

Summer's Little Dancing Jets

Summer skies full of jets zooming though the sky, is all you may see is a streak of green, rust, purple. When they stop you may get the glimmer of iridescent red, gold, red-gold, black, or purple as the sun shines on their feather.

They could have white or cream colored bands at the throat, and cream, pale rust or light gray on their chests,

They dance and zoom from flower to flower, and back to the tree were the leaves can hide them. Zooming here, zooming there with a secret mission.

The young chirp and chatter in high Soprano voices. The little jets are saying "I want food now!"

As the head of command gets them organized for their morning feeding

Then down to the feeder a dozen or more little jets come some sitting on the perch another's flutter by waiting for its turn to sup from the feeder.

Swooping as if they are on a bombing run, others hovering and taking turns at a little yellow flower.

They chatter to let the mistress know their feeders are low or empty as she looks out and watches their antics, her little summer jets.