

Thrum Song

Shelley Jinks Johnson

There are moments
etched in memory,
painted with detailed precision.
Like this hummingbird
with its iridescent existence
flitting from red mandevilla
to loaded white jasmine vine,
darting from flowing fountain
back to the sweetness of bloom.
I close my eyes and smell life,
green with wonder, fresh with dew;
and try to overwrite memory of you.
Blue lips, whites of eyes, convulsing
limbs. Two words shattering all color
from my glass house.

Brain tumor.

Breathing in, slowly measured, I focus
on the orange of late summer skies
and try, and try, and try
to replace frail, clammy fingers
that can no longer grip mine.
Marking the time on my watch
for hospice accuracy.

5:07pm

This life thrumming in my garden,
Would I catch it if I could?
Or let it fly away?
Grateful at least
to have seen it.