

Pleasures

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [February 2025](#) issue

Published on January 31, 2025

Two things I love, both simple and soul-rewarding. One: to welcome flame-colored words as they fly into my head like small birds, then settle, nesting on a journal page. The other pleasure: watching a song sparrow's diligence

last spring as she flew in and out of her bantam birdhouse through an orifice the size of a small child's open mouth. Singing her sparrow song, she laid in the nest two minuscule, cream-freckled eggs. As they hatched, and fledged,

she fed her feathered birdlings faithfully. Later, she taught them the joy of flying free in the sun-blessed summer air. Two means of grace? First, my birdly gratitude for the fresh egg of a poem to lay in my journal nest.

After the poem had hatched, watching its launch across the white sky of a printed page. Even later, another marvel: a reader opens the journal, reads the few, fleet words, and suddenly, hears birdsong.