

# Emplumada

By Lorna Dee Cervantes

When summer ended  
the leaves of snapdragons withered  
taking their shrill-colored mouths with them.  
They were still, so quiet. They were  
violet where umber now is. She hated  
and she hated to see  
them go. Flowers

born when the weather was good – this  
she thinks of, watching the branch of peaches  
daring their ways above the fence, and further,  
two hummingbirds, hovering, stuck to each other,  
arcing their bodies in grim determination  
to find what is good, what is  
given them to find. These are warriors

distancing themselves from history.  
They find peace  
in the way they contain the wind  
and are gone.

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