

**A Summer Wink**  
By Darrell Petska

Surely migrants from dream land,  
pausing to sip my sugared well,  
fairy wings fanning—

these tiny, darting sojourners  
come to salve their needling thirst  
with bracing northern brews.

And I? Delight's red badge  
dangling by a string, desire's  
way station fueling airy *amore*.

How they dally with my heart,  
conferring soft, wet kisses  
while hovering at my lips.

My summer is a swoon,  
a sway, a shimmering fancy  
of passing sweetness and light

from which I'm loathe to wake,  
should sudden rift in fragile light  
send these fleet sprites gone.



© Joylyn McChesnie - stock.adobe.com

I wrote the poem specifically for your magazine. We have a hummingbird feeder which we watch closely. The hummingbird season is short where we live. We associate them with summer, which thus seems to pass too quickly.

Darrell Petska's writing has appeared in *Halcyon Days*, *Perspectives Magazine*, *Autumn Sky Poetry Daily*, *Star 82 Review*, *Bird's Thumb*, *Verses-Virtual*, and elsewhere (see [conservancies.wordpress.com](http://conservancies.wordpress.com)). Darrell has tallied a third of a century as an editor (University of Wisconsin-Madison), almost 40 years as a father (five years as a grandfather), and nearly a half century as a husband. He lives in Middleton, Wisconsin.