

Winged Jewel
unknown

With wings spun of silver and hearts of gold,
These tiny creatures our hearts behold.
With angelic features and colors so bright,
Make even the heaviest heart seem light.
The magical way they flit through the sky,
They appear, then vanish in the blink of an eye.
They're sending a message for us to retrieve,
Anything's possible for those who believe!

The Hummingbird
by Steven F. White

Kiss these flowers, drink their colors,
in the garden where I'm sleeping.
They're like whirlpools, all these flowers,
their throats of gold, yours of ruby.

Give me the force, give me the light
to be the message of your wings.
Sketch above me with your long beak.
Let your design of healing fall.

Mark my body with my singing
so you'll know me when I flourish.
Your eyes are now a field of eyes
in the garden's flow of flowers.

Can I call you when I need you?
Will you help me when I'm frightened?
Drink my colors, they're like whirlpools.
Kiss this flower, my open mouth.

The Hummingbird
Sylvia Finegan

The Hummingbird is cute and tiny;
Sometimes his wings look very shiny.
His beak is long and comes to a point;
And in it you won't find a joint.

He stays around the feeder, and protects
his food;
He's sometimes aggressive, with a lot of at-
titude.
A humming sound, he seems to mutter;
His wings are so fast, you might see them
flutter.

He'll go from flower, to feeder, to flower;
He'll fly through a water mist, to take his
shower.
A brand new feeder, he has found;
One he can eat from, and buzz all around.

At the end of the summer, you must fly
away;
But I know you'll be back, again someday.