

Almost December

An almost leafless crepe
around which the
Anna's hummingbird
briefly flits without reward.

Its small nest gone
and the coral flowers fallen,
fully rotted in the dark mud
of this gray November day.

But the bird does not dwell:
It moves as fast and straight
as before, simply shifting
to what remains:

The Mexican sage still persists,
its blooms at the richest dark
of its purple, though stems bend
low with the weight of what they bear.

And then to the pestemon's
subdued trumpets,
for none of the lighter-colored
(the pastel pinks, the whites) are left.
Only maroons exist today.

It doesn't linger over
the flowerless lavender,
and it simply ignores
the few Black-eyed Susan's
that remain to catch my eye.
It knows that here
there's no sweetness to collect.

So why, in this last month
before winter,
do I continue searching
the old nests and places
where a home and nectar do not exist?

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