

Sometimes early in the morning,  
lying in bed, your wispy breaths  
catch a scent from childish days,  
from a memory long forgotten:  
...orange juice circles on beige basement doors...  
...smooth pine needles stuck to your sweater...  
...green-plastic turtle sand cooling long shadows...  
...little Sandy's dress sweeping with blueberries...

In these moments  
life's sad volcanoes no longer matter...

All that seeps in and out  
flitters you, slight...  
and calm, complete quiet  
nothing else can bring.