

KATHERINE SONIAT

*Hummingbird of Ur*

Wings fresh from the realm of wild horses. Fast  
and faster, a little bird zips through the fushcia,  
through the occasional shade of a palm.

Who keeps track of speed in this great world  
of spin and fledgling sadness?

Bullets all night, bombings by day:  
Buildings from the sky must look like hummingbird eggs  
to war's shiney pilots.

Grids of city blocks,  
the immaculate dead carried as dolls on the faraway stretchers.  
A new-born's skull closes to such mad fluttering.

The heavy human heart.  
Baby and bird turn to ashes, and the sun goes down  
in its broken-flesh colors.

Exotic, the red gashes halt us. We  
linger,  
second glance at a second world.

Any which garden should be okay for a bird with less  
than an ounce of meaning,  
with a breast not meant for consumption.

"Filet of hummingbird,"  
one poet said over the night grill, her mind watering.  
Touch a ghost lightly, and dust purples the dirt  
where the frail things are laid.