The Bright Word

by Luci Shaw in the March 2024 issue

Some words, some narratives like birds with bright wing feathers, swoop into the mind, provocative, daring.

Just now, and I mean, two minutes ago, and *just like that*! a plume arrowed into my head, from the daily paper.

A mental tingle, a wing of narrative, flickered, urgent enough to stir my fingers into word work,

Then, gone. Simply not there—Vanished, that flaming word—that feather never netted, barely noted.

Kaleidoscopic, the feathers flashed briefly in a wideness of air, exiting with barely a shimmer, blown away, wind-lost.