

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.