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Poem On Smelling Fresh Air

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Poem On Smelling Fresh Air

Cover Page Footnote

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Poem On Smelling Fresh Air Baker: Poem On Smelling Fresh Air

It smells like last year
this Halloween afternoon,
when everything was so new
and so fresh and so
complete-

Wow! To be able to smell
the fresh air of a
springtime afternoon in October!
So many people are about-
So many faces like so
Many leaves live as the scent
of fresh air revives spirit and
makes it possible to smile once
more.....

What a funny contrast, as winter
draws near-
but yet there's a momentary
warmth and springtime spirit-
No, springtime air, which is
but a moment out of the week
which has made it worthwhile with

a reminder of last summer's warmth,
and a hint of a happy winter,
perhaps-

How can one express the harmony
of a moment which a moment later
will be gone?
How can one reconcile the soul
to longings and lost loves-
loves lost in the moment of passion,
the moment after passion, the
moment of a springtime afternoon a longtime ago,
recaptured, recapsuled, but in one moment
of an October afternoon?

And suddenly in that moment I am
what I was and my soul is clean again
and my mind is clear and my heart full
of love-
and like the air, fresh with springtime spirit,
I might begin anew as this feeling of a moment
lingers and lingers and
strives to linger but for a moment longer,
and is finally lost.....