



I Am a Hummingbird ©

Judy Woodworth

I am a hummingbird; the smallest bird around.
 Only in the Western World, my species can be found.
 In spite of my size, I have incredible speed,
 Which makes me hungry so I feed and feed.
 I can't smell, so my eyes help me scout out
 The many flowers I visit, on a well planned route.
 I like the red ones best; they are easy to see
 And their sugary nectar is perfect for me.
 My long beak is slim for reaching and dipping,
 My tongue is a tube for sucking and sipping,
 I also like insects which my hairy tongue grabs
 From flowers, mid-air, right from spider webs.
 This food gives much needed energy and might
 Because most of my life is spent in flight.
 My tiny feet only support a short stop,
 That's only to perch, not to walk, run, or hop.
 My colors can be brilliant, a visual event.

Some of my feathers are iridescent,
 Which means they have a glittery sheen
 Fiery red, deep violet, or emerald green.
 I'm fiercely territorial, so it may happen one day
 That I fly right at you, saying "Go away!"
 My strong tiny wings are fluttering machines.
 They beat so fast they can hardly be seen!
 Instead a whirring or humming is heard,
 Giving me the name of the humming bird.
 They also give me flight skills that amaze,
 As I dart about attracting everyone's gaze.
 I go straight up and down and stop in mid-air,
 I can even remain and hover there.
 I go forwards too, and upside down,
 I have another trick that will leave you spellbound
 Because it's a skill claimed by no other birds,
 Yes, it's a fact, I CAN FLY BACKWARDS!

HUMMINGBIRD'S SOUND

Judy Woodworth

**A hummingbird gets its name from the sound
 Of the hum - as it darts all around.
 This sound is not a song that it sings,
 But the fast flapping of its tiny wings!**



HUMMINGBIRD

Rebecca Dotlich

Hummingbird, hummingbird, where do you sleep?
 I rest near the ivy that hugs the wall,
 In a teacup-sized nest because I'm so small.



The Hummingbird

Gladys E. Lawrence

The hummingbird is a tiny bird,
 With a very tiny wing,
 I've seen him flutter and fly about,
 But I have never heard him sing.



I've seen him drink nectar from the flowers,
 With his tiny long, thin beak,
 And even then when hard at work,
 He never makes a peep.

To keep him in sight is hard to do,
 Because he is so fast,
 But this tiny bird knows when to go home,
 It's when the summer has past

So when fall is here and winter has passed,
 And the springtime brings the rain,
 When the summer is warm and the flowers bloom,
 We will see our little friend again.