
DAY DREAM

1

Hummingbird, new world
cunnilingual acrobat
I will plumb your depths.

2

I wake
to a glass-stunned
hummingbird, prone on concrete. Her wings
simmer as I swath her in cotton. Her coma,
or so it seems, endures
an hour. I cradle her corpse
in my palm, a reproach to my guilty window washer, the windfall
of his transparent labor.

My finger
coaxes her cold
stillness
a laying on of hands, and she

flings herself
dauntless, through the all-embracing air.

Bent-beaked camouflaged sentry in oak leaves, she stands that
summer
warning. An Invisible
barrier is most
unbreachable.

3

“Poet, old-world Jew
You gaze at me through glass eyes
Invent me like God.”

4

I mistook you at first for some
ungainly insect, nearly a hand's breadth. Your wings
a wavering blur, mask your crushable body below a hard, black,
pebble of a

head, and pricking
beak. My gorge rises. I
blaze with the terror
of hunted prey. Then
mesmerized
as children are with the grotesque,

I am six and a ruby-throat with tremulous furred belly
hovering
over columbine cross-eyed, gazing down
the impossible length
and fragility
of this beak missing, missing
dipping into pools of nectar, tiny

ravenous to be sated
with the potion scalding throats of columbine and hibiscus.

Naive, my inept tongue betrays me scattering
congealed energy instead of imbibing it. Territorial, you harry
me

earthward
and wingless. I am alone.
He is alone.

5

I discover you.—
You know that's inventing too
Now you invent me.

6

“How—
shall I compose you? I write you
poem, with precious nectar. My life blood drips off my groovy
tongue
in these calligraphic patterns. Intricate I fly
your curvilinear design, inscrutable as your smile.
Rarely do I see you
outside. You're tangled in a nest
of mesh and glass and stone, its weaving
trampled my flowers and you never
drank of them, not once.

Your head is feathered in fox fur, plumey
iridescent like mine. Why
so you intrude it with its cloddy beak
into my flowers, but never
filch a sip.

Like a raccoon you grasp in your paw
a fat green serpent. He curls about you docilely and you
have trained him to scatter his rain about by flowers.
Are you fearless?

Introspecting albatross—Mountain—Your shoulder jounced
my right wing as I was browsing my impatiens. I flew at you,
chirring, and you
leapt! a spooked squirrel and cawed
a bluejay's raspy
screech. Don't you sing?
I havneverd your song . . ."

7

Humm ing bird, your words
are slurred. How dare you say you
can't hear me. Listen

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