

The Bright Word

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Some words, some narratives
like birds with bright wing feathers, swoop
into the mind, provocative, daring.

Just now, and I mean, two minutes ago,
and *just like that!* a plume arrowed into my head,
from the daily paper.

A mental tingle, a wing of narrative,
flickered, urgent enough to stir my fingers
into word work,

Then, gone. Simply not there—Vanished,
that flaming word—that feather never netted,
barely noted.

Kaleidoscopic, the feathers flashed briefly
in a wideness of air, exiting with barely a shimmer,
blown away, wind-lost.