

Moth Hole

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

On occasion, your mind
blindsides itself. You're describing
yesterday's adventure to a friend . . .

. . . and there's the blink of a word,
you were about to say, searching,
almost there, but not quite. A word
you know you knew. Once.
Even last week.

Your memory, an intellect
with a moth hole. You didn't
know, until it left you, shocked.
Blank. You didn't expect . . .
You were aware, but not
quick enough . . . distracted.

You skipped a beat,
and now, fearful that this was
the exit of intelligent
thought, you're left
hanging,