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Memories in Green

Holly Carlson
Western Michigan University

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MEMORIES IN GREEN

Holly Carlson

It happens, sometimes.

You walk out into the alleyway
wondering where your homeland went.
Blink, wide eyed,
Where are all the trees?
I don't remember coming here –

maybe

it was some sort of bizarre sojourn, a manifest destiny
of your restless subconscious.

The realization hits once the familiar

smells reach your cortex, you think,

Oh, right

Then settle back in your skin, slowly
entering the too-hot bath,
convincing yourself that the skipping of your mental record had been
natural, and the stench of rot just
happened to be divine intervention, but
I don't remember praying for that.

You step back, inhale sharply and try to catch it again

trying to force your nose to remember leaves, bark,
sharp tang of crushed grass,
the deep, silent smell of soil –

But it's gone.