

*D.H. LAWRENCE*

## HUMMING-BIRD

I can imagine, in some other world  
Primeval-dumb, far back  
In that most awful stillness, that only gasped and hummed,  
Humming-birds raced down the avenues.

Before anything had a soul,  
While life was a heave of Matter, half inanimate,  
This little bit chipped off in brilliance  
And went whizzing through the slow, vast, succulent stems.

I believe there were no flowers, then,  
In the world where humming-bird flashed ahead of creation.  
I believe he pierced the slow vegetable veins with his long beak.

Probably he was big  
As mosses, and little lizards they say were once big.  
Probably he was a jabbing, terrifying monster.

We look at him through the wrong end of the long telescope of Time,  
Luckily for us.

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