

WHIFF WAFTING

A poem by Deborah Kerbel

On a puff of wind
they waft.
Floating in the air
soaring here, drifting there
waiting for
you
to walk by and take them in.

Whiffs of
mucky earth
 dewy moss
 soggy stumps
 sun-baked grass
 fresh wild flowers
 pine tree sap
 minty leaves
 and musty mushroom caps
are all so very patiently waiting for
you
to walk by and take them in.

Will you notice them?
 Delight in them?
 Lusciously devour them?

If so,
then you'll know
how a harmony of forest smells
swirling and blending together
can be everything that matters in the world
and nothing,
all at once.