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The Hummingbird

It is dawn in the garden.
I awake with the eastern sun.
The morning dew rises upward unseen
graced, as I, by the young rays.

A flash of red life
the hummingbird secretly flits in and out,
thrusting its being about the lush foliage
searching, feeding, searching,
continuous desire and fulfillment-
the beautiful cycle of life.

Green, blue, violet natural kaleidoscope,
its vibrant essence unites with the radiance
of the crimson hibiscus-
in a harmonious exchange of nectar and pollen.

Again and again, with vigorous continuity
the hummingbird probes deeply into the flower
in search of its succulent juice,
the flower extends its petals
reaching up toward the oncoming slender beak
as the two merge into one in an
engulfment of insatiable desire.

The sun showers the two beings in warmth and light.
I have planted the garden,
watered the garden,
reaped the garden,
witnessed its death and rebirth with the seasons.

Yet, I do not know the garden,
do not understand the garden,
do not truly coexist with the garden,
I can only behold its natural splendor
in awe and everlasting wonder.

The buzzing hummingbird knows its secrets,
the garden remains ever silent and wise,
and I am the intruder.

--- *Virginia Grant*