

# Hummingbird Eulogy

Zoey Hunsinger

A flower-kisser collapsed on the ground.  
He refused to sing, wouldn't flutter his wings  
and wouldn't sip nectar from a trumpet.  
He was imprinted into cement after the daring  
revolving door wouldn't let him through.  
I didn't know his name, no one ever does.  
But I watched him  
every day  
from the cheap-seats of university grass.  
He sucked up to the peonies and  
licked the daylilies. His saturated red gorget  
zoomed in the clouds, caught amongst the fallen stars.  
He danced with Anna around hedges  
until the pink throat hummed a blue note.  
Now his wings give one last beat and his eyes  
close. I lay a honeysuckle petal by his four toes.  
Give it a day, the gardener will sweep him up.