



...june 10, 2011...

*a tiny thing – the hummingbird –
yet not simple at all –
its very nature – redefines
the metaphysical –*

*dressed in iridescent cloaks
of emeralds and gold
like fairies sipping flower mead
with long translucent tongues –*

*they spin their wings in hazy blurs
that dance to figure eights
capturing infinity
inside each vanished breath –*

*they rise – they dash – they disappear
in mini bursts of sound –
flashing in and out of our
space-time continuum.*

*pamela swanson
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