the view from the hummingbird feeder

Christopher Mulrooney

let’s go see how the birds are faring
as they sip the red luscious liquid
sip sip through their long thin beaks
hmm that’s very good their eyes tell you
suspended as you are between heaven and earth
for the nonce a flutter of wings the beak and eyes
a flash of tail and away

for a private rendezvous in another part of the forest
where the eyes of dancers survey the scene
the stick and push and pull of shadow play
behind the candlepower of a show favoured by us all
the temple dancers in the ancient epic all night long
and into the sunrise which as it happens
is red and luscious as it emerges
from the scores of nightbirds passing throatily along the shore

the pagoda of our vista quite ignoring
as they fly quite unhappily away