



## A Hummingbird Story

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I saw a hummingbird today, an unexpected delight.

It rose out of crooked branches and husky rubble of dry sage and old oaks.

It came slipping between dawn and dusk while I was sitting perfectly still looking out at the mountain as it cast long sideways purple shadows across the valley.

Like a distant friend with a good story, it came so close to me. Its wings were suspended in time and space for the briefest moment, like my breath.

What is the weight of a hummingbird's wings?

What is the weight of my thoughts?

