

When a certain word comes to you

by [Andrea Potos](#) in the [January 27, 2021](#) issue

This morning it was *fluency*,  
the title of a poem I found in a book  
I laid aside so I could write this down and find  
myself inside generous syllables rippling along  
waters leading somewhere hopeful I am sure  
like a readiness of well-being or forgiveness, and just now  
the face of the woman who had wronged me bitterly  
came to my mind and in place of my common anger  
this time I felt only the residue of her own wounding  
and my heart, its jagged edges closer to smooth.