

## DEANNA AND PAUL side 2 - Paul

### Paul

Was there some hummingbird lodge they all lived together in, staying up late gossiping about the 'common birds' in the neighborhood over a game of canasta, or did they just hover over the dark sky in some bizarre otherworldly trance, like a stealth bomber. These are some of the things that would keep me up at night. I wanted to get closer to them, so my aunt got me a bright red feeder to place on our porch, and told me the recipe for the 'secret brew' that would attract them to me. I filled up the feeder to the perfect drinking temperature, and my hands shook in anticipation as I set it on the table and imagined all the customers it would bring. I stood behind the screen door, respecting their space and anxiously waiting for their arrival. I waited and waited and waited, and not one bird showed up. I looked up the recipe again, because I was sure I made a mistake. Poured out the old mix and washed the feeder 10 times, to get rid of any residual brew, and made a new batch. Used a thermometer to make sure I had the right temperature, and this time hung it up thinking maybe they didn't like it set on a table and wanted it suspended. But it was the same result. I continued to pour out the old brew, washout the feeder, and remake it over and over in a desperate attempt to bring them to me. Remake. Refill. Remake. Refill. Remake. Refill. Refill. Refill. But despite my tireless efforts, that feeder remained vacant. I tried to tell myself that maybe they were all at a hummingbird convention in Sarasota or busy with paperwork, and they will eventually stop by when they have time. But it was clear that it was me that was keeping them away. Something was off in my mix that was disappointing these delicate creatures, and I could never figure out how to get them to stick around.