

Lost

The ocean must be raging tonight.
I know, because
fifty miles from the churning water
I can smell the tang of it.

Maybe
the exuberant wind, hurrying with its gift of sea-incense
tripped over the foothills, and
this fragrance spilled from its gusty fingertips
and rolled to the valley floor below.

Our of place here,
the stray whiff of sea-smell follows me home-
lost, perhaps, and listening, like I,
for ring-billed gulls and thundering surf.

It hovers in the air above the darkened streets,
the same way memories do once in a while
(after slipping from beneath the scarf of a stranger
who happens to wear the same perfume as she did)
lingering, as if trying to remember
the story to which it belongs.