

It smelled like planting lima beans in damp dirt

It was second grade.

We checked the paper cups each morning,
eagerly awaiting the first fresh, new sprout.

It was us, we created that.

It smelled like no-tear strawberry L'Oréal shampoo,
washed in and out of our soft hair,
untouched by puberty.

It smelled like clean linens,
fresh from the dryer that Mom wrapped around you,
still warm.

It smelled like hugging grandpa,
what a good man ought to smell like.

Like being able to name five of your favorite things without thinking,
like someone loving you, without having to question why or how.

It smelled green, like yesterday.

By: Karie Evans