A JOURNAL OF CARIBBEAN ARTS AND LETTERS

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DOCTORBIRD



A resonance of woodland green and black, he swept past at shimmering speed and paused

midair

in the winged parenthesis of what kept him hovering: his red beak probing the throat of the ripe banana shoot in the corner of my father's garden.

A rush of hummingbird grace, climbing up and down upon an empty space too busy to perch, to be pinned to one spot, he's the only bird to fly sideways and backward like thought, yet I've never heard him sing;

just the cautious humming of his wings brushing against the breeze. Scarcely bigger than a thumb, the leaves stirred in his wake like a fluttering heart, proof of how little it takes to make a child resume playing.