the nursery. They know their heartbeats keep
the world on its axis. Our iridescence will never fade:
at our final fall, it will merely shift from feather to air.

Patricia Lucas