

VAPORS

...as i exit the elevator, the smell of Amerige fills my nostrils.

i remember that i've just sent you an email, and i think how wonderful it would be to round the corner to my apartment to see you standing outside with a suitcase looking at me with that, "and where have YOU been" look on your face.

my pulse starts to race and the smells gets stronger...

i round the corner and my eyes fill with hope as i look at the entrance to my apartment,

and there i see what i've always seen before...a doorway to dreams as yet unfulfilled.

but for a fleeting moment, you were close enough...

i inhaled your memory in such a potent way that i am still a little bereft by the dissipation of my favorite scent and stung by the unwelcome bounce back to earth....ah, vapors