

After a time

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [May 24, 2017](#) issue

After a time of writing
I stop to let my mind breathe.
This is necessary, otherwise
the thoughts turn gray and
drift.

Even God had to rest
after creating.

Sometimes I go to the hushed
margins of the woods
where the afternoon light is
distilled in mist.

Where it is so quiet I can hear
drips falling on the hands
of the vine maples.

In the spaces between the drops
I wait listening.