

Being so wild, how can anyone hold her?

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [January 31, 2018](#) issue

This morning, early, a hummingbird flutters
beside the hibiscus, untamed as
your daughter's

 infant daughter

now sleeping restlessly in her crib,

 her breath

softly creaking, like the Boston rocker where
you sit watching her,

 a new form

of prayer.

 Opening her eyes, what does

she see?

 You, but

 unfocused as a strange blue

river pouring around her, now raising her up,

your scent encircling her,

she finds she can swim in your voice

which hums the old hymn

 she has awakened

in you

 so she calms and releases herself

slowly and you begin to

understand: to keep a hummingbird

in your hand, you must

hold her firmly so she doesn't panic,

lightly, lightly so she can breathe.