

When a certain word comes to you

by [Andrea Potos](#) in the [January 27, 2021](#) issue

This morning it was *fluency*,
the title of a poem I found in a book
I laid aside so I could write this down and find
myself inside generous syllables rippling along
waters leading somewhere hopeful I am sure
like a readiness of well-being or forgiveness, and just now
the face of the woman who had wronged me bitterly
came to my mind and in place of my common anger
this time I felt only the residue of her own wounding
and my heart, its jagged edges closer to smooth.