

## **“Questions We Can’t Ask AI”**

**By Molly Bray Yurovchak**

Have you ever asked a Ruby-throated Hummingbird  
what she sees high up above your rough, shingled roof  
in the early morning hours  
when the mist is thick  
like steam spilling over  
the rounded edge of  
a coffee cup?

Have you ever asked  
the sweet purple lilacs  
what songs they hear  
on the long, sunny afternoons  
between those reliable spring showers  
whose droplets pebble  
like glass in the open palms  
of a lupine’s bright green,  
outstretched hands?

Have you ever asked  
the plush-and-plump bumblebee  
what he sees while hovering gentle  
over a budding blueberry bush,  
belly hairs gathering golden dust  
from the starry yellow daisies  
before he hums away  
singing a song of abundance,  
feet dangling as he flies?

Have you ever asked  
your own muscled heart  
what lights it up from the inside-out,  
filling it with a warm, sacred knowing of purpose?