

Settling

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [January 2024](#) issue

A writer lifts her head to the sounds of
a recorded voice reading poetry: the words
brush against her ears, seeking a mind
to settle in. She notices how in the evening, the light
filters between the trees, fluidly, finding its way
down to the ground, the way water
flows from the tap between her fingers,
and settles, pooling where it falls.

Her cat, settled in her lap, purrs: “Thank you for
being warm, and kind, and for the new poems
you are writing while you scratch behind my ears.
Now, do it again. Again. Just don’t stop.”