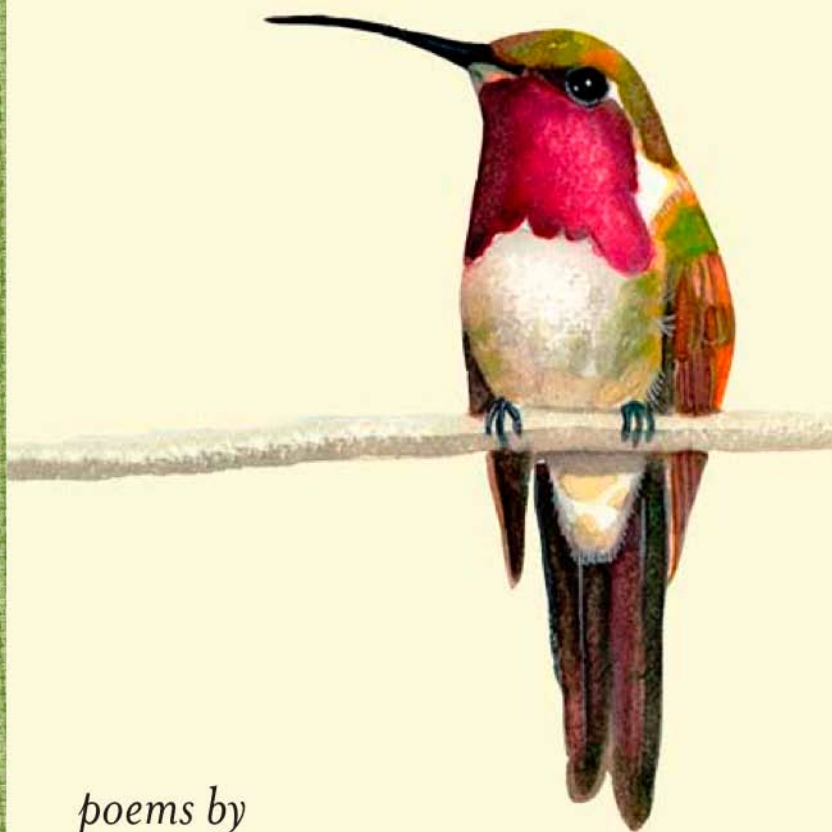


*Duet with*  
HUMMINGBIRD



*poems by*  
ANA CALLAN

*paintings by*  
LORI PRESTHUS

Promotional booklet excerpted from the full volume  
of *Duet with Hummingbird*.

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Poems by Ana Callan  
Paintings by Lori Presthus

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*for*  
*Faith and David,*  
*an extraordinary duet*



## Wired to the Moon

The sun is my lover  
but I am becoming the moon.  
My woman blood is all hers.  
It is a tide I am learning the tune of.

Quietly, she speaks to me  
as she passes. *Ana,*  
*there is no one but you,*  
*and you are no one.*

I lie on my back  
in the wheatgrass  
and listen.

Soon there will be stars  
and they will whisper secrets too.  
They are not so far away now.  
They seem to spin inside my heart.

Who am I, Moon?  
Who am I, Stars?

The wind carries the answer  
so I turn my face to it.

*Give up the dream.*

And the wheat combs my hair  
into sheaves of nothing,  
braids loosened  
and flowing into foam.

The sky peels back  
its carpet of cloud  
slowly, slowly  
until all is clear.

*Ana, you are already  
home, and it is here.*

And the sea licks her pebbles and weeds.  
And the geese keep singing somehow.  
And the trees fan out their branches  
like a queen and take a bow.

## The Kindness of Grandfather Beard

The night Ana ate the oak tree,  
sheaves of bark jostling in her mouth,  
the whole moon glistened silverer  
than stars, which gleamed in their  
own starling manner, and Kwan Yin,

the pine, stood more tall and  
invited Ana out of the socket  
of her hips into the sky so

she could dance among the heavens  
and then quench her thirst on rain  
drops hanging like ripe mangoes  
from the branches

and each leaf offered his own  
moistness for her tongue to stroke,  
long and smooth, until her whole  
being felt refreshed, renewed

and she would never  
have to be  
hungry  
again.

## Time

She walks out into the blue of evening  
and listens for the night birds.  
The river billows in the wind  
like a freshly laundered sheet.  
Rain eases through the air  
in an old dream.

And they don't let her down,  
singing faintly at the edges  
of the bank, hooked prayers  
echoing and receding  
before their destined  
resurrection.



## Full Moon, Spent Moon

Soft drizzle of light  
on the water, moon  
undresses herself,  
trailing lingerie of silver,  
which the river receives  
like an old lover revived,  
courting each silken tress  
for midwinter's coupling

and her flow and his might  
unloose stars in a furious  
tide of ripples, and trees  
scribble a hymn, and  
for a moment branches,  
limb, bark can't help  
themselves, as they twine  
and shudder and untwine,

and only the birds hear  
the chime of her crying  
as she lifts her gaze skywards,  
dripping filaments  
like wings in the water  
behind her, almost free  
and rising, rising.

## A Nest of Fresh Eggs

*Sing to me, birds,*  
I cried, way before dawn,  
the window open, hopeful.

They heard my song,  
the first whistle twitched  
my ear like silver tinsel.

My intimates, my deep  
sleepers, my fleecy flyers,  
teach me how to trickle

light into the trees, the  
leaves of downturned mouths,  
the half-bowed hearts of

lost seekers, teach me how  
to make a flute of poems,  
unscrolling reeds of joy-

filled tunes like you do,  
to ease the sagging shoulders  
of this world, the sleepless

speakers silenced in their  
darkened rooms, needing  
air to fluff their feathers

free of tomorrow and sad  
histories. Teach me how  
to sing your music, how  
to simply be.



## Dusk

I went to the station  
to wave off the sun.

So gracefully he left,  
without even a suitcase  
or a morsel of food.

I drank every last drop  
of honey from his goblet

before he sank  
into the distance,  
trailing wings  
of delirious hues—

russet and almond,  
fire and bruise—

until all that remained  
was violet.

I sat a long while  
feeling him floating  
inside me,

one of us lost  
between worlds.

## Ana's Epitaph

She lived by the light of the moon  
and her heart was full of hummingbirds

A close brush with death in July 2000 led ANA CALLAN to delve into the true purpose of life, and so far has yielded one answer: to love. Her poems celebrate the everyday miracles of existence. She lives by the river in Portland, Oregon, with her intimates, the hummingbirds.

LORI PRESTHUS's world is one of observance and exploration. For this artist and professional cellist, drawing color across the page with a brush is very similar to drawing a bow across a string, creating different colors in sound. Through art and music, she shares her appreciation of the natural world. She lives near Portland, Oregon.

illustrated poetry

US \$21.95



Ana Callan's poems are a celebration of the intimacy of humanity and the desire to be swaddled in the divine and sensual world of nature. A collision with a logging truck left the poet crushed in her car, suffering from extensive head injuries. After a near-impossible recovery, she awakened with a newfound sense of wonder for life and the natural world. *Duet with Hummingbird* is the result.

## *Duet with Hummingbird*

poems by ANA CALLAN  
illustrations by LORI PRESTHUS

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