

## The Bright Word

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

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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.